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THE WORKS

OF

SHAKSPERE

WITH NOTES

By Charles Knight.

THE GLOBE THEATRE, BANKSIDE 1593.

ONDON: VIRTUE & MITED.

THE WORKS

OF

SHAKSPERE

IMPERIAL EDITION

EDITED BY CHARLES KNIGHT

With Illustrations on Steel

FROM PICTURES BY

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AND OTHERS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

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KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of King Henry VIII.

"The famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth" was first published in the folio collection of Shakspere's works in 1623. The text, taken as a whole, is singularly correct: it contains, no doubt, some few typographical errors, but certainly not so many as those which deform the ordinary reprints. The commentators, speaking comparatively, meddled very little with this text; but, for the want of a careful collation, several verbal errors were constantly transferred from one modern edition to another without correction. For example: in the exquisite song in the beginning of the third act, the passage—

> "To his music, plants and flowers
> Ever sprung; as sun and showers
> There had *made* a lasting spring"—

was invariably printed—

> "There had *been* a lasting spring."

The date of the original production of this drama has been a subject of much discussion. The opinions in favour of its having been produced in the reign of Elizabeth are far more numerous than those which hold it to be a later production. As the question is one of more than usual interest, we shall examine it somewhat in detail.

And, first, of the external evidence. The Globe, Shakspere's theatre, was burnt down in June, 1613. The cause of this accident, and the circumstances attending it, are minutely related by several witnesses. In Winwood's "Memorials" there is a letter from John Chamberlain to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated from London, the 12th of July, 1613, which describes the burning—"which fell out by a peal of chambers." This conflagration took place on the previous 29th of June. The play acted on this occasion was one on the story of Henry VIII. Were the "chambers" (small cannon) which produced the misfortune those fired according to the original stage direction in the fourth scene of the first act of Shakspere's King Henry VIII., "*Drum and trumpet, chambers discharged*"? In the Harleian Manuscripts there is a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "this last of June, 1613," in which the writer says, "No longer since than yesterday, while Bourbage his company were acting at the Globe *the play of Henry VIII.*, and there shooting of certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catch'd." But this does not establish that it was Shakspere's play. The accomplished Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 6th of July, 1613, gives a minute and graphic account of the accident at the Globe:—"Now to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The king's players had *a new play*, called *All is True*, representing *some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth*, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the knights of the order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats and the like; sufficient, in truth, within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming, within less than an hour, the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale." Here, then, is a *new play* described "representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII.;" and further, the passage of Shakspere's play in which the "chambers" are discharged, being the "entry" of the king to the "mask at the cardinal's house," is the same to the letter. But the title which Sir Henry Wotton gives the *new play* is "*All is True.*" Gifford thinks this sufficient to show that the play represented at the Globe in June, 1613, was not Shakspere's. But other persons call the play so represented "Henry VIII." Howes, in his continuation of Stow's Chronicle, so calls it. He writes some time after the destruction of the Globe, for he adds to his account of the fire, "and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before." He speaks of the title of the play as a familiar thing: "the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz. of Henry the Eighth." When Howes wrote, was the title "*All is True*" merged in the more obvious title derived from the subject of the play, and following the character of the titles of Shakspere's other historical plays? There can be no difficulty in showing that the Prologue to Henry VIII. especially keeps in view such a title as Sir Henry Wotton has mentioned:—

> "Such as give
> Their money out of hope they may believe,
> May here find *truth* too."
>
> "Gentle hearers, know,
> To rank our chosen *truth* with such a show
> As fool and fight is," &c.
>
> "To make that only *true* we now intend."

Boswell has a very ingenious theory that this Prologue had especial reference to another play on the same historical subject, "When You See Me You Know Me, or the Famous Chronicle History of King Henry the Eighth, &c., by Samuel Rowley," in which "the incidents in Henry's reign are thrown together in the most confused manner." But, upon the whole, the probability is that the Henry VIII. of Shakspere, and the "*All is True*" described by Wotton, are one and the same play. The next question is, then, whether Wotton was correct in describing the Henry VIII. as *a new play*. Chalmers, who almost stands alone in his opinion, maintains that the *fact* of a play on the subject of Henry VIII. being termed *new* in 1613 is decisive as to the date of its original production at that time. Malone, on the contrary, conjectures that the Henry VIII. was written in 1601, and *revived* in 1613, with a new title and prologue, "having lain by some years unacted." This conjecture rests upon no external evidence. We proceed, therefore, to the other division of the subject—the evidence of its date which is furnished by the play itself.

In the prophecy of Cranmer in the last scene, the glories of the

* Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.

reign of Elizabeth are carried on to that of her successor in the following lines :—

> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
> The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
> Her ashes new create another heir,
> As great in admiration as herself;
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
> (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
> Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
> That were the servants to this chosen infant,
> Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
> Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour, and the greatness of his name,
> Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
> And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
> To all the plains about him:——Our children's children
> Shall see this, and bless heaven."

This passage would appear to be decisive as to the date of the play, by the introduction of these lines :—

> "Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour, and the greatness of his name,
> Shall be, and make new nations."

That the colonisation of *Virginia* is here distinctly alluded to is without doubt. The first charter was granted in 1606; the colony was planted in 1607, in which year *James* Town was built; another charter was given to the colonists in 1612, and a lottery was also then granted for the encouragement of the colony, which was struggling with great difficulties. That James took an especial interest in this important settlement, and naturally enough was recognised as the founder of "new nations," may be readily imagined. In the inscription upon the portrait of the king, which belonged to Lord Bacon, he is styled "*Imperii Atlantici conditor*." This part of Cranmer's prophecy, therefore, would fix the date of the play after the settlement of Virginia. But a new difficulty arises. All that part of the prophecy relating to James, which we have quoted, is held to be an addition upon a revival of the play in 1613.

"These lines," says Dr. Johnson, "to the interruption by the king, seem to have been inserted at some revisal of the play, after the accession of King James. If the passage be left out, the speech of Cranmer proceeds in a regular tenour of prediction and continuity of sentiments; but by the interpolation of the new lines, he first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know she was to die; first rejoices at the consequence, and then laments the cause." Is it so? The presumed interpolation immediately follows these lines :—

> "In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
> Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours," &c.

The poet then adds—

> "Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
> The bird of wonder *dies* . .
> So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
> (*When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,*)
> Who, from the *sacred ashes* of her honour,
> Shall star-like rise."

Is it true, then, that he "first celebrates Elizabeth's successor, and then wishes he did not know she was to die?" Of the seventeen lines which relate to James, the first eleven never lose sight of Elizabeth. Her "blessedness," her "honour," her "fame," were to descend to her "heir." The *extension* of the dominion of England under James—the only passage in which "the greatness of his name" is separated from that of Elizabeth—occupies the remaining part of the prophecy; and that the thread which connects the whole with Elizabeth may not be dropped even while those six lines are uttered, Cranmer *returns* to the close of her life, which in two-thirds of the previous seventeen lines he had constantly inferred :—

> "She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> An aged princess," &c.

It might as well be assumed, we venture to think, that the "*Tu Marcellus eris*" of Virgil is an interpolation. That famous passage is most skilfully connected with all that accompanies it; but it might nevertheless be as easily severed as the lines which are here maintained to be an unskilful addition.

But it is held, further, that Shakspere did not write these lines; that Ben Jonson wrote them; that Shakspere might properly compliment Elizabeth in her lifetime, but that he would not descend to flatter James, who was "a contemptible king." Shakspere, it is well known, had reason to be grateful to James for personal kindnesses; but there is not a word here of James's *personal* qualities. The lines apply to the character of his government—"its peace, plenty, love, truth, terror"—the extension of its growth to "make new nations." Would Jonson, had he written this passage, have forgotten that James was somewhat prouder of his reputation as a scholar than as a king; and that one who knew him well had not hesitated to say to him, and perhaps, indeed, in sincerity, "There has not been since Christ's time any king or temporal monarch which has been so learned in all literature and erudition, divine and human?" * We have no hesitation in accepting the passage as one that Shakspere might not have blushed to have written, and which derogates nothing from the manly independence of his character.

The early editors considered that the interpolation rested at the interruption of the king. Theobald would carry it further—through the remainder of Cranmer's speech :—"If this play was wrote, as in my opinion it was, in the reign of Elizabeth, we may easily determine where Cranmer's eulogium of that princess concluded. I make no question but the poet rested here :—

> 'And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.'"

Theobald omits to state the most obvious reason for his opinion. We hold that Shakspere, in the age of Elizabeth, would never have written—

> "She shall be, to the happiness of England,
> *An aged princess.*"

That passage is also, to our minds, clearly an interpolation, *assuming that the play was produced during Elizabeth's reign.* She, of all sovereigns, would least have endured to be called *aged;* she of whom, in her seventieth year, the French ambassador writes, "Her eye is still lively, she has good spirits, and is fond of life, for which reason she takes great care of herself; to which may be added an inclination for the Earl of Clancarty, a brave, handsome Irish nobleman. This makes her cheerful, *full of hope and confidence respecting her age.*" About a year before this time it is held that the Henry VIII. was written, and that it originally included the close of Cranmer's prophecy. "An aged princess!" "But she must die!" Shakspere must indeed have been a bold man to have ventured upon such truths.

But let us yield the whole question of interpolation to those who assert that the Henry VIII. was written in the time of Elizabeth, and give up even the passage of the "aged princess." It is held that the play was written to please Elizabeth. The memory of Henry VIII., perhaps, was not cherished by her with any deep affection; but would she, who in her dying hour is reported to have said, "My seat has been the seat of kings," allow the frailties, and even the peculiarities, of her father to be made a public spectacle? Would she have borne that his passion for her mother should have been put forward in the strongest way by the poet—that is, in the sequence of the dramatic action—as the impelling motive for his divorce from Katharine? Would she have tolerated the masque scene immediately succeeding that in which Katharine is told by her husband, "You have half our power?" Would she have endured that her father, upon his next appearance after the meeting with Anne Bullen, when he exclaims—

> "The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
> Till now I never knew thee!"—

* Bacon, Advancement of Learning.

and—

"By heaven, she is a dainty one! Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you"—

that he should be represented in the depth of his hypocrisy gloating over his projected divorce, with—

"But conscience, conscience,—
O! 'tis a tender place, *and I must leave her*"?

Would she have been pleased with the jests of the old lady to Anne upon her approaching elevation—her title—her "thousand pound a year"—and all to be instantly followed by the trial scene,—that magnificent exhibition of the purity, the constancy, the fortitude, the grandeur of soul, the self-possession, of the "most poor woman and a stranger" that her mother had supplanted; contrasted with the heartless coldness, salved over with a more heartless commendation of his injured wife, from the hypocritical tyrant, who ends the defence of his conduct, expressed in

"the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward,"

with the real truth, spoken aside—

"I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me
Cranmer,
Prithee return! with thy approach I know
My comfort comes"?

Finally, would she have licensed the stage exhibition of her father's traditionary peculiarities, in addition to the portraiture, which cannot be mistaken, of his sensual, arrogant, impatient, and crafty character? Would she have laughed at his perpetual "ha!" or taken away Burbage's license? Would she have wept over the most touching sorrow of the dying Katharine; or sent Shakspere to join the company of his friend Southampton in the Tower? Those who have written on the subject say she would have borne all this; and that the pageant of her mother's coronation, with the succeeding representation of her own christening, capped with the prophecy of her future greatness, was to insure the harmlessness of all these somewhat explosive materials, and to carry forward the five acts to a most felicitous conclusion—

"This little one shall make it holiday."

Malone, as it appears to us, says all that can be said, in the literal way, to prove that such a drama as this would be acceptable to Elizabeth:—"It is more likely that Shakspere should have written a play the chief subject of which is the *disgrace* of queen Katharine, the *aggrandizement* of Anne Boleyn, and the birth of her daughter, in the lifetime of Elizabeth, than after her death; at a time when the subject must have been highly pleasing at court, rather than at a period when it must have been less interesting. Queen Katharine, it is true, is represented as an amiable character, but still she is *eclipsed;* and the greater her merit, the higher was the compliment to the mother of Elizabeth, *to whose superior beauty she was obliged to give way*."* This is the prosaic, we may say the essentially grovelling, mode of viewing the object of Shakspere—an object pre-supposing equal vulgarity of mind in the dramatist and his court audience. Our readers will be sure that we appreciate far more highly Mr. Campbell's poetical creed in this matter:—

"Shakspere contrives, though at the sacrifice of some historical truth, to raise the matron Katharine to our highest admiration, whilst at the same time he keeps us in love with Anne Boleyn, and on tolerable terms with Henry VIII. But who does not see, under all this wise management, the drift of his design, namely, to compliment Elizabeth as a virgin queen; to interest us in the memory of her mother Anne Boleyn; and to impress us with a belief of her innocence, though she suffered as an alleged traitress to the bed of Henry? The private death of Katharine of Arragon might have been still remembered by many living persons, but the death of Anne Boleyn was still more fresh in public recollection; and a wiser expedient could not have been devised for asserting the innocence of Elizabeth's mother than by portraying Henry's injustice towards Queen Katharine. For we are obliged to infer that, if the tyrant could thus misuse the noble Katharine, the purest innocence in her lovely successor could be no shield against his cruelty."†

There is one slight objection to this theory. Shakspere wrote for an audience, and an audience is a thing of impulse; it sympathizes with the oppressed, and hates the oppressor. An audience does not *infer*. The poet who trusts to an audience perceiving "the drift of his design" through the veil of a dramatic action which moves their feelings entirely in an opposite direction to that in which he intends them to be moved, has, to our minds at least, a different theory of his art from that of Shakspere.

We had intended to have said something on the "Prologue," which the commentators hold was written by Ben Jonson, to allow him an occasion of sneering at Shakspere's fools and battle scenes. But as we hold that the Prologue is a complete exposition of the *idea* of this drama, we shall return to it in our Supplementary Notice. The Prologue is fastened upon Jonson upon the theory that he wrote it after Shakspere's retirement from the stage, when the old play was *revived* in his absence. We believe in the *one* piece of external evidence—that a "Henry VIII." was produced in 1613, when the Globe was burned; that it was a *new play;* that it was then called "All is True;" and that this title agrees with the idea upon which Shakspere wrote the Henry VIII. Those who believe that it was written in the time of Elizabeth have to reject this one piece of *external* evidence. We further believe, from the *internal* evidence, that the play, as it stands, was written in the time of James I., and that we have received it in its original form. Those who assert the contrary have to resort to the hypothesis of interpolation; and, further, have to explain how many things, which are, to a plain understanding, inconsistent with their theory, may be interpreted, by great ingenuity, to be consistent. We believe that Shakspere, amongst his latest dramas, constructed an historical drama to complete his great series—one that was agreeable to the tone of his mind after his fiftieth year:—

"Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe."

Those who take the opposite view hold that the chief object of the poet was to produce something which might be acceptable to Queen Elizabeth. Our belief is the obvious one; the contrary belief may be the more ingenious.

Costume.

The male costume of the reign of Henry VIII. has been rendered familiar to our very children by the innumerable portraits of "Bluff King Hal," principally copied from the paintings by Holbein, and the female costume scarcely less so by those of his six wives. Henry VIII. was born in 1491, and was, therefore, just thirty years of age at the period at which the play opens (the arrest and impeachment of Buckingham having taken place in 1521), and forty-two at the time it is supposed to close. The best authorities, therefore, for the dress of the monarch and his nobles at the commencement of this play would be the curious old painting of the meeting of Henry and Francis, preserved at Windsor Castle, and the bas-reliefs representing the same occurrence, at Rouen. The profusion of feathers in the latter—a fashion of the previous reign, and still raging in 1520—adds greatly to the picturesque effect of the general costume. For the later period, the full-length by Holbein engraved in Lodge's Portraits, or the print by Vertue, in which Henry is seen granting a charter to the barber-surgeons, would be preferable. Of Cardinal Wolsey there is a fine painting by Holbein at Christ Church, Oxford, engraved in Lodge's work. Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," describes him as issuing out in his cardinal's

* Chronological Order, p. 390.

† Life, Moxon's edition of Shakspeare.

habit of fine scarlet or crimson satin, his cap being of black velvet; and in a MS. copy of that interesting work, formerly in the possession of the late Francis Douce, Esq., F.S.A., are three very curious drawings, representing—1st, The cardinal's progress on his way to France, with his archers, spearmen, cross, pillar, and purse bearers, &c.; 2ndly, The cardinal surrendering the great seal to the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk; and, 3rdly, Dr. Butts sent by the king and Anne Bullen to the sick cardinal with tokens of favour. The gentlemen in the cardinal's train wore, we are told, black velvet livery coats, the most part with great chains of gold about their necks; and all his yeomen following were clad in French tawny livery coats, having embroidered upon the backs and breasts of the said coats the letters T and C under the cardinal's hat.

In the same beautiful work by Lodge, before mentioned, the portraits will be found of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, Cromwell, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Anthony Denny, by Holbein; and Cranmer by Flick, the original painting being in the British Museum. Also a most interesting one of the gallant and accomplished Henry Earl of Surrey, by Titian, who has represented him in a magnificent suit of armour, and thereby given us a splendid specimen of the military costume of the period. In addition to the information conveyed to the eye by this collection of authentic portraits, it will be sufficient to quote, from the sumptuary law passed in the twenty-fourth year of Henry's reign, such passages as will describe the materials of which the dresses were made, and which were, indeed, at this time of the most costly kind. The royal family alone were permitted to use the fur of the black jennet; and sables could only be worn by noblemen above the rank of a viscount. Crimson or blue velvet, embroidered apparel, or garments bordered "with gold sunken work," were forbidden to any person beneath the quality of a baron or knight's son or heir; and velvet dresses of any colour, furs of martens, chains, bracelets, and collars of gold, were prohibited to all persons possessing less than two hundred marks per annum. The sons and heirs of such persons were, however, permitted the use of black velvet or damask, and tawny-coloured russet or camlet. Satin and damask gowns were confined to the use of persons possessing at least one hundred marks per annum; and the wearing of plaited shirts, garnished with gold, silver, or silk, was permitted to none below the rank of knighthood. The hair was cut remarkably close, a peremptory order having been issued by Henry to all his attendants and courtiers to "poll their heads." Beards and moustaches were worn at pleasure.

The portraits of Anne Bullen and Queen Katharine convey a sufficient idea of the costume of ladies of rank at this period. The jewelled cap and feather with which Holbein has represented Anne in the portraits engraved in Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey" are exceedingly picturesque and becoming. The other head-dress, which was probably the often-talked-of "French hood," is better known, nearly all Henry's wives being represented in it. The gown was cut square at the bosom, as in the preceding reign; but instead of the neck being bare, it was covered almost to the throat by the *partlet*, a sort of habit-shirt, much like the modern one, embroidered with gold and silk. The sleeves of the gowns were frequently of a different material from that which composed the rest of the dress, and generally of a richer stuff. The gown was open in front to the waist, showing the kirtle or petticoat, and with or without a train, according to the prevailing fashion of France or Holland. Anne of Cleves is described as wearing a gown made round without any train, after the Dutch fashion; while the train of Catherine Parr is stated to have been more than two yards long. Anne Bullen, while Countess of Pembroke, danced at Calais with Francis I. in a masque consisting of seven ladies besides herself, who were attired in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold compassed with crimson tinsel satin, formed with cloth of silver, lying loose and knit with laces of gold. They were brought into the chamber with four damsels in crimson satin, with tabards of fine cypress. Cavendish, in his "Life of Wolsey," says, "I have seen the king suddenly come thither (*i.e.* to the cardinal's) in a mask, with a dozen other maskers in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold and crimson satin; their hairs and beards, of fine gold wire, or silver, or some of black silk, with sixteen torchbearers and drums all in satin." A minute account is given by Hall of the coronation of Queen Anne Bullen, and also by Cavendish, who has described the procession and the ceremony. We must be careful, however, not to confound the procession from the Tower to Westminster, on the day previous to the coronation, with that introduced in the play, which is the procession from the Palace to the Abbey. On the first occasion she wore a surcoat of white cloth of tissue, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, her hair hanging down from under a coif, with a circlet about it full of rich stones. On the second (that in the play) she wore a surcoat and robe of purple velvet, furred with ermine, the coif and circlet as before. The barons of the Cinque Ports, who carried the canopy over her, were "all in crimson, with points of blue and red hanging on their sleeves." The ladies, "being lords' wives," that followed her, "had surcoats of scarlet with narrow sleeves, the breast all lettice (fur), with bars of borders (*i.e.* rows of ermine) according to their degrees, and over that they had mantles of scarlet furred, and every mantle had lettice about the neck, like a neckercher, likewise powdered (with ermine), so that by the powderings their degree was known. Then followed ladies, being knights' wives, in gowns of scarlet with narrow sleeves, without trains, only edged with lettice." The queen's gentlewomen were similarly attired with the last. The lord chancellor wore a robe of scarlet, open before, and bordered with lettice. The dukes were in crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and powdered according to their degrees. The Duke of Suffolk's doublet and jacket were set with orient pearl; his gown of crimson velvet, richly embroidered; and he carried a white rod in his hand, being that day High Steward of England. The knights of the Bath wore "violet gowns, with hoods purfled with miniver, like doctors."

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY VIII.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor*, Charles V.
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, *servant to* Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to* Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, *physician to the* King.
Garter King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Sergeant at Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
Porter, and his man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *wife to* King Henry, *afterwards divorced.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.*
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *woman to* Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; *Spirits which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.*

SCENE,—*chiefly in* LONDON *and* WESTMINSTER; *once at* KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend,)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and the* LORD ABERGAVENNY.[a]

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.[1]
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.
Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant,[2] all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: Now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure.[3] When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challeng'd

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[1] *Andren.* So the original; so the chroniclers. *Arde*, or *Ardres*, is the town, which in the next line is spelt *Arde* in the original. *Andren*, or *Ardren*, is the village near the place of meeting.
[2] *Clinquant*—bright with *jingling* ornaments.
[3] *Censure*—comparison.

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believ'd.
Buck. O, you go far.
Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to.
Buck. All was royal;
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; the office did
Distinctly his full function.[1] Who did guide?
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together?
Nor. As you guess:
One, certes, that promises no element [2]
In such a business.
Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.
Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a keech[3] can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.
Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—O! give us note!—
The force of his own merit makes his way
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.[4]
Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.
Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon:[5] and his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in he papers.[6]
Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.
Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?
Nor. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.
Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.
Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.
Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?
Nor. Marry, is 't.
Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!
Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.
Nor. 'Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

It is usual, contrary to the original, to give to Norfolk the sentence beginning "All was royal," and then make Buckingham ask the question, "Who did guide?" &c. Theobald made the change, and Warburton says it was improperly given to Buckingham, "for he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity." But what *information* does he communicate? After the eloquent description by Norfolk of the various shows of the pageant, he makes a *general observation* that "order" must have presided over these complicated arrangements, —"gave each thing view." He then asks, "Who did guide?"—who made the body and the limbs work together? Norfolk then answers, "As you guess;" —(which words have been transferred to Buckingham by the revisers of the text) —according to your guess, *one* did guide:—"One, certes," &c.

[2] *Element*—constituent quality of mind. Thus in Twelfth Night (Act III. Sc. IV.) Malvolio says, "Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your *element*."

[3] *Keech.* Steevens thinks this term has a peculiar application to Wolsey, as the son of a butcher—as a butcher's wife is called in Henry IV., Part II., "Goody Keech." But Falstaff, in the First Part, is called by Prince Henry "a greasy tallow keech." A "keech" is a lump of fat; and it appears to us that Buckingham here denounces Wolsey, not as a butcher's son, but as an overgrown bloated favourite, that

"can with his very *bulk*
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun."

[4] This passage has been corrupted by the modern editors, and, as we think, misunderstood. It is ordinarily printed thus:—

"Spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he *gives* us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him," &c.

"*O! give us note!*"—the original reading—is one of Shakspere's happy parentheses to break a long sentence, and meaning only, *mark what I say*. The whole speech is intended to render the ironical close emphatic. Wolsey is without ancestry, without the credit of great service, without eminent assistants; but, spider-like, deriving everything from himself, the force of his own self-sustained merit *makes* his way—his course, his good fortune—a gift from heaven, which buys, &c. If we were to receive the passage in the sense of the revisers of the text, we ought to read "his own merit makes *its* way." To "make way," in Shakspere, is to go away, as in The Taming of the Shrew:—

"While I *make way* from hence to save my life."

To *make way*, in the colloquial sense of *to get on in the world*, is, we think, a forced and unauthorised meaning of the words before us. That Wolsey should *give note* that he made his way only by his own merit would have been utterly at variance with the stately pomp and haughtiness of his ambition.

[5] This is ordinarily read—

"For the most part such,
Too, whom," &c.

To, the preposition of the original, appeared to the editors a redundancy, because we have *lay upon*. But if *lay upon* has not here the force of a compound verb, examples of redundant prepositions are most common in Shakspere; for example, in Coriolanus:—

"*In* what commodity is Marcius poor *in?*"

The feeble expletive *too*, with its unmetrical pause, appears to us a corruption.

[6] The construction of this passage is difficult; the meaning is in Holinshed:—"The peers of the realm, receiving letters to prepare themselves to attend the king in this journey, and no apparent necessary cause expressed, why or wherefore, seemed to grudge that such a costly journey should be taken in hand, without consent of the whole board of the council." In Wolsey's letter the "board of council" was "out"—omitted; the letter alone "must fetch *him* in [whom] *he papers*"—whom he sets down in the paper. Ben Jonson, in his "English Grammar," gives examples of a similar "want of the relative," adding, "In Greek and Latin this want were barbarous." Amongst other instances, he has the passage of the 118th Psalm—"the stone the builders refused"—a parallel case with the sentence before us.

A HART R A PINXT

W :BACI SCULPT

Q[illegible] [illegible]ND BUCKINGHAM

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Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him,*) *certain of the Guard, and Two* Secretaries *with papers. The* CARDINAL *in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?
1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.
Wol. Is he in person ready?
1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace.
Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt* WOLSEY, *and Train.*
Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.
Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.
Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores[1] me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and out-stare him.
Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.
Buck. I'll to the king:
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.
Nor. Be advis'd.
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you: and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,[2]) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.
Nor. Say not treasonous.
Buck. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests[3] the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.[4]
Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.
Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for I am sure the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked;—but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.
Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken[5] in 't.
Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; *a* Sergeant at Arms *before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.
Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.
Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.[6]
Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.
Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[*To* ABERGAVENNY.
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from

[1] *Bores*—wounds, thrusts. So in the Winter's Tale:—
"Now the ship *boring* the moon with her mainmast."
[2] *Motions*—impulses.
[3] *Suggests*—excites.
[4] *Rinsing.* In the original *wrenching.*
Mistaken—misapprehended.
Practice—artifice. So in Othello:—
"Fallen in the *practice* of a cursed slave."

The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,[1]
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—
Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: no more, I hope.
Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.
Buck. O, Michael Hopkins?[2]
Bran. He.
Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;[3]
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lords, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Council Chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, *the* Lords *of the Council*, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, *and* Attendants. *The* KING *enters, leaning on the* CARDINAL'S *shoulder.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify:
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The KING *takes his state. The* Lords *of the Council take their several places. The* CARDINAL *places himself under the* KING'S *feet, on his right side.*

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen!" *Enter the* QUEEN, *ushered by the* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.
K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power;
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.
Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.
K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.
Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.
Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.[4]
K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?
Wol Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file[5]
Where others tell steps with me.
Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and to bear them
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
K. Hen. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?
Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subject's grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;
Tongues spit their duties out; and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer baseness.[6]
K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am[7]
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake

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[1] *John de la Car*—the name of the original and of the Chronicles.

Michael Hopkins. So the original. The same person—the "Chartreux friar"—is in the next scene called by "the Surveyor" *Nicholas Henton:* in both these passages the name is changed by the modern editors to *Nicholas Hopkins.* Some confusion is probably saved by this; but we also think that the poet might intend Buckingham to give the *Nicholas Hopkins* of the Chronicles a wrong Christian name in his precipitation, and that the Surveyor might call him by his more formal surname, *Nicholas Henton*—Nicholas *of* Henton—to which convent he belonged. With this explanation we retain the original text in both cases.

[3] This passage is not easy to be understood. Is the comparison a single or a double one? Douce says it is *double*:—"Buckingham is first made to say that he is but a shadow; in other terms, a dead man. He then adverts to the *sudden* cloud of misfortune that overwhelms him, and, like a shadow, obscures his prosperity." Johnson treats the comparison as *single*:—"I am the shadow of poor Buckingham, whose post and dignity is assumed by the cardinal that overclouds and oppresses me, and who gains my place by darkening my clear sun." Offering another explanation, Johnson would read *puts out;* and Steevens inclines to *pouts on.* We think the comparison is *continuous*, though not exactly single: I am the shadow of poor Buckingham—Buckingham is no longer a reality—but *even* this figure of himself is absorbed, annihilated by the instant cloud. The metaphor, however, forgets that

"The *shadow* proves the *substance* true."

[4] Danger is often personified by our old poets.

[5] Johnson explains this, "I am but first in the row of counsellors." But Wolsey disclaims any priority. He uses *front* as a verb: he *faces* in that file, &c.

[6] *Baseness.* So the original. Warburton changed it to *business*, which is the ordinary reading, and, we think, a much feebler one. Katharine's whole speech is a complaint of the *baseness* with which the king's subjects are oppressed.

[7] To avoid the Alexandrine in this line, Steevens leaves out "ignorant" in the next.

That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once[1] weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.
K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.
Wol. A word with you.
[*To the* Secretary.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit* Secretary.

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.
K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.
Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.
K. Hen. Speak freely.
Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.
Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.
Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal
Deliver all with charity.
K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?
Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.[2]
K. Hen. What was that Henton?
Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk: "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal[3]
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence,
This pausingly ensued—Neither the king, nor his heirs,
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England."
Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.
K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.
Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous
for him
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, "Tush!
It can do me no damage:" adding further,
That had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.
K. Hen. Ha! what so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: Canst thou say further?
Surv. I can, my liege.
K. Hen. Proceed.
Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About sir William Blomer,—

[1] *Once* is here used in the sense of *sometimes*.

[2] See note 2, p. 8.

[3] *The confession's seal.* In the original "the commission's seal"—evidently a mistake. The monk, according to Holinshed, bound the chaplain "under the seal of confession."

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.——But on; What hence?
Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."
K. Hen. A giant traitor!
Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?
Q. Kath. God mend all!
K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee? what say'st?
Surv. After—"the duke his father,"—with "the knife,"—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.
K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain *and* LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?[1]
Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.
Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold them, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among them.
Cham. Death! my lord!
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather,[b] that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.
Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.
Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!
Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going;
(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord; he has wherewithal; in him,
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine:
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along:—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Presence Chamber in* York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, *a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door* ANNE BULLEN, *and divers* Lords, Ladies, *and* Gentlewomen, *as guests; at another door, enter* SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy,[2] has brought with her
One care abroad: he would have all as merry
As first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people. O, my lord, you are tardy;

[1] *Mysteries*—artificial fashions.

[2] So Spenser ("Shepherd's Calendar"):—
"A lovely *bevy* of fair ladies sat."

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, *and* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.
Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please them: By my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!
Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.
Lov. 'Faith, how easy?
Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.
Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:
[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another* Lady.
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*
Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, *attended; and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*
Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?
Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.
Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.
Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—
Anne. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[*Drum and trumpets within: Chambers discharged.*[1]
Wol. What's that?
Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a* Servant.
Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war ye are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?
Serv. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem; they have left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.
Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—
[*Exit* Chamberlain, *attended. All arise, and tables removed.*
You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and others, as maskers habited like shepherds; ushered by the* Lord Chamberlain. *They pass directly before the* CARDINAL, *and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?
Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.
Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.
[Ladies *chosen for the dance. The* KING *chooses* ANNE BULLEN.
K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*
Wol. My lord.
Cham. Your grace?
Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.
Cham. I will, my lord.
[Cham. *goes to the company, and returns.*
Wol. What say they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Wol. Let me see then.—
[*Comes from his state.*
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.
K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*
You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Prithee, come hither: What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,

[1] See Introductory Notice.

And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
K. Hen. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?
2 *Gent.* O,—God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.
1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.
2 *Gent.* Were you there?
1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray speak what has happen'd.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?
1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
To have[1] brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly: which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.
2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?
1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.
2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.
1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 *Gent.* Certainly
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,[2]
And far enough from court too.
2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment;* Tipstaves *before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with* SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people.*

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.
Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with:
No black envy shall mark my grave.

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[1] In the original "to *him* brought."

There are many similar instances in Shakspere of this construction—*for* being here understood—as in The Merchant of Venice:—

"How good a gentleman you sent relief" (*to*).

Commend me to his grace;[1]
And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,[2]
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming; see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most;
A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all: Yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me!
[*Exeunt* Buckingham *and Train.*
1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be?[3] You do not doubt my faith, sir?
2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
A strong faith to conceal it.
1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.
2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days he
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: But is 't not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Antechamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, *reading a letter.*

Cham.

"My Lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.[4]
Cham. Good day to both your graces.
Suf. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.
Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. 'Tis so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.
Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew:
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage:

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[1] These short lines are not introduced without a meaning. With those pauses in the delivery that properly belong to one speaking under such circumstances they add to the pathos. The three lines beginning "'Gainst me" are ordinarily printed as two. The original has *make my grave*, which Warburton altered to *mark* my grave.

"'Gainst me I *can't* take peace with no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace."

[2] Rowe here stuck in *me*—"till my soul forsake *me*." It is not difficult to see that Shakspere had a different metaphysical notion from that of his editor: the *me* places the individuality in the body alone.

[3] *What may it be?* Some modern editors read, "*Where* may it be?"

[4] *Good*—"my good lord chamberlain"—was here thrust into the text.

And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That when the greatest stroke of fortune falls
Will bless the king: And is not this course pious?
Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't: All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.
Suf. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie like [1] one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.
Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.
Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?
Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

NORFOLK *opens a folding door. The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*[2]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha?
Nor. 'Pray God he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha?
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To* CAMPEIUS.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker. [*To* WOLSEY.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy; go.

[*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?
Suf. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue. } *Aside.*
Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one;—have at him.[3]
Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices [4]—Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding,) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted,
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY, *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

[*Aside.*

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*
Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;

[1] By some editors *like* was changed into *in*—"*in* one lump."

[2] The old stage direction is, "The king *draws the curtain*, and sits reading pensively."

[3] Such is the punctuation of the folio. It is ordinarily printed, "I'll venture one have-at-him." *Have at you*, as Douce properly says, is a common phrase; and it is used in two other passages of this play. But in following the old punctuation it is not less a common phrase. It appears to us that Norfolk means, by "I'll venture *one*," I'll risk myself; and that Suffolk is ready to encounter the same danger—"I *another*." Steevens reads, "I'll venture one *heave* at him"—a metaphor of the wharfs.

[4] By a great freedom of construction the verb *sent* applies to this first member of the sentence, as well as to the second. Mr. White prints, "*Gave* their free voices."

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.
K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.
[*Exit* GARDINER.
The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Blackfriars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An Antechamber in the* Queen's *Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an old* Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither:—Here's the pang that pinches:
His highness having liv'd so long with her: and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after
So many courses of the sun enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave[1] a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel,[2] fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.[3]
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart: which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
(Saving your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril[4] conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth,—
Old L. Yes, troth, and troth,—You would not be a queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;[5]
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.
Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.
Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire,[6] although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to know
The secret of your conference?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now I pray God, amen!
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's[7]
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and[8]
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers, and wishes,
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to improve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well; [*Aside.*
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.
Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.

[1] The ordinary reading is, "to leave *is* a thousand-fold," &c. The verb is understood.
[2] *Quarrel.* Some would read *quarreller*. The expression is metaphorical: *Quarrel* is an arrow.
[3] She is a *foreigner* again.
[4] *Cheveril*—kid-skin. So in Romeo and Juliet: "O, here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad."
[5] *Pluck off a little*—descend a little. You refuse to be a queen, a duchess, try *a count.*
[6] Anne would not be a queen "for all the world;" but you would, says the old lady, "for little England;" I "would for Carnarvonshire"—for one Welsh county.
[7] *High note's.* In the original, *high notes.* We understand it "that high note is taken," &c.
[8] We print this line as in the original. The modern editors silently dropped "of you."

Old L. Why, this it is: see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up,
Before you open it.
Anne. This is strange to me.
Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.[1]
There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.
Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?
Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.
The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.
Old L. What do you think me?
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter Two Vergers, *with short silver wands; next them, Two* Scribes, *in the habits of doctors; after them, the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *alone; after him, the* BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, *and* SAINT ASAPH; *next them, with some small distance, follows a* Gentleman *bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then Two* Priests, *bearing each a silver cross; then a* Gentleman Usher *bare-headed, accompanied with a* Sergeant-at-Arms, *bearing a silver mace; then Two* Gentlemen, *bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the Two* Cardinals, WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS; *Two* Noblemen *with the sword and mace.* [*Then enter the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and their Trains.*] *The* KING *takes place under the cloth of state; the Two* Cardinals *sit under him as judges. The* QUEEN *takes place at some distance from the* KING. *The* Bishops *place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory below them, the* Scribes. *The* Lords *sit next the* Bishops. *The* Crier *and the rest of the* Attendants *stand in convenient order about the stage.*

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.
K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.
Wol. Be 't so:—Proceed.
Scribe. Say, Henry king of England, come into the court.
Crier. Henry king of England, &c.
K. Hen. Here.
Scribe. Say, Katharine queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine queen of England, &c.
[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*
Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person,[2] in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: It is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!
Wol. You have here, lady,
(And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you desire the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Q. Kath. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.
Wol. Your pleasure, madam?
Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain

[1] The old lady, whose gossip is most characteristic, would lay a wager of forty pence.

[2] There is a license of construction here—one of the many elliptical expressions with which the play abounds. *Aught* is required to be repeated—*Aught* "against your sacred person."

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you [1] for my judge: whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present: if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.
Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-
mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming
With meekness and humility: but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,[2]
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.
[*She curtsies to the* King, *and offers to depart.*
Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it; 'tis not well.
She's going away
K. Hen. Call her again.
Crier. Katharine queen of England, come into the court.
Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.
Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way:
When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[*Exeunt* Queen, Griffith, *and her other* Attendants.
K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,)
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?
K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed
to 't:
My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador;
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't, than
The grave does to the dead: for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a thought

[1] Sir W. Blackstone, who contributed a few notes to Shakspere, says that *abhor* and *refuse* are, in such a case, technical terms of the canon law—*Detestor* and *Recuso*. The very words occur in Holinshed. *Challenge* has been previously used by the queen technically.

[2] Tyrwhitt would read, as we think most unpoetically, "your *wards*"—persons subject to him as to the care of their fortunes, and treated as "servants." This is to convert high poetry into matter of fact. What an image is presented of an unscrupulous but most able man to say that his *powers* are used as the mere agents of his pleasure, and his *words*, without regard to the general obligation of truth, are "domestics" who serve but his will!

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail: and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness,
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*

K. Hen. I may perceive [*Aside.*
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at* Bridewell. *A Room in the* Queen's *Apartment.*

The QUEEN, *and some of her* Women, *at work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles:
Sing, and disperse them if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit* Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men;[1] their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.[2]

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinions set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed,
And service to his majesty and you,
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

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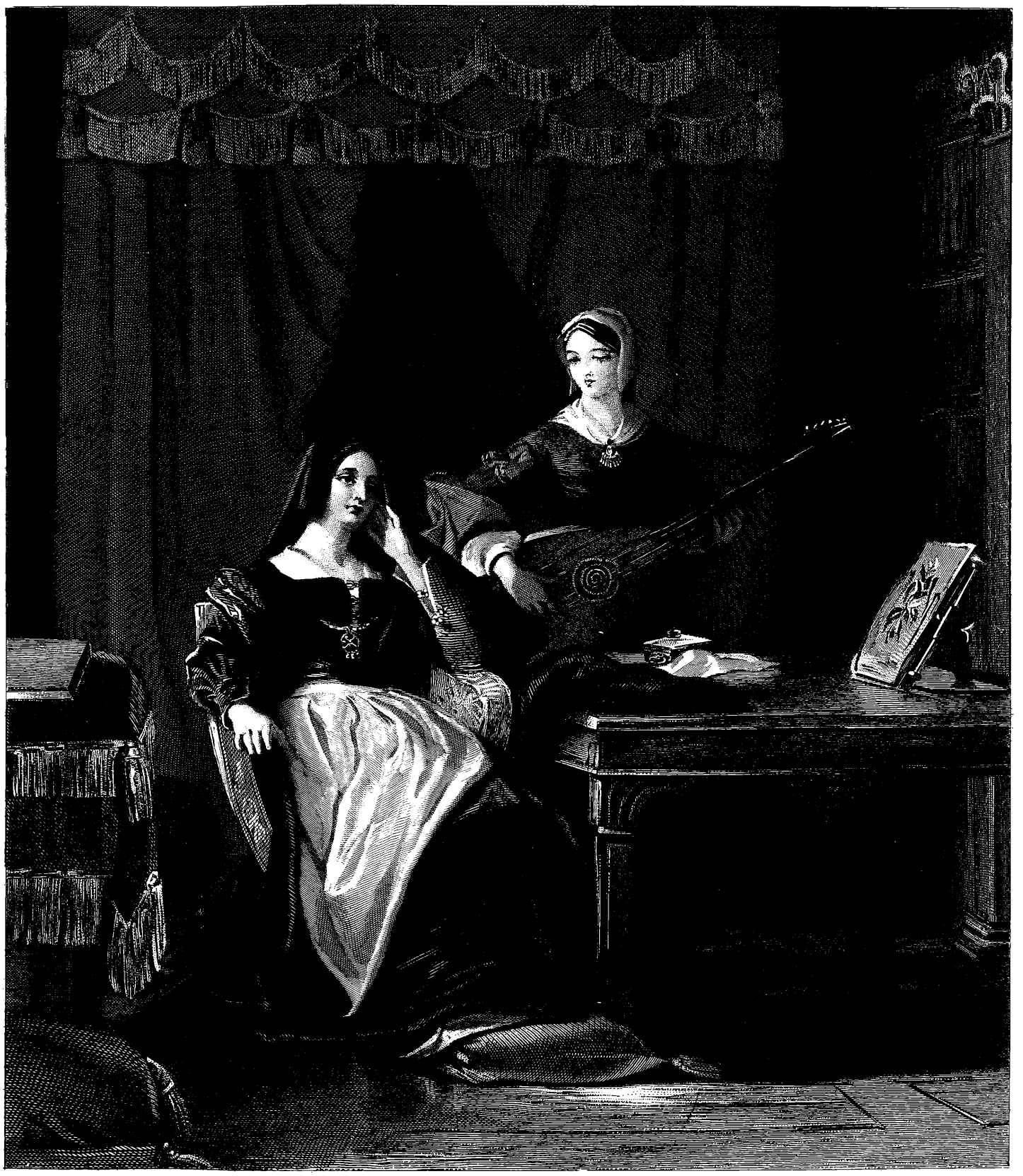
[1] We follow the punctuation of the original. The ordinary reading is—"I do not like their coming, now I think on 't."

[2] The old Latin proverb—"Cucullus non facit monachum."



Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Cam. Most honoured madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Kath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out[1] my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Kath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends)—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her* Women.
Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
Almost no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm: Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have used myself[1] unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Weigh out*—outweigh.

[1] *Used myself*—deported myself.

SCENE II.—*Antechamber to the* King's *Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *the* EARL OF SURREY, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints
And force[1] them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.
Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?
Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Anything on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.
Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out; the king hath found
Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.
Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.
Nor. Believe it, this is true,
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.
Sur. How came
His practices to light?
Suf. Most strangely.
Sur. O, how, how?
Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen."
Sur. Has the king this?
Suf. Believe it.
Sur. Will this work?
Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.
Sur. 'Would he had!
Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.
Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!
Suf. My amen to 't!
Nor. All men's!
Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!
Nor. Marry, amen!
Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha! at this.
Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha! louder!
Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?
Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom:[2] shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.
Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.
Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.
Nor. So I hear.
Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.
Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave 't you the king?
Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.
Wol. Look'd he o' th' inside of the paper?
Crom. Presently
He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance: You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.
Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?
Crom. I think, by this he is.
Wol. Leave me awhile.— [*Exit* CROMWELL.
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,
The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!
Nor. He's discontented.
Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.
Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!
Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear; 'tis I must snuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for

[1] *Force*—enforce. So in Measure for Measure:—
"Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would *force* it?"

[2] The construction is here difficult, and the meaning equivocal. The passage means probably that Cranmer is actually return'd *in his opinions*—in the same opinions which he formerly maintained, supported by the opinions of all famous colleges.

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at something.
Suf. I would 'twere something that would fret the string,
The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.
K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the cardinal?
Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.
K. Hen. It may well be:
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd: And wot you what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.
Nor. It's heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet
To bless your eye withal.
K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.
[*He takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.
Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!
K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband: and am glad
To have you therein my companion.
Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.
K. Hen. You have said well.
Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!
K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.
Wol. What should this mean?
Sur. The Lord increase this business! [*Aside.*
K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?
Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours:—my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fil'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.
K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.
Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.[1]
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.
K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.
[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon* CARDINAL WOLSEY: *the* Nobles *throng after him, smiling and whispering.*
Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper:
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so:

[1] *That am, have, and will be.* There is certainly some corruption in this passage; for no ellipsis can have taken this very obscure form. Z. Jackson suggests "that *aim* has and will be." This is very harsh. We might read, "That aim I have and will"—*will* being a noun.

This paper has undone me: 'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—"To the Pope"?
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of Norfolk *and* Suffolk, *the* Earl of Surrey, *and the* Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.
Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.
Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The king, that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself then.
Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.
Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.
Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland:
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.
Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.
Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.
Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.
Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.
Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.
Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.
Sur. I'd rather want those than my head. Have at you.
First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.
Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.
Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.
Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere[1] undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,

[1] *Mere*—absolute.

Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.
Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.
[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.
Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,[1]
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[2]
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O, my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all

[1] *Their ruin*—the ruin which princes inflict.

[2] This passage was probably suggested by the noble apostrophe in Isaiah:—"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Street in* Westminster.

Enter Two Gentlemen, *meeting.*

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.
2 *Gent.* And so are you.
1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow;
This general joy.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds,
(As let them have their rights they are ever forward,)
In celebration of this day with shows,[1]
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 *Gent.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.
2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir; had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding[2] to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess dowager? how goes her business?
1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remov'd to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.
2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets: then, enter

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers singing.* [Music.
4. *Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and, on his head, a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
6. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—
Who's that that bears the sceptre?
1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.
2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman: And that should be
The duke of Suffolk.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high steward.
2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?
1 *Gent.* Yes.
2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!
[*Looking on the* QUEEN.
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;
I cannot blame his conscience.
1 *Gent.* They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.
2 *Gent.* Those men are happy: and so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.
1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.
2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;
And, sometimes, falling ones.
1 *Gent.* No more of that.
[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?
3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more; I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.
2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?
3 *Gent.* That I did.
1 *Gent.* How was it?
3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.
2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.
3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her: while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,

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[1] We have punctuated this according to a suggestion by Boswell.
[2] *Beholding.* This is not a corrupt word, but one constantly used by the writers of Shakspere's day. We have an example of it in Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit."

Doublets, I think, flew up: and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams [1]
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.
2 *Gent.* But, what follow'd?
3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar: where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems,
Laid nobly on her; which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.
1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that is past:
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.
3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.
2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?
3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.
2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.
3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.
2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?
3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell:
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.
2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.
3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.
Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, *Dowager, sick; led between* GRIFFITH *and* PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?
Kath. O, Griffith, sick to death;
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.
Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity:—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Tied [2] all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.[3]
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.
Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,

[1] *Rams*—battering-rams.
[2] *Tied.* There is a great controversy amongst the commentators whether this word means *limited*—infringed the liberties—or *tithed*. We have no doubt that the allusion is to the acquisition of wealth by the cardinal.

[3] We have not followed the punctuation of the old copy; for that a man should not only be a scholar from his cradle, but a ripe and good one, is more than remarkable. We have no doubt that the passage was formed upon a sentence in Holinshed:—"This cardinal was a man undoubtedly *born to honour*."

No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Grif. Madam, we are here.
Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Grif. None, madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*
Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthy cold? Mark her eyes!
Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—
Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.
[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH, *and* Messenger.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?
Pat. No, madam.
[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.
Cap. Most willing, madam.
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;
(She is young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by;
If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.
Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!
Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,

Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Gallery in the Palace.*

Enter GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester, a* Page *with a torch before him, met by* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas!
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?
Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.
Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.
Gar. The fruit she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.
Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.
Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she
Sleep in their graves.
Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he is made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade[1] of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak
One syllable against him?
Gar. Yes, yes, sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Insens'd the lords o' the council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land: with which they mov'd,
Have broken[2] with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be convented.[3] He's a rank weed, sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, sir Thomas.
Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your servant.
[*Exeunt* GARDINER *and* Page.

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on 't, you are too hard for me.
Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?
Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.
K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what, is she crying out?
Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.
K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!
K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Prithee to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.
Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.
K. Hen. Charles, good night.
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?
Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.
K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?
Den. Ay, my good lord.
K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?
Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.
K. Hen. Bring him to us.
[*Exit* DENNY.
Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*

Re-enter DENNY, *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.
What!— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.
Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.
K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.
Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

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[1] *Trade*—habitual course, path *trodden*.
[2] *Broken with*—communicated with. So in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—
"I am to *break* with thee of some affairs."
[3] *Convented*—summoned.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.
Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.
K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holy-dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you
Without indurance further.
Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.
K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you! such things have been done.
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.
Cran. God and your majesty,
Protect my innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!
K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them; if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[*Exit* CRANMER.] He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back. What mean you?
Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!
K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.
Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.
K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.
K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[*Exit* KING.
Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council Chamber.*

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., *attending.*

Cran. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—Hoa!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit* BUTTS.
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
The king's physician; as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door; a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the KING *and* BUTTS.[a]

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—
K Hen. What's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:
Is this the honour they do one another?
'Tis well there's one above them yet. I had thought
They had parted[1] so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

The Council Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, *the* DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The* Chancellor *places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the* ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side.* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?
Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.
Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Nor. Who waits there?
D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?
Gar. Yes.
D. Keep. My lord archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.
Chan. Let him come in.
D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.
[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*
Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels:[2] out of which frailty,
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,
(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.
Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic; and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.
Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
'Pray heaven the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.
Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.
Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.
Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end;
'Tis my undoing: Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.
Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.
Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.
Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.
Crom. Why, my lord?
Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.
Crom. Not sound?
Gar. Not sound, I say.
Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.
Gar. I shall remember this bold language.
Crom. Do
Remember your bold life too.
Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.
Gar. I have done.
Crom. And I.
Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's further pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?
All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

[1] *Parted*—shared.

[2] We follow the original. Malone reads—

"But we are all men,
In our own natures frail, *in*capable;
Of our flesh, few are angels."

The text of the original is not clear, but it is not mended by this dilution. We believe that the poet attached a definite meaning to the expression "capable of our flesh."

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?
Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.
Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.
Cham. This is the king's ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.
Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
'Would I were fairly out on 't.
Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter KING, *frowning on them; takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear,
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.
K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence,
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach; you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
Good man, [*to* CRANMER] sit down. Now let me see the proudest
He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it please your grace,—
K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom, of my council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.
Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
I am sure, in me.
K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.
Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: How may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?
K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons; [b] you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of Norfolk,
And lady marquis Dorset: Will these please you?
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.
Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.
Cran. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.
K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. *Enter* Porter *and his* Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: Do you take the court for Paris-garden? [c] ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.[1]
[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.
Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue: Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?
Man. Pray, sir, be patient, 'tis as much impossible
(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.
Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?
Man. Alas, I know not; How gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.
Port. You did nothing, sir.
Man. I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow them down before me: but, if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me never hope to see a chine again; and that
I would not for a cow, God save her.

[1] *Gaping*—shouting. The "gaping pig" of Shylock meant probably the roaring pig.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. —Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake[1] did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, *Clubs!*[d] when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff to me; I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let them win the work: The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse,[e] their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too, from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.
There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.
Port. An 't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule them.
Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,[2] when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
They are come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Fire-drake.* An *ignis-fatuus* was so called; and the name was also given to any artificial firework.

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then Two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, *with his marshal's staff*, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *Two* Noblemen *bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then Four* Noblemen *bearing a canopy, under which the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, *godmother, bearing the* Child *richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a* Lady: *then follows the* MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, *the other godmother, and* Ladies. *The troop pass once about the stage, and* Garter *speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop,
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the* Child.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hands I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own shall bless her
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;

[2] *Bumbards*—ale-barrels.

Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:——Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.
K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.[1]
Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.
K. Hen. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get anything:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all,—to you, my good lord mayor,
And you, good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know within awhile
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—"*Enter the Duke of Buckingham*," &c.

Many of the stage directions in this play are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and in some cases their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight changes as are absolutely necessary to make the scene intelligible.

[b] SCENE III.—"*Of fool, and feather.*"

It appears, from Nashe's "Life of Jacke Wilton," that amongst other French fashions in the court of Henry VIII. the hero of the biography says, "I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop."

ACT V.

SCENE II.—"*At a window above*," &c.

The old mode of building castles or mansions, by which a principal room could be commanded from a window opening into it, is illustrated by a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1573:—"And if it please her Majesty, she may come in through my gallery, and see the disposition of the hall in dinner-time, at a window, opening thereunto."

SCENE II.—"*You'd spare your spoons.*"

The allusion is to the practice of sponsors at a christening presenting the child with spoons, called apostle spoons. The old plays contain many allusions to this custom, as in a comedy of Middleton's:—

"2 *Gos.* What has he given her?—what is it, gossip?
3 *Gos.* A fair high standing cup, and two great '*postle spoons*, one of them gilt."

SCENE III.—"*Parish-garden.*"

The bear-garden on the Bankside, remarkable enough to be distinguished in the maps of London in the time of Elizabeth.

SCENE III.—"*Who cried out, Clubs!*"

The cry of "Clubs!" was sure to draw together the London "truncheoneers;" and the appearance of "the hope of the Strand" cannot fail to remind us of the heroic apprentices of the watchmaker of Fleet Street, in that inimitable picture of ancient manners, "The Fortunes of Nigel."

SCENE III.—"*The Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse.*"

These allusions are perhaps now inexplicable. Johnson supposed *the Tribulation* to have been a Puritanical meeting-house. But why should the "youths that thunder at a playhouse" be endurable by the frequenters of the Tribulation? Because, says Steevens, such an audience was familiarised to excess of noise by the bellowings of their preachers. Are not the tribulation of Tower Hill of the same family as the limbs of Limehouse?—those who trouble—disturb Tower Hill? some of "your faithful friends of the suburbs," spoken of by the chamberlain? Tower Hill, down to a very recent period, was a great resort of vagabonds, who played pitch and toss, and other games.

[1] The passage ending here, and beginning—

"Nor shall this peace sleep with her—"

was held to be an interpolation, and was ordinarily printed in brackets. Differing from the usual opinions, for reasons stated in our Introductory Notice, we have removed the marks by which the supposed interpolation is commonly distinguished.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

THE drama of Henry VIII. is essentially one of pageantry. Coleridge calls it "a sort of historical masque, or show-play." With this view nothing can be finer than the opening. Hall, who was a contemporary of Henry VIII., and was present at the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," has filled his Chronicle of this reign with the most elaborate accounts of tournaments, and processions, and marriages, and christenings. A judicial murder is dispatched by him in a few lines. Malone here repeats his stupid assertion that "Holinshed and not Hall was Shakspeare's author." (See Historical Illustration of Henry VI., Part I., Act I.) It is easy to trace Shakspere to Hall in the "show" parts of Henry VIII., and to Holinshed for the more serious passages. Cavendish, however, has described the masque at York Place, and Holinshed has evidently had the advantage of consulting that admirable piece of biography, "The Life of Wolsey." We prefer, however, in those places where the chronicler follows the authority of Wolsey's "Gentleman Usher," to transcribe from the truly graphic original. It has been asserted by Bishop Nicholson that an edition of Cavendish's "Life" was published in 1590; but Mr. Hunter inclines to the more general opinion that it was first printed in 1641. Shakspere has unquestionably followed Cavendish in some of the most important scenes, either from an acquaintance with his book, or through Holinshed. Assuming that he was not the idle and incurious person that it has been the fashion to represent him, we cannot hold it to be impossible that, if the book were not printed, he was acquainted with one of the several manuscript copies of "The Life of Master Thomas Wolsey," the collation of which by Mr. Singer has given us the admirable edition of 1827.

Hall's description of the meeting between Henry and Francis is a singular specimen of the minute mind of the young chronicler, who was some twenty years old at the time of this memorable interview. He revels in all the luxuriance of the details of man-millinery and horse-millinery; he describes the dress of the two princes even to the smallest button; chambers of blue velvet and cloth-of-gold dazzle our eyes in every page; and of "the great and goodly plate," and "the noble feasting and cheer," the accounts would furnish out a dozen degenerate modern court historians. We have space only for his description of the first meeting of the two kings:—

"Then the king of England showed himself somedeal forward in beauty and personage, the most goodliest prince that ever reigned over the realm of England: his grace was apparelled in a garment of cloth-of-silver, of damask, ribbed with cloth-of-gold, so thick as might be; the garment was large, and plaited very thick, and canteled of very good intail, of such shape and making that it was marvellous to behold.

"Then up blew the trumpets, sagbuttes, clarions, and all other minstrels on both sides, and the king descended down toward the bottom of the valley of Andren, in sight of both the nations, and on horseback met and embraced the two kings each other: then the two kings alighted, and after embraced with benign and courteous manner each to other, with sweet and goodly words of greeting.

"After the two kings had ended the banquet, and spice and wine given to the Frenchmen, ipocras was chief drink of plenty to all that would drink. In open sight then came the two kings; that is to wete, the French king and the king of England, out of their tent, by which I then well perceived the habiliment royal of the French king. . And verily of his person the same Francis the French king, a goodly prince, stately of countenance, merry of cheer, brown coloured, great eyes, high nosed, big lipped, fair breasted and shoulders, small legs, and long feet."

From his processions and his maskings Hall turns without an effort to more serious matter—the arrest of Buckingham. In the account of this event Shakspere has followed Holinshed:—

"The cardinal, boiling in hatred against the Duke of Buckingham, and thirsting for his blood, devised to make Charles Knevet, that had been the duke's surveyor, and put from him (as ye have heard), an instrument to bring the duke to destruction. This Knevet being had in examination before the cardinal, disclosed all the duke's life. And first he uttered that the duke was accustomed, by way of talk, to say how he meant so to use the matter that he would attain to the crown if king Henry chanced to die without issue; and that he had talk and conference of that matter on a time with George Nevill, Lord of Abergavenny, unto whom he had given his daughter in marriage; and also that he threatened to punish the cardinal for his manifold misdoings, being without cause his mortal enemy.

"The cardinal, having gotten that which he sought for, encouraged, comforted and procured Knevet, with many comfortable words and great promises, that he should with a bold spirit and countenance object and lay these things to the duke's charge, with more if he knew it when time required. Then Knevet, partly provoked with desire to be revenged, and partly moved with hope of reward, openly confessed that the duke had once fully determined to devise means how to make the king away, being brought into a full hope that he should be king, by a vain prophecy which one Nicholas Hopkins, a monk of an house of the Chartreux order beside Bristow, called Henton, sometime his confessor, had opened unto him.

"The king hearing the accusation, enforced the uttermost by the cardinal, made this answer: If the duke have deserved to be punished, let him have according to his deserts."

The scene where the king lays upon Wolsey the blame of having taxed the commons is also from Holinshed. But Cavendish supplies the details of the masque at York House:—

"And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth, with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time, with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth-of-gold and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torchbearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the water-gate, without any noise; where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet; under this sort: First, ye shall perceive that the tables were set in the chamber of presence, banquet-wise covered, my lord cardinal sitting under the cloth of estate, and there having his service all alone; and then was there set a lady and a nobleman, or a gentleman and gentlewoman, throughout all the tables in the chamber on the one side, which were made and joined as it were but one table. All which order and device was done and devised by the Lord Sands, lord chamberlain to the king; and also by Sir Henry Guilford, comptroller to the king. Then immediately after this great shot of guns the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They, thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again and showed him that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. With that quoth the cardinal, 'I shall desire you, because ye can speak French, to take the pains to go down into the hall to encounter and to receive them according to their estates, and to conduct them into this chamber, where they shall see us, and all these noble personages, sitting merrily at our banquet, desiring them to sit down with us, and to take part of our fare and pastime.' Then they went incontinent down into the hall, where they received them with twenty new

* "Who wrote Cavendish's Life of Wolsey?"

torches, and conveyed them up into the chamber, with such a number of drums and fifes as I have seldom seen together at one time in any masque. At their arrival into the chamber, two and two together, they went directly before the cardinal where he sat, saluting him very reverently; to whom the lord chamberlain for them said: 'Sir, forasmuch as they be strangers, and can speak no English, they have desired me to declare unto your grace thus: They, having understanding of this your triumphant banquet, where was assembled such a number of excellent fair dames, could do no less, under the supportation of your good grace, but to repair hither to view as well their incomparable beauty, as for to accompany them at mumchance, and then after to dance with them, and so to have of them acquaintance. And, sir, they furthermore require of your grace licence to accomplish the cause of their repair.' To whom the cardinal answered that he was very well contented they should do so. Then the maskers went first and saluted all the dames as they sat, and then returned to the most worthiest, and there opened a cup full of gold, with crowns and other pieces of coin, to whom they set divers pieces to cast at. Thus in this manner perusing all the ladies and gentlewomen, and to some they lost, and of some they won. And thus done, they returned unto the cardinal, with great reverence, pouring down all the crowns in the cup, which was about two hundred crowns. 'At all,' quoth the cardinal, and so cast the dice, and won them all at a cast; whereat was great joy made. Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noble man, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place, according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind, and they rounding him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight, of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons desired his highness to take the place of estate; to whom the king answered that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the tables spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banqueting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled."

Shakspere, with great dramatic skill, has here first introduced Anne Bullen upon the scene.

ACT II.

The condemnation and subsequent demeanour of Buckingham are thus given by Hall. The outline has been beautifully filled up in the poet's picture:—

"The duke was brought to the bar sore chafing, and sweat marvellously; after he had made his reverence he paused awhile."

After his sentence "the Duke of Buckingham said,—'My lord of Norfolk, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never none; but, my lords, I nothing malign for that you have done to me, but the eternal God forgive you my death, as I do: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gracious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows to pray for me.'

"Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and so led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushions and carpet ordained for him; he said, 'Nay, for when I went to Westminster, I was Duke of Buckingham; now I am but Edward Bohun, the most caitiff of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicolas Vawse and Sir William Sandes, Baronets, and led him through the city, who desired ever the people to pray for him, of whom some wept and lamented, and said, This is the end of evil life. God forgive him! he was a proud prince; it is a pity that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whom God preserve. Thus about iiii of the clock he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."

Holinshed thus narrates the circumstance which suggests the dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey in the second scene:—

"About this time the king received into favour Doctor Stephen Gardiner, whose service he used in matters of great secresy and weight; admitting him in the room of Doctor Pace, the which being continually abroad in ambassades, and the same oftentimes not much necessary, by the cardinal's appointment, at length he took such grief therewith that he fell out of his right wits."

The great trial scene is fully described by Cavendish, in one of the most interesting pieces of memoir-writing which our language furnishes. We track Shakspere at every step:—

"Ye shall understand, as I said before, that there was a court erected in the Blackfriars in London, where these two cardinals sat for judges. Now will I set you out the manner and order of the court there. First, there was a court placed with tables, benches, and bars, like a consistory, a place judicial (for the judges to sit on). There was also a cloth of estate, under the which sat the king; and the queen sat some distance beneath the king under the judges' feet sat the officers of the court. The chief scribe there was Dr. Stephens (who was after Bishop of Winchester); the apparitor was one Cooke, most commonly called Cooke of Winchester. Then sat there within the said court, directly before the king and the judges, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Doctor Warham, and all the other bishops. Then at both the ends, with a bar made for them, the councillors on both sides. The doctors for the king were Doctor Sampson, that was after Bishop of Chichester, and Doctor Bell, who after was Bishop of Worcester, with divers other. The proctors on the king's part were Doctor Peter, who was after made the king's chief secretary, and Doctor Tregonell, and divers other.

"Now on the other side stood the counsel for the queen,—Doctor Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Doctor Standish, sometime a grey friar, and then Bishop of St. Asaph in Wales; two notable clerks in divinity, and in especial the Bishop of Rochester, a very godly man and a devout person, who after suffered death at Tower Hill; the which was greatly lamented through all the foreign universities of Christendom. There was also another ancient doctor, called, as I remember, Doctor Ridley, a very small person in stature, but surely a great and excellent clerk in divinity.

"The court being thus furnished and ordered, the judges commanded the crier to proclaim silence; then was the judges' commission, which they had of the pope, published and read openly before all the audience there assembled: that done, the crier called the king, by the name of 'King Henry of England, come into the court,' &c. With that the king answered and said, 'Here, my lords.' Then he called also the queen, by the name of 'Katharine queen of England, come into the court,' &c.; who made no answer to the same, but rose up incontinent out of her chair, where as she sat; and because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet in the sight of all the court and assembly, to whom she said in effect, in broken English, as followeth:—

"'Sir,' quoth she, 'I beseech you for all the loves that hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have justice and right; take of me some pity and compassion, for I am a poor woman and a stranger born out of your dominion; I have here no assured friend,

and much less indifferent counsel; I flee to you as to the head of justice within this realm. Alas! sir, wherein have I offended you, or what occasion of displeasure? Have I designed against your will and pleasure; intending, as I perceive, to put me from you? I take God and all the world to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife, ever conformable to your will and pleasure, that never said or did anything to the contrary thereof, being always well pleased and contented with all things wherein you had any delight or dalliance, whether it were in little or much; I never grudged in word or countenance, or showed a visage or spark of discontentation. I loved all those whom ye loved only for your sake, whether I had cause or no, and whether they were my friends or my enemies. This twenty years I have been your true wife, or more, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of this world, which hath been no default in me.

"'And when ye had me at the first, I take God to be my judge, I was a true maid without touch of man; and whether it be true or no, I put it to your conscience. If there be any just cause by the law that ye can allege against me, either of dishonesty or any other impediment, to banish and put me from you, I am well content to depart to my great shame and dishonour; and if there be none, then here I most lowly beseech you let me remain in my former estate, and receive justice at your hands. The king your father was in the time of his reign of such estimation through the world for his excellent wisdom, that he was accounted and called of all men the second Solomon; and my father Ferdinand King of Spain, who was esteemed to be one of the wittiest princes that reigned in Spain many years before, were both wise and excellent kings in wisdom and princely behaviour. It is not therefore to be doubted but that they elected and gathered as wise councillors about them as to their high discretions was thought meet. Also, as me seemeth, there was in those days as wise, as well-learned men, and men of as good judgment, as be at this present in both realms, who thought then the marriage between you and me good and lawful; therefore it is a wonder to hear what new inventions are now invented against me, that never intended but honesty, and cause me to stand to the order and judgment of this new court, wherein ye may do me much wrong, if ye intend any cruelty; for ye may condemn me for lack of sufficient answer, having no indifferent counsel, but such as be assigned me, with whose wisdom and learning I am not acquainted. Ye must consider that they cannot be indifferent counsellors for my part which be your subjects, and taken out of your own council before, wherein they be made privy, and dare not, for your displeasure, disobey your will and intent, being once made privy thereto. Therefore, I most humbly require you, in the way of charity, and for the love of God, who is the best judge, to spare me the extremity of this new court, until I may be advertised what way and order my friends in Spain will advise me to take; and if ye will not extend to me so much indifferent favour, your pleasure then be fulfilled, and to God I commit my cause!'

"And with that she rose up, making a low curtsy to the king, and so departed from thence. Many supposed that she would have resorted again to her former place; but she took her way straight out of the house, leaning, as she was wont always to do, upon the arm of her general receiver, called Master Griffith. And the king, being advertised of her departure, commanded the crier to call her again, who called her by the name of 'Katharine queen of England, come into the court,' &c. With that quoth Master Griffith, '*Madam, ye be called again.*' 'On, on,' quoth she, 'it maketh no matter, for it is no indifferent court for me, therefore I will not tarry. Go on your ways.' And thus she departed out of that court, without any farther answer at that time, or at any other, nor would never appear at any other court after.

"The king, perceiving that she was departed in such sort, calling to his grace's memory all her lament words that she had pronounced before him and all the audience, said thus in effect:—'Forasmuch,' quoth he, 'as the queen is gone, I will, in her absence, declare unto you all my lords here present assembled, she hath been to me as true, as obedient, and as conformable a wife as I could in my fantasy wish or desire. She hath all the virtuous qualities that ought to be in a woman of her dignity, or in any other of baser estate. Surely she is also a noblewoman born: if nothing were in her but only her conditions, will well declare the same.' With that quoth my lord cardinal,—'Sir, I most humbly beseech your highness to declare me before all this audience, whether I have been the chief inventor or first mover of this matter unto your majesty: for I am greatly suspected of all men herein.' 'My lord cardinal,' quoth the king, 'I can well excuse you herein. Marry,' quoth he, 'ye have been rather against me in attempting or setting forth thereof. And to put you all out of doubt, I will declare unto you the special cause that moved me hereunto; it was a certain scrupulosity that pricked my conscience upon divers words that were spoken at a certain time by the Bishop of Bayonne, the French king's ambasador, who had been here long upon the debating for the conclusion of a marriage to be concluded between the princess, our daughter Mary, and the Duke of Orleans, the French king's second son.

"'And upon the resolution and determination thereof, he desired respite to advertise the king his master thereof, whether our daughter Mary should be legitimate in respect of the marriage which was sometime between the queen here and my brother the late prince Arthur. These words were so conceived within my scrupulous conscience, that it bred a doubt within my breast, which doubt pricked, vexed, and troubled so my mind, and so disquieted me, that I was in great doubt of God's indignation; which, as seemed me, appeared right well; much the rather for that he hath not sent me any issue male; for all such issue male as I have received of the queen died incontinent after they were born; so that I doubt the punishment of God in that behalf. Thus being troubled in waves of a scrupulous conscience, and partly in despair of any issue male by her, it drave me at last to consider the estate of this realm, and the danger it stood in for lack of issue male to succeed me in this imperial dignity. I thought it good, therefore, in relief of the weighty burden of scrupulous conscience, and the quiet estate of this noble realm, to attempt the law therein, and whether I might take another wife in case that my first copulation with this gentlewoman were not lawful; which I intend not for any carnal concupiscence, nor for any displeasure or mislike of the queen's person or age, with whom I could be as well content to continue during my life, if our marriage may stand with God's laws, as with any woman alive; in which point consisteth all this doubt that we go now about to try by the learned wisdom and judgment of you our prelates and pastors of this realm here assembled for that purpose; to whose conscience and judgment I have committed the charge, according to the which, God willing, we will be right well contented to submit ourself, to obey the same for our part. Wherein after I once perceived my conscience wounded with the doubtful case herein, I moved first this matter in confession to you, my Lord of Lincoln, my ghostly father. And forasmuch as then yourself were in some doubt to give me counsel, moved me to ask further counsel of all you, my lords; wherein I moved you first, my Lord of Canterbury, axing your licence (forasmuch as you were our metropolitan) to put this matter in question; and so I did of all you, my lords, to the which ye have all granted by writing under all your seals, the which I have here to be showed.' 'That is truth, if it please your highness,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'I doubt not but all my brethren here present will affirm the same.' 'No, sir, not I,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'ye have not my consent thereto.' 'No! ha' the!' quoth the king; 'look here upon this: is not this your hand and seal?' and showed him the instrument with seals. 'No, forsooth, sire,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'it is not my hand nor seal!' To that quoth the king to my Lord of Canterbury, 'Sir, how say *ye?* is it not his hand and seal?' 'Yes, sir,' quoth my Lord of Canterbury. 'That is not so,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'for indeed you were in hand with me to have both my hand and seal, as other of my lords had already done; but then I said to you that I would never consent to no such act, for it were much against my conscience; nor my hand and seal should never be seen at any such instrument, God willing; with much more matter touching the same communication between us. 'You say truth,' quoth the Bishop of Canterbury; 'such words ye said unto me; but at the last ye were fully persuaded that I should for you subscribe your name, and put to a seal myself, and ye would allow the same.' 'All which words and matter,' quoth the Bishop of Rochester, 'under your correction, my lord, and supportation of this noble audience, there is nothing more untrue.' 'Well, well,' quoth the king, 'it shall make no matter; we will not stand with you in argument herein, for you are but one man.' And with that the court was adjourned until the next day of this session."

ACT III.

The scene of the visit of the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius to Queen Katharine has its origin in the narrative of Cavendish:—

"And then my lord rose up and made him ready, taking his barge, and went straight to Bath Place to the other cardinal, and so went together unto Bridewell, directly to the queen's lodging; and they, being in her chamber of presence, showed to the gentleman usher that they came to speak with the queen's grace. The gentleman usher advertised the queen thereof incontinent. With that she came out of her privy chamber with a skein of white thread about her neck, into the chamber of presence, where the cardinals were giving of attendance upon her coming. At whose coming quoth she, 'Alack, my lords, I am very sorry to cause you to attend upon me; what is your pleasure with me?' 'If it please you,' quoth my lord cardinal, 'to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming.' 'My lord,' quoth she, 'if you have anything to say, speak it openly before all these folks, for I fear nothing that ye can say or allege against me, but that I would all the world should both hear and see it; therefore I pray you speak your minds openly. Then began my lord to speak to her in Latin. 'Nay, good my lord,' quoth she, 'speak to me in English, I beseech you; although I understand Latin.' 'Forsooth, then,' quoth my lord, 'Madam, if it please your grace, we come both to know your mind, how ye be disposed to do in this matter between the king and you, and also to declare secretly our opinions and our counsel unto you, which we have intended of very zeal and obedience that we bear to your grace.' 'My lords, I thank you then,' quoth she, 'of your good wills; but to make answer to your request I cannot so suddenly, for I was set among my maidens at work, thinking full little of any such matter, wherein there needeth a longer deliberation, and a better head than mine, to make answer to so noble wise men as ye be. I had need of good counsel in this case, which toucheth me so near; and for any counsel or friendship that I can find in England, they are nothing to my purpose or profit. Think you, I pray you, my lords, will any Englishman counsel or be friendly unto me against the king's pleasure, they being his subjects? Nay, forsooth, my lords! and for my counsel in whom I do intend to put my trust be not here; they be in Spain, in my native country. Alas, my lords! I am a poor woman, lacking both wit and understanding sufficiently to answer such approved wise men as ye be both, in so weighty a matter. I pray you to extend your good and indifferent minds in your authority unto me, for I am a simple woman, destitute and barren of friendship and counsel here in a foreign region and as for your counsel, I will not refuse, but be glad to hear.'

"And with that she took my lord by the hand, and led him into her privy chamber, with the other cardinal, where they were in long communication: we, in the other chamber, might sometime hear the queen speak very loud, but what it was we could not understand. The communication ended, the cardinals departed and went directly to the king, making to him relation of their talk with the queen, and after resorted home to their houses to supper."

The circumstance of Wolsey incurring the king's displeasure through the accidental discovery of a "schedule" of his wealth is not supported by historical authority. The story is told somewhat differently of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham, who sent to the king, through Wolsey, a book upon his private affairs, instead of a "Treatise on the Estate of the Kingdom," each having been bound in white vellum.

The dramatic condensation of the action has produced some historical confusion. The Duke of Norfolk whom we meet in the first scene, before Buckingham's arrest in 1521, died in 1525. The Duke of Norfolk who succeeded him is the same person as the Earl of Surrey of the present act, for Buckingham was his "father-in-law." Between the arrest of Wolsey and the christening scene Shakspere meant, probably, to change the persons; for we have in the procession "the old Duchess of Norfolk." The Earl of Surrey then Henry Howard.

The demand of the great seal from Wolsey was made by the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk; and the proceeding is thus detailed by Cavendish:—

"After Cardinal Campeggio was thus departed and gone, Michaelmas Term drew near, against the which my lord returned unto his house at Westminster; and when the term began he went to the hall in such like sort and gesture as he was wont most commonly to do, and sat in the chancery, being chancellor. After which day he never sat there more. The next day he tarried at home, expecting the coming of the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, who came not that day, but the next day came thither unto him; to whom they declared how the king's pleasure was that he should surrender and deliver up the great seal into their hands, and to depart simplily unto Asher, a house situate nigh Hampton Court, belonging to the bishopric of Winchester. My lord, understanding their message, demanded of them what commission they had to give him any such commandment? Who answered him again, that they were sufficient commissioners in that behalf, having the king's commandment by his mouth so to do. 'Yet,' quoth he, 'that is not sufficient for me, without farther commandment of the king's pleasure; for the great seal of England was delivered me by the king's own person, to enjoy during my life, with the ministration of the office and high room of chancellorship of England: for my surety whereof, I have the king's letters patent to show.' Which matter was greatly debated between the dukes and him with many stout words between them; whose words and checks he took in patience for the time; in so much that the dukes were fain to depart again without their purpose at that present, and returned again unto Windsor to the king; and what report they made I cannot tell: howbeit the next day they came again from the king, bringing with them the king's letters. After the receipt and reading of the same by my lord, which was done with much reverence, he delivered unto them the great seal, contented to obey the king's high commandment; and seeing that the king's pleasure was to take his house, with the contents, was well pleased simply to depart to Asher, taking nothing but only some provision for his house.

"And after long talk between the dukes and him, they departed, with the great seal of England, to Windsor, unto the king. Then went my lord cardinal and called all officers in every office in his house before him, to take account of all such stuff as they had in charge."

The articles of accusation against Wolsey are given at length in the old historians; but they were first correctly printed by Lord Coke in his "Institutes." The more important of them are found in the charges heaped upon the fallen man by Surrey, Suffolk, and Norfolk.

The touching exclamation of Wolsey—

> "Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies"—

is found in Cavendish:—

"'Well, well, Master Kingston," quoth he, "I see the matter against me how it is framed; but if I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.'"

ACT IV.

The ceremonies attending the coronation of Anne Bullen are most minutely described by Hall. From that source Shakspere derived not only the narration in the first scene of this act, but "the Order of the Procession." Sir Thomas More was the chancellor on this occasion; and he is introduced again in the fifth act.

We have only space for a fragment of Hall's description, nor, indeed, would it afford any illustration of the text to transcribe his somewhat tedious exposition of the magnificent homage of the court and the city to one upon whom the axe fell within three years:—

"When she was thus brought to the high place made in the middes of the church between the choir and the high altar, she was set in a rich chair. And after that she had rested awhile she descended down to the high altar and there prostrate herself, while the Archbishop of Canterbury said certain collects; then she rose, and the bishop anointed her on the head and on the breast; and then she was led up again, where, after divers orisons said, the archbishop set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and then delivered her the sceptre of gold in her right hand, and the rod of ivory with the dove in the left hand, and then all the choir sang *Te Deum*," &c.

The circumstances which preceded the death of Wolsey are described by Cavendish:—

"And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes, whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times by the way, as he rode, he

would talk with them, sometime with one and sometime with another. At night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwick Hall, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the Abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gates, the abbot of the place, with all his convent, met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said, 'Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you;' whom they brought on his mule to the stairs' foot of his chamber, and there alighted; and Master Kingston then took him by the arm and led him up the stairs, who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber he went incontinent to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night; and there he continued sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax-lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He, perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there? 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he; 'that cannot be:' rehearsing divers times 'eight of the clock—eight of the clock. Nay, nay,' quoth he at the last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'"

The letter of Katharine to the king, of which the substance is in Holinshed, was first published by Polydore Virgil, and was translated by Lord Herbert:—

"My most dear lord, king, and husband,—

"The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever: for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

ACT V.

Shakspere, who, according to Malone, read no history but Holinshed's, may now be traced to another source—to one of the most popular books in our language, "Fox's Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs," printed in 1563. Our poet saw the dramatic power of this scene, though the occurrence took place long after the birth of Elizabeth:—

"When night came, the king sent sir Anthony Denny about midnight to Lambeth to the archbishop, willing him forthwith to resort unto him at the court. The message done, the archbishop speedily addressed himself to the court, and coming into the gallery where the king walked and tarried for him, his highness said, 'Ah, my lord of Canterbury, I can tell you news. For divers weighty considerations it is determined by me and the council that you to-morrow at nine of the clock shall be committed to the Tower, for that you and your chaplains (as information is given us) have taught and preached, and thereby sown within the realm such a number of execrable heresies, that it is feared, the whole realm being infected with them, no small contention and commotions will rise thereby amongst my subjects, as of late days the like was in divers parts of Germany, and therefore the council have requested me, for the trial of the matter, to suffer them to commit you to the Tower, or else no man dare come forth as witness in those matters, you being a counsellor.'

"When the king had said his mind, the archbishop kneeled down, and said, 'I am content, if it please your grace, with all my heart, to go thither at your highness' commandment; and I must humbly thank your Majesty that I may come to my trial, for there be that have many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report.'

"The king, perceiving the man's uprightness, joined with such simplicity, said, 'Oh Lord, what manner o' man be you? What simplicity is in you! I had thought that you would rather have sued to us to have taken the pains to have heard you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such indurance. Do you not know what state you be in with the whole world, and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you? Think you to have better luck that way than your master Christ had? I see by it you will run headlong to your undoing, if I would suffer you. Your enemies shall not so prevail against you; for I have otherwise devised with myself to keep you out of their hands. Yet, notwithstanding, to-morrow when the council shall sit, and send for you, resort unto them, and if, in charging you with this matter, they do commit you to the Tower, require of them, because you are one of them, a counsellor, that you may have your accusers brought before them without any further indurance, and use for yourself as good persuasions that way as you may devise; and if no entreaty or reasonable request will serve, then deliver unto them this my ring (which then the king delivered unto the archbishop,) and say unto them, If there be no remedy, my lords, but that I must needs go to the Tower, then I revoke my cause from you, and appeal to the king's own person by this token unto you all; for (said the king then unto the archbishop) so soon as they shall see this my ring, they know it so well that they shall understand that I have reserved the whole cause into mine own hands and determination, and that I have discharged them thereof.'

"The archbishop, perceiving the king's benignity so much to him wards, had much ado to forbear tears. 'Well,' said the king, 'go your ways, my lord, and do as I have bidden you.' My lord, humbling himself with thanks, took his leave of the king's highness for that night.

"On the morrow, about nine of the clock before noon, the council sent a gentleman usher for the archbishop, who, when he came to the council-chamber door, could not be let in, but of purpose (as it seemed) was compelled there to wait among the pages, lackeys, and servingmen all alone. D. Butts, the king's physician, resorting that way, and espying how my lord of Canterbury was handled, went to the king's highness, and said, 'My lord of Canterbury, if it please your grace, is well promoted for now he is become a lackey or a servingman, for yonder he standeth this half-hour at the council-chamber door amongst them.' 'It is not so (quoth the king), I trow, nor the council hath not so little discretion as to use the metropolitan of the realm in that sort, specially being one of their own number. But let them alone (said the king) and we shall hear more soon.'

"Anon the archbishop was called into the council-chamber, to whom was alleged as before is rehearsed. The archbishop answered in like sort as the king had advised him; and in the end, when he perceived that no manner of persuasion or entreaty could serve, he delivered them the king's ring, revoking his cause into the king's hands. The whole council being thereat somewhat amazed, the earl of Bedford, with a loud voice, confirming his words with a solemn oath, said, 'When you first began the matter, my lords, I told you what would become of it. Do you think that the king would suffer this man's finger to ache? Much more (I warrant you) will he defend his life against brabling varlets. You do but cumber yourselves to hear tales and fables against him.' And incontinently upon the receipt of the king's token they all rose, and carried to the king his ring, surrendering that matter, as the order and use was, into his own hands.

"When they were all come to the king's presence, his highness, with a severe countenance, said unto them, 'Ah, my lords, I thought I had had wiser men of my council than now I find you. What discretion was this in you thus to make the primate of the realm, and one of you in office, to wait at the council-chamber door amongst servingmen? You might have considered that he was a counsellor as well as you, and you had no such commission of me so to handle him. I was content that you should try him as a counsellor, and not as a mean subject. But now I well perceive that things be done against him maliciously, and, if some of you might have had your minds, you would have tried him to the uttermost. But I do you all to wit, and protest, that if a prince may be beholding unto his

subject (and so solemnly laying his hand upon his breast, said), by the faith I owe to God, I take this man here, my lord of Canterbury, to be of all other a most faithful subject unto us, and one to whom we are much beholding, giving him great commendations otherwise.' And, with that, one or two of the chiefest of the council, making their excuse, declared that, in requesting his indurance, it was rather meant for his trial and his purgation against the common fame and slander of the world, than for any malice conceived against him. 'Well, well, my lords (quoth the king), take him, and well use him, as he is worthy to be, and make no more ado.' And with that, every man caught him by the hand, and made fair weather of altogethers, which might easily be done with that man."

The christening of the Princess Elizabeth at Greenwich is the last "show" of this "historical masque." In the description of this ceremony Hall is again superb. The most important part of the day's proceeding is briefly dispatched by the chronicler :—

"The godfather was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; the godmothers were the old Duchess of Norfolk and the old Marchioness of Dorset, widows; and the child was named Elizabeth: and after that all thing was done, at the church-door the child was brought to the fount, and christened, and this done, Garter chief king of arms cried aloud, 'God, of his infinite goodness, send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England Elizabeth :' and then the trumpets blew, then the child was brought up to the altar, and the Gospel said over it: and after that immediately the Archbishop of Canterbury confirmed it, the Marchioness of Exeter being godmother: then the Archbishop of Canterbury gave to the Princess a standing cup of gold: the Duchess of Norfolk gave to her a standing cup of gold, fretted with pearl: the Marchioness of Dorset gave three gilt bowls, pounced, with a cover and the Marchioness of Exeter gave three standing bowls, graven, all gilt, with a cover."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present."

THIS is the commencement of the most remarkable prologue of the few which are attached to Shakspere's plays. It is, to our minds, a perfect exposition of the principle upon which the poet worked in the construction of this drama. Believing, whatever weight of authority there may be for the contrary opinion, that the Henry VIII. was a new play in 1613, there had been a considerable interval between its production and that of the Henry V.,—the last in the order of representation of his previous histories. During that interval several of the poet's most admirable comedies had been unquestionably produced; and the audience of 1613 was, perhaps, still revelling in the recollections of the wit of Touchstone, or the more recent whimsies of Autolycus. But the poet, who was equally master of the tears and the smiles of his audience, prepares them for a serious view of the aspects of real life :—"I come no more to make you laugh." He thought, too, that the popular desire for noisy combats, and the unavoidable deficiencies of the stage in the representation of battle scenes—he had before described it as an "unworthy scaffold" for "vasty fields"—might be passingly adverted to; and that the Clowns of the same stage, whom he had indeed reformed, but who still delighted the "ears of the groundlings" with their extemporal rudeness, might be slightly renounced. He disclaimed, then, "both fool and fight:" these were not amongst the attractions of this work of his maturer age. He had to offer weighty and serious things, sad and high things, noble scenes that commanded tears; state and woe were to be exhibited together: there was to be pageantry, but it was to be full of pity; and the woe was to be the more intense from its truth. And how did this master of his art profess to be able to produce such deep emotion from the exhibition of scenes that almost came down to his own times; that the fathers and grandfathers of his audience had witnessed in their unpoetical reality; that belonged not to the period when the sword was the sole arbiter of the destinies of princes and favourites, but when men fell by intrigue and not by battle, and even the axe of the capricious despot struck in the name of the law? There was another great poet of this age of high poetry, who had indicated the general theme which Shakspere proposed to illustrate in this drama :—

"What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
The cruel sports to many men's decay?"

From the first scene to the last, the dramatic action seems to point to the abiding presence of that power which works

"Her cruel sports to many men's decay."

We see the "ever-whirling wheel" in a succession of contrasts of grandeur and debasement; and even when the action is closed, we are carried forward into the depths of the future, to have the same triumph of "mutability" suggested to our contemplation. This is the theme which the poet emphatically presents to us under its aspect of sadness :—

"Be sad, as we would make you: Think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!"

Bearing in mind the great principle of the play, it appears to us to open with singular art. The Field of the Cloth of Gold is presented to our view, not as a mere piece of ordinary description, but as having a dramatic connection with the principal action. By this description we are at once, and most naturally, introduced to the characters of the proud nobles whose hatred Wolsey has provoked. The sarcastic Norfolk may probably abide the frown of the great cardinal; but in the temperament of the impetuous Buckingham there is inevitable danger. What a portrait of self-willed pride has the poet drawn of Buckingham in all that scene! How the haughty peer first displays his rough contempt of "such a keech" as Wolsey; then throws out his random allegations against his honesty; next encounters him with an eye "full of disdain," and is scarcely kept from following him to the king to "outstare him;" and finally lashes himself to the utterance of a torrent of words, while his friends evidently tremble more for him in the consequences of his blind hatred than they look with hope to its power to injure the man whom they equally hate! And how does all this close? In—

"my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham."

We see the coming end of the rash and haughty man: his "noble blood" will be reckoned as nothing in the "beggar's book;" the "butcher's cur" will tear him.

* The Faerie Queene. Two Cantos of Mutabilitie.

If the arrest of Buckingham had been followed by his "coming from his arraignment," we should have seen indeed the "misery" following upon the "mightiness;" but we should not have seen the moving cause of this rapid transition of fortune. There sits the absolute king, prejudging his victim before examination :—

> "I stood i' the level
> Of a full-charg'd confederacy."

But an interruption takes place. The queen comes, in the spirit of honesty and justice, to represent to the king that his subjects "are in great grievance." Upon his minister does the king lay the blame, and desires the grievance to be redressed. This looks like equity and moderation :—

> "We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
> And stick them in our will."

The queen, who has obtained the redress of the subjects' wrong, is to "sit by," and hear the charges against Buckingham. To her upright and sagacious mind it is evident that the charges are the exaggerations of revenge, stimulated by corruption. The king will see only the one side of the evidence. When Katharine exhorts Wolsey to "deliver all with charity," Henry desires the witness to "speak on;" when Katharine lays bare the "spleen" of the surveyor, with Henry it is still "Let him on." The allegation rests only upon the testimony of a discarded servant as to words spoken, but upon these is the duke condemned; for, after the decision of the king, a trial is but a form :—

> "He is attach'd;
> Call him to present trial: if he may
> Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
> Let him not seek 't of us."

It is evident that the hatred of Wolsey produces the fall of Buckingham; but the ambitious minister wields a power which may turn and rend him. All with him, however, is apparent security: his greatness is at its height. The king visits his mighty subject as a familiar friend; there is masquing and banqueting; and the gay monarch chooses the "fairest hand," and hovers round the one "sweet partner." This is the "state" which is the prelude to the "woe." Between the prejudgment of Buckingham by the king, and his formal condemnation, the cardinal's masque is interposed. It is the wonderful art of Shakspere in this play to command our entire sympathies for the unfortunate. He has taken no care to render Buckingham an object of our love, or even respect, till he perishes. We think him a wilful man; we see that there is a struggle for power between him and Wolsey: it is his "misery" alone that makes us "let fall a tear." Amongst the "noble scenes" of this drama, that in which Buckingham addresses "all good people" is very noble. The deepest pathos is in—

> "When I came hither I was lord high constable,
> And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun."

But there is a deeper pathos that will "draw the eye to flow." It is foreshadowed to us even while the eye is still wet for Buckingham :—

> "Did you not of late days hear
> A buzzing of a separation
> Between the king and Katharine?"

The courtiers speak of this freely :—

> "*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
> Has crept too near his conscience.
> *Suf.* No, his conscience
> Hath crept too near another lady."

And shall we "let fall a tear" because a just and spotless wife is about to be parted from a self-willed, capricious, tyrannical husband? If we read her character aright, we shall understand where lies the depth of her "misery." It is not in Anne Bullen's description alone that we can estimate "the pang that pinches." It is not alone that she has "lived long" with "his highness"—

> "Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
> To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
> 'Tis sweet at first to acquire."

This is the interpretation of a young woman, to whom "majesty and pomp" look dazzling. In her notion the "divorce" from "temporal" glory is

> "a sufferance, panging
> As soul and body's severing."

It is held that this pity of Anne for her mistress is a stroke of dramatic art to render her amiable under her equivocal situation. Is it not rather the poet's profound display of the weakness of Anne's own character? The sufferings of Katharine lie deeper than this. She is one who feels that she is about to be surrounded with the snares of injustice. She is defenceless—"a most poor woman and a stranger." She has been "a true and humble wife." But she is proud—nobly proud :—

> "Sir,
> I am about to weep; but, thinking that
> We are a queen (or long have dream'd so), certain
> The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
> I'll turn to sparks of fire."

The eloquence of that "simple woman"—her lofty bearing, her bold resolve—is not born of the clinging to temporal pomp: it issues out of the bruised spirit, whose affections are outraged, whose honour is insulted, whose dignity is trodden upon. She is all in all in this great scene. Before the grandeur of her earnest and impassioned pleading the intellect of Wolsey quails, and the self-will of Henry resorts to a justification of his motives. What a picture next is opened of the "poor weak woman, fallen from favour!" The poetry of the situation is unequalled: the queen, sitting amongst her women at work—and listening to that delicious song of "Orpheus with his lute made trees." Then is revealed the innermost grief of that wounded heart :—

> "Would ye have me
> Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
> Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
> His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
> And all the fellowship I hold now with him
> Is only my obedience. What can happen
> To me above this wretchedness?"

But the pride still remains—the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella speaks in the fallen woman's

> "nothing but death
> Shall e'er divorce my dignities."

She has lost even the power of making her dependants happy :—

> "Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?"

And then comes, out of this tenderness, the revulsion from that lofty passion to the humility of an absorbing despair :—

> "Do what ye will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
> If I have used myself unmannerly."

There is nothing in the compass of poetry more touching than this exhibition of the gradual subjection of a high spirit to the force of circumstances.

Another turn of "the ever-whirling wheel"! Wolsey next falls. He had none of our sympathies. We gaze upon his commanding intellect; we marvel at "his unbounded stomach"; but we fear the crafty and daring politician. Up to the moment when the treacherous Henry gathers up his power to hurl the bolt at him—

> "and then to breakfast, with
> What appetite you may"—

we rejoice at the "instant cloud." But by the exercise of his marvellous art the poet throws the *fallen* man upon our pity. He restores him to his fellowship with humanity by his temporal abasement. The trappings of his ambition are stripped off, and we see him in his natural dignity. He puts on the armour of fortitude, and we reverence him.

The scene is changed. The stage is crowded with processional

displays. There has been a coronation. We see it not; but its description is worth more than the sight :—

> "The rich stream
> Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
> To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
> A distance from her: while her grace sat down
> To rest awhile, some half an hour, or so,
> In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
> The beauty of her person to the people."

Anne passes from the stage; Katharine is led in sick. Her great enemy is dead. She cannot but number up his faults; but she listens to "his good." They have a fellowship in misfortune; and she honours his ashes. She is passing from the world. The grave hides that pure, and gentle, and noble sufferer. Anne is crowned. Her example of

> "How soon this mightiness meets misery!"

was not to be shown. But who can forget it? Then comes the shadowing out of new intrigues and new hatreds; and the despot puts on an attitude of justice. Elizabeth is born. The link is completed between the generation that is past and the generation which looks upon

> "The very persons of our noble story,
> As they were living."

Shakspere has closed his great series of Chronicle Histories. This last of them was to be "sad, high, and working." It has laid bare the hollowness of worldly glory; it has shown the heavy "load" of "too much honour." It has given us a picture of the times which succeeded the feudal strifes of the other histories. Were they better times? To the mind of the poet the age of corruption was as "sad" as the age of force. The one tyrant rides over the obligations of justice, wielding a power more terrible than that of the sword. The poet's consolation is to be found in the prophetic views of the future. The prophecy of Cranmer upon the reigns of Elizabeth and James is the eulogy of just government—partially realised in the age of Shakspere, but not the less a high conception, however beyond the reality, of

> "What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so."

We have a few words to add on the style of this drama. It is remarkable for the elliptical construction of many of the sentences, and for an occasional peculiarity in the versification, which is not found in any other of Shakspere's works. The Roman plays, decidedly amongst the latest of his productions, possess a colloquial freedom of versification which in some cases approaches almost to ruggedness. But in the Henry VIII. this freedom is carried much further. We have repeated instances in which the lines are so constructed that it is impossible to read them with the slightest pause at the end of each line: the sentence must be run together, so as to produce more the effect of measured prose than of blank verse. As an example of what we mean we will write a sentence of fourteen lines as if it had been printed as prose :—

> "Hence I took a thought this was a judgment on me; that my kingdom, well worthy the best heir of the world, should not be gladded in't by me: Then follows, that I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in by this my issue's fail: and that gave to me many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in the wild sea of my conscience, I did steer toward this remedy, whereupon we are now present here together; that 's to say, I meant to rectify my conscience,—which I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—by all the reverend fathers of the land, and doctors learn'd."

If the reader will turn to the passage (Act II. Sc. IV.) he will see that many of the lines end with particles, and that scarcely one of the lines is marked by a pause at the termination. Many other passages could be pointed out with this peculiarity. A theory has been set up that Jonson "tampered" with the versification. We hold this notion to be utterly untenable; for there is no play of Shakspere's which has a more decided character of unity—no one from which any passage could be less easily struck out. We believe that Shakspere worked in this particular upon a principle of art which he had proposed to himself to adhere to, wherever the nature of the scene would allow. The elliptical construction and the license of versification brought the dialogue, whenever the speaker was not necessarily rhetorical, closer to the language of common life. Of all his historical plays, the Henry VIII. is the nearest in its story to his own times. It professed to be a "truth." It belongs to his own country. It has no poetical indistinctness about it, either of time or place: all is defined. If the diction and the versification had been more artificial it would have been less a reality.

AN ESSAY

ON

THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI.

AND

KING RICHARD III.

WITH REFERENCE TO THE OPINION THAT THE THREE PARTS OF KING HENRY VI. WERE NOT WRITTEN ORIGINALLY BY SHAKSPERE.

§ I.

THE dramas of Shakspere are in no particular more remarkable than in the almost complete absence of any allusion to their author—any reference to his merely personal thoughts and circumstances—any intimation, that might naturally enough have been conveyed in Prologue or Epilogue, of the relations in which the poet stood with regard to his audience. There are only ten of his plays in which any one of the characters, at the conclusion, comes forward as an actor to deprecate censure or solicit applause. There are only two out of these ten plays in which the *Author*, through the actor, directly addresses the spectators. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. the Dancer says, in a light manner, "Our humble Author will continue the story." In the concluding Chorus to Henry V., the Poet, then in the very zenith of his popularity, addresses himself to the audience, of course through the actor, more seriously and emphatically:—

> "Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
> Our bending author hath pursued the story;
> In little room confining mighty men,
> Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
> Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
> This star of England: fortune made his sword;
> By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
> And of it left his son imperial lord.
> Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed:
> Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
> In your fair minds let this acceptance take."

"The story" which the author "hath pursued thus far" is the story which began with the deposition of Richard II. The story of the triumphant progress of the house of Lancaster, up to the period when the son of Bolingbroke had "achieved the world's best garden," had been told by the poet in four dramas, of which Henry V. was the concluding one. These dramas had been linked together with the most scrupulous care, so that although, for the purposes of representation, there were necessarily distinct pauses in the action, they were essentially one great drama. They were written, it is highly probable, almost consecutively; for not only does the external evidence show that they were given to the world during the last three years of the sixteenth century, but their whole dramatic construction, as well as their peculiarities of style, determine them to belong to one and the same period of the poet's life, when his genius grasped a subject with the full consciousness of power, and revelled in its own luxuriance, whether of wit or fancy, without timidity. But there was another great division of the story, which had been previously told. As the glories of the house of Lancaster, consummated in the victory of Agincourt, had been traced through these four great dramas, so the ruin of the house of Lancaster, and all the terrible consequences of the struggles between that house and the other branch of the Plantagenets, even up to the termination of the struggle at the field of Bosworth, had been developed in four other dramas of an earlier date:—

> "Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
> Of France and England, did this king succeed;
> Whose state so many had the managing,
> That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
> *Which oft our stage hath shown.*"

Of this other series of dramas thus described—the second in the order of events, the first in the order of their composition and performance—"the bending author," in his Chorus to Henry V., makes no equivocal mention. The events which "lost France" and made "England bleed" had the "stage" of Shakspere often "shown," in dramas which had long been familiar to his audience, and were unquestionably in the highest degree popular. As early as 1592 Thomas Nashe thus writes:—"How would it have joyed brave Talbot, the terror of the French, to think that after he had lien two hundred year in his tomb he should triumph again on the stage; and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times), who, in the tragedian that represents his person, behold him fresh bleeding!" In 1596, when Ben Jonson produced his "Every Man in his Humour," he accompanied it with a Prologue,† levelled against what appeared to him the absurdities of the romantic drama, in which is this passage:—

> "With three rusty swords,
> And help of some few foot and half-foot words,‡
> Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
> And in the tiring-house bring wounds to scars."

That the play in which the brave Talbot triumphed "again on the stage" was what we call the First Part of Henry VI., there can be no reasonable doubt; that what we call the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., and perhaps Richard III., were those in which were fought over "York and Lancaster's long jars," is equally clear. Shakspere, as it appears to us, does not hesitate to adopt this series of plays as his own. The author of Henry V. asks that the success of these earlier dramas should commend his later play to a favourable reception:—

> "For *their* sake,
> In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

* Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil.

† Gifford has clearly demonstrated that the Prologue appeared originally with Jonson's first comedy, and was not appended long afterwards, as the commentators have supposed, for the sake of sneering at Shakspere's later dramas.

‡ Jonson, in another place, has translated the *sesquipedalia verba* by this phrase.

Is this language which Shakspere would have publicly used if three of this series of dramas had in no proper sense of the word been his own? if he had written not a line of the First Part of Henry VI.; and of the Second and Third Parts had produced a sort of *olla podrida* from the works of some other dramatist, contributing, out of 6,043 lines of which these plays consist, 1,899 of his own, adopting 1,771 without alteration, and mending 2,373?* Yet such was the received opinion of these dramas in England. Malone, who was the founder of this opinion, does not doubt of Shakspere "supplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of King Henry V., *for the sake* of these old and popular dramas, *which were so closely connected with it.*" † It was to bind the Henry V. with the Henry VI. and the Richard III. that he writes this *Epilogue: that* was to be the link between the new play of 1599 and the much earlier plays. The Richard II. and the Henry IV. were not separated from the Henry V. by any long interval in their performance: they required no *Prologue*, for this reason, to hold them all together. The Henry V. was the *triumphal* completion of the story which those plays had begun. But if the *disastrous* continuation of the story had been the work of another man, we doubt whether Shakspere would have desired thus emphatically to carry forward the connection. Malone holds that, to a certain extent, they were connected in their authorship, and that this connection is implied in the address to the favour of the audience,—"for the sake of these old and popular dramas which were so closely connected with it; and *in the composition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had so considerable a share.*" ‡ This is the point which we desire to examine. We hold that Shakspere associates these old dramas with his own undoubted work, because he was their *sole author*. The words of the Chorus, as we conceive (agreeing thus far with Malone), distinctly imply some authorship. If this be doubted altogether, we are content with the expression of a contrary opinion; for the question, not of the meaning of the Chorus (for that is a very unimportant matter), but of the ORIGINAL AUTHORSHIP of these plays, *which point the Chorus raises*, is the subject of this essay.

It is not our intention to give this essay the form of an answer to Mr. Malone's "Dissertation on the Three Parts of Henry VI., tending to show that these plays were not written originally by Shakspeare." We shall endeavour, indeed, not to pass over any important argument in that celebrated treatise, the learned dust of which hath somewhat obscured the vision even of antiquarians as acute as Mr. Collier, and of critics as far-seeing as Mr. Hallam. In England, at least at the date of our first edition, Malone's verbal subtleties and laborious computations were pretty extensively held for the only true doctrine in this matter, supported as they are by the ready assent of such authorities as we have named. Mr. Collier says, "They" (the "History of Henry VI.," the "First Part of the Whole Contention," and the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York") "*were all three in being before Shakespeare began to write for the stage.*" § Mr. Hallam, not quite so strongly, observes, "It seems probable that the *old* plays of the "Contention of Lancaster and York," and the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," *which Shakspeare remodelled* in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., were in great part by Marlowe. . In default of a more probable claimant, I have sometimes been inclined to assign the First Part of Henry VI. to Greene." ‖ Such opinions render it impossible that we should dissent from Malone's theory rashly and lightly. But still we must dissent wholly and uncompromisingly. The opinion which we have not incautiously adopted is, in brief, this—that the three disputed plays are, in the strictest sense of the word, Shakspere's own plays; that in connection with Richard III. they form one complete whole—the first great Shaksperian series of Chronicle Histories; that although, in common with all the Histories, they might each have been in some degree formed upon such rude productions of the early stage as "The Famous Victories," and "The True Tragedy of Richard III.," the theory of the remodelling of the Second and Third Parts upon two other plays of a higher character, of which we possess copies, is altogether fallacious, the "First Part of the Contention," and the "Richard Duke of York" (more commonly called the "Second Part of the Contention"), being in fact Shakspere's own work in an imperfect state; and that their supposed inferiority to Shakspere's other works, and their dissimilarities of style as compared with those works, are referable to other circumstances than that of their being the productions of an author or authors who preceded him.

The question whether the Three Parts of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakspere, or by some other poet, is, it might be thought, sufficiently complicated without the introduction of any new and entirely different question. It is held, however, that the play first printed in the folio edition of Shakspere's works under the title of the First Part of Henry VI.—(the same play that we find, from Henslowe's papers, was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592, by "Lord Strange's men," under the title of "Henery the VI.")—was not only not written by Shakspere, but was written altogether by a different person from the unknown author—the Marlowe, or Peele, or Greene, or all of them together—to whom are ascribed the plays which are printed in the folio edition as the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., and which had been previously printed as the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York." Malone has *proved* this, after his own minute fashion, to which we shall have occasion subsequently to advert; at present we shall only give his judgment in his own words: "It appears to me clear that neither Shakspeare, nor the author of the 'First Part of the Contention,' &c., or the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,' &c., could have been the author of the *First* Part of King Henry VI." It is to this second point that we first address ourselves. We proceed to inquire, not whether Shakspere was the author of the First Part of Henry VI., but whether that play was written by the author or authors of the Second and Third Parts, in the form in which they were originally produced (the form in which we have reprinted them), before, upon the prevailing theory, they were remodelled by Shakspere.

"It is plausibly conjectured," says Mr. Collier, "that Shakespeare never touched the First Part of Henry VI. as it stands in his works, and it is merely the old play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written about 1589." ¶ Dr. Drake, in the fulness of his confidence in this plausible conjecture, proposes entirely to exclude the play from any future edition of Shakspere's works, as a production which "offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the master-bard." ** We take, then, the First Part of Henry VI., in the only original form in which we find it, bearing improperly, it is said, the name of Shakspere, without a trace of Shakspere's hand; and we proceed to compare it with the two other Parts of Henry VI., in the form also in which they are held not to contain a single line or word by Shakspere. "What Shakespeare contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. may be seen by a comparison of them with the two old quartos, reprinted by Steevens in 1766." †† We have again reprinted these early copies, in a manner which may enable the reader fairly to compare the original and the revised dramas. ‡‡ The text of the First Part of Henry VI., as it stands in our own edition, and the text of the Two Parts of the "Contention," as modernised in their orthography, &c., by us, are thus equally fitted for a comparison addressed to the general reader. But they are still each in that state in which, according to the prevailing opinion, Shakspere has not written one line of either of them. That, however, we beg to repeat, is not the point to which we first address ourselves; it is simply whether they were written by one and the same man.

The theory that the First Part of Henry VI. was not written by the author of the Second and Third Parts, in their unrevised state, must assume one of two things: either that it was intended as a whole, as a single and complete play looking to no continuation, or that the continuation has been lost. Into this mode of viewing the subject Malone does not at all enter. Drake, however, departing from his usual safe course of submission to the authority of others, says, "It would be but doing justice to the original design of Shakspeare to insert for the future in his works only the two pieces which he remodelled. This may the more readily be done, as there appears no necessary connection between the elder drama and those of Shakspeare (those remodelled by him) on the same reign." Upon this theory, then, that the Second and Third Parts have no connection with the First Part of Henry VI., we turn to the "First Part

* This is Malone's computation.
† Dissertation, p. 592.
‡ Id.
§ Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 145.
‖ Literature of Europe, vol. ii. pp. 376, 380.

¶ Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 145.
** Shak. and his Times, vol. ii. p. 297.
†† Collier, Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 145.
‡‡ See vol. i. pp. 711—723, and 754—767.

of the Contention," and we find that the scene opens with the following lines :—

> "*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty's command,
> I had in charge at my depart for France,
> As procurator for your excellence,
> To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
> So in the ancient famous city Tours,
> In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
> The dukes of Orleans, Calabar, Bretaigne, and Alençon,
> Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
> I did perform my task, and was espous'd:
> And now most humbly on my bended knees,
> In sight of England and her royal peers,
> Deliver up my title in the queen
> Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance
> Of that great shadow I did represent:
> The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
> The fairest queen that ever king possess'd."

This is a singular commencement of a drama which has "no necessary connection" with a previous drama. There is an abruptness in it which can scarcely be accounted for upon any other principle than that of "necessary connection." The same abruptness prevails in the other two plays, of which the "necessary connection" is admitted by all men. The "Second Part of the Contention" opens with—

> "I wonder how the king escap'd our hands."

It is the first exclamation of Warwick after the results of the battle of St. Alban's are detailed to him; and the scene continues the detail. The link is manifest; for the "First Part of the Contention" concluded with the battle of St. Alban's. In the same way, the address of Suffolk to the king, which we have quoted, is the connecting link between the "First Part of the Contention" and the First Part of Henry VI. "The command" to which Suffolk refers is thus given in Henry's speech in the concluding scene of that play:—

> "Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
> Agree to any covenants; and procure
> That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
> To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
> King Henry's faithful and anointed queen."

This appears to us to offer quite sufficient ground to justify a more prolonged inquiry whether that *unity of action* which would render the one drama an integral portion of its successors prevails in the First Part of Henry VI. and the Two Parts of the "Contention:" whether, in fact, with reference to this unity of action, they are not essentially one and the same drama, divided into parts only for the convenience of representation. This inquiry may be more conveniently conducted by inquiring, at the same time, whether there is a similar *unity of characterization*. If the action in these plays were the same, but with a different development of character, there would be reasonable grounds for believing that the author of the Second and Third Parts had, with little difficulty, continued the action of the First Part, without attempting, or attempting in vain, to identify the characters of each. Involved in these two inquiries, though of less importance, is the further question of *identity of manner*. We shall pursue each of these questions, separately or in connection, as, in our judgment, may best illustrate the entire subject.

The action of the First Part of Henry VI., which is spread over the period from the accession of the infant king to his marriage, is twofold. Its chief action is the war in France; its secondary action is the progress of party-discord in England. The scenes in which Talbot and Salisbury and Bedford are "raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence,"* possessed, as we know, a wondrous charm for the audiences of the early drama. The brave Talbot had "his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators." This we can readily understand; for the scene between John Talbot and his father, and the death scene of Talbot, in this play possess a power unto which, we may venture to say, the audiences in 1592 had never before yielded up their tears. But it was not by poetical fervour alone that they were subdued. The exhibition of their "forefathers' valiant acts," in the rudest fashion, was to them, according to Nashe, a new source of the highest pleasure. In another passage Nashe says, "What a glorious thing it is to have King Henry V. represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the dolphin to swear fealty." This is the concluding scene of the coarse and unpoetical "Famous Victories."† The stage had thus early possession of the subject of Henry V. The continuation of that story, with reference only to the wars of France under the regent Bedford, had enough in it to furnish materials for a spirit-stirring drama of equal popularity. But the author of Henry VI. carried his views beyond this point; and it is for this cause that he gives us a twofold action. The principle upon which he worked rendered it essentially a drama to be continued. Taken in itself it is a drama without a catastrophe. So, it may be said, is Shakspere's Henry V.; and we add that it is intentionally so. The catastrophe is to be found in the plays which preceded it in the order of composition, but followed it in the order of their events.

The main action of the First Part of Henry VI. terminates with the inglorious condemnation of Joan of Arc. The peace that immediately follows that event is essentially linked with the continuation of this play. To York this peace is a cause of unmingled apprehension:—

> "Oh Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
> The utter loss of all the realm of France."

To the followers of the French king it is but a hollow paction:—

> "And therefore take this compact of a truce,
> Although you break it when your pleasure serves."

Preceding the conclusion of that ominous peace, we have the scenes between Suffolk and Margaret; and the play concludes with the ratification of the promises which Suffolk has made to Reignier:—

> "Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd."

That these scenes had most distinct regard to a continuation there can, we think, be no doubt. Suffolk has no sooner, in the subsequent play, communicated the result of his mission, than the forebodings of York are realised by the denunciations of Humphrey of Gloster:—

> "Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
> To you duke Humphrey must unfold his grief;
> What, did my brother Henry toil himself,
> And waste his subjects for to conquer France?
> And did my brother Bedford spend his time,
> To keep in awe that stout unruly realm?
> And have not I and mine uncle Beaufort here
> Done all we could to keep that land in peace?
> And are all our labours then spent quite in vain?"

But in truth the entire conduct of the play of Henry VI., with reference to the issue of the war in France, is of a gloomy and foreboding tendency. The author gave the tone to the whole progress of the action in the opening scene. He goes out of his way, in this scene, to anticipate the disasters which, after a long interval, followed the death of Henry V. Would he have done this had he intended the play to have stood by itself? There were enough materials in the career of Bedford for a song of triumph; but he has chosen to exhibit to us the most desperate valour fruitlessly exerted,—success and misfortune going hand in hand,—treachery and supineness losing what honour and courage had won,—and murderous victories terminating in a base revenge and an inglorious peace. This is certainly not the course that would have been pursued by the author of the First Part of Henry VI., had he regarded that part as a whole. It is not the course even that would have been pursued by an author careless altogether of dramatic effect, beyond the rude art of embodying in successive scenes the events of the chroniclers; for the events so dramatized are not, in the material parts of their relations to each other, the events told by the chroniclers. But it is the course that would have been pursued by a poet who had also conceived the plan of the subsequent dramas, in which the consequences of the reverses in France, and the abandonment of the conquests of Henry V., are never lost sight of as long as they influence in the remotest degree the conduct of the story. We will trace a few of the allusions to this portion of the action of the First Part of Henry VI. which occur in the old copies of the succeeding plays.

In the first scene of the "First Part of the Contention" York thus exclaims:—

> "Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
> Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
> Even as I have of fertile England."

* Thomas Nashe, 1592.

† See Introduction to Henry IV.

In the third act of the "First Part of the Contention"* York repeats the same sentiment in the same words :—

"*King.* Welcome, lord Somerset; what news from France?
Som. Cold news, my lord, and this it is,—
That all your holds and towns within those territories
Is overcome, my lord; all is lost.
King. Cold news indeed, lord Somerset;
But God's will be done.
York. Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England."

In the first act of the "Second Part of the Contention" Henry denies that the loss of France is to be imputed to himself :—

"I am the son of Henry the Fifth, who tam'd the French!
And made the dauphin stoop, and seiz'd upon
Their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, since thou hast lost it all.
King. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old."

In the third act of the same Part Warwick twits the followers of Henry with his abandonment of the conquests of his father :—

"*Oxf.* Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
That did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And after John of Gaunt, wise Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the world;
And after this wise prince, Henry Fifth,
Who with his prowess conquered all France :—
From these our Henry's lineally descent.
War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth had lost
All that Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that!"

The audience is constantly kept in mind of the connection of the events by which Henry VI. both

"lost France, and made his England bleed."

The unhappy marriage with Margaret of Anjou is as constantly exhibited as the main cause of these misfortunes. In the scene of the second act of the "First Part of the Contention," where the protector detects the impostor at St. Alban's, the calamitous treaty between Suffolk and Reignier is thus sarcastically alluded to :—

"*Suf.* My lord protector hath done wonders to-day;
He hath made the blind to see, and halt to go.
Hum. Ay, but you did greater wonders when you made whole dukedoms fly in a day.
Witness France.
King. Have done, I say, and let me hear no more of that."

In the great scene (Act I. Sc. IV.) of the "Second Part of the Contention" York thus upbraids the queen with the poverty of her father :—

"She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue's more poison'd than the adder's tooth!
How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph like an Amazonian trull
Upon his woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, vizard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent by use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush:
To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriv'd,
'Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman."

More emphatically than all, in the next act, the sons of York connect the marriage of Margaret not only with the loss of France, but with the whole course of the civil wars of England :—

"*Rich.* Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father bears the title of a king,
As if a channel should be call'd the sea:
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriv'd,
To parley thus with England's lawful heirs?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make that shameless callet know herself.
Thy husband's father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the French, and made the dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory till this day.
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Then that sunshine bred a shower for him,
Which wash'd his father's fortunes out of France,
And heap'd seditions on his crown at home.
For what hath mov'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title yet had slept:
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age."

We have no hesitation in expressing our belief that, except for the purposes of continuation, the wooing of Margaret by Suffolk, and the intrigue by which he induces Henry to consent to the marriage, would have formed no portion of the First Part of Henry VI. These scenes come at the end of that drama, if it is to be regarded as a whole, as an episode entirely out of place. But the devotion of Suffolk to Margaret, as exhibited in the First Part of Henry VI., is essentially connected with their unholy love, as shown in the "First Part of the Contention." We will give a portion of each of these scenes, not only as furnishing an example of the unity of action, but of the identity of characterization and of manner :—

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., ACT V. SC. III.

"*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [*Gazes on her.*
O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples; whosoe'er thou art.
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [*She turns away as going.*
O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass:
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III. SC. II.

"*Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.
Suf. And if I go I cannot live: but here to die
What were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.
Where from my (thy) sight I should be raging mad,
And call for thee to close mine eyes,
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
That I might breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;
From thee to die, were torment more than death:
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.
Queen. O might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
Then shouldst thou stay; but heavens deny it,
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.
Suf. I go.
Queen. And take my heart with thee. [*She kisses him.*
Suf. A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death. [*Exit* SUFFOLK.
Queen. This way for me. [*Exit* QUEEN."

We now proceed to the secondary action of the First Part of Henry VI.—the growth of civil discord in England. And here, as it appears to us, the unity of action and of characterization in this play and the Two Parts of the "Contention" is so manifest, that we incur the risk of attempting to prove what is self-evident. It is still, however, necessary that we should conduct this inquiry, even with the danger of being tedious, by regular advances.

The quarrels of Gloster and Beaufort commence even over the bier of Henry V. Bedford here restrains the rivals :—"Cease, cease these jars." In the third scene their hatred breaks out into open violence. The forced reconciliation of these angry peers, in the third act, terminates the quarrel, as far as it proceeds in the First Part of Henry VI. Can we imagine that, if this play had been

* There are no divisions into acts and scenes in the original copies; but for the convenience of reference and comparison we have made these divisions in our editions.

written without regard to a continuation, this part of the action would have thus terminated? Exeter in this scene anticipates the consequences of these dissensions. But it is in the "First Part of the Contention" that they are carried forward to a catastrophe. Let us compare portions of the scene in the parliament-house in the First Part of Henry VI., and the scene at St. Alban's in the "First Part of the Contention:"—

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., ACT III. SC. I.

"*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
Win. Gloster, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do,—except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——
Glo. As good?
Thou bastard of my grandfather!—
Win. Ay, lordly sir: For what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?
Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?
Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life."

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT II. SC. I.

"*Suf.* My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master soars a falcon's pitch.
Hum. Faith, my lord, it's but a base mind
That soars no higher than a bird can soar.
Card. I thought your grace would be above the clouds.
Hum. Ay, my lord cardinal, were it not good
Your grace could fly to heaven?
Card. Thy heaven is on earth, thy words and thoughts
Beat on a crown, proud protector, dangerous peer,
To smooth it thus with king and commonwealth.
Hum. How now, my lord? why this is more than needs:
Churchmen so hot! Good uncle, can you do 't?
Suf. Why not, having so good a quarrel,
And so bad a cause?
Hum. As how, my lord?
Suf. As you, my lord, an 't like your lordly lord's protectorship.
Hum. Why, Suffolk, England knows thy insolence.
Queen. And thy ambition, Gloster.
King. Cease, gentle queen,
And whet not on these furious lords to wrath,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.
Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make
Against this proud protector with my sword.
Hum. Faith, holy uncle, I would it were come to that.
Card. Even when thou dar'st.
Hum. Dare? I tell thee, priest,
Plantagenets could never brook the dare.
Card. I am Plantagenet as well as thou,
And son to John of Gaunt.
Hum. In bastardy.
Card. I scorn thy words.
Hum. Make up no factious numbers,
But even in thine own person meet me at the east end of the grove.
Card. Here's my hand, I will.
King. Why, how now, lords?
Card. Faith, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man cast off so soon, we had had
More sport to-day. Come with thy sword and buckler.
Hum. God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown.
Card. Protector, protect thyself well."

Is there or is there not unity of action in these scenes of two different plays? Is there not unity of characterization? Is there not identity of manner? The angry passions which, in the First Part of Henry VI., are unrestrained even by the immediate presence of funereal solemnity, are only terminated in the "First Part of the Contention" by the murder of Gloster and the terrible death-bed of Beaufort.

In the meanwhile, nourished by these dissensions, a fiercer contest is about to begin, whose catastrophe is far distant. The scene in the Temple garden of the First Part of Henry VI. is the cloud before the storm. Connected with the future conduct of the story, it is thrown thus early into the series of plays with wonderful dramatic skill. Standing by itself, it has no issue but in the quarrel of Vernon and Bassett in the fourth act. With the same dramatic skill, with reference to a continuation, is the early scene between Plantaganet and Mortimer. The object of the poet in the introduction of these scenes is most emphatically marked in several presaging passages of this play. At the close of the Temple-garden scene Warwick thus exclaims:—

"And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night."

After Henry has taken his pacific course in the quarrel between Vernon and Bassett, Exeter leads us onward to some undeveloped result of the fearful tragedy to which these quarrels are but the prologue:—

"Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands:
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion."

The speech of York in the first scene of the "First Part of the Contention" knits all these circumstances together, linking that play and the preceding one as closely as if the action had been continued without any division of the entire drama into separate portions:—

"Anjou and Maine both given unto the French!
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England.
A day will come when York shall claim his own,
And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey:
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit;
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile till time do serve:
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars;
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd,
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster:
And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down."

The connection which we have thus endeavoured to establish between the First Part of Henry VI. and the "First Part of the Contention" had been already briefly noticed by Dr. Johnson:—"It is apparent that this play (Henry VI., Part II.) begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it presupposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the Second and Third Parts were not written without dependence on the First, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history." To this Malone thus replies:—"Dr. Johnson observes very justly that these two Parts were not written without a *dependence* on the First. Undoubtedly not: the old play of King Henry VI. (or, as it is now called, the First Part) certainly had been exhibited before these were written in *any form*. But it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention of the Two Houses,' &c., in two Parts, was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakspeare was the author of these two pieces as they *originally appeared*." This, to our minds, is an evasion, and not an answer. If the author of the Two Parts of the "Contention" had merely taken up the thread of the story where it is dropped in the First Part of Henry VI., we should have had no proof that the three plays were written by one and the same author. But not only does the author of the "Contention" continue the story with perfect unity of action, of character, and of manner, but the author of the First Part of Henry VI. has written entire scenes for the express purpose of continuation—scenes incomplete in themselves, and excrescences upon his drama if it is to be regarded as a whole. We have shown these points, we trust, with sufficient distinctness. Upon the identity of manner we have the less dwelt, because, in the versification especially, each of the plays is admitted by Malone to be constructed upon the same model. And what then has Malone to urge against the dependence, the unity of action, the identity of characterization, the similarity of manner, which all prove, as far as such a subject is capable of internal proof, that the First Part of Henry VI. and the Two Parts of the "Contention" were written by one and the same man, whoever he be? We will endeavour to state his argument with becoming gravity:—1st. The author of the First Part of Henry VI. does not seem to have *known* how old Henry VI. was at the time of his father's death. In the third act he makes the king say, speaking of Talbot—

> "When *I was young* (as yet I am not *old*),
> *I do remember how my father said*,
> A stouter champion never handled sword."

Shakspere, it appears from a passage introduced by him in the revised copy of the Second Part of Henry VI., did *know* that Henry VI. could not have remembered what his father said; and therefore *he* could not have been the author of the *First* Part of Henry VI. But in the "Second Part of the Contention" there is an evidence of similar knowledge by the author of that play:—

> "When I was crown'd I was but nine months old;"

and this is a "decisive proof" that the two plays could not have been written by the same person. 2nd. The First Part of Henry VI. exhibits Mortimer dying in the Tower a state prisoner. The "First Part of the Contention" makes Salisbury say that Owen Glendower

> "Kept him in captivity till he died."

Furthermore, the First Part of Henry VI. correctly states the issue of Edward III. and the title of Mortimer to the crown; whereas the "First Part of the Contention" incorrectly states these circumstances. This is literally the whole of Malone's evidence in proof of his assertion; and he thus triumphantly concludes: "Those two plays, *therefore*, could not have been the work of one hand." It is scarcely necessary to attempt a reply. All readers of Shakspere are perfectly aware of the occurrence of such slight inaccuracies, even in the same play. In the First Part of Henry VI. Malone himself points out that Winchester is called "cardinal" in the first act; while in the fifth act surprise is expressed that he is "call'd unto a cardinal's degree." According to this reasoning, therefore, the fifth act could not have been the work of the same hand as that which produced the first act. The First Part of Henry VI., we see, states correctly the title of Mortimer to the crown; the next play of the series states it incorrectly. But the argument may be carried a step further. The First Part of Henry IV. mistakes even the person of this Mortimer, confounding the Earl of March, a child, with Hotspur's brother-in-law. Shakspere wrote the First Part of Henry IV., but according to Malone he did not write either of the older plays in which we find correct and incorrect genealogy. But if the argument is to be pursued to its conclusion, he *did* write the "First Part of the Contention," which is inaccurate in this particular, because he *did* write the First Part of Henry IV., which is also inaccurate. One more example of the fallacy of such reasoning. In the Richard II., after the king has been deposed—after Bolingbroke has said,

> "In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne,"—

Richard thus addresses Northumberland:—

> "Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
> The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne."

There was no one present but Richard, the queen, and Northumberland. Shakspere, of course, wrote the Richard II. But in the Second Part of Henry IV., Bolingbroke, then king, uses these words, speaking to Warwick:—

> "But which of you was by,
> (*You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,*)
> When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
> Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
> Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?—
> Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
> My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne;
> *Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent.*"

Here are two important differences. When the words were spoken "cousin Nevil" was not by; and before the words were spoken Henry had actually ascended the throne, instead of having "no such intent." Upon Malone's argument, then, these extraordinary contradictions furnish "a decisive proof" that the Richard II. and the Second Part of Henry IV. "could not have been the work of one hand." Which shall we give up?

§ II.

The line of inquiry which we have pursued up to this point, with reference to the question whether the First Part of Henry VI. and the Two Parts of the "Contention" were written by one and the same person, we shall now follow up by a parallel course of inquiry whether these three plays were written by the author of Richard III. And here we may pause for a moment to observe that the argument upon which Shakspere has been held, in England, for more than fifty years, to be one of the most unblushing plagiarists that ever put pen to paper, has been conducted throughout in a spirit of disingenuousness almost unequalled in literary history. Malone, indeed, cannot be accused, as Lauder was, of having falsified quotations, or invented passages that had no existence; but he is certainly open to the charge of having suppressed minute facts with which he must have been perfectly acquainted, because they made against his theory. Of these hereafter. We impute not to his dishonesty, but to the weakness of his intellectual grasp, that it never occurred to him to institute a comparison between the Two Parts of the "Contention"—we mean the original plays, and not the remodelled ones—and the Richard III. of Shakspere. He chose to isolate the Two Parts of the "Contention" from the play which preceded them and the play which followed them. By this process he was disencumbered from the troublesome necessity—fatal, as we think, to his theory—of looking at the four plays as one great whole—one drama of four parts. The Richard III. stands at the end of the series as the avowed completion of that long tragic history. The scenes of that drama are as intimately blended with the previous scenes of the other dramas, as the scenes that belong to the separate dramas are blended amongst themselves. Its story not only naturally grows out of the previous story,—its characters are not only, wherever possible, the same characters as in the preceding dramas,—but it is even more palpably linked with them by constant retrospection to the events which they had exhibited. If Malone could have shown by his array of figures—his enumeration of original lines, of lines altered, and lines added—that the resemblances between the Richard III. and the two previous plays had been confined to the passages which are not found in the original copies of those plays, or even if he could have established that there was a more marked similarity in the passages added—he would probably have rendered the present essay perfectly unnecessary. But he has not even made the attempt to compare

* Dissertation, p. 564, Boswell's edition.

together, in the slightest manner, the work which he alleges to be spurious and the work which all men hold to be genuine. Let us endeavour to supply the omission.

The dramas which we now propose to compare are the First and Second Parts of the "Contention," as printed by us in this edition, and the Richard III. as given in our own text.* In any incidental notice of the First Part of Henry VI. we shall now assume that it is written by the author of the Two Parts of the "Contention."

There is a remarkable link between the first of this series of plays and the last, in the continuance of Margaret of Anjou upon the scene almost to the conclusion of Richard III. She is the only one character that runs through all the four plays. In the First Part of Henry VI. she is painted in slight but brilliant colours,—beautiful, haughty, ambitious, and somewhat free. In the "First Part of the Contention" we find her eager for power, revengeful, tyrannous, unfaithful, and bloody. Energy and decision essentially belong to her character, with indomitable courage. In the "Second Part of the Contention" her evil qualities put on a more heroic attitude; but she is still the "she-wolf of France." In the Richard III., where the poet has kept her on the stage against the fact of history, but with the very highest truth of art, her retrospects of the past and her prophecies of the future are as sublime as anything in the compass of poetry. There she stands, widowed, childless, outcast, surrounded by her enemies; but the miseries which she has felt are they also doomed to feel, and she rings in their ears the bitter memory of what they are and what they were, as if she were herself the minister of offended justice. We will select a passage from the "Second Part of the Contention," and another from the Richard III., and we will ask, without hesitation, if they are not both written by Shakspere:—

SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

"*Queen.* Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this mole-hill here,
That aim'd at mountains with outstretched arm,
And parted but the shadow with his hand.
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
Or, where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, 'mongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York, I dipp'd this napkin in the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of thy boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas! poor York: but that I hate thee much,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee grieve to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
York cannot speak unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York, and, lords, bow low to him.
So, hold you his hands whilst I do set it on.
Ay, now looks he like a king.
This is he that took king Henry's chair,
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his holy oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you impale your head with Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
Oh, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.
Off with the crown; and with the crown his head;
And whilst we breathe take him to do him dead."

RICHARD III.

"*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniory,
And let my grief frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.
Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland, too, thou holp'st to kill him.
Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!
Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.
Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead that kill'd my Edward;
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, the dog is dead."

Can any one here doubt of the absolute identity of character,—of the similarity of manner, even to the nicest structure of the verse? If the reader will compare the speech of Margaret to York, as printed above from the "Contention," with the text of the same speech in the Third Part of Henry VI., he will find that three lines are omitted. They are these:—

"What! was it you that would be England's king?"
"Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus."

Malone, by his arithmetic, has shown that these are the only three lines of the speech of Margaret that were written by Shakspere!

Of the characters which fill the "First Part of the Contention," only three, Margaret, Edward (afterwards Edward IV.), and Richard (afterwards Duke of Gloster), are found in the play of Richard III. They have all been swept away, for the most part by the course of those fearful events which these dramas record. Nor are there any allusions in the play of Richard III. to circumstances which had occurred in the "First Part of the Contention." But as the unity of action and character is completely carried on from the "First Part of the Contention" to the Second, and as no doubt has ever existed of these Two Parts being by the same hand, when we trace the action and the characterization onward to the Richard III. we equally establish the unity between the Two Parts and the Richard III. Of the principal characters, then, in the Richard III., which are found in the "Second Part of the Contention," besides Margaret, already mentioned, there are Edward IV., Elizabeth his queen, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster. It is not with the real succession of events that we have here to deal. The poet, in the first scenes of Richard III., gives us the committal of Clarence to the Tower, the funeral of Henry VI., and the fatal sickness of Edward IV. But this play, in its dramatic action, is as closely allied to the preceding play, the "Second Part of the Contention," as if it were one and the same play. The "Second Part of the Contention" thus concludes:—

"And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?"

The Richard III. thus opens:—

"Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures."

The last scene but one in the "Second Part of the Contention" is

* There are passages in the folio edition which are not found in the quartos, and many lines of the quartos have been remodelled; but these minute differences are not important in the present inquiry.

the murder of Henry VI.; the second scene of the Richard III. is the funeral of Henry VI. But the poet is not satisfied with this marked connection of the dramatic action of the two plays. He—Shakspere—scatters over his Richard III. allusions to very minute circumstances in the former play, which he is alleged not to have written. We will select some of these. In the first act of Richard III. the Duke of Gloster thus addresses Anne :—

> " These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
> No, when my father York and Edward wept
> To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
> When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him :
> Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
> Told the sad story of my father's death,
> And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,
> That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
> Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,
> My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear."

Compare this with York's speech in the " Second Part of the Contention " (Act I. Sc. IV.) :—

> " Wouldst have me weep ? why, so : thou hast thy wish ;
> For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
> And when the rage allays the rain begins.
> These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
> And every drop begs vengeance as it falls,
> On thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman."

And with Richard's exclamation in the second act :—

> " I cannot weep, for all my breast's moisture
> Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning hate."

Richard thus addresses Margaret in the second scene of Richard III. :—

> " The curse my noble father laid on thee,
> When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
> And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
> And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
> Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—
> His curses, then from bitterness of soul
> Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
> And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed."

The curse is found in the first act of the " Contention :"—

> " Here, take the crown, and with the crown my curse ;
> And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
> As now I reap at thy too cruel hands."

Reproaching Margaret with the death of Rutland, Buckingham, in Richard III., says—

> " Northumberland then present wept to see it."

Margaret in the " Contention " exclaims at Northumberland's tears—

> " What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland ? "

The very minuteness of these allusions is a proof to us that the author was perpetually mindful of his own preceding work. If the passages to which they refer had not been found in the " Contention," but only in the remodelled play, Malone's arithmetic might have gone for something.

But we now approach the character of Richard himself. And to us it seems the most extraordinary marvel that the world, for more than half a century, should have consented to believe that the man who absolutely created that most wonderful character, in all its essential lineaments, in the " Second Part of the Contention," was not the man who continued it in the Richard III. In the fourth act of Richard his mother thus describes him :—

> " A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;
> Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
> Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;
> Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,
> Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
> More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred."

The author of the " Contention " anticipates the " manhood " of Richard, and shows him a " daring, bold, and venturous " soldier. A single line tells his character when he originally comes upon the scene in the " First Part of the Contention." When York asks his sons whether they will be " bail " for their father, Edward replies—

> " Yes, noble father, if our words will serve."

But Richard answers—

> " And if our words will not, our swords shall."

In the fight of St. Alban's Richard kills Somerset; and although Clifford denounces him as a " crook'd-back villain," his thoughts are those of a most gallant knight when he describes the bearing of old Salisbury :—

> " My lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
> Charging his lance with his old weary arms ;
> And thrice I saw him beaten from his horse,
> And thrice this hand did set him up again,
> And still he fought with courage 'gainst his foes,
> The boldest-spirited man that e'er mine eyes beheld."

We have no doubt that the poet brought Richard thus early upon the scene, in the " First Part of the Contention," with distinct regard to the important character he was to sustain in the succeeding plays. In the " Second Part of the Contention " his " daring, bold, and venturous " spirit is most prominent in the parliament scene :—

> " Arm'd as we be, let 's stay within this house."
> " Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head."
> " Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly."

His mother's description still holds on :—

> " Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly."

Witness his counsel to his father to break his oath :—

> " An oath is of no moment,
> Being not sworn before a lawful magistrate.
> Henry is none, but doth usurp your right,
> And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath."

The second act of the " Second Part of the Contention " continues to represent the young Richard as the daring soldier, with courage excelled only by his acuteness, but gradually becoming " bloody," and exhibiting that sarcastic humour in his revenge which is identified with his after character. When Clifford is found dead, who but Richard could have uttered these words ?—

> " What, not an oath ? Nay, then I know he's dead :
> 'Tis hard when Clifford cannot 'ford his friend an oath :
> By this I know he's dead : And by my soul,
> Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
> (That I in all contempt might rail at him,)
> I'd cut it off, and with the issuing blood
> Stifle the villain."

But in the third act the complete Richard—

> " subtle, sly, and bloody,
> More mild, but yet more harmful "—

is developed. We request the reader carefully to compare the following passages of the " Second Part of the Contention " and of the Richard III., and resolve us whether it is more easy to believe that the man who wrote the first passage was not also the author of the second passage (in all essentials an amplification of the first), or that the man who wrote the second passage—and that man Shakspere—was an impudent plagiarist of the characterization and the style of some unknown contemporary, who has left nothing like it in any other work, and whose very name Shakspere, by adoption and imitation, has thus swamped with posterity :—

SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III. SC. II.

> " I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
> And lull myself within a lady's lap,
> And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
> Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought !
> Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb ;
> And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
> She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
> And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
> Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
> To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp ;
> To make my legs of an unequal size.
> And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
> Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
> Tut, I can smile, and murder when I smile ;
> I cry content to that which grieves me most ;
> I can add colours to the chameleon ;
> And for a need change shapes with Proteus,

And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
Tush, were it ten times higher, I'll pull it down."

RICHARD III., ACT I. SC. I.

"But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;—
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;—
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence and the king
In deadly hate the one against the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and just
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up."

When Cibber concocted the medley which he called Richard III., he, not having the fear before his eyes of the critics who succeeded him, adopted the scene in which Richard murders Henry VI. as the work of Shakspere. We request our readers to turn to that scene. (Henry VI., Part III., Act V. Sc. VI.) It will amply repay their perusal, being in its whole conception distinguished by that truth of characterization and that energy of language which we have agreed to call Shaksperian. But, according to Malone, and to those who adopt the theory that what Shakspere contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. includes nothing which is found in the "Second Part of the Contention," Shakspere only wrote five lines of this scene. They are as follow:—

"And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.
Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife."

If the reader will turn to the "Second Part of the Contention," he will see that these five lines are wanting at the beginning of the scene. All the rest of the scene is essentially the same (with the exception of a few verbal alterations) in the "Second Part of the Contention" and the Third Part of Henry VI. We leave the decision in the reader's hands, perfectly satisfied that he will arrive at the conviction that, if Shakspere did not write this scene as it originally stood, neither did he write Richard III.

§ III.

The argument whose course we have followed up to this point has sought to establish the unity of action and of characterization—incidentally noticing also the similarity of manner—between the First Part of Henry VI., the First and Second Parts of the "Contention," and the Richard III. In the exhibition of these unities between the First Part of Henry VI. and the Two Parts of the "Contention," we have endeavoured to prove that these three dramas, of which it is maintained that Shakspere wrote not a single line, were the work of one mind. Having thus linked these together, we carried on the link to the Richard III., and thus attempted to demonstrate that the four dramas, as well as the three, were the work of one mind, and that mind Shakspere's. Upon the great dramatic characteristics of this series of plays we have only slightly touched. It will remain for us to show that, in all the higher attributes of genius which they display, and especially the force of passion and the truth of character, no mind but that of Shakspere could have produced them. We have at present chiefly aimed at fixing the attention of our readers upon the unity of these dramas. If we have established this unity, we have gone far to shake the ground of the existing belief, that the author of Richard III. was not, in any just sense of the word, the author of the Three Parts of Henry VI.

It has been held good service to the reputation of Shakspere to assume that he did not write a line of the first part of this series. Malone says, with great triumph, that he has "vindicated Shakspeare" from the imputation. But he has at the same time conferred upon him an honour which appears to us, in truth, a foul disgrace, and from which we are equally anxious to vindicate him. Shakspere's share in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. is thus stated by the critic who thought it a derogation from the poet's fame to have written the scene in the Temple garden and the death scene of Talbot:—

"Several years after the death of Boiardo, Francesco Berni undertook to new-versify Boiardo's poem entitled 'Orlando Innamorato.' 'Berni,' as Baretti observes, 'was not satisfied with merely making the versification of that poem better, he interspersed it with many stanzas of his own, and changed almost all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with some moral reflection arising from the canto foregoing.' What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I suppose Shakspeare to have done to 'The First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster,' &c., and 'The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke,' &c., *in the lifetime of Greene and Peele*, their literary parents; and this *rifacimento*, as the Italians call it, of these two plays, I suppose to have been executed by Shakspeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' theatre in the year 1591.

"I have said Shakspeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himself with writing new beginnings to the acts; he new-versified, he new-modelled, he transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole speeches, which he thought sufficiently polished, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very slight, alterations."*

If Shakspere had done all which Malone here represents him to have done,—new-versify, new-model, transpose, amplify, improve, and polish,—he would still have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist. We have no hesitation in stating our belief that the Two Parts of the "Contention" are immeasurably superior, in the dramatic conduct of the story, the force and consistency of character, the energy of language, yea, and even in the harmony of versification, to any dramatic production whatever which existed in the year 1591. This we shall have to show in detail. But in the meantime we hold that whoever obtained possession, legally or otherwise, of the property of these remarkable productions, (meaning by property the purchased right of exhibiting them on the stage,) and applied himself to their amplification and improvement to the extent, and with the success, which Malone has represented, was, to say the best of him, a presumptuous and self-sufficient meddler. We hold that it was utterly impossible that Shakspere should have set about such a work at all, having any consciousness of his own original power. We further hold, that the only consistent theory that can be maintained with regard to the amplifications and improvements upon the original work must be founded upon the belief that the work in its first form was Shakspere's own. But in the meantime we desire to show what is the real character and extent of these changes,—how far, in fact, Shakspere, in producing the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., new-versified, new-modelled, amplified, and improved the "First Part of the Contention of the two Houses of York and Lancaster," and "The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York."

"He did not content himself," says Malone, "with writing new beginnings to the acts." In our republication of the Two Parts of the "Contention" we divided these dramas into acts and scenes. There was not the slightest difficulty in making this division, for we had only to follow the corresponding division in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. If our readers will take the trouble to compare the beginnings of the acts of the Two Parts of Henry VI. and of the Two Parts of the "Contention," they will find that in only one act out of ten (Henry VI., Part II., Act IV.) did Shakspere write any new beginning at all. "He transposed many of the parts," says Malone. In the whole of the two plays, with the exception of some slight changes in the last scene of Henry VI., Part II., Act I., and in four short scenes of the fourth act of Henry VI., Part III. (which changes we have pointed out in our foot-notes to the corresponding scenes of the "Contention"), there is not a single transposition in the order of the scenes. Very slight, indeed, are the changes in the order of the speeches, from the first line of these plays to the last. "He new-modelled," says Malone.

* Dissertation, p. 572.

This is a phrase of large acceptation. We can understand how Shakspere new-modelled the old Taming of a Shrew and the old King John, by completely re-writing all the parts, adding some characters, rejecting others, rendering the action at his pleasure more simple or more complex, expanding a short exclamation into a long and brilliant dialogue, or condensing a whole scene into some expressive speech or two. This, to our minds, is a sort of remodelling which Shakspere did not disdain to try his hand upon. But the remodelling which consists in the addition of lines here and there—in the expansion of a sentiment already expressed—in the substitution of a forcible line for a weak one, or a rhythmical line for one less harmonious—in the change of an epithet or the inversion of two epithets—and this without the slightest change in the dramatic conception of the original, whether as to the action as a whole or the progress of the action—or the characterization as a whole, or the small details of character;—remodelling such as this, to be called the work of Shakspere, and the only work upon which he exercised his hand in these dramas, appears to us to assume that he stood in the same relation to the original author of these pieces as the mechanic who chisels a statue does to the artist who conceives and perfects its design.

That Malone greatly overstated the character and the extent of the alterations of the Two Parts of the "Contention" arose, most probably, from the circumstance that he was not in the habit of looking at Shakspere generally, except through the microscopic glasses of verbal criticism. It was completely in the spirit of his age that he applied himself to reduce to an arithmetical quantity what he held Shakspere had contributed to the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. A great deal of labour, no doubt, was bestowed in arriving at these arithmetical results; but the labour was not bestowed in vain for the purposes of advocacy. Malone was of the same opinion as the statesman who said he could prove anything by figures. He undertook to prove by figures that Shakspere did not write his own book; and the world for fifty years implicitly confided in the figures:—"The total number of lines in our author's Second and Third Part of King Henry VI. is 6,043; of these, as I conceive, 1,771 lines were written by some author who preceded Shakspeare; 2,373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and 1,899 lines were entirely his own composition."* How, then, stands the account according to this? Of the 6,000 lines, something less than a third was written, as they appear in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., by the author of the original play; something more than a third was formed by Shakspere on the foundation laid by his predecessors; and about a third was entirely his own composition. Malone distinguishes these several classes in his editions by particular marks:—"All those lines which he adopted without any alteration are printed in the usual manner; those speeches which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed." Nothing, as it would seem, can be fairer than this; and the reader, who sees the inverted commas and the asterisks spread over every page, must come to the conclusion that what Shakspere did to the original work constituted at least two-thirds of the labour; and that therefore, if the original author were Peele, or Greene, or Marlowe, or some one whose name has perished, the greater part of the work was still Shakspere's, and he might, without any injury to his character, have been held justified in doing what he pleased with the rude materials that fell into his hands. We are of opinion, however, that if Malone had printed the "Contention" in his edition, his arithmetic would have all been blown into thin air; but he chose to print, in support of his inverted commas and his asterisks, those passages, as notes, in which the greatest amount of alteration had taken place. We will endeavour to put the matter on a fairer foundation by analyzing a larger portion of the original and the corrected work. It would be tedious for us to pursue this branch of the inquiry beyond a limited extent; and we therefore shall institute a comparison chiefly between a few of the scenes which, to a reader who is familiar with Shakspere without having learnt that he is held not to have written Henry VI., are amongst the most treasured recollections. The plan which we shall pursue will be to print first the text of Henry VI., with the marks affixed by Malone, and then that of the "Contention;" and upon each passage, thus exhibited, we shall offer some brief remarks. We begin with the scene of the Duchess of Gloster's penance:—

* Dissertation, p. 572.

HENRY VI., PART II., ACT II. SC. IV.

Enter GLOSTER *and* Servants, *in mourning cloaks.*

* *Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
*And after summer evermore succeeds
*Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
*So cares and joys abound as seasons fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock? '
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
'To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess;
'Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
'To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
*But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
*My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, *in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand;* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *a* Sheriff, *and* Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.
Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze!
'See, how the giddy multitude do point,
'And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!
'Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;
'And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife, '
And thou a prince, protector of this land, *
'Methinks I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
*And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
*To see my tears, and hear my deep-fet groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet; '
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke? *
*Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world;
*Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
*No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
*To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
And he a prince, and ruler of the land: '
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
'Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death '
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all '
'With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
*But fear not thou until thy foot be snar'd,
*Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
* *Glo.* Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
*I must offend before I be attainted:
*And had I twenty times so many foes,
*And each of them had twenty times their power,
*All these could not procure me any scath,
*So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
'Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?
'Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
'But I in danger for the breach of law.
'Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
'I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;
'These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

CONTENTION, PART I., ACT II. SC. IV.

Enter DUKE HUMPHREY *and his men, in mourning cloaks.*

Hum. Sirrah, what's o'clock?
Serv. Almost ten, my lord.
Hum. Then is that woeful hour hard at hand,
That my poor lady should come by this way,
In shameful penance wandering in the streets.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face,
With envious looks laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

Enter DAME ELEANOR COBHAM *barefoot, and a white sheet about her, with a wax candle in her hand, and verses written on her back and pinned on, and accompanied with the* Sheriffs of London, *and* SIR JOHN STANLEY, *and* Officers, *with bills and halberds.*

Serv. My gracious lord, see where my lady comes.
Please it your grace, we'll take her from the sheriffs.
Hum. I charge you for your lives stir not a foot,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.
Eleanor. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Ah, Gloster, now thou dost penance too.
See how the giddy people look at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee here.
Go, get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent-up study rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies,—ah! mine and thine.
Hum. Ah, Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.
Eleanor. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself;
For whilst I think I am thy wedded wife,
The thought of this doth kill my woful heart.
The ruthless flints do cut my tender feet,
And, when I start, the cruel people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread;
And thus, with burning taper in my hand,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and live?
Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, protector of the land,
But so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was led with shame, and made a laughing-stock
To every idle rascal follower.
Hum. My lovely Nell, what wouldst thou have me do?
Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incur the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadow'd so.
Eleanor. Be thou mild, and stir not at my disgrace,
Until the axe of death hang o'er thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolk, he,
The new-made duke, that may do all in all
With her that loves him so, and hates us all,
And impious York, and Beaufort that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
And, fly thou how thou canst, they will entangle thee.

We have here sixty-nine lines of Henry VI., and the marks of Malone show that, of these, thirty-one are unaltered from the "Contention." Malone, however, has not carried out his own principle of distinguishing by inverted commas the lines in which any change has taken place. When we open the Second Part of Henry VI. we find, in the first speech, the following three lines marked with inverted commas:—

> ‘Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—
> I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
> ‘And humbly now upon my bended knee.

The differences of the corresponding three lines in the "Contention" are as slight as we find in many passages of the quarto and folio copies of Shakspere's undoubted works. They stand thus in the "Contention:"—

> "Seven earls, twelve barons, *and* twenty reverend bishops,—
> I *did perform* my task, and was espous'd:
> And *now*, *most humbly on* my bended *knees*."

We may state with confidence that, of the 2,373 lines which Malone has computed were formed by Shakspere "on the foundation laid by his predecessors," one-half, at least, so stated to be formed, exhibit nothing more than such minute deviations as we here point out. But if Malone had carried this principle throughout, of the 1,771 lines which he conceives were written by "some author who preceded Shakspeare," at least one-half would have been transferred to Shakspere by the inverted commas. For example: in the scene with Gloster and his duchess there are many lines of the sixty-nine in which no deviation whatever is marked by Malone, but which still deviate as much from the original as the three lines beginning "Seven earls," &c. We have marked these at the *end* of each with inverted commas. We mark also, with asterisks at the end, two new lines which Malone has omitted to mark. The result is that, if Malone had carried out his own principle, only twelve of these sixty-nine lines would be held to belong to the original play. Our readers may judge from this what reliance is to be placed upon the commentator's capricious arithmetic. We hold it to be a test altogether fallacious in principle, and carried by him into practice to the extent in which it suited his own purpose, and no further. Had he shown, for example, that there remained only twelve lines of the original play in the scene before us, some painstaking inquirer might have referred to the "First Part of the Contention," in surprise at the result, and have discovered that, in all essentials, the scene of Henry VI. and the scene of the "Contention" are evidently the production of one and the same mind. For what are the additions to this scene which Malone and his followers hold to be the amount of Shakspere's contribution towards it? With the exception of the first four lines, these additions do not contain a single idea which is not found in the original; and in the original *all* that marks the poet—in a word, all that is Shaksperian—is exclusively to be found. The new lines are comparatively weak, though not injudicious, amplifications of the original. The entire conception of character is in the original; the additions do not contribute a single feature to its development. We have ventured to mark in italics those passages of the scene in the "Contention" which appear to us essentially Shaksperian; and we may add that, if passages such as these are to be found in "some author who preceded Shakspere," we regret that our stock of enjoyment has not yet been enlarged through any acquaintance with his works.

We have now to present a scene—the celebrated one of the death of Cardinal Beaufort—in which the elaboration has been so far carried that Malone leaves only one line as the property of the original author. Yet we venture to think that the original author had something more to do with its production than that one line; and that the whole dramatic conception of the scene, as well as some of the most remarkable expressions, is the property, not of the amplifier, however skilful be his amplification, but of the mind which first pictured to itself that terrible deathbed. Most skilful indeed are the elaborations; and they belong evidently to a more practised hand than that which reduced the original conception into language. But the hand, as we think, is still the same; the improved hand applying itself to its work with more technical precision. It is our belief that the man who conceived the original scene could alone have finished it. When did any great artist ever produce a perfect picture from another's sketch? The genius which informed the original idea could alone preserve it through the process of its refinement.

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT III. SC. III.

K. Hen. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
‘Enough to purchase such another island,
‘So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
* *K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
*Where death's approach is seen so terrible!
* *War.* Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
* *Car.* Bring me unto my trial when you will.
‘Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
*O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
‘Alive again? then show me where he is;
‘I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
*He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
‘Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
‘Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
‘Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
‘Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
* *K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
*Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
*O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
*That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
*And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See, how the pangs of death do make him grin.
* *Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
* *K. Hen.* Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
‘Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
‘Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
‘He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
‘Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
‘And let us all to meditation.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT III. SC. III.

Card. O, death! if thou wilt let me live
But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
As will purchase such another island.
King. Oh, see, my lord of Salisbury, how he is troubled!
Lord cardinal, remember, Christ must save thy soul.
Card. Why, died he not in his bed?

What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?
Sirrah, go fetch me the poison which the 'pothecary sent me.
Oh, see where duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. *Look, look, comb down his hair!*
So, now he's gone again: Oh, oh, oh!
Sal. See how the pangs of death do gripe his heart.
King. Lord cardinal, if thou diest assur'd of heavenly bliss,
Hold up thy hand, and make some sign to us. [CARDINAL *dies.*
Oh, see he dies, and makes no sign at all!
Oh, God, forgive his soul!
Sal. So bad an end did never none behold;
But as his death, so was his life in all.
King. Forbear to judge, good Salisbury, forbear,
For God will judge us all.
Go, take him hence, and see his funerals perform'd.

We shall conclude our extracts from the Second Part of Henry VI. and the "Contention" with the following portions of the scenes with Jack Cade:—

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT IV. SC. II.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK *the butcher*, SMITH *the weaver, and others, in great number.*

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
Cade. —for our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.
Dick. Silence!
Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—
Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.
Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—
Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.
Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—
Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.
Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.
Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.
Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.
* *Cade.* Valiant I am.
* *Smith.* 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.
Cade. I am able to endure much.
Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.
Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.
Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.
Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be)——
All. God save your majesty!
Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.
Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.
Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.
Cade. O monstrous!
Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.
Cade. Here's a villain!
Smith. H' as a book in his pocket, with red letters in 't.
Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.
Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.
Cade. I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: What is thy name?
Clerk. Emmanuel.
Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.
Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?
Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.
All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.
Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT IV. SC. II.

Enter JACK CADE, DICK BUTCHER, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, *and the rest, with long staves.*

Cade. Proclaim silence.
All. Silence!
Cade. I, John Cade, so named for my valiancy.
Dick. Or rather for stealing of a cade of sprats.
Cade. My father was a Mortimer.
Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.
Cade. My mother was come of the Lacies.
Dick. She was a pedlar's daughter indeed, and sold many laces.
Robin. And now, being not able to occupy her furred pack, she washeth bucks up and down the country.
Cade. Therefore I am honourably born.
Harry. Ay, the field is honourable, for he was born under a hedge, because his father had no other house but the cage
Cade. I am able to endure much.
George. That's true; I know he can endure anything, for I have seen him whipped two market-days together.
Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.
Will. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.
Dick. But methinks he should fear the fire, being so often burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.
Cade. Therefore be brave, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation: you shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer, if I be king, as king I will be.
All. God save your majesty!
Cade. I thank you, good people: you shall all eat and drink of my score, and go all in my livery; and we'll have no writing, but the score and the tally, and there shall be no laws but such as come from my mouth.
Dick. We shall have sore laws then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.
Geo. Ay, and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so that one cannot abide it.

[Why is 't not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb parchment should be made, and then with a little blotting over with ink a man should undo himself? Some say 'tis the bees that sting, but I say 'tis their wax, for I am sure I never sealed to anything but once, and I was never mine own man since.]*

Enter WILL *with the* Clerk of Chatham.

Will. Oh, captain, a prize!
Cade. Who's that, Will?
Will. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast account. I took him setting of boys' copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters.
Cade. Zounds, he's a conjurer! bring him hither. Now, sir, what's your name?
Clerk. Emanuel, sir, an it shall please you.
Dick. It will go hard with you, I tell you, for they use to write that o'er the top of letters.
Cade. What, do you use to write your name? Or do you, as ancient forefathers have done, use the score and the tally?
Clerk. Nay, truly, sir, I praise God I have been so well brought up that I can write mine own name.
Cade. Oh, he has confessed; go hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

SECOND PART OF HENRY VI., ACT IV. SC. VII.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; * he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the *pound, the last subsidy.
Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?
Say. What of that?
Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honester men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, ACT IV. SC. VII.

Geo. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France.
Cade. Come hither, thou Say, thou George (serge), thou buckram lord! what answer canst thou make unto my mightiness, for delivering up the towns in France to monsieur Bus-mine-cue, the dolphin of France? and more than so, thou hast most traitorously erected a grammar-school to infect the youth of the realm; and against the king's crown and dignity thou hast built up a paper-mill; nay, it will be said to thy face, that thou keep'st men in thy house that daily read of books with red letters, and talk of a noun and verb, and such abominable words as no

* This passage in brackets, spoken by Cade, is found in Sc. VII. of the fourth act.

Christian ear is able to endure it. And besides all this, thou hast appointed certain justices of the peace, in every shire, to hang honest men that steal for their living; and because they could not read, thou hast hung them up; only for which cause they were most worthy to live.

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry, I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when an honester man than thyself goes in his hose and doublet.

Though Malone, it will be observed, has been here somewhat liberal with his commas, he has given us very few asterisks. Shakspere thus only contributed some half-dozen original lines to these scenes; and if we trace the lines marked with commas to the corresponding lines in the "Contention," we shall find that he has not contributed a single new point. According to Malone's theory, then, there was "some author who preceded Shakspeare" who may justly claim the merit of having given birth in England to the very highest comedy—not the mere comedy of manners, not the comedy of imitation, but that comedy which, having its roots embedded in the most profound philosophy, is still as fresh as at the hour when it was first written, and will endure through every change in the outward forms of social life. For what is the comedy which is here before us, written, as it would seem, by "some author who preceded Shakspeare?" Is it the comedy of Marlowe? or of Greene? or of Peele? or of the latter two, to whom Malone ascribes these plays? or of Lodge, who wrote in conjunction with Greene? or of Lyly? or Kyd? or Nashe?—or is it to be traced to some anonymous author, such as he who produced the "Famous Victories?" We are utterly at a loss where to assign the authorship of this comedy upon Malone's theory. We turn to the works of the authors who preceded Shakspere, and we find abundance indeed of low buffoonery, but scarcely a spark of that universal wit and humour which, all things considered, are the very rarest amongst the gifts of genius. Those who are familiar with the works of the earliest English dramatists will know that our assertion is not made at random. Without entering at present more minutely into this question, we may support our opinion of the character of the comedy which "preceded Shakspeare" by that of a valued friend, extracted from a few pages of critique on the genius of our poet, as comprehensive as it is beautiful. "He first informed our drama with true wit and humour. Of boisterous, uproarious, blackguard merriment and buffoonery there is no want in our earlier dramatists, nor of mere gibing and jeering and vulgar personal satire; but of true airy wit there is little or none. In the comedies of Shakspeare the wit plays and dazzles like dancing light. This seems to have been the excellence, indeed, for which he was most admired by his contemporaries; for quickness and felicity of repartee they placed him above all other play-writers. But his humour was still more his own than his wit. In that rich but delicate and subtle spirit of drollery, moistening and softening whatever it touches like a gentle oil, and penetrating through all enfoldings and rigorous encrustments into the kernel of the ludicrous,—that is, in everything which mainly created Malvolio, and Shallow, and Slender, and Dogberry, and Verges, and Bottom, and Lancelot, and Launce, and Costard, and Touchstone, and a score of other clowns, fools, and simpletons, and which, gloriously overflowing in Falstaff, makes his wit exhilarate like wine,—Shakspeare has had almost as few successors as he had predecessors." We believe, then, that the man "who first informed our drama with true wit and humour" was the only man of whose existence we have any record who could have written the Jack Cade scenes of the "Contention."

The additions which, in the *Second* Part of Henry VI., we find made to the original play, are pretty equally spread through all the scenes. The passages between Henry and Margaret in the third act, and the scene of Suffolk's murder in the fourth act, have upon the whole received the greatest elaboration. But in the *Third* Part of Henry VI. we have whole scenes taken from the "Contention," with scarcely an additional line; and the lines which are added come, for the most part, in large masses. The alterations are sometimes, too, of the very slightest character. Compare, for example, the Parliament scene in the first act, the scene of the death of Rutland, that in which York is taken prisoner and murdered, the stabbing of young Edward in the field at Tewkesbury, and the scene between Gloster and Henry in the Tower. These, be it observed, are the great scenes of the play. It is unnecessary for us to give examples of these; for the critical reader may now readily compare the Henry VI. with the "Contention." The additions, we have said, come in large masses in the Third Part. We instance the celebrated soliloquy of Henry in the second act, which is expanded from thirteen lines to fifty-four, and of which the additions are evidently not of Shakspere's earliest period. The scene between Henry and the gamekeepers is also greatly expanded; so the soliloquy of Gloster at the end of the third act; and so the scene with Lewis of France. These elaborated scenes are, as compared with those which remain unaltered, the minor scenes. Upon the whole, it is clear to us that when Shakspere revised the play he found less necessity for a general change in the Second Part than in the First. The original work had been performed with greater technical skill.

* Pictorial History of England, vol. iii. p. 589.

§ IV.

The additions which Shakspere undoubtedly made to the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York," as they appear in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., ought, upon any just theory that the original plays were the composition of a different author, to be recognised by a distinctive character. Malone was aware that, without such a distinctive character could be shown, his arithmetical exhibition of the amended lines and the additional lines would go for little. He therefore makes a bold statement, which he does not take the slightest trouble to verify:—

"I have said that certain passages in the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. are ascertained to be Shakspeare's by a peculiar phraseology. This peculiar phraseology, without a single exception, distinguishes such parts of these plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraseology, as well as the versification, is of a different colour. This observation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakspeare, but to his alteration of the old."

If this peculiarity of phraseology could be shown to exist only in the amended portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. as compared with those portions which are untouched, we are ready to admit that the received theory would remain unshaken in a very material point. But the assertion is utterly without foundation. Malone himself does not attempt to support his assertion by any examples. He flies off from the general question, and goes to the "inaccuracies," which he holds form a distinguishing "peculiarity" of Shakspere, and "other minute marks of his hand," such as using adjectives adverbially—a characteristic not of Shakspere alone, but of every writer of his time. In the same way he maintains that "in our author's genuine plays he frequently borrows from himself, the same thoughts being found in nearly the same expressions in different pieces;" but he asserts that, in the Second and Third Parts, such resemblances, with the exception of three passages, are only found between the *additional* passages and the genuine plays of Shakspere. The First Part of Henry VI. is assumed to stand upon the same ground, for he gives *one* example of "coincidency" between that play and Henry V. as against his hypothesis. Malone's citation of passages in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., in which these resemblances may be traced, includes only *new* passages, of course. We hold that, if this want of accurate resemblance of manner could be established, the argument would still be worth little whilst there was unity of action and of character in the plays themselves, and general identity with the manner of Shakspere. But it is utterly worthless if we show that there are many passages in the *First Part* of Henry VI. and the Two Parts of the "*Contention*" in which the same thought and expression may be traced to Shakspere's other works. The author of the "Dissertation" has been extremely careful to point out the resemblances, in his own notes, between the *new* lines of the "Contention" and passages in various plays of Shakspere; and has even traced the associations which would naturally present themselves to the poet's mind, as a proof that *he* wrote the new lines only. We will divert our readers with an example:—

> "And as the butcher takes away the calf,
> And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
> Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house."

"In perusing these lines," says the solemn commentator, "one cannot help recollecting the trade which his father has by some been supposed to have followed." We proceed to exhibit, not the *one* passage of the First Part of Henry VI. in which there is "coincidency" of thought and expression with Shakspere's other plays, nor the *three* other passages of the Two Parts of the "Contention," but we put some thirty or forty passages of this character before our readers; and we leave to others to assign its true name to the assertion of Malone, that these resemblances can be found only in what

he held Shakspere to have written of these dramas,—that is, in one passage of the First Part of Henry VI., and in three of the unmarked lines of the Second and Third Parts.

FROM HENRY VI., PART I.

" *Scarlet hypocrite*"—(addressed to a cardinal).
" Good God! that nobles should such *stomachs* bear."
" Rather than I would be so *vile-esteem'd*."
" No, no, I am but *shadow* of myself."
" I love no *colours*."
" Were growing *time* once *ripen'd* to my will."
" My *book of memory*."
" My *blood-drinking* hate."
" Like *lamps* whose *wasting oil* is spent."
" Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
" Our *sacks* shall be a mean to *sack* a city."
" Lean *famine*, quartering *steel*, and climbing *fire*."
" Who now is *girdled* with a *waist* of iron."
" Now thou art come unto a *feast of death*."
" 'Tis but the *short'ning of my life one day*."
" Thou *antick death*, which *laughs us here to scorn*."
" Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt with by *attorneyship*."

" *Scarlet* sin"—*Hen. VIII.* (addressed to a cardinal).
" He was a man
Of an unbounded *stomach*."—*Henry VIII.*
" 'Tis better to be vile than *vile-esteem'd*."—*Sonnets.*
" I am the *shadow* of poor Buckingham."—*Henry VIII.*
" I do fear colourable *colours*."—*Love's Labour's Lost.*
" Stay the very *riping* of the *time*."—*Merchant of Venice.*
" The *table of my memory*."—*Hamlet.*
" Dry sorrow *drinks our blood*."—*Romeo and Juliet.*
" My *oil-dried lamp*, and time-*bewasted* light."—*Richard II.*
" Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death."—*Hamlet.*
" Here's that will *sack* a city."—*Henry IV.* (Falstaff showing his bottle of *sack*.)
" Leash'd in like hounds, should *famine, sword and fire*."—*Henry V.*
" That as a *waist* do *girdle* you about."—*King John.*
" This *feast of battle*."—*Richard II.*
" Heaven *shorten* Harry's happy *life one day*."—*Henry V.*
" Keeps *death* his court, and there the *antick* sits,
Scoffing his state."—*Richard II.*
" Be the *attorney* of my love to her."—*Richard III.*

FROM THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.

" She bears a *duke's whole revenues on her back*."
(Malone has marked this as a new line with an asterisk, the only difference being that *whole* is omitted.)
" Mail'd up in shame, with *papers* on my back."
" Oft have I seen a timely-parted *ghost*."
(Johnson observes that what is true of a *corpse* is here applied to the *soul*.)
" Sometimes he calls upon duke Humphrey's ghost,
And *whispers to his pillow*, as to him."
" Can I make men live, whether they will or no?"
" Then shall I *charm* thee—hold thy lavish tongue."

" Have broke their *backs* with *laying manors on them*."—*Henry VIII.*
" *Bearing* their *birthrights* proudly *on their backs*."—*King John.*
" Like a perjure, wearing *papers*."—*Love's Labour's Lost.*
" The *ghosts* they have depos'd."—*Richard II.*
" Damned *spirits* all
That in cross ways and floods have *burial*."—*Hamlet.*
" Infected minds
To their deaf *pillows* will discharge their secrets."—*Macbeth.*
" Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"—*King John.*
" Go to; *charm* your *tongue*."—*Othello.*

FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

" The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul."
" With purple faulchion *painted* to the hilts
In *blood* of those whom he had slaughtered."
" Wouldst have me weep? why, so: thou hast thy wish,
For raging winds blow up a storm of tears,
And when the rage allays the rain begins."
" And if thou tell the story well,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears."
" Bring forth that fatal *screech-owl* to our house.
That nothing *sung* to us but blood and *death*."
" *You have no children*, devils."
" What valiant foemen, like to autumn's *corn*,
Have we *mow'd* down!"
" And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs and mirthful comic shows?"

" A dog of the house of Montague moves me."—*Romeo and Juliet.*
" With pennons *painted* in the *blood* of Harfleur."—*Henry V.*
" This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er?"—*Lucrece.*
" This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul."—*King John.*
" Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds."—*Richard II.*
" Out on you, *owls!* nothing but *songs of death?*"—*Richard III.*
" He has no children."—*Macbeth.*
" *Mowing*, like *grass*,
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants."—*Henry V.*
" Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

If Malone, then, as we have seen, suppresses the resemblances between passages which he holds were not written by Shakspere and passages in his undoubted works, it is not unreasonable to expect that in the same disingenuous spirit he should have concealed the resemblances which also exist between the new and the old portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. and the new portions as compared with the entire First Part. It is important to note these particulars.

There is no opinion more commonly received, and justly, than that of Shakspere's dramas being remarkably free from classical and mythological allusions as compared with the works of his contemporaries; and it has long been the fashion to ascribe this absence of the peculiarity which distinguished all other productions of his day to his want of the necessary learning. Mr. Collier says, "His (Greene's) usual fault, more discoverable in his plays than in his poems, is an absence of simplicity; but his pedantic classical references, frequently without either taste or discretion, he had in common with the other scribbling scholars of the time. It was Shakespeare's good fortune to be in a great degree without the knowledge, and therefore, if on no other account, without the defect."* Malone proves that the First Part of Henry VI. could not have been written by Shakspere, because it abounds with such references:—

"It is very observable that in the First Part of King Henry VI. there are more allusions to mythology, to classical authors, and to ancient and modern history, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's written on an English story; and that these allusions are introduced very much in the same manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatists who preceded Shakspeare; that is, they do not naturally arise out of the subject, but seem to be inserted merely to show the writer's learning."

Malone then proceeds to select twenty-two of the "most remarkable" of such passages from the First Part of Henry VI., taking Dr. Johnson's conjectural "Berenice" as one of them. It is our intention to print these twenty-two passages as Malone gives them, adducing, however, nearly as many passages from other plays in which there are not only classical allusions, but Latin quotations. This will at least show the fashion of the times. We first give the passages from Henry VI., Part I.:—

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright [Berenice].
3. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froisard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ————And, like thee, [Nero]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.
7. The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops.
9. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter.
10. ————————Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
11. A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was.
12. ————An urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius.
13. I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect.
15. Nestor-like aged, in an age of care.

* Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 154.

16. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus.

17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?

18. Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
That Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

19. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemesis?

20. Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

————Thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love.

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1. Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

2. Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

3. Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

4. Medice teipsum.

5. To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy?

6. And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

7. Penè gelidus timor occupat artus.

8. Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.

9. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ.

10. Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games.

12. And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

13. The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

14. I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

15. That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds.

16. Like to this island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs.

17. To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.

18. And now like Ajax Telamonius.

It will be obvious to the careful reader that we have taken these eighteen passages, in which there are such "allusions to mythology, to classical authors," &c., as are rarely found in Shakspere, from the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. But it may not be equally apparent that *we have selected such passages only as are additions to the "Contention"—passages all marked with Malone's asterisk*—all, without an exception, held to be contributed by Shakspere. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the exhibition of such passages at once destroys Malone's argument, that the First Part of Henry VI. could not have been written by Shakspere because it abounds with similar allusions; and further shows that there are peculiarities in Shakspere's undoubted portion of these dramas which are totally different from the ordinary characteristics of his manner. We dwell little upon the fact that these eighteen passages which we have given are conclusive against the theory of Shakspere's want of knowledge. They prove, incontestably, that as a young writer he had the knowledge, and was not unwilling to display it; but that, with that wonderful judgment which was as remarkable as the prodigious range of his imaginative powers, he soon learnt to avoid the pedantry to which inferior men so pertinaciously clung in the pride of their scholarship.

Malone, we have seen, states distinctly that the *versification* of the new portions of Henry VI. is of a different colour from the old portions of the "Contention." He holds, further, that the versification of the First Part of Henry VI. is precisely of the same character as the Two Parts of the "Contention;" and upon this ground, combined with that of the display of learning which we have already noticed, he rejects the First Part of Henry VI. altogether from being Shakspere's, and adopts as Shakspere's only the new passages in the Second and Third Parts:—

"The versification of this play (Henry VI., Part I.) appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while, at the same time, it resembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakspeare.

"In all the tragedies written before his time, or just when he commenced author, a certain stately march of versification is very observable. The sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line; and the verse has scarcely a redundant syllable. As the reader may not have any of these pieces at hand, (by the possession of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I shall add a few instances,—the first that occur." *

The quotations which Malone has subjoined are very numerous, occupying four closely printed pages. They all go to show, what we shall subsequently endeavour to establish, that the blank verse which, in the hands of the matured Shakspere, became the most exquisitely modulated instrument of harmonious utterance, was, before *he* fully tried its power and its compass, a rude, and at the best a monotonous instrument,—a vehicle of verse that was little better than measured prose. Mr. Collier exhibits the character of our early blank verse with a knowledge and exactness very superior to Malone:—"It will be evident that the long use of rhyme, in which the ear waited for the recurrence of the corresponding sound, led at first to the formation and employment of what may be termed couplets in blank-verse; in which the pauses occurred at the end of the lines, and the sense was only completed with the completion of the couplet." †

The four pages of quotations which Malone exhibits show most decisively that, about the time when the First Part of Henry VI. and the "Contention" may be held to have been written, our dramatic poetry, without a single exception, was formed upon one model of versification. The prevailing theory, therefore, is, that Shakspere could not have written those plays, because, in his undoubted works, a different character of versification prevails. Our belief, on the contrary, being that Shakspere did write these dramas at a very early age, we have no difficulty in believing also that his first efforts were formed upon existing models of versification. The discovery of the powers of his instrument could only come from its habitual use. Versification is as much perfected by practice in the poet as colouring in the painter; but when did a poet or a painter, in his first attempts, produce a new system of versification, or a new system of colouring, till he had learnt by practice the imperfection of existing models? Holding the Two Parts of the "Contention" to be Shakspere's originally, but written by him about, if not before, 1590, we are prepared, without any abatement of our admiration of his early genius, to find him employing, though not exclusively, the versification of his time, in which "the sense concludes or pauses almost uniformly at the end of every line, and the verse has scarcely ever a redundant syllable." But in these plays we also occasionally find a freedom and rapidity which we in vain seek for in other historical plays of the period. Upon this point we shall not at present dwell. We are about to make a selection from some of the examples quoted by Malone from the early plays, exhibiting them with some passages from the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.:—

1. "My lord of Gloucester, and lord Mortimer,
To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come aland
From Palestine, with all his men of war,
(The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way:
Pray him to spur his steed, minutes and hours,
Until his mother see her princely son,
Shining in glory of his safe return."

Edward I., by GEORGE PEELE.

1. "*Glo.* Now, lords, my choler being over-blown,
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,

* Dissertation, p. 560.

† Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 129.

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France."

Henry VI., Part II.

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2. "The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.
* * * * *
England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren mountains swelling above the clouds,
That ward this wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,
She dared to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."

Friar Bacon, by ROBERT GREENE.

2. "*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?"

Henry VI., Part II.

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3. "*King.* Thus far, ye English peers, have we display'd
Our waving ensigns with a happy war;
Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
My daughter's death upon the traitorous Scot;
And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd,
Which, if it yield not to our compromise,
The plough shall furrow where the palace stood,
And fury shall envy so high a power,
That mercy shall be banish'd from our sword.
Doug. What seeks the English king?
King. Scot, ope those gates, and let me enter in.
Submit thyself and thine unto my grace,
Or I will put each mother's son to death,
And lay this city level with the ground."

James IV., by ROBERT GREENE.

3. "*Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood;
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son."

Henry VI., Part III.

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4. "Barons of England, and my noble lords,
Though God and fortune have bereft from us
Victorious Richard, scourge of infidels,
And clad this land in stole of dismal hue,
Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
That from this womb hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and virtue both
Succeed his brother in his empery."

The Troublesome Reign of King John.

4. "*York.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them."

Henry VI., Part III.

As the examples of Shaksperian learning which we have recently given are all taken from the *additions* to the "Contention," so are the examples of early Shaksperian versification also taken from the *new passages*. No one attempts to doubt that these new passages are by Shakspere. If, then, the same structure of versification prevails in some of the additional passages as prevails in the old portions,—and of this we could have furnished many similar examples,—it follows, almost conclusively, that the argument against Shakspere being the original author of the three plays, on account of their versification, is as untenable as that he was not the author of the First Part on account of its learning.

Some pages of Malone's "Dissertation" are devoted to the proof that "the supposition of imperfect or spurious copies cannot account for the variations" between the Two Parts of the "Contention" and the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. We quite agree with him here. The argument sustains itself without any proof; for no theory of unskilful copyists, or of auditors obtaining a copy from repeated hearings, would account for such changes as we have exhibited between the elder and later plays. "We are compelled to maintain," adds Malone, "either that Shakspeare wrote *two* plays on the story which forms his Second Part of King Henry VI.—a hasty sketch, and an entirely distinct and more finished performance—or else we must acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer; that is, upon the quarto copy of the 'First Part of the Contention,' &c.; and the same argument applies to the Third Part of King Henry VI., which is founded on the 'True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.'" * This is the question, certainly, to which we confine ourselves, with a slight difference in terms. We hold that the quarto copy of each Part of the "Contention" is a sketch, if we may so describe an artist's first picture, as compared with a later and more finished copy of the same general design. But it is not necessarily "a hasty sketch." This is, however, immaterial. But is the case of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. without a parallel? Has not Shakspere, in some of his undoubted plays, made a sketch of each, which was afterwards worked up into a "more finished performance?" Are there not existing sketches of Romeo and Juliet, of Henry V., of The Merry Wives of Windsor, and of Hamlet? † The latter is the most important parallel example. The Duke of Devonshire's copy of the edition of 1603 was unknown to Malone had it been familiar to him, as it now is to all Shaksperian students by its republication, would Malone have proved that Shakspere's Hamlet was formed "on a foundation laid by another writer?" We have no hesitation in saying most distinctly that there is not a single principle of "internal evidence" by which Malone's hypothesis is supported, that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. "were not originally written by Shakspeare," which could not be applied to prove that the Hamlet of 1603 also owned some other "literary parent;" and that Shakspere only "new-versified, new-modelled, transposed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole." We will endeavour very briefly to propound an hypothesis to this effect, *after Malone's fashion*. We take the words which he applies to the Henry VI.; the difference is only in a name. "That the reader may have *the whole of the subject before him*, we shall here transcribe" a speech from the second scene of the first act of Hamlet, "together with the corresponding scene in the original play; and also a speech" in the third act "with the original speech on which it is formed. The first specimen will serve to show the method taken by Shakspeare, where he only new polished the language of the old play, rejecting some part of the dialogue, and making some slight additions to the part which he retained: the second is a striking proof of his facility and vigour of composition, which has happily expanded a thought, comprised originally in a short speech, into" fifty-nine "lines, none of which appear feeble or superfluous." ‡

FROM THE OLD HAMLET, SIG. B 3, EDIT. 1603.

Cor.§ Farewell! how now, Ophelia? what's the news with you?
Oph. O, my dear father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a prince,
So pitiful to him, fearful to me,
A maiden's eye ne'er looked on.
Cor. Why, what's the matter, my Ophelia?
Oph. O young prince Hamlet, the only flower of Denmark,
He is bereft of all the wealth he had;
That jewel that adorn'd his feature most
Is filch'd and stol'n away, his wit's bereft him.

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* Dissertation, p. 582.
† See Introductory Notices to those plays.
‡ Dissertation, p. 572.
§ Corambis, in the old Hamlet, is the Polonius of the later play.

He found me walking in the gallery all alone :
There comes he to me, with a distracted look,
His garters lagging down, his shoes untied,
And fix'd his eyes so steadfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
Small while he stood, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
He doth unclasp his hold, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night :
And as he went, his eye was still on me,
For thus his head over his shoulder look'd :
He seem'd to find the way without his eyes.
For out of doors he went without their help,
And so did leave me.
Cor. Mad for thy love ?
What, have you given him any cross words of late ?
Oph. I did repel his letters, deny his gifts,
As you did charge me.
Cor. Why, that hath made him mad :
By heav'n, 'tis as proper for our age to cast
Beyond ourselves, as 'tis for the younger sort
To leave their wantonness. Well, I am sorry
That I was so rash : but what remedy ?
Let's to the king : this madness may prove,
Though wild a while, yet more true to thy love.

From Hamlet, Act II. Sc. I.

' *Pol.* Farewell !—How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?
* *Oph.* Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted !
* *Pol.* With what, in the name of heaven ?
* *Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
*Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
*No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
*Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle ;
*Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
*And with a look so piteous in purport,
*As if he had been loosed out of hell,
*To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love ?
* *Oph.* My lord, I do not know ;
*But, truly, I do fear it.
* *Pol.* What said he ?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
*Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
*And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
*He falls to such perusal of my face,
*As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
*At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
*And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
*He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
*That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
' And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
' And, to the last, bended their light on me.
* *Pol.* Go with me ; I will go seek the king.
*This is the very ecstasy of love ;
*Whose violent property foredoes itself,
*And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
*As oft as any passion under heaven
*That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late ?
* *Oph.* No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
' I did repel his letters, and denied
' His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
' I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
*I had not quoted him : I fear'd, he did but trifle,
*And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !
' It seems it is as proper to our age
' To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
' As it is common for the younger sort
' To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :
*This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move
*More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

From the old Hamlet, Sig. G, Edit. 1603.

Ham. Why, what a dunghill idiot slave am I !
Why, these players here draw water from eyes :
For Hecuba ! why, what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba ?
What would he do and if he had my loss ?
His father murd'red and a crown bereft him ?
He would turn all his tears to drops of blood,
Amaze the standers-by with his laments,
Strike more than wonder in the judicial ears,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise :
Indeed his passion would be general.
Yet I, like to an ass and John-a-dreams,
Having my father murd'red by a villain,
Stand still, and let it pass. Why, sure I am a coward :
Who plucks me by the beard, or twits my nose ?
Gives me the lie i' th' throat down to the lungs ?
Sure I should take it : or else I have no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal, this damned villain,
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villain !
Why, this is brave ; that I, the son of my dear father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drab,
Thus rail in words. About, my brain !
I have heard that guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene,
Confess'd a murder committed long before.
This spirit that I have seen may be the devil,
And out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seek to damn me. I will have sounder proofs :
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

From Hamlet, Act II. Sc. II.

' O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
*Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
*But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
*Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
*That, from her working, all his visage wann'd ;
*Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
*A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
*With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
For Hecuba ?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
' That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
*Had he the motive and the cue for passion
*That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
*And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
' Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
' Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
*The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
*A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
' Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
*And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
*Upon whose property, and most dear life,
' A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
*Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
' Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
' Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,
' As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
*Ha !
' Why, I should take it : for it cannot be,
' But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
*To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
' With this slave's offal : Bloody, bawdy villain !
' Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
*O vengeance !
' What an ass am I ! ay, sure, this is most brave ;
' That I, the son of the dear murthered,
*Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
' Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
' And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
' A scullion !
' Fie upon 't ! foh ! About, my brains ! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
' Been struck so to the soul, that presently
' They have proclaim'd their malefactions ;
*For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
*With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
*Play something like the murder of my father,
*Before mine uncle : I'll observe his looks ;
*I'll tent him to the quick ; if he but blench,
' I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
' May be the devil : and the devil hath power
*To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
' Abuses me to damn me : I'll have grounds
' More relative than this : The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

The reader then having "the *whole* subject before him" in these extracts (those who will take the trouble to read Malone's "Dissertation" will know that we are not overstating his proofs), we ask, as Malone has asked with reference to the Henry VI., if there is any similarity between the *versification* of the old play and "the undoubted performances of Shakspere;" whether there is any similarity in the *diction;* whether it is not clear, from this isolated view of the

matter, that the old Hamlet was the work of "some author who preceded Shakspeare;" and whether any further proof of this limited nature is required to show "with what expression, animation, and splendour of colouring, he filled up the outline that had been sketched by a preceding writer?" In giving these extracts, "all those lines which he adopted without any alteration are printed in the usual manner; those which he altered or expanded are distinguished by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely composed by himself asterisks are prefixed. The total number of lines in" these extracts from "our author's" Hamlet is 106: "of these, as I conceive," 14 "lines were written by some author or authors who preceded Shakspeare;" 36 "were formed by him on the foundations laid by his predecessors; and" 56 "lines were entirely his own composition." †

And what does this calculation, and what do these internal proofs that Shakspere did not write the original Hamlet, *omit?* They entirely neglect to show that the first, informing, poetical idea was in the original; that entire scenes are the same in the original and the amended play, with very slight verbal alterations; that the whole of the action is in the original; that the characterization generally, and especially the character of Hamlet, has undergone no change; that the alterations, all of them, exhibit a wonderful advance in technical skill; and that all the differences in versification and diction, as compared with Shakspere's maturer works, only show that the Hamlet was a very early play,‡ possessing the peculiarities of the transition state of the drama, but distinguished by more characteristic peculiarities of individual genius, such as belonged to no other writer of that period. This is the theory which we maintain with regard to the Two Parts of the "Contention." These dramas, and the previous drama of the series, are not to be judged of, any more than the old Hamlet, by a comparison of their diction and versification, in the parts which exhibit least skill, with the finished parts of Shakspere's later works. They belong to a period which more or less impressed its own character upon them, as upon every contemporary dramatic production.

§ V.

At the period when, as we learn from Nashe's pamphlet, published in 1592, the First Part of Henry VI. was amongst the most popular of theatrical exhibitions, the public stages derived their chief attraction from that class of plays which we call Histories. In the same pamphlet Nashe describes the plays to the performance of which "in the afternoon" resorted "men that are their own masters, as gentlemen of the court, the inns of court, and the number of captains and soldiers about London." To this audience, then,—not the rudest or least refined, however idle and dissipated,—the representation of some series of events connected with the history of their country had a charm which, according to Nashe, was to divert them from grosser excitements. He says:—"Nay, what if I prove plays to be no extreme, but a rare exercise of virtue! First, for the *subject* of them; for the most part it is borrowed out of our English Chronicles, wherein our forefathers' valiant acts, that have been long buried in rusty brass and worm-eaten books, are revived, and they themselves raised from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open presence; than which, what can be a sharper reproof to these degenerate days of ours? In plays, all cosenages, all cunning drifts, over-gilded with outward holiness, all stratagems of war, all the canker-worms that breed in the rust of peace, are most lively anatomised. They show the ill-success of treason, the fall of hasty climbers, the wretched end of usurpers, the misery of civil dissention, and how just God is evermore in punishing murder. And to prove every one of these allegations could I propound the circumstances *of this play and that*, if I meant to handle this theme otherwise than *obiter*." Nashe, as we have seen, has referred to two plays as examples of this attractive class of composition. If the First Part of Henry VI. and the "Famous Victories" be the plays to which he refers, we have sufficient evidence that the poetical treatment of an historical subject was not absolutely necessary to its success. Nothing can be ruder or more inartificial than the dramatic conduct of the "Famous Victories;" nothing grosser than the taste of many of its dialogues. The old Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday," exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in Kenilworth Castle in 1575, did not more essentially differ in the conduct of its action from the structure of a regular historical drama than such a play as the "Famous Victories" differed, in all that constitutes dramatic beauty and propriety, from the almost contemporary histories of Shakspere and Marlowe. Of the plays which had been acted previous to 1592, whose subject was "for the most part borrowed out of our English Chronicles," there are two specimens of the earlier and ruder sort preserved to us—the "Famous Victories," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III." The "Famous Victories" was certainly acted previous to 1588; for Tarleton, who played the clown in it, died in that year. Mr. Collier thinks it was written in 1580. It continued to hold possession of the stage as late as 1595. We have already noticed that play in our account of the sources of the "History of Henry IV.;" but it may be desirable, in reference to our present purpose, to furnish a specimen of this extraordinary composition. We select the parallel scene to the well-known passage of Shakspere's Henry IV., Part II., Act IV. Sc. IV., beginning—

"I never thought to hear you speak again."

Mr. Collier has observed that in the printed copy of this play (which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594) much of the original prose has been chopped up into lines of various lengths, in order to look like some kind of measure.

"*Hen. IV.* Why, how now, my son?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling
I had given you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin again?
Why, tell me, my son,
Dost thou think the time so long,
That thou wouldst have it before the
Breath be out of my mouth?
Hen. V. Most sovereign lord, and well-beloved father,
I came into your chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soul of your body, and, finding you at that time
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witness, and what should I do,
But with weeping tears lament the death of you, my father;
And after that, seeing the crown, I took it.
And tell me, my father, who might better take it than I,
After your death? but, seeing you live,
I most humbly render it into your majesty's hands,
And the happiest man alive that my father lives;
And live my lord and father for ever!
Hen. IV. Stand up, my son;
Thine answer hath sounded well in mine ears,
For I must needs confess that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogether unmindful of thy coming:
But come near, my son,
And let me put thee in possession whilst I live,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.
Hen. V. Well may I take it at your majesty's hands,
But it shall never touch my head so long as my father lives.
[*He taketh the crown.*
Hen. IV. God give thee joy, my son;
God bless thee, and make thee his servant,
And send thee a prosperous reign;
For God knows, my son, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I have maintained it.
Hen. V. Howsoever you came by it I know not;
And now I have it from you, and from you I will keep it:
And he that seeks to take the crown from my head,
Let him look that his armour be thicker than mine,
Or I will pierce him to the heart,
Were it harder than brass or bullion.
Hen. IV. Nobly spoken, and like a king.
Now trust me, my lords, I fear not but my son
Will be as warlike and victorious a prince
As ever reigned in England."

The "True Tragedy of Richard III." was republished by Boswell in 1821, from a copy which had been previously undiscovered.§ On the 19th of June, 1594, we find the following entry on the Stationers' registers:—"Tho. Creede. An Enterlude intitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showen the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the Twoo Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable End of Shore's Wife, and the Conjunction of the Twoo Houses of Lancaster and York." It is evident that this

* Dissertation, p. 376.

† Ibid. p. 572.

‡ See the Introductory Notice to Hamlet, and especially the quotations from Lodge and Nashe, in reference to an *old* Hamlet.

§ Another copy exists—a perfect one; and it has been kindly pointed out to us that it would be desirable to reprint this. We cannot venture, however, so to occupy our space. We reprinted the "Contention" to render this Dissertation complete: the "True Tragedy of Richard III." has little bearing upon our general argument.

entry could not relate to Shakspere's Richard III., for in that we have no display of the "lamentable end of Shore's wife;" whereas in the "True Tragedy" there are several scenes in which she appears. This old play is a performance of higher pretension than the "Famous Victories." Like that play, it contains many prose speeches which are printed to have some resemblance to measured lines; but, on the other hand, there are many passages of legitimate verse which are run together as prose. The most ambitious part of the whole performance is a speech of Richard before the battle; and this we transcribe :—

"*King.* The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' bloods, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge;
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge;
The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge;
The planets change their courses for revenge;
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge;
The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge;
The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge;
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge;
And all, yea, all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge:
But to conclude, I have deserv'd revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend;
Being alone, I dread the secret foe;
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein;
My bed is uncoth, rest refrains my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be
Than thousand deaths unto a damned death!
How! was 't death, I said? who dare attempt my death?
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.
But you, villains, rebels, traitors, as you are,
How came the foe in, pressing so near?
Where, where slept the garrison that should a beat them back?
Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
All gone, quite fled, his loyalty quite laid a-bed.
Then vengeance, mischief, horror with mischance,
Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
That thus betray'd your prince by your untruth!"

There is not a trace in the elder play of the *character* of Shakspere's Richard in that play he is a coarse ruffian only—an unintellectual villain. The author has not even had the skill to copy the dramatic narrative of Sir Thomas More in the scene of the arrest of Hastings. It is sufficient for him to make Richard display the brute force of the tyrant. The affected complacency, the mock passion, the bitter sarcasm of the Richard of the historian, were left for Shakspere to imitate and improve. Rude as is the dramatic construction, and coarse the execution, of these two relics of the period which preceded the transition state of the stage, there can be no doubt that these had their ruder predecessors,—dumb shows, with here and there explanatory rhymes, adapted to the same gross popular taste that had so long delighted in the Mysteries and Moralities which even still held a divided empire. The growing love of the people for "the storial shows," as Laneham calls the Coventry play of "Hock Tuesday," was the natural result of the active and inquiring spirit of the age. There were many who went to the theatre to be instructed. In the prologue to Henry VIII. we find that this great source of the popularity of the early Histories was still active :—

"Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too."

Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," thus writes in 1612 :— "Plays have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our English Chronicles: and what man have you now of that weak capacity that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day, being possessed of their true use?" There is a tradition reported by Gildon (which Warton believes, though Malone pronounces it to be a fiction), that Shakspere, in a conversation with Ben Jonson upon the subject of his historical plays, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in that particular." It is not necessary that we should credit or discredit this anecdote, to come to the conclusion that, when Shakspere first became personally interested in providing entertainment and instruction for the people, there was a great demand already existing for that species of drama, which subsequently became important enough to constitute a class apart from Tragedy or Comedy. Our belief is that he was *the first* who saw the possibility of conducting this species of entertainment with dramatic skill—with integrity, if not unity, of action—with action interrupted indeed by the succession of events, but not dissevered—with force and consistency of character—with spirited dialogue and harmonious versification. If he were not the author of the First Part of Henry VI. and of the Two Parts of the "Contention," this praise of giving the first great model of this species of drama is not due to him. If he were the author of those three dramas, it belongs to him, and to him alone.

The question which we propose to examine is, not who first wrote historical plays, but who first wrote historical plays in the spirit of an artist. We will commence our inquiry with reference to the First Part of Henry VI. We hold this play to be Shakspere's first historical performance. The form in which we have received it may be a considerable improvement on its first form; and indeed we have no doubt that it was re-cast, as well as the Second and Third Parts. There appears to be little difference of opinion as to the date of its original production. Malone says, in his "Chronological Order," "The First Part of King Henry VI., which, I imagine, was formerly known by the name of The Historical Play of King Henry VI., had, I suspect, been a very popular piece for *some years* before 1592, and perhaps was first exhibited in 1588 or 1589." Collier states the general belief "that it is merely the *old* play on the early events of that reign, which was most likely written in 1589." There can be no doubt that the composition of this play preceded that of the Two Parts of the "Contention;" and that these had been acted before September, 1592, we know from the fact so often quoted, that Robert Greene, who died in that month and year, had, in his deathbed recantation of his errors, parodied a line which occurs in the "Second Part of the Contention." Putting aside for a moment, then, who was the author of the First Part of Henry VI., or of the "Contention," there can be no doubt of the existence of the three plays at the time of Greene's death; and Malone's conjecture, therefore, as to the date of the first of these plays may be received without hesitation. That is all we ask at present to be conceded. Malone's general theory as to the period of Shakspere's commencement as a writer is, that he had not produced any original piece before 1591. Mr. Collier holds that he "had not written any of his original plays prior to 1593, (when Marlowe was killed,) although anterior to that year he might have employed himself in altering and improving for representation some of the works of older dramatists." The First Part of Henry VI. is distinctly held not to fall within the condition of one of the plays so improved. It is come down to us, the critical authorities believe, in its primitive rudeness. In its present state, then, according to their opinions, it existed in or before 1589.

We will now ask, what other historical plays of any poetical pretension were in existence in 1589? it being remembered that Shakspere was then twenty-five years of age, and a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. The old play of "The Troublesome Reign of John King of England" was *possibly* then in existence. It was printed in 1591. Rude as this play may be deemed when compared with the finished King John of Shakspere, it is unquestionably a very much higher performance than the "Famous Victories," or the "True Tragedy of Richard III." The German critics consider it to be an early production of Shakspere himself. Schlegel and Tieck maintain this opinion without any qualification. Ulrici holds that the comic parts are not his, as they display only rudeness and vulgarity instead of the "facetious grace" of Shakspere; and he thinks that he can trace an older play in this old play. We cannot subscribe either to the unconditional or the qualified opinion; and we take leave to repeat what we have previously said, that "whoever really wishes thoroughly to understand the resources which Shakspere possessed, in the creation of characters, in the conduct of a story, and the employment of language, will do well again and again to compare the old play of 'King John' and the King John of our

* Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 128.

dramatist."* Had Shakspere, however, commenced his poetical career a few years later, the old "King John" would have offered a very remarkable point in the progress of the historical drama. Its coarseness is, in some degree, associated with a power and freedom from which it seems to result, and is as distinct a thing as possible from the imbecile vulgarity of the "Famous Victories." Malone, without any authority, assigns this play to Greene or Peele. We now and then unquestionably meet with a passage which may be called poetical, and which may not unworthily be compared with undoubted passages of those writers. There is much of Peele's tinsel too—his straining after poetical images without regard to propriety of situation or character. The Faulconbridge of the old play, for example, talks after this fashion :—

"Methinks I hear an hollow echo sound
That Philip is the son unto a king :
The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees
Whistle in concert I am Richard's son :
The bubbling murmur of the water's fall
Records *Philippus Regius filius*
Birds in their flight make music with their wings,
Filling the air with glory of my birth :
Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountains, echo, all
Ring in mine ears that I am Richard's son."

The versification throughout is constructed upon the old monotonous model ; yet we should say the blank verse is not so monotonous as that of Peele.

There is no other historical play aspiring to the character of a work of art, whose production may be placed in or before 1589, but the "Edward I." of Peele. The Edward II." of Marlowe was undoubtedly later. The anonymous "Edward III." belongs also, we think, to a later period.

The "Edward I." of Peele bears this title :—"The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, sirnamed Edward Longshankes, with his Returne from the Holy Land. Also the Life of Llewellen Rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing-crosse, and rose againe at Potters-hith, now named Queenehith." It is evident that a play which deals with the "sinking of Queene Elinor" as a veritable portion of the "Famous Chronicle of Edward I." must be one of those productions from which Fitzdottrel, the Norfolk simpleton of Ben Jonson's "The Devil is an Ass," obtained his facts :—

"*Meer.* By my faith, you are cunning in the chronicle, sir.
Fitz. No, I confess I have it from the play-books,
And think they are more authentic."

Eleanor, the queen of Edward I., is a name which to this hour is familiar to us all, through the exquisite monumental remains of the affection of her husband which still dot the great road from Tottenham to Northampton. That she "sunk at Charing-cross" before Charing-cross was erected to her memory is a sufficiently remarkable circumstance in Peele's play ; but it is more remarkable that, assuming to be a "Famous Chronicle," and in one or two of the events following the Chronicles, he has represented the queen altogether to be a fiend in female shape,—proud, adulterous, cruel, treacherous, and bloody. "She was a godly and modest princess," says Holinshed, "full of pity, and one that showed much favour to the English nation, ready to relieve every man's grief that sustained wrong, and to make them friends that were at discord, so far as in her lay." The character of the Eleanor of Peele is held to be taken from a ballad, entitled "A Warning Piece to England against Pride and Wickedness," &c., and thought to be written in the time of Queen Mary. We doubt exceedingly whether the ballad preceded the play ; but, at any rate, the incidents of each are the same. The "mayor of London's wife" of the ballad had given offence to Queen Eleanor by appearing in "London streets in stately sort," and the queen's revenge, according to this authority, was after the following remarkable fashion :—

"She sent her into Wales with speed,
And kept her secret there ;
And used her still more cruelly
Than ever man did hear.
She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway ;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.
But this contented not the queen,
But show'd her most despite ;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve o'clock at night.
And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen (in angry mood)
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood." †

We transcribe the corresponding scene of Peele's "Edward I. :"—

"*Q. Elin.* Now fits the time to purge our melancholy,
And be reveng'd upon this London dame.
Katherina !

Enter KATHERINA.

Kath. At hand, madam.
Q. Elin. Bring forth our London mayoress here.
Kath. I will, madam. [*Exit.*
Q. Elin. Now, Nell,
Bethink thee of some tortures for the dame,
And purge thy choler to the uttermost.

Enter MAYORESS *and* KATHERINA.

Now, mistress mayoress, you have attendance urg'd,
And therefore, to requite your courtesy,
Our mind is to bestow an office on you straight.
May. Myself, my life and service, mighty queen,
Are humbly at your majesty's command.
Q. Elin. Then, mistress mayoress, say whether will you be our nurse or laundress ?
May. Then, may it please your majesty
To entertain your handmaid for your nurse,
She will attend the cradle carefully.
Q. Elin. O, no, nurse; the babe needs no great rocking; it can lull itself. Katherina, bind her in the chair, and let me see how she'll become a nurse. So : now, Katherina, draw forth her breast, and let the serpent suck his fill. Why so ; now she is a nurse. Suck on, sweet babe.
May. Ah, queen, sweet queen, seek not my blood to spill,
For I shall die before this adder have his fill.
Q. Elin. Die or die not, my mind is fully pleas'd.
Come, Katherina : to London now will we,
And leave our mayoress with her nursery.
Kath. Farewell, sweet mayoress : look unto the babe.
[*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* KATH.
May. Farewell, proud queen, the author of my death,
The scourge of England and to English dames !
Ah, husband, sweet John Bearmber, mayor of London,
Ah, didst thou know how Mary is perplex'd,
Soon wouldst thou come to Wales, and rid me of this pain.
But O ! I die ; my wish is all in vain. [*Here she dies.*"

Mr. Hallam has characterized the gross violation of historical truth in this play as "a hideous misrepresentation of the virtuous Eleanor of Castile, probably from the base motive of rendering the Spanish nation odious to the vulgar." The whole play is in truth addressed to the lowest taste of the vulgar, as much a fault of the age as of the inherent false taste of the writer. Where the language is intended to be stately and poetical, it becomes tumid and extravagant. For example, King Edward, "in his *suit of glass*," meets the "nine lords of Scotland ;" and Eleanor, on this occasion, thus addresses her husband, to his great contentment :—

"The welkin, spangled through with golden spots,
Reflects no finer in a frosty night
Than lovely Longshanks in his Elinor's eye :
So, Ned, thy Nell in every part of thee,—
Thy person's guarded with a troop of queens,
And every queen as brave as Elinor.
Give glory to these glorious crystal quarries,
Where every robe an object entertains
Of rich device and princely majesty.
Thus, like Narcissus, diving in the deep,
I die in honour and in England's arms ;
And if I drown, it is in my delight,
Whose company is chiefest life in death ;
From forth whose coral lips I suck the sweet
Wherewith are dainty Cupid's caudles made.
Then live or die, brave Ned, or sink or swim,
An earthly bliss it is to look on him.
On thee, sweet Ned, it shall become thy Nell
Bounteous to be unto the beauteous :
O'er-pry the palms, sweet fountains of my bliss,
And I will stand on tiptoe for a kiss."

The historical action of this play—if there be any portion of it that can be properly called so—is in the highest degree confused and eccentric. It relates, as far as we can understand, to the invasions of

* Introductory Notice to King John, p. 447.

† Mr. Dyce's edition of Peele, vol. i. p. 73.

Wales and of Scotland: but the whole conduct of the historical action is so perplexed with the queen's multifarious intrigues, with the masquerading of some of the principal characters as Robin Hoods and Maid Marians, and with the ribaldry of a Welsh friar, who is the chief vehicle for the grossness of the comedy, that the only historical impression left upon the mind of the reader is, that it has something to do with the real story of Edward I., and that he was called Longshanks. To the truth of characterization this drama has not the slightest pretension; nor, as the characters are drawn, have they any consistency. The dying queen is made to confess her sins to her husband, disguised as a friar, with the most hideous minuteness; and when she dies, the king, as far as we may gather from the extravagant language in which he expresses his grief, has also a proper indignation upon the subject of his own wrongs:—

"Blushing I shut these thine enticing lamps,
The wanton baits that make me suck my bane.
Pyropus' harden'd flames did never reflect
More hideous flames than from my breast arise:
What fault more vild unto thy dearest lord?
Our daughter base-begotten of a priest,
And Ned, my brother, partner of my love!
O, that those eyes that lighten'd Cæsar's brain,
O, that those looks that master'd Phœbus' brand,
Or else those looks that stain Medusa's far,
Should shrine deceit, desire, and lawless lust!
Unhappy king, dishonour'd in thy stock!
Hence feigned weeds, unfeigned is my grief."

But before the scene concludes he gives direction for his lady's funeral, without the slightest conflicting feeling, and takes leave of the audience in the character of a mournful widower whose loss could never be repaired:—

"Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceas'd;
And, in remembrance of her royalty,
Erect a rich and stately carved cross,
Whereon her statue shall with glory shine,
And henceforth see you call it Charing-cross;
For why, the chariest and the choicest queen,
That ever did delight my royal eyes,
There dwells in darkness whilst I die in grief."

We thoroughly agree with Mr. Hallam, that the "Edward I." of Peele "is a gross tissue of absurdity, with some facility of language, but nothing truly good." There is nothing either in the action or the characterization that can be called *real*. He has not the slightest conception of the possible union of simplicity with poetical power; in all, therefore, that constitutes dramatic truth he is utterly deficient. His characters pass over the scene like dim shadows, who are the vehicles of fantastic and extravagant language, corresponding with their absurd and incongruous actions; but they exhibit not a single spark of vitality; there is no flesh and blood in their composition; men and women never thought as they think, nor spoke as they speak. Peele's play was first printed in 1593: it was acted fourteen times by Henslowe's company in 1595. Mr. Dyce considers that it was "acted, perhaps, long before it passed the press;" and he calls it "one of the earliest of our chronicle histories." With reference to the question of the originality of the author of the First Part of Henry VI., it is perfectly immaterial when Peele wrote it. It no more interferes with the claim of that author to originality in the conception and dramatic conduct of a chronicle history than does the "Famous Victories."

In addition to the historical plays which we have thus described as probably existing in 1589, there is an old rude play, the "Life and Death of Jack Straw," printed in 1593; and there is little doubt that there was a much older play than Shakspere's on the subject of Richard II. It is, indeed, highly probable that, when the First Part of Henry VI. was originally produced, the stage had possession of a complete series of chronicle histories, rudely put together, aspiring to little poetical elevation, and managed pretty generally after the fashion described by Gosson, in a pamphlet against the stage printed about 1581:—"If a true history be taken in hand, it is made like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it most commonly into such points as may best show the majesty of their pen in tragical speeches, or set the hearers agog with discourses of love, or paint a few antics to fit their own humours with scoffs and taunts, or bring in a show to furnish the stage when it is bare: when the matter of itself comes short of this, they follow the practice of a cobbler, and set their teeth to the leather to pull it out." What "the poets" were who produced these performances, and what "the majesty of their pen," have been shown in the specimens we have given from the "Famous Victories" and the old Richard III. The truth is, that up to the period when Shakspere reached the age of manhood there were no artists in existence competent to produce an historical play superior to these rude performances. The state of the drama generally is thus succinctly, but most correctly, noticed by a recent anonymous writer:—"From the commencement of Shakspere's boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed, the drama lingered in the last stage of a semi-barbarism. Perhaps we do not possess any monument of the time except Whetstone's 'Promos and Cassandra;' but neither that play, nor any details that can be gathered respecting others, indicate the slightest advance beyond a point of development which had been reached many years before by such writers as Edwards and Gascoyne. About 1585, or Shakspere's twenty-first year, there opened a new era, which, before the same decade was closed, had given birth to a large number of dramas, many of them wonderful for the circumstances in which they arose, and several possessing real and absolute excellence."* Of the poets which belong to this remarkable decade we possess undoubted specimens of the works of Lyly, Peele, Marlowe, Lodge, Greene, Kyd, and Nashe. There are one or two other inferior names, such as Chettle and Munday, connected with the latter part of this decade. We ourselves hold that Shakspere belongs to the first as well as to the second half of this short but most influential period of our literature. Of those artists to whom can be possibly imputed the composition of the First Part of Henry VI., there are only five in whom can be traced any supposed resemblance of style. They are—Peele, Marlowe, Greene, Lodge, and Kyd. The First Part of Henry VI. was, therefore, either written by one of these five poets, or by some unknown author whose name has perished, or by Shakspere.

A very lively writer, who had the merit of heartily avowing his admiration for Shakspere, when the poet's expositors, while they bowed before the shrine, were not sparing of their abuse of the idol, has disposed of the authorship of Henry VI. after a very summary fashion:—"That drum-and-trumpet thing called the First Part of Henry VI., written, doubtless, or rather exhibited long before Shakespeare was born, though afterwards repaired, I think, and furbished up by him, with here and there a little sentiment and diction."† The recovery of a copy of the original play, produced long before Shakspere was born, would be a treasure of much higher value than a legion of "Gammer Gurtons" and "Ralph Roister Doisters." Mr. Morgann does not, in truth, pretend to speak out of any knowledge of the state of our early drama. Every one now sees the absurdity of imagining that *a play which existed many years before Shakspere was born* could have been "repaired and furbished, with here and there a little sentiment and diction," into the First Part of Henry VI. But is it not almost as absurd, and quite as opposed to any real knowledge of the early history of our drama, to maintain that some unknown man—and that man not the author of the two subsequent plays—wrote the First Part of Henry VI. *in or before the year* 1588 *or* 1589, and that Shakspere either did nothing at all in the way of repairing, or that at most he threw in a little sentiment and diction here and there? Mr. Morgann's random "long before Shakespeare was born" is, as it appears to us, just as tenable as Malone's "had, I suspect, been a very popular piece for some years before 1592." The looseness of expression in each, with reference to the date of the First Part of Henry VI., can only be appreciated by recollecting that two or three years in the history of the drama, at the period when Shakspere first became associated with it, constitute an era of far higher importance than any previous half-century. If Morgann had said that the First Part of Henry VI. was written or exhibited five years before Shakspere came to London, his assertion would have been equally incredible. But is the assertion more credible, that some unknown man produced it, as it stands, in 1589? We believe that it was, in some shape, produced by Shakspere earlier than 1589; but we do not believe that Shakspere himself left it in its present state in 1589. The versification of some passages is, to our minds, quite conclusive on this point. We find, indeed, the stately march, the sense concluding or pausing at the end of every line, the verse without a redundant syllable, which Malone describes as the characteristics of *all* the dramas that preceded Shakspere's

* *Edin. Review*, July, 1840, p. 469.

† Morgann's Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.

undoubted productions. We have already adverted to this; but we only met Malone's statement that such versification was the absolute and distinguishing character of the First Part of Henry VI., by showing that, in Shakspere's unquestionable additions to the Second and Third Parts, he still occasionally clung to the early models. But we could put our finger upon fifty passages in the First Part where the stately march becomes *rapid*, the sense is *not* terminated at the end of each line, the verse *has* a redundant syllable,—where the rhythm, in fact, is essentially Shaksperian. What shall we say of Joan of Arc's speech when she first appears?—

> "Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
> My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
> Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
> To shine on my contemptible estate."

Or of the graceful playfulness of Warwick in the Temple-garden scene?—

> "Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
> Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
> Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
> Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
> Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
> I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment."

Or what to the pause in

> "Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,
> With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
> Humphrey of Gloster?"

We ask the critical reader to compare the entire scene in the Temple garden, the address of La Pucelle to Burgundy in the third act, and the speech of Henry when he puts on the red rose in the fourth act, merely with reference to the rhythm, with any passages in Peele or Greene, or indeed in any of the dramatists of this decad, and say whether in freedom and variety of versification the author of these passages does not leave all his contemporaries at an immeasurable distance? They are so skilfully interwoven with the original fabric, if they be additions, that no eye can detect a piecing of the web. But we cannot, without conducting this inquiry in a spirit of mere advocacy, assume that they are not additions; and therefore we reserve the question of versification, in proof that Shakspere was the entire author of Henry VI., till we come to examine the poetical structure of the Two Parts of the "Contention," in which, without the additional passages, the freedom of versification stands out in most decided contrast to every production that existed before 1592.

We hold, then, that the First Part of Henry VI., in all the essentials of its dramatic construction, is, with reference to the object which its author had in view of depicting a series of historical events with poetical truth, immeasurably superior to any other chronicle history which existed between 1585 and 1590. It has been called, as we see, a "drum-and-trumpet thing." The age in which it was produced was one in which the most accomplished of its courtiers said, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet: and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" He who made the "drum-and-trumpet thing" desired to move men's hearts as Sidney's was moved. He saw around him thousands who crowded to the theatres to witness the heroic deeds of their forefathers, although "evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age;" and it was he who first seized upon the great theme for his own, and "trimmed" it in his own "gorgeous eloquence." And what if the music which he first uttered had a savour of the rough voice and the rude style which had preceded him? What if his unpractised hand sometimes struck the notes of timidity and unskilfulness? What if he now and then hurried away even from the principles of his own art, and appeared to start at "the sounds himself had made?" He did what no other man up to that day had done, and long after did,—he banished the "senseless and soulless shows" of the old historical drama, and at once raised up a stage "ample and true with life." To understand the value of the First Part of Henry VI., we must have a competent knowledge of the chronicle histories which had preceded it.

* Sir Philip Sidney's Defence of Poetry.

§ VI.

"No more than five dramas, the undoubted works of Greene, have come down to posterity. Writing for bread, and with a pen whose readiness was notorious, he undoubtedly produced, during the series of years when he was a professed author, a much greater number of plays: in all probability many of them were never published, and perhaps, of some of them which were really printed, not a single copy has escaped destruction."† Of these five dramatic pieces none were printed till after Greene's death in 1592. "Orlando Furioso" bears no name on its title; "Alphonsus King of Aragon" is made by R. G.; the "Looking Glass for London" bears the joint names of Lodge and Greene; whilst "Friar Bacon" and the "Scottish History of James the Fourth" purport to be written by Robert Greene. It is from these plays, then, that we must form our estimate of Greene's peculiarities as a dramatist, and thence inquire with what justice he can be accounted the author of one or both of the Two Parts of The "Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster."

The subjects of Greene's five plays would appear from their titles to be sufficiently varied. In "Orlando" the groundwork is, of course, to be traced to Ariosto; but the superstructure presents the most extravagant deviations from the plan of the great romance writer of Italy. The pomposity of the diction is not amiss in the mouths of such stately personages as the Emperor of Africa, the Soldan of Egypt, the Prince of Mexico, the King of the Isles, and the mad Orlando. We give an average specimen of the versification:—

> "Discourteous women, nature's fairest ill,
> The woe of man, that first-created curse,
> Base female sex, sprung from black Ate's loins,
> Proud, disdainful, cruel, and unjust,
> Whose words are shaded with enchanting wiles,
> Worse than Medusa mateth all our minds;
> And in their hearts sit shameless treachery,
> Turning a truthless vile circumference!
> O, could my fury paint their furies forth!
> For hell's no hell, compared to their hearts,
> Too simple devils to conceal their arts;
> Born to be plagues unto the thoughts of men,
> Brought for eternal pestilence to the world."

But the "Orlando" has its comic scenes as well as its heroic; and we may form some judgment from them of the nature of the wit which a scholar, such as Robert Greene was, had to offer to audiences who in a few years after had become familiar with Launce, and Bottom, and Falstaff. One sample will suffice:—

> "*Tom.* Sirrah Ralph, and thou'lt go with me, I'll let thee see the bravest madman that ever thou sawest.
>
> *Ralph.* Sirrah Tom, I believe it was he that was at our town a' Sunday: I'll tell thee what he did, sirrah. He came to our house, when all our folks were gone to church, and there was nobody at home but I, and I was turning of the spit, and he comes in, and bade me fetch him some drink. Now, I went and fetched him some; and, ere I came again, by my troth, he ran away with the roast meat, spit and all, and so we had nothing but porridge to dinner.
>
> *Tom.* By my troth, that was brave: but, sirrah, he did so course the boys last Sunday; and if ye call him madman, he'll run after you, and tickle your ribs so with his flap of leather that he hath, as it passeth."

The "Looking Glass for London" may appear to promise a comedy of manners, such as Jonson came a few years afterwards to present with accurate discrimination and poetical force. Greene's portion of it, which we think may be easily distinguished from Lodge's satirical prose, offers the most extraordinary canvas for such a delineation. The whole play is the most surprising combination of Kings of Nineveh, Crete, Cilicia, and Paphlagonia; of usurers, judges, lawyers, clowns, and ruffians; of angels, magi, sailors, lords, and "one clad in devil's attire." Last of all, we have the prophets Jonas and Oseas. The opening of this extraordinary drama sufficiently marks the general character of the versified parts:—

Enters RASNI King of Nineveh, *with three* Kings of Cilicia, Crete, *and* Paphlagonia, *from the overthrow of* JEROBOAM King of Jerusalem.

> "*Rasni.* So pace ye on, triumphant warriors;
> Make Venus' leman, arm'd in all his pomp,
> Bash at the brightness of your hardy looks,
> For you the viceroys are, the cavaliers,
> That wait on Rasni's royal mightiness.
> Boast, petty kings, and glory in your fates,

† The Rev. A. Dyce, Greene's Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. xli.

That stars have made your fortunes climb so high,
To give attend on Rasni's excellence.
Am I not he that rules great Nineveh,
Bounded with Lycas' silver-flowing streams?
Whose city large diametri contains,
Even three days' journey's length from wall to wall;
Two hundred gates carv'd out of burnish'd brass,
As glorious as the portal of the sun;
And for to deck heaven's battlements with pride,
Six hundred towers that topless touch the clouds."

"Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" is the old story of the Brazen Head. There is here, unquestionably, more facility in the versification, much less of what we may best distinguish by the name of fustian, and some approach to simplicity and even playfulness. But whenever Greene gets hold of a king he invariably makes him talk in the right royal style which we have already seen; and our Henry III. does not condescend to discourse in a bit more simple English than the Soldan of Egypt or the King of Nineveh. A line or two will exhibit this peculiarity:—

"*Hen.* Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ring'd with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compass'd high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings."

"Alphonsus King of Aragon" is surrounded by companions that render it impossible *he* should descend to the language men use, and which the real dramatic poet never casts aside, even in his most imaginative moods. Alphonsus is not only accompanied by the great Turk, the King of the Moors, the King of Barbary, the King of Arabia, and the King of Babylon, but the scene is varied by the presence of Medea, Venus, and the nine Muses. Yet in this play, extravagant as the whole conception is, we occasionally meet with passages not so laboured, the result, probably, of the author's carelessness as much as of his art. The following is an example:—

"Fabius, come hither; what is that thou sayest?
What did God Mahomed prophesy to us?
Why do our viceroys wend unto the wars,
Before their king had notice of the same?
What, do they think to play bob-fool with me?
Or are they wax'd so frolic now of late,
Since that they had the leading of our bands,
As that they think that mighty Amurack
Dares do no other than to soothe them up?
Why speak'st thou not? What fond or frantic fit
Did make those careless kings to venture it?"

"The Scottish History of James IV., slain at Flodden," would, from its title, lead us to imagine that Greene, abandoning his phantasies for realities, had applied himself at last to a genuine historical drama. But the words "slain at Flodden" indicate only what Scottish James was meant. The story is altogether a romance, in which James, putting away his queen, and falling in love with a maiden called Ida, is forsaken by his peers; whilst his wife, who undergoes a mysterious assassination with a still more mysterious recovery, is at last restored to her repentant husband. Mr. Dyce says, "From what source our author derived the materials of this strange fiction I have not been able to discover; nor could Mr. David Laing of Edinburgh, who is so profoundly versed in the ancient literature of his country, point out to me any Scottish chronicle or tract which might have afforded hints to the poet for its composition." As if purposely to divest this piece of any pretension to the character of an historical drama, we have a sort of chorus of "Oberon" and "Antics," and a "Stoic" who talks Scotch. Yet the play is not without indications that, however incapable Greene might be of producing a regular historical drama, he could occasionally adapt his style so as to express plain thoughts in intelligible words. The following speech is one of the most favourable specimens it does not exhibit much power, but it strikingly contrasts with the ambitious rhodomontade which is his distinguishing characteristic:—

"O king, canst thou endure to see thy court
Of finest wits and judgments dispossess'd,
Whilst cloaking craft with soothing climbs so high,
As each bewails ambition is so bad?
Thy father left thee, with estate and crown,
A learned council to direct thy court:
These carelessly, O king, thou castest off,
To entertain a train of sycophants.
Thou well may'st see, although thou wilt not see,
That every eye and ear both sees and hears
The certain signs of thine incontinence.
Thou art allied unto the English king
By marriage; a happy friend indeed
If used well, if not, a mighty foe."

The dramatic works of Greene, which were amongst the rarest treasures of the bibliographer, have been rendered accessible to the general reader by the valuable labours of Mr. Dyce. To those who are familiar with these works we will appeal, without hesitation, in saying that the character of Greene's mind, and his habits of composition, rendered him utterly incapable of producing, not the Two Parts of the "Contention," or one Part, but a single sustained scene of either Part. And yet a belief has been long entertained in England, to which even some wise and judicious still cling, that Greene and Peele either wrote the Two Parts of the "Contention" in conjunction; or that Greene wrote one Part, and Peele the other Part; or that, at any rate, Greene had some share in these dramas. This was a theory propagated by Malone in his "Dissertation;" and it rests, not upon the slightest examination of the works of these writers, but solely on the far-famed passage in Greene's posthumous pamphlet, the "Groat's Worth of Wit," in which he points out Shakspere as "a crow beautified with our feathers." The hypothesis appears to us to be little less than absurd; and yet it is partially sanctioned by such high authority that we cannot pass it over in silence. Mr. Hallam says—"His angry allusion to Shakspeare's plagiarism is *best* explained by supposing that he (Greene) was himself concerned in the two old plays which have been converted into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI."* In a note upon this passage Mr. Hallam speaks more distinctly:—"Mr. Collier says, Greene may possibly have had a hand in the 'True History of Richard Duke of York.' But why possibly? when he claims it, if not in express words, yet so as to leave no doubt of his meaning." We venture to think that the words of Greene convey no such meaning; and that if the passage in Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit" could be presented to an intelligent judgment, thoroughly unacquainted with the inferences that have been drawn from it, it would be found to bear very slightly indeed on the question of the authorship of the plays which we are examining; nor, further, to affect the character of Shakspere at all, in any essential point of his moral or literary reputation.

The entire pamphlet of Greene's is, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary fragments of autobiography that the vanity or the repentance of a sinful man ever produced. The recital which he makes of his abandoned course of life involves not only a confession of crimes and follies which were common to a very licentious age, but of particular and especial depravities, which, even to mention, argues as much shamelessness as repentance. The portion, however, which relates to the subject before us stands alone, in conclusion, as a friendly warning out of his own terrible example:—"To those gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays, R. G. wisheth a better exercise, and wisdom to prevent his extremities." To three of his quondam acquaintance the dying man addresses himself. To the first, supposed to be Marlowe—"thou famous gracer of tragedians"—he speaks in words as terrible as came from

"that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse heard cry in heav'n aloud."

In exhorting his friend to turn from atheism, he ran the risk of consigning him to the stake, for Francis Kett was burnt for his opinions only three years before Greene's death. That Marlowe resented this address to him we have the testimony of Chettle. With his second friend, supposed to be Lodge, his plain speaking is much more tender: "Be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words." He addresses the third, supposed to be Peele, as one "driven as myself to extreme shifts;" and he adds, "Thou art unworthy better hap sith thou dependest on so mean a stay." What is the stay? "Making plays." The exhortation then proceeds to include the three "gentlemen his quondam acquaintance that spend their wits in making plays:"—"Base-minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned: for unto none of you, like me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths; those antics garnished in our colours." Up to this point the meaning is perfectly clear. The puppets, the antics,—by which names of course are meant the players, whom he held, and justly, to derive their chief importance from the labours of the poet, in the words which they uttered and the colours with which they were gar-

* History of Literature, vol. ii. p. 379.

nished,—had once cleaved to him like burs. But a change had taken place :—"Is it not strange that I, to whom they all have been beholding—is it not like that you, to whom they all have been beholding, shall, were ye in that case that I am now, be, both of them, at once forsaken?" This is a lamentable picture of one whose powers, wasted by dissipation and enfeebled by sickness, were no longer required by those to whom they had once been serviceable. As he was forsaken, so he holds that his friends will be forsaken. And chiefly for what reason? "Yes, trust them not for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with *his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country." There can be no doubt that Shakspere was here pointed at; that the starving man spoke with exceeding bitterness of the successful author; that he affected to despise him as a player; that, if "beautified with our feathers" had a stronger meaning than "garnished with our colours," it conveyed a vague charge of borrowing from other poets; and that he parodied a line from the "True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York." This is literally every word that can be supposed to apply to Shakspere. Greene proceeds to exhort his friends "to be employed in more profitable courses."—"Let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions."—"Seek you better masters." It is perfectly clear that these words refer only to the players generally; and, possibly, to the particular company of which Shakspere was a member. As such, and such only, must he take his share in the names which Greene applies to them, of "apes,"—"rude grooms,"—"buckram gentlemen,"—"peasants,"—and "painted monsters." It will be well to give the construction that has been put upon these words, in the form in which the "hypothesis" was first propounded by Malone :—

Shakspeare "having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his Dying Exhortation to a Friend, new-modelled and amplified these two pieces (the Two Parts of the 'Contention'), and produced on the stage what in the folio edition of his works are called the Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI., and having acquired considerable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame, and that of his associate, both of them old and admired playwrights, being eclipsed by a new *upstart* writer (for so he calls our great poet), who had then first perhaps attracted the notice of the public by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, considerably enlarged and improved. He therefore in direct terms charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himself with their feathers;* in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wishing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakspeare had thus *re-written*, a proceeding which the authors of the original plays considered as an invasion both of their literary property and character. This line, with many others, Shakspeare adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uses,—'to *bombast* out a blank-verse,'—exactly corresponds with what has been now suggested. This new poet, says he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and swell out a blank-verse. *Bombast* was a soft stuff of a loose texture, by which garments were rendered more swelling and protuberant."*

Thus, then, the starving and forsaken man—rejected by those who had been beholding to him; wanting the very bread of which he had been robbed, in the appropriation of his property by one of those who had rejected him; a man, too, prone to revenge, full of irascibility and self-love—contents himself with calling his plunderer "an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers"—"A Johannes factotum"—"The only Shake-scene in the country." "He could not conceal his mortification!" It would have been miraculous if he could. And how does he exhibit it? He parodies a line from one of the productions of which he had been so plundered, to carry the point home—to leave no doubt as to the sting of his allusion. But, as has been most justly observed, the epigram would have wanted its sting if the line parodied had not been that of the very writer attacked.† Be this as it may, the dying man, for some cause or other, chose to veil his deep wrongs in a sarcastic allusion. He left the manuscript containing this allusion to be published by a friend; and it was so published. It was "a perilous shot out of an elder gun." But the matter did not stop here. The editor of the post-humous work actually apologised to the "upstart crow:"—"I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself hath seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."‡ This apology was not written by Chettle at some distant period; it came out in the same year with the pamphlet which contained the insult. The terms which he uses —"uprightness of dealing," and "facetious grace in writing"—seem as if meant distinctly to refute the vague accusation of "beautified with our feathers." It is perfectly clear that Chettle could not have used these terms if Shakspere had been the wholesale plunderer either of Greene or of any other writer that it is assumed he was by those who deprive him of the authorship of the Two Parts of the "Contention." If he had been this plunderer, and if Chettle had basely apologised for a truth uttered by his dying friend, would the matter have rested there? Were there no Peeles, and Marlowes, and Nashes in the world, to proclaim the dishonour of the thief and the apologist?§

The only intelligible theory that can be possibly propounded of the motive for Shakspere's piracy of the Two Parts of the "Contention" must assume that the plays in their original state had become the property of the shareholders of the Blackfriars Theatre—the rude grooms, apes, buckram gentlemen, peasants, painted monsters, of Greene; and that Shakspere thrust himself into the capacity of the improver of these plays—the managerial editor. We know that authors were paid, in somewhat later times, to make improvements in old plays. Ben Jonson is held to have written much of the Second Part of Kyd's "Jeronymo;" and in Henslowe's papers we find him paid, in 1602, a sum on account of these "additions." The same papers exhibit payments to Dekker and Rowley for "new additions" to "Oldcastle," and "Phaeton," and "Tasso."‖ We have ourselves believed that Shakspere's Timon was an alteration of an old play, made by him late in life. But the assumption of Shakspere's plagiary from the "Contention," which is sought to be proved by Greene's "his tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," must go on to establish a case of delinquency against Shakspere unequalled in the history of literature. Greene was accused of having sold the same play to two theatres :—"Master R. G., would it not make you blush if you sold 'Orlando Furioso' to the queen's players for twenty nobles, and when they were in the country sold the same play to Lord Admiral's men for as much more? Was not this plain coney-catching, M. G.?"¶ But this was a venial offence compared with Shakspere's. Malone, who accuses Shakspere of having built his reputation upon the appropriation of the two plays of the "Contention," *furtivis coloribus*, tells us that a *decisive proof* that they were not Shakspere's is furnished by the circumstance that they are said, in their title-pages, to have been "sundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Putting the two arguments together, then, we find that Shakspere not only appropriated the reputation of another, but *stole* the plays bodily from the Earl of Pembroke's players, and transferred them to the company to which he belonged. How is this answered? Simply by showing that the statement in the title-page is not in the slightest degree inconsistent with the belief that, as very early productions, they might have been Shakspere's,

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Malone gives here a special application to the term *bombast*, as if it were meant to express the amplification of the old plays charged against Shakspere. The term had been used by Nashe five years before :—"Idiot art-masters, that intrude themselves to our ears as the alchymists of eloquence, who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbrave better pens with *the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse*."—*Epistle prefixed to Greene's Menaphon*, 1587.

† *Edin. Review*, July, 1840.

‡ Preface to Kind-Heart's Dream.

§ There was an indistinct echo of Greene's complaint by some "R. B." in 1594 :—

> "Greene gave the ground to all who wrote upon him.
> Nay, more; the men that so eclips'd his fame
> Purloin'd his plumes,—can they deny the same?"

‖ Malone, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 372.

¶ Defence of Coney-Catching (1592), quoted by Mr. Dyce in his Life of Greene, p. xli.

We believe that there never yet appeared any great author in the world who was not reputed, in the onset of his career, to be a plagiarist; or any great literary performance produced by one whose reputation had to be made that was not held to be written by some one else than the man who did write it: there was some one behind the curtain—some mysterious assistant—whose possible existence was a consolation to the envious and the malignant. Examples in our own day are common enough. "R. B." was probably one of these small critics. If he is held for any authority, we may set against him the indignant denial of Nashe that he had anything to do with Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit," which he denounces as a "*scald, trivial, lying pamphlet.*" Nashe, be it remembered, was the friend and companion of the unfortunate Greene.

and might have been acted originally at his own theatre by "the Lord Chamberlain's men," as well as by "the Earl of Pembroke his servants." Mr. Collier, without reference to this particular question, has settled the point with his accustomed industry and knowledge of the early stage:—

"It is probable that prior to the year 1592 or 1593 the copyright of plays was little understood and less recognised: and that various companies were performing the same dramas at the same time, although perhaps they had been bought by one company for its sole use. The only security against invasions of the kind seems to have been the non-publication of plays, which will account for the few that have reached us, compared with the vast number known to have been written: it will account also for the imperfect state of many of them, especially of those of the earliest dates. A popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured by a third, and after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press. I take it for granted, therefore, that such favourite authors as Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe, Thomas Lodge, George Peele, Thomas Kyd, and some few others, furnished dramatic entertainments not for one company only, but for most of the associations of actors in the metropolis prior to 1593; and when we find early in Henslowe's Diary an entry of 'Tamburlaine' played by Lord Strange's actors, we may conclude that it was exhibited also by the Queen's, Lord Nottingham's, Lord Oxford's, or any other company that could contrive to get up something like the original performance. The extremely popular play by Christopher Marlowe just named is an instance exactly in point. On the title-page of the printed copy in 1590 we are told that it was played by the servants of the Lord Admiral, yet Henslowe five times mentions its performance by the servants of Lord Strange prior to April, 1592.

"At a subsequent date the case seems to have been different; and after December, 1597, when Henslowe began to insert the names of authors as well as the titles of plays, we find few notices of pieces which appear distinctly to have been employed by other companies than that acting under the name of the Lord Admiral."*

Here is an end, then, of the theory that the statement of the acting of the Two Parts of the "Contention" by Lord Pembroke's company is a decisive proof that it was not written by Shakspere. It is satisfactory to those who reverence his memory to find that he was not so wholesale a robber as one of his commentators would show him to have been. The title-page of the "Contention" proves only that the play was in existence before the value of dramatic copyright was very highly estimated, and when consequently the original property in such copyright was not very strictly guarded. It fell into the hands of players who were not Shakspere's "fellows;" and it was published by men who were not Shakspere's booksellers, and who certainly pirated some of his later works.†

§ VII.

It appears to us that Greene, in his attack on the reputation of our great poet, has rendered to his memory the most essential service. He has fixed the date of the "Second Part of the Contention." However plausible may be the conjectures as to the early production of two or three of Shakspere's comedies, the Romeo and Juliet, and even the first Hamlet, there is no *positive* landmark on them for our direction. But in the case of the First Part of Henry VI., and the Two Parts of the "Contention," we have the most unquestionable proof, in Greene's parody of a line from the Second Part (the third of the series), that they were popularly known in 1592. They either belonged, therefore, to the first half of the decade between 1585 and 1595, or they touched very closely upon it. Important considerations with reference to Shakspere's share in the original building up of that mighty structure, the drama of Elizabeth, depend upon the establishment of this point, in connection with the proof that these dramas were originally written by one poet—that the Three Parts of Henry VI. and the Richard III. emanated from the same mind.

But there is another claimant to the authorship of the Two Parts of the "Contention," of much higher pretensions than any one we have noticed. We pass over Kyd; for, although in facility and vigour he is a very remarkable writer, a slight "taste of his quality" would show that he is not the man to deal with a Jack Cade or a Richard. The monotony of Lodge's verse, more wearisome than that of Peele or Greene, would afford no parallel to that of the "Contention." No one has ever attempted to fix these dramas upon either Kyd or Lodge; and we may, therefore, be spared any minute examination of their characteristics. But there is one man who, in the force of his genius, and its later direction, was qualified to write at least portions of these plays. We mean Christopher Marlowe. It is to his "mighty line" that we must now address a careful consideration.

The earliest example of the application of blank verse to the drama is exhibited in "Ferrex and Porrex," (usually called "Gorboduc,") written by Sackville and Norton, and acted in the Inner Temple, and before the queen, in 1561. A surreptitious copy of this play was published in 1565; and a genuine edition appeared in 1571. Gascoyne's "Jocasta," played at Gray's Inn in 1566, was also in blank verse. Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra," printed in 1578, but not previously acted, was partially in blank verse. Hughes's "Misfortunes of Arthur," in blank verse, was acted before the queen in 1587 at Greenwich. The plays *publicly* acted subsequent to these performances, and up to 1587,—when Nashe, in a passage we have quoted, talks of the "swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse,"—are held by Mr. Collier either to have been written in prose or in rhyming verse. Mr. Collier therefore maintains that the establishment of blank verse upon the *public* stage was a great and original effort; and he gives the praise of effecting this revolution to Christopher Marlowe. "Tamburlaine," which he holds to be Marlowe's work, was, he affirms, the first example of a play in blank verse so acted. Mr. Collier says, "To adduce 'Tamburlaine' as our earliest popular dramatic composition in blank-verse is to present it in an entirely new light, most important in considering the question of its merits and its defects." Again: "Marlowe did not 'set the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse;'‡ but he thought that the substitution of blank-verse for rhyme would be a most valuable improvement in our drama." Now, we honestly confess, admitting that "Marlowe was our first poet who used blank-verse in compositions performed in public theatres," (and the question is not one which we are called upon here to examine,) we cannot appreciate the amount of the merit which Mr. Collier thus claims for Marlowe. "Ferrex and Porrex" had been acted, more than once, before numerous spectators; and it was in existence, in the printed form in which it was accessible to all men, sixteen years before Marlowe is supposed to have effected this improvement. It was not an obscure or a contemptible performance. Sidney describes it as "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style." At any rate, here was dramatic blank verse; monotonous indeed, not informed with any bold or creative spirit of poetry, coldly correct, and tediously didactic; but still blank verse, constructed upon a principle that was imitated by all the early dramatists, till some master arose who broke up its uniformity, and refined the "drumming decasyllabon"§ with variety of measure and of pause. Where was the remarkable merit of introducing the blank verse of Sackville to the *public* stage? If "Ferrex and Porrex" had not been printed,—if "Promos and Cassandra" had not been printed,—if, being known to a few, their memory had perished,—the man who first introduced blank verse into a popular play might have been held in some sense to have been an inventor. But the public stage had not received the dramatic blank verse with which every scholar must have been familiar, from one very obvious circumstance,—the rudeness of its exhibitions did not require the aid of the poet, or at least required only the aid which he could afford with extreme facility. The stage had its extemporal actors, its ready constructors of dull and pointless prose, and its manufacturers of doggerel which exhibited nothing of poetry but its fetters. Greene himself, who is not to be confounded with the tribe of low writers for the theatre in its earliest transition-state, says, in 1588, that he still maintains his "*old* course to palter up something in prose." He is as indignant as his friend Nashe against "verses jet on the stage in tragical buskins, every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow-bell." This, Mr. Collier says, is pointed at Marlowe. Greene is no doubt sarcastic upon some one who had made mouthing verses, whilst he continued to write prose. Marlowe, very probably, had first made a species of verse popular which Greene

* History of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 86.
† See Henry V., vol. i. p. 607.
‡ Greene, in 1588.
§ Nashe, 1587.

had not practised, and which, he says, he was twitted with being unable to produce.

It was commendable in any man to adopt an essentially higher style than that with which the stage had been familiar; but it certainly required no great effort in a poet to transfer the style which had been popular in the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn to Blackfriars and the Curtain. The cases appear to us parallel with many cases of publication in another form. The style which was first made popular by Beppo, for example, was previously presented to the English taste in Whistlecraft; but because Whistlecraft was known to a few, whilst Beppo was read by thousands, shall we say that Byron first thought the introduction of the style of Berni would be a most valuable improvement in our poetry? With the highest respect for Mr. Collier's opinions, it appears to us that the reputation of Marlowe must rest, not upon his popular revival of dramatic blank verse, if he did so revive it, but upon the extent to which he improved the model which was ready to his hand. And here we cannot help thinking that the invective both of Nashe and Greene is not directed so much against the popular introduction of blank verse, as against a particular species of blank verse whose very defects had perhaps contributed to its popularity. Nashe bestows his satire upon "vain-glorious tragedians, who contend not so seriously to excel in action as to embowel the clouds in a speech of comparison;"—art-masters who "think to outbrave better pens with a swelling bombast," &c.;—"being not extemporal in the invention of any other means to vent their manhood." Greene, on the other hand, is one "whose extemporal vein in any humour will excel our greatest art-masters' deliberate thoughts." Greene himself, although he derides those "who set the end of scholarism in an English blank-verse," points especially at verse where he finds "every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow-bell;" and, he adds, "daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine." Mr. Collier has proved, very conclusively we think, that Marlowe was the author of "Tamburlaine;" and there can be no doubt that much of the invective of Nashe and Greene may justly apply to this performance. Its very defects Mr. Collier ascribes to the circumstances under which it was written:—"We may assert that, when writing 'Tamburlaine,' Marlowe contemplated a most important change and improvement in English dramatic poetry. Until it appeared, *plays upon the public stage* were written, sometimes in prose, but most commonly in rhyme; and the object of Marlowe was to substitute blank-verse. His genius was daring and original: he felt that prose was heavy and unattractive, and rhyme unnatural and wearisome; and he determined to make a bold effort, to the success of which we know not how much to attribute of the after-excellence of even Shakespeare himself.

Marlowe had a purpose to accomplish; he had undertaken to wean the multitude from the 'jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits,' which, according to Gosson, were so attractive; and in order to accomplish this object it was necessary to give something in exchange for what he took away. Hence the 'swelling bombast' of the style in which much of the two Parts of 'Tamburlaine the Great' is written." Be this as it may, we greatly doubt whether, if Shakspere had followed in the steps of "Tamburlaine," his "after-excellence" would have been so rapidly matured. It was when he rejected this model, if he ever followed it, that he moved onward with freedom to his own surpassing glory.

The First Part of "Tamburlaine" was printed in 1590. We have not received it entire in the form in which it was acted. The publisher says, in a prefatory address, "I have purposely omitted some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter; which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than any way else to be regarded, though haply they have been of some vain conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were showed upon the stage in their graced deformities." It is impossible to open "Tamburlaine" at any page without feeling that we have lighted upon a work of power. We encounter perpetual instances of the most extravagant taste; the inflated style invades, without intermission, the debatable ground between the sublime and the ridiculous; the characters are destitute of interest, with the exception of the gorgeous savage who perpetually fills the scene; we look in vain for the slightest approach to simplicity. But still we are not wearied with the feeble platitudes that belong to the herd of imitators. Shakspere has one or two good-natured hits at the bombast of "Tamburlaine;" and Pistol's allusion to the "pamper'd jades of Asia" is doubly pointed, when we know that the jades are two kings, who are thus described in the stage direction:—

"Enter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them." It is unnecessary for us to enter upon any separate examination of this extraordinary performance with reference to Marlowe's *versification;* for whatever differences it may exhibit to the blank verse of "Ferrex and Porrex," they are not defined enough to constitute a style; his verse as yet was confessedly unformed. With regard to the other points of Marlowe's poetical character that bear upon the authorship of the "Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster," they may be better examined after a rapid notice of all his works that have come down to us.

The plays that can be unhesitatingly assigned to Marlowe are,—the Two Parts of "Tamburlaine," the "Massacre of Paris," "Faustus," the "Jew of Malta," and "Edward II." There can be no doubt, whatever be the defects of these performances, that they are the work of a very remarkable man—one that stood apart from the mass of his contemporaries to impress the peculiarities of his genius upon everything he touched. The wild magnificence, the unbridled passion, the fierceness of love or hatred, the revelling in blood and cruelty without fear or remorse, the pride in being accounted a scourge of God—these attributes of the character of Tamburlaine were precisely suited to the power which Marlowe possessed for their development. In the furnace of his imagination not only the images and figurative allusions, but the whole material of his poetry,—the action, the characterization, and the style,—became all of the same white heat. Everything in "Tamburlaine" burns. The characters walk about like the damned in "Vathek," with hearts of real fire in their bosoms. They speak in language such as no human beings actually employ,—not because they are Orientals, but because they are not men and women. They look to us as things apart from this earth,—not because they are clothed in "barbaric pearl and gold," but because their feelings are not our feelings, and their thoughts not our thoughts. The queen of the hero is dying in his presence: though he tied kings to his chariot-wheels, and scourged them with whips, he is represented as accessible to the softer emotions; and the lover thus pours forth his lament:—

"Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
That dares torment the body of my love,
And scourge the scourge of the immortal God:
Now are those spheres, where Cupid us'd to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul.
Her sacred beauty hath enchanted heaven;
And had she liv'd before the siege of Troy,
Helen, (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
Had not been nam'd in Homer's Iliades;
Her name had been in ev'ry line he wrote.
Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
Old Rome was proud, but gaz'd awhile on her,
Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been nam'd;
Zenocrate had been the argument
Of ev'ry epigram or elegy. [*The music sounds.*—ZENOCRATE *dies.*
What! is she dead? Techelles, draw thy sword
And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
And we descend into th' infernal vaults,
To hale the fatal sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell,
For taking hence my fair Zenocrate.
Casane and Theridamas, to arms!
Raise cavalieros higher than the clouds,
And with the cannon break the frame of heav'n;
Batter the shining palace of the sun,
And shiver all the starry firmament,
For am'rous Jove hath snatch'd my love from hence,
Meaning to make her stately queen of heaven.
What God soever holds thee in his arms,
Giving thee nectar and ambrosia,
Behold me here, Divine Zenocrate,
Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
Breaking my steeled lance, with which I burst
The rusty beams of Janus' temple-doors,
Letting out death and tyrannizing war,
To march with me under this bloody flag!
And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great
Come down from heav'n, and live with me again."

The "Massacre of Paris," which Mr. Collier thinks "was produced soon after 1588," is essentially without dramatic interest. It was a subject in which Marlowe would naturally revel; for in the progress of the action blood could be made to flow as freely as water. Charles

Lamb wittily says, "*Blood* is made as light of in some of these old dramas as *money* in a modern sentimental comedy; and as *this* is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so *that* is spilt till it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre." Unquestionably this was a characteristic of the transition state of the drama; and "Titus Andronicus" is a memorable example of it. But Marlowe especially revels in these exhibitions; and in the "Jew of Malta" the passion is carried to the verge of the ludicrous. The effect intended to be produced is, of course, utterly defeated by these wholesale displays of brutality. As we pity the "one solitary captive," so we weep over the one victim of another's passions; but the revenge of Barabas, the poisoning not only of his own daughter, but of the entire nunnery in which she had taken refuge, the massacres, the treacheries, the burning caldron that he had intended for a whole garrison, and into which he is himself plunged,—tragedy such as this is simply revolting. The characters of Barabas and of his servant, and the motives by which they are stimulated, are the mere coinage of extravagance; and the effect is as essentially undramatic as the personification is unreal. We subjoin a specimen of the conversation of this remarkable pair:—

> "*Bar.* As for myself, I walk abroad a nights,
> And kill sick people groaning under walls:
> Sometimes I go about and poison wells;
> And now and then, to cherish Christian thieves,
> I am content to lose some of my crowns;
> That I may, walking in my gallery,
> See 'em go pinion'd along by my door.
> Being young, I studied physic, and began
> To practise first upon the Italian;
> There I enrich'd the priests with burials,
> And always kept the sexton's arms in use
> With digging graves and ringing dead men's knells:
> And after that was I an engineer,
> And in the wars 'twixt France and Germany,
> Under pretence of helping Charles the Fifth,
> Slew friend and enemy with my stratagems.
> Then after that was I an usurer,
> And with extorting, cozening, forfeiting,
> And tricks belonging unto brokery,
> I fill'd the jails with bankrupts in a year,
> And with young orphans planted hospitals,
> And every moon made some or other mad,
> And now and then one hung himself for grief,
> Pinning upon his breast a long great scroll
> How I with interest tormented him.
> But mark how I am bless'd for plaguing them;
> I have as much coin as will buy the town.
> But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?
> *Itha.* 'Faith, master, in setting Christian villages on fire,
> Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
> One time I was an ostler in an inn,
> And in the night-time secretly would I steal
> To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats:
> Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneel'd,
> I strewed powder on the marble stones,
> And therewithal their knees would rankle so
> That I have laugh'd agood to see the cripples
> Go limping home to Christendom on stilts."

"Faustus" is of a higher cast than the "Jew of Malta," although it was probably written before it. Mr. Collier conceives that "Faustus" was intended to follow up "Tamburlaine;" while he assigns the "Jew" to 1589 or 1590. Its great merit lies in the conception of the principal character. It is undramatic in the general progress of the action; full of dark subtleties, that rather reveal the condition of Marlowe's own mind than lead to the popular appreciation of the character which he painted; and the comedy with which it is blended is perfectly out of keeping, neither harmonizing with the principal action, nor relieving it by contrast. But still there is wonderful power. It is, however, essentially the power of Marlowe, to whom it was not given, as to the "myriad-minded man," to go out of himself to realise the truth of every form of human thought and passion, and even to make the supernatural a reality. It was for Marlowe to put his own habits of mind into his dramatic creations; to grapple with terrors that would be revolting to a well-disciplined understanding; "to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go; to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in; to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge." It is in this spirit, Lamb holds, that he dealt with the characters of Barabas and Faustus. May we not add that when he worked upon a new model,—when he produced his "Edward II.," in all probability his latest play,—he could not even then avoid exposing "a mind which at least delighted to dabble with interdicted subjects?" The character of Gaveston is certainly not drawn as Shakspere would have drawn it: if there had been a necessity for so treating the subject, *he* would have abandoned it altogether.

Within a year or two of his death the genius of Marlowe was thus revelling in the exercise of its own peculiar qualities, displaying alike its strength and its weakness, its refinement and its grossness. In his latest period he produced the "Edward II." Mr. Collier mentions this as "if not the last, certainly one of the most perfect, of Marlowe's productions. Here the author's versification is exhibited in its greatest excellence." It was entered at Stationers' Hall in July, 1593, the unhappy poet having been killed in the previous month. We presume, therefore, that those who hold that Marlowe wrote the Two Parts of the "Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster"—the two *old* plays upon which Shakspere founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.—also hold that they were written before Marlowe's "Edward II." Chalmers was the first to broach the theory of Marlowe's authorship of these plays. Malone, as we have seen, propounded with minute circumstantiality, in his "Dissertation," how Greene "could not conceal his mortification" that he and Peele had been robbed of their property by a "new upstart writer." But Malone, in his "Chronological Order," arraigns the thief under an entirely new indictment. Some circumstances, he says, which have lately struck him, confirm an opinion that Marlowe was the author. And he then goes on to produce "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ." "A passage in his (Marlowe's) historical drama of 'King Edward II.,' which Dr. Farmer has pointed out to me since the 'Dissertation' was printed, also inclines me to believe, with him, that Marlowe was the author of one, if not both, of the old dramas on which Shakspere formed the two plays which in the first folio edition of his works are distinguished by the titles of 'The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.'" The passage which produced this recantation of Malone's former opinion is that of the two celebrated lines in the "Second Part of the Contention:"—

> "What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
> Sink into the ground? I thought it would have mounted."

Mark the proof. "Marlowe, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, has the very same phraseology in 'King Edward II.:'—

> 'Scorning that the lowly *earth*
> *Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.*'

And in the same play I have lately noticed another line in which we find the very epithet here applied to the pious Lancastrian king:—

> 'Frown'st thou thereat, *aspiring Lancaster?*'"

We should be content to leave such childish nonsense to its own fate, had the opinion of Marlowe's authorship not been adopted by men of a very different calibre.

The theory that Marlowe wrote one or both Parts of the "Contention" must begin by assuming that his mind was so thoroughly disciplined at the period when he produced "Tamburlaine," and "Faustus," and the "Jew of Malta," that he was able to lay aside every element, whether of thought or expression, by which those plays are characterized; adopt essentially different principles for the dramatic conduct of a story; copy his characters from living and breathing models of actual men; come down from his pomp and extravagance of language, not to reject poetry, but to ally poetry with familiar and natural thoughts; and delineate crime, not with the glaring and fantastic pencil that makes demons spout forth fire and blood in the midst of thick darkness, but with a severe portraiture of men who walk in broad daylight upon the common earth, rendering the ordinary passions of their fellows—pride, and envy, and ambition, and revenge—most fearful, from their alliance with stupendous intellect and unconquerable energy. This was what Marlowe must have done before he could have conducted a single sustained scene of either Part of the "Contention;" before he could have depicted the fierce hatreds of Beaufort and Gloster, the never-subdued ambition of Margaret and York, the patient suffering amidst taunting friends and reviling enemies of Henry, and, above all, the courage, the activity, the tenacity, the self-possession, the intellectual supremacy, and the passionless ferocity of Richard. In the "Tamburlaine," and "Jew," and "Faustus," events move on with no

* Lamb's Specimens, vol. i. p. 44.

natural progression. In every scene there must be something to excite. We have no repose; for, if striking situations are not presented, we have the same exaggerations of thought, and the same extravagance of language. What is intended to be familiar at once plunges into the opposite extravagance of ribaldry; and even the messengers and servants are made out of something different from life. We have looked through Marlowe's plays (we except "Edward II." for reasons which will presently appear) for a plain piece of narrative, such as might contrast with the easy method with which Shakspere in general tells a story, and of which the "Contention" furnishes abundant examples; but we have looked in vain. We select a passage, however, from the Second Part of "Tamburlaine," in which Callapine and his allies take a survey of their military position and resources; and we compare it with the scene in the "Second Part of the Contention" in which Warwick meets Edward and Richard after the battle of Wakefield. There can be no doubt that these passages were written within two or three years of each other.

FROM THE SECOND PART OF TAMBURLAINE.

"*Enter* CALLAPINE, ORCANES, ALMEDA, *and the* Kings of Jerusalem, Trebizond, *and* Syria, *with their* Trains.—*To them enter a* Messenger.

Mess. Renowned emperor, mighty Callapine,
God's great lieutenant over half the world!
Here at Aleppo, with a host of men,
Lies Tamburlaine, this King of Persia,
(In numbers more than are the quiv'ring leaves
Of Ida's forest, where your highness' hounds,
With open cry, pursue the wounded stag,)
Who means to girt Natolia's walls with siege
Fire the town, and overrun the land.
Call. My royal army is as great as his,
That, from the bounds of Phrygia to the sea
Which washeth Cyprus with his brinish waves,
Covers the hills, the valleys, and the plains.
Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men!
Whet all your swords, to mangle Tamburlaine,
His sons, his captains, and his followers;
By Mahomet! not one of them shall live;
The field wherein this battle shall be fought
For ever term the Persians' sepulchre,
In memory of this our victory!
Orc. Now, he that calls himself the scourge of Jove,
The emp'ror of the world, and earthly god,
Shall end the warlike progress he intends,
And travel headlong to the lake of hell,
Where legions of devils, (knowing he must die
Here, in Natolia, by your highness' hands,)
All brandishing their brands of quenchless fire,
Stretching their monstrous paws, grin with their teeth,
And guard the gates to entertain his soul.
Call. Tell us, viceroys, the number of your men,
And what our army royal is esteem'd.
Jer. From Palestina and Jerusalem,
Of Hebrews threescore thousand fighting men
Are come since last we showed to your majesty.
Orc. So from Arabia desert, and the bounds
Of that sweet land, whose brave metropolis
Re-edified the fair Semiramis,
Came forty thousand warlike foot and horse,
Since last we number'd to your majesty.
Treb. From Trebizond, in Asia the Less,
Naturaliz'd Turks and stout Bithynians
Came to my band, full fifty thousand more
(That fighting know not what retreat doth mean,
Nor e'er return but with the victory,)
Since last we number'd to your majesty.
Syr. Of Syrians from Halla is repair'd,
And neighbour cities of your highness' land,
Ten thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot,
Since last we number'd to your majesty;
So that the royal army is esteem'd
Six hundred thousand valiant fighting men.
Call. Then welcome, Tamburlaine, unto thy death.
Come, puissant viceroys, let us to the field,
(The Persian's Sepulchre,) and sacrifice
Mountains of breathless men to Mahomet,
Who now, with Jove, opens the firmament
To see the slaughter of our enemies."

FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

"*Enter the* EARL OF WARWICK, MONTAGUE, *with drum*, Ancient, *and* Soldiers.

War. How now, fair lords: what fare? What news abroad?
Rich. Ah, Warwick, should we report
The baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
Ah, valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.
Edw. Ah, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dear, ay, even as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd those news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you news since then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his departure.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd to Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised
That she was coming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's heirs, and your succession.
Short tale to make—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king
(He look'd full gently on his warlike queen)
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of his success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captains—blood and death,
I cannot tell: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came:
Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail—
Fell gently down, as if they smote their friends.
I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day:
So that we fled; the king unto the queen,
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were
Making another head to fight again.
Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick.
How far hence is the duke with his power?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some five miles off the duke is with his power.
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers 'gainst this needful war."

Our readers have now the Two Parts of the "Contention" before them; and we would ask if a single passage can be therein found conceived in Marlowe's "Ercles' vein?" On the other hand, innumerable other passages may be found in Marlowe's "Edward II." in which his peculiar characteristics continue to prevail, associated indeed with many evidences of a really higher style of dramatic poetry. This is decisive, we think, against Marlowe being the author of the "Contention." But it proves something more: it is evidence that he had become acquainted with another model, and that model we hold to be the "Contention" itself. Here it stands, with a fixed date; in itself a model, we believe, if no other works of Shakspere can be proved to have existed in, or close upon, the first half of the decade commencing in 1585. To show the contrary it would be necessary to maintain that Marlowe's "Edward II." preceded the "Contention;" but upon this point no one has ever raised a doubt. All the English authorities have left the "Contention" amidst the dust and rubbish of that drama, which Marlowe *first*, and Shakspere afterwards, according to their theory, came to inform with life and poetry. They have always proclaimed these dramas as *old* plays—rude plays—things which Shakspere remodelled. We hold that they were the things upon which Marlowe built his later style, whether as regards the dramatic conduct of an action, the development of character, or the structure of the verse; and we hold that they were Shakspere's.

But it is necessary that we should show that in Marlowe's "Edward II." the author, possessing that power of adaptation, to a certain extent, which always belongs to genius, was still pursued by his original faults of exaggeration of thought and inflation of language. We think this may be effected by selecting a few passages scattered up and down the drama:—

"*Queen.* O miserable and distressed queen!
Would, when I left sweet France, and was embark'd,

That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had chang'd my shape; or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison;
Or with those arms, that twin'd about my neck,
I had been stifled, and not liv'd to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries."

* * * *

"*Edw.* My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah! had some bloodless fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forc'd to leave my Gaveston!"

*

"*Edw.* By earth, the common mother of us all!
By heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof!
By this right hand! and by my father's sword!
And all the honours 'longing to my crown!
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colours may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursed traitorous progeny,
You villains that have slain my Gaveston.
And in this place of honour and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here;
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloster, and lord chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies."

* *

"*Edw.* A litter hast thou? lay me in a hearse,
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore.
For friends hath Edward none, but these; and these
Must die under a tyrant's sword."

*

"*Spencer, junior.* O, is he gone? is noble Edward gone?
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rend, sphere of heav'n! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air! Gone is my sovereign!
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return."

The slight specimens which we have thus taken, almost at random, from the "Edward II." will suggest to our readers a general idea of the structure of Marlowe's verse in that play, which is held to be, "if not the last, the most perfect, of his dramatic productions;" and of which Mr. Collier further says, "Here the author's versification is exhibited in its greater excellence, and successful experiments are made in nearly all those improvements for which Shakespeare has generally had exclusive credit." Mr. Collier, in his "History of Dramatic Poetry," from which this passage is extracted, has given a criticism upon each of Marlowe's productions, "with a view to trace the gradual improvement of his style and versification, and to show that he often introduced into his mighty line (as Ben Jonson calls it) not less vigour and majesty than Shakespeare, with such varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation, as left our greatest dramatist little more to do than to follow his example." He adds, "This position supposes, as I have already endeavoured to establish, that Shakespeare had not written any of his original plays prior to 1593 (when Marlowe was killed), although, anterior to that year, he might have employed himself in altering and improving for representation some of the works of older dramatists." We have invariably been opposed to this position; and not only opposed to Mr. Collier's theory that Shakspere did not commence as an original author till 1593 (so utterly at variance with the same gentleman's invaluable discovery that Shakspere held a distinguished *status* in his profession in 1589), but also to the more common belief that the date of his first original efforts must be assigned to 1591. We have not disguised that we ourselves have a theory connected with our own opinion. In the first edition of our "Pictorial Shakspere" we gave our reasons very fully for clinging "to the belief that Shakspere, by commencing his career as a dramatic writer some four or five years earlier than is generally maintained, may claim, in common with his less illustrious early contemporaries, the praise of being one of the founders of our dramatic literature, instead of being the mere follower and improver of Marlowe, and Greene, and Peele, and Kyd." The Two Parts of the "Contention" were produced as early, if not earlier than 1591, by universal admission. Mr. Collier thinks (a little, we apprehend, with the partiality of an advocate) that even Shakspere's Richard II. "presents no variety of rhythm that may not be found" in Marlowe's "Edward II." If we can show that in the "Edward II." there is no variety of rhythm that may not be found in the Two Parts of the "Contention,"—if we have shown that Marlowe could not have been the author of those two dramas,—and if we establish that Shakspere must have been their author,—there is an end of Mr. Collier's theory, with regard to the versification of Shakspere, that "the varieties of pause, inflection, and modulation" in Marlowe "left our greatest dramatist little more to do than to follow his example."

Mr. Collier admits that the monotony of the elder blank verse—the monosyllabic endings of the lines, the construction of blank verse couplets as it were—is a defect to "be found in Marlowe's first experiment;" and "when he produced his 'Faustus' he had not yet learnt to avoid it." In the "Jew of Malta" he finds an improvement in the versification; but in the "Edward II." it "is exhibited in its greatest excellence." He then proceeds to analyze this excellence, which consists in the judicious employment of Alexandrines, the use of a redundant syllable, whether at the close of a line or before the close, and the varied pause. Mr. Collier gives examples of passages that combine these merits. We propose to offer some similar examples from the Two Parts of the "Contention;" and, believing these dramas to have preceded "Edward II.," we shall place the selections from Shakspere first, and those from Marlowe second:—

FROM THE CONTENTION.

1. "As by your high imperial majesty's command."
"Unto your gracious excellence, that are the substance."
"Pardon, my lord, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart.
"And bashful Henry be depos'd, whose cowardice."
"Broke in, and were by th' hands of common soldiers slain."

2. "Methought I was in the cathedral church
At Westminster, and seated in the chair
Where kings and queens are crown'd, and at my feet
Henry and Margaret with a crown of gold
Stood ready to set it on my princely head."
"And you, my gracious lady and *sovereign* mistress,
Causeless have laid complaints upon my head.
I shall not want false witnesses enough,
That so amongst you you may have my life."

3. "*War.* Trust me, my lords, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.
But see, where Somerset and Clarence come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Fear not that, my lord.
War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love:
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the town about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy.
Then cry king Henry with resolved minds,
And break we presently into his tent.
Cla. Why then let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God, and St. George!
War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand:
Courage, my soldiers, now or never;
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.
All. A Warwick, a Warwick."

4. "*War.* Ah, who is nigh? Come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And by my fall the conquest to my foes.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree.
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length."

FROM MARLOWE'S EDWARD II.

1. "But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman."
"Thou com'st from Mortimer and his accomplices."
"To make me miserable! here receive my crown."
"Further, ere this letter was seal'd Lord Berkley came."
"Oh, level all your looks upon these daring men."

"Away! poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me;
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynmouth here;
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?"
"Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston. Hie thee! get thee gone!
Edward, with fire and sword, follows at thy heels."
"These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's."

3. "*Gaveston.* Oh, treacherous Warwick, thus to wrong thy friend!
James. I see it is your life these arms pursue.
Gav. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
Oh, must this day be period of my life,
Centre of all my bliss? And ye be men,
Speed to the king.
Warwick. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no more—I will have that Gaveston.
James. Your lordship doth dishonour to yourself,
And wrong our lord, your honourable friend.
War. No, James; it is my country's cause I follow.
Go, take the villain. Soldiers, come away.
We'll make quick work. Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watch'd it well.
Come, let thy shadow parley with king Edward.
Gav. Treacherous earl, shall not I see the king?
War. The King of heaven, perhaps; no other king."

4. "*Leicester.* Be patient, good my lord: cease to lament.
Imagine Killingworth-castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.
Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows,
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And], highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air."

It would be tedious were we to carry this comparison much beyond the limits of Mr. Collier's extracts from the "Edward II.; but we cannot resist the temptation of putting the celebrated scene of the murder of Henry VI. side by side with the no less celebrated scene of the murder of Edward II.:—

FROM THE CONTENTION.

"*Glo.* Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?
King. Ay, my good lord. Lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better;
Good Gloster, and good devil, were all alike.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?
Glo. Suspicion always haunts a guilty mind.
King. The bird once lim'd doth fear the fatal bush;
And I, the hapless male to one poor bird,
Have now the fatal object in mine eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.
Glo. Why, what a fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a bird!
And yet, for all that, the poor fowl was drown'd.
King. I, Dædalus, my poor son, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
Thy brother Edward the sun that sear'd his wings;
And thou the enviest gulf that swallow'd him.
Oh, better can my breast abide thy dagger's point,
Than can mine ears that tragic history.
Glo. Why, dost thou think I am an executioner?
King. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.
King. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy of thee:
That many a widow for her husband's death,
And many an infant's water-standing eye,
Widows for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that ever thou wert born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung;
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an undigest created lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world:
And if the rest be true that I have heard,
Thou cam'st into the world——
Glo. Die, prophet, in thy speech, I'll hear no more: [*Stabs him.*
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.
King. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*
Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink into the ground? I had thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.
Now may such purple tears always be shed
For such as seek the downfall of our house.
If any spark of life remain in thee, [*Stabs him again.*
Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither:
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'twas true that Henry told me of,
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
And had I not reason, think you, to make haste,
And seek their ruins that usurp'd our rights?
The women weeping, and the midwife crying,
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth:'
And so I was, indeed; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since heaven hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father;
I have no brothers, I am like no brothers;
And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone."

FROM EDWARD II.

"*Edward.* Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Lightborn. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state?
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list awhile to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
The dungeon where they keep me is the sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O, would my blood dropp'd out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tatter'd robes!
Tell Isabel, the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the duke of Cleremont.
Light. O, speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.
Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then, when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!

Know, that I am a king: Oh! at that name
I feel a hell of grief; where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I remain?
Light. You're overwatch'd, my lord; lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids clos'd.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no; for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay awhile.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou here?
Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.
Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul."

These are two specimens of power, unequalled by any poet except the author of one of the passages. The power of both passages is in their reality. But where did Marlowe attain that power, so essentially different from his wonted characteristics? We forbear to press this point. We only ask an impartial examination of the rhythm of the passage from the "*old* play" to determine in what school Marlowe learnt his later and most perfect versification.

Before we conclude these observations on the versification of the *old* plays which it is held Shakspere did not write, we may properly notice a very remarkable peculiarity in the first of the series, which we think bears the evidence of being composed as early as any portion of the play. The First Part of Henry VI. contains about a hundred and fifty consecutive lines which are essentially different in their poetical construction from the other portions of the play, or the series of plays; and, taken as a mass, entirely of another character from any connected passage of his dramas generally. We refer to the couplets of the fifth, sixth, and seventh scenes of the fourth act. Dr. Johnson says of the sixth scene, "For what reason this scene is written in rhyme, I cannot guess. If Shakspeare had not in other plays mingled his rhymes and blank-verse in the same manner, I should have suspected that this dialogue had been a part of some other poem which was never finished, and that, being loth to throw his labour away, he inserted it here." Without accepting Johnson's theory, we may believe that Shakspere adopted rhyme—the "heroic verse" of Dryden—in this isolated and extensive manner, to render the conluding scenes of Talbot more emphatic. *He* was the hero of the play; *he* carried with him the highest sympathy of the audience. The principle upon which Dryden defended "heroic verse" in tragedy must have been the governing principle of its use in the passage in question:—"If you once admit of a latitude, that thoughts may be exalted, and that images and actions may be raised above the life, and described in measure without rhyme, that leads you insensibly from your own principles to mine: you are already so far onward of your way that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary converse."* That Shakspere thoroughly understood the far higher dramatic powers of the other instrument, "measure without rhyme," requires no proof. But in the introduction of the scene before us—the longest sustained scene in heroic verse which his plays exhibit, or, as far as we know, which any contemporary drama exhibits—it is manifest to us that he made an experiment, such as a very young poet would alone venture to make. But in this experiment we believe that he carried the powers of the inferior instrument farther, *for dramatic purposes*, than any poet who preceded or came after him. The extraordinary freedom of the versification, which, however, does not possess the slightest ruggedness, has not been approached even by Dryden himself; and of all Shakspere's contemporaries in the use of the couplet there is not one who has attempted that variety of pause which we perpetually encounter in these hundred and fifty lines. We cannot, of course, attempt to prove this by any detailed comparison; but to illustrate our meaning we will occupy a little space with three passages from Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," Shakspere's First Part of Henry VI., and Dryden's "Aurengzebe:"—

PEELE.

"*Apol.* Thrice reverend gods, and thou, immortal Jove,
If Phœbus may, as him doth much behove,
Be licensed, according to our laws,
To speak uprightly in this doubted cause,
(Sith women's wits work men's unceasing woes,)
To make them friends, that now bin friendless foes,
And peace to keep with them, with us, and all
That make their title to this golden ball;
(Nor think, ye gods, my speech doth derogate
From sacred power of this immortal senate;)
Refer this sentence where it doth belong:
In this, say I, fair Phœbe hath the wrong:
Not that I mean her beauty bears the prize,
But that the holy law of heaven denies
One god to meddle in another's power;
And this befel so near Diana's bower,
As for th' appeasing this unpleasant grudge,
In my conceit she hight the fittest judge."

SHAKSPERE.

"*Tal.* When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: 'Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
Here, purposing the bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art thou not weary, John? How didst thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?"

DRYDEN.

"*Arim.* Heav'n seems the empire of the east to lay
On the success of this important day:
Their arms are to the last decision bent,
And fortune labours with the vast event:
She now has in her hand the greatest stake
Which for contending monarchs she can make.
Whate'er can urge ambitious youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their sight;
Laws, empire, all permitted to the sword,
And fate could ne'er an ampler scene afford.
Asaph. Four several armies to the field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes, four princes head;
Indus and Ganges, our wide empire's bounds,
Swell their dy'd currents with their natives' wounds:
Each purple river winding, as he runs,
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd sons.
Fayel. I well remember you foretold the storm,
When first the brothers did their factions form:
When each, by curs'd cabals of women, strove
To draw th' indulgent king to partial love."

We ask, then, where we shall find an example amongst the dramatic poets who are held to have preceded Shakspere of couplets written for the stage with the freedom and variety of these scenes? Such qualities, we are ready to acknowledge, are to be found in Marlowe's unfinished "Hero and Leander;" but the few couplets that we meet in Marlowe's plays, if they admit at all of a comparison with the sustained scenes before us, will show that this poet had, with reference to the drama, a different theory of heroic verse from the theory of the author of the First Part of Henry VI. He had a different theory, as we have held, of *dramatic* verse altogether till he reached the period of his latest productions. And why so? Because he had a different theory of the qualities in which the strength of dramatic poetry consisted; and he kept to his own theory until an opposite model was presented to him.

§ VIII.

When William Shakspere was about five years of age a grant of arms was made by the College of Heralds to his father. The father was unquestionably engaged in trade of some sort in Stratford-upon-Avon; he was an agriculturist in all likelihood; but he lived in an age when the pride of ancestry was not lightly regarded, and when a distinction such as this was of real and permanent importance. The grant was confirmed in 1599; and the reason for the confirmation of arms is stated with minute particularity in the "exemplification then granted by Sir William Dethick and the great Camden:—

* Essay prefixed to the "Conquest of Grenada."

"Know ye that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have been known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalry; the grant and testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the queen's most excellent majesty and her highness' most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore, being solicited, and by credible report informed that John Shakspeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., whose parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince King Henry VII. of famous memory was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in these parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit," &c. &c. It is not difficult to imagine the youthful Shakspere sitting at his mother's feet, to listen to the tale of his "antecessor's" prowess; or to picture the boy led by his father over the field of Bosworth,—to be shown the great morass which lay between both armies,—and Radmoor Plain, where the battle began,—and Dickon's Nook, where the tyrant harangued his army,—and the village of Dadlington, where the graves of the slain still indented the ground. Here was the scene of his antecessor's "faithful and approved service." In the humble house of Shakspere's boyhood there was, in all probability, to be found a thick squat folio volume, then some thirty years printed, in which might be read "what misery, what murder, and what execrable plagues this famous region hath suffered by the division and dissention of the renowned houses of Lancaster and York." This, to the generation of Shakspere's boyhood, was not a tale buried in the dust of ages; it was one whose traditions were familiar to the humblest of the land, whilst the memory of its bitter hatreds still ruffled the spirits of the highest. "For what nobleman liveth at this day, or what gentleman of any ancient stock of progeny is clear, whose lineage hath not been infested and plagued with this unnatural division?" In that old volume from which we quote, "the names of the histories contained" are thus set forth:—"I. 'The *Unquiet Time* of King Henry the Fourth.' II. 'The *Victorious Acts* of King Henry the Fifth.' III. 'The *Troublous Season* of King Henry the Sixth.' IV. 'The *Prosperous Reign* of King Edward the Fourth.' V. 'The *Pitiful Life* of King Edward the Fifth.' VI. 'The *Tragical Doings* of King Richard the Third.' VII. 'The Politic Governance of King Henry the Seventh.' VIII. 'The Triumphant Reign of King Henry the Eighth.'" This book was Hall's Chronicle. How diligently the young man Shakspere had studied the book, and how carefully he has followed it in four of his chronicle histories, we have given abundant example in the Historical Illustrations of these plays. With the local and family associations, then, that must have belonged to his early years, the subject of these four dramas, or rather the subject of this one great drama in four parts, must have irresistibly presented itself to the mind of Shakspere as one which he was especially qualified to throw into the form of a chronicle history. It was a task peculiarly fitted for the young poet during the first five years of his connection with the theatre. Historical dramas, in the rudest form, presented unequalled attractions to the audiences who flocked to the rising stage. Without any undue reliance on his own powers, he might believe that he could produce something more worthily attractive than the rude dialogue which ushered in the "four swords and a buckler" of the old stage. He had not here to invent a plot; or to aim at the unity of action, of time, and of place, which the more refined critics of his day held to be essential to tragedy. The form of a chronicle history might appear to require little beyond a poetical exposition of the most attractive facts of the real Chronicles. It was in this spirit, we think, that Shakspere approached the execution of the First Part of Henry VI. It appears to us, also, that in that very early performance he in some degree held his genius in subordination to the necessity of executing his task, rather with reference to the character of his audience and the general nature of his subject than for the fulfilment of his own aspirations as a poet. There was before him one of two courses. He might have chosen, as the greater number of his contemporaries chose, to consider the dominions of poetry and of common sense to be far sundered; and, unconscious or doubtful of the force of simplicity, he might have resolved, with them, to substitute what would more unquestionably gratify a rude popular taste,—the force of extravagance. On the other hand, it was open to him to transfer to the dramatic shape the spirit-stirring recitals of the old chronicle writers, in whose narratives, and especially in that portion of them in which they make their characters speak, there is a manly and straightforward earnestness which in itself not seldom becomes poetical. Shakspere chose this latter course. When we begin to study the Henry VI., we find in the First Part that the action does not appear to progress to a catastrophe; that the author lingers about the details, as one who was called upon to exhibit an entire series of events rather than the most dramatic portions of them: there are the alternations of success and loss, and loss and success, till we somewhat doubt to which side to assign the victory. The characters are firmly drawn, but without any very subtle distinctions; and their sentiments and actions appear occasionally inconsistent, or at any rate not guided by a determined purpose in the writer. It is easy to perceive that this mode of dealing with a complicated subject was the most natural and obvious to be adopted by an unpractised poet, who was working without models. But although the effect may be, to a certain extent, undramatic, there is impressed upon the whole performance a wonderful air of truth. Much of this must have resulted from the extraordinary quality of the poet's mind, which could tear off all the flimsy conventional disguises of individual character, and penetrate the real moving principle of events with a rare acuteness and a rarer impartiality. In our view, that whole portion of the First Part of Henry VI. which deals with the character and actions of Joan of Arc is a remarkable example of this power in Shakspere. We find her described in the Chronicles under every form of vituperation,—a monstrous woman, a monster, a ramp, a devilish witch and Satanical enchantress, an organ of the devil. She was the main instrument through which England had lost France; and thus the people still hated her memory. She claimed to be invested with supernatural powers; and thus her name was not only execrated, but feared. Neither the patriotism nor the superstition of Shakspere's age would have endured that the Pucelle should have been dismissed from the scene without vengeance taken upon her imagined crimes; or that confession should not be made by her which would exculpate the authors of her death. Shakspere has conducted her history up to the point when she is handed over to the stake. Other writers would have burnt her upon the scene, and the audience would have shouted with the same delight that they felt when the Barabas of Marlowe was thrown into the caldron. Shakspere, following the historian, has made her utter a contradictory confession of one of the charges against her honour; but he has taken care to show that the brutality of her English persecutors forced from her an inconsistent avowal, if it did not suggest a false one, for the purpose of averting a cruel and instant death. In the treatment which she receives from York and Warwick, the poet has not exhibited one single circumstance that might excite sympathy for *them*. They are cold, and cruel, and insolent, because a defenceless creature whom they had dreaded is in their power. Her parting malediction has, as it appears to us, especial reference to the calamities which await the authors of her death:—

> "May never glorious sun reflex his beams
> Upon the country where you make abode!
> But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
> Environ you."

But in all the previous scenes Shakspere has drawn the character of the Maid with an undisguised sympathy for her courage, her patriotism, her high intellect, and her enthusiasm. If she had been the defender of England, and not of France, the poet could not have invested her with higher attributes. It is in her mouth that he puts his choicest thoughts and his most musical verse. It is she who says—

> "Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
> Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to naught."

It is she who solicits the alliance of Burgundy in a strain of impassioned eloquence which belongs to one fighting in a high cause with unconquerable trust, and winning over enemies by the firm resolves of a vigorous understanding and an unshaken will. The lines beginning—

> "Look on thy country, look on fertile France,"

might have given the tone to everything that has been subsequently written in honour of the Maid. It was his accurate knowledge of the springs of character, which in so young a man appears almost intuitive, that made Shakspere adopt this delineation of Joan of Arc. He knew that, with all the influence of her supernatural pretension, this extraordinary woman could not have swayed the destinies of

kingdoms, and moulded princes and warriors to her will, unless she had been a person of very rare natural endowments. She was represented by the chroniclers as a mere virago, a bold and shameless trull, a monster, a witch, because they adopted the vulgar view of her character—the view, in truth, of those to whom she was opposed. *They* were rough soldiers, with all the virtues and all the vices of their age; the creatures of brute force; the champions, indeed, of chivalry, but with the brand upon them of all the selfish passions with which the highest deeds of chivalry were too invariably associated. The wonderful thing about the First Part of Henry VI. is, that these men, who stood in the same relation of time to Shakspere's age as the men of Anne do to ours, should have been painted with a pencil at once so vigorous and so true. The English chroniclers, in all that regards the delineation of characters and manners, give us abundant *materials* upon which we may form an estimate of actions, and motives, and instruments; but they do not show us the instruments moving in their own forms of vitality; they do not lay bare their motives; and hence we have no real key to their actions. Froissart is, perhaps, the only contemporary writer who gives us real portraits of the men of mail. But Shakspere marshalled them upon his stage in all their rude might, their coarse ambition, their low jealousies, their factious hatreds, mixed up with their thirst for glory, their indomitable courage, their warm friendships, their tender natural affections, their love of country. They move over his scene, displaying alike their grandeur and their littleness. He arrays them, equally indifferent whether their faults or their excellences be most prominent. The "terrible Talbot" denounces his rival Fastolf with a bitterness unworthy a companion in arms; enters into a fierce war of words with the Pucelle, in which her power of understanding leaves him almost contemptible; and fights onward from scene to scene as if there was nothing high in man except the power of warring against his fellows: but he weeps like a lover over the fruitless gallantry of his devoted son; and he folds his dead boy in his rough arms, even as the mother, perishing with her child, takes the cold clay of the dear one to her bosom. This is the *truth* which Shakspere substituted for the vague delineations of the old stage. These are the pictures of manners which he gave to the people, when other poets adopted the easier expedient of separating the imaginative from the vulgar view of human actions and passions, only by rejecting whatever was real. He gave to his audiences new characters and new manners, simply because he presented to them the characters and manners of the ages which he undertook to delineate. Other men were satisfied to find the new in what never had an existence.

But with all this truth of characterization and of costume, the scattered events, the multifarious details, the alternations from factions at home to wars abroad, would have never hung together as a dramatic whole, had the poet not supplied a principle of cohesion, by which what is distant either in time or space, or separated in the natural progression of events, is bound together. We feel in the First Part of the Henry VI. that some unseen principle is in operation by which the action still moves onward to a fixed point. One by one the great soldiers of Henry V. fade from the scene—the Salisburys, and Bedfords, and Talbots, who held France as their hunting-ground. Other actors come upon the busy stage more distinctly associated with the scenes of factious strife which are to follow. The beginnings of those strifes are heard even amidst the din of the battle-fields of France; and, surrounded by terrible slaughter and fruitless victories, we have an unstable peace and a marriage without hope—an imbecile king and a discontented nobility. Amidst all this involvement the poet disdains, as it were, to illuminate the thick darkness beyond with a single ray. We see only the progression of events without their consequences; and the belief produced upon the mind is, that a fate presides over their direction. The effect is achieved by the masterly skill with which the future is linked to the present—felt, but not seen.

It appears to us that one of the most decisive proofs that Shakspere was the original author of the Three Parts of Henry VI. is to be derived from the evidence which these plays present of the gradual increase of power in the writer. We say this without reference to the passages which have been added to the "Contention;" for all the real dramatic power is most thoroughly developed in the original plays that have grown into the Second and Third Parts of the Henry VI. The succeeding process to which they were subjected was simply one of technical elaboration and refinement. We have no doubt at all that the First Part of Henry VI. originally existed in a rougher form. Whoever compares it critically with the Two Parts of the "Contention" will perceive that much of the ruggedness which belongs to those dramas has no place in this first drama of the series. For instance, it has very few Alexandrines; the use of old words, such as "belike," is very rare, that word being frequently found in the "Contention;" and the versification altogether, though certainly more monotonous, is what we may call more correct, than that of the "Contention." How it could ever have been held that this play has undergone *no* repair, is to us one of the many marvellous things that belong to the ordinary critical estimation of it. Be the changes it has passed through few or many, it is evident to us that all the material parts of the original structure are still to be found. But whatever rapidity of action, truth of characterization, and correctness of style it may possess, in a pre-eminent degree, as compared with other plays of the period, it is not, in all the higher essentials of dramatic excellence, to be placed in the same scale as the Two Parts of the "Contention." It wants, speaking generally, the high poetry of those plays—not the mere poetry of description, but the teeming thought, the figurative expression, the single word that conveys a complex idea with more distinctness and much more force than the periphrasis of ordinary writers. It results from this very defect that the First Part of Henry VI. has far less obscurity than the succeeding Parts. We may venture to say that there is no play of the whole number received as Shakspere's which exhibits so few passages of doubtful meaning; and this we hold to be a consequence of its being one of his very earliest performances. All the very early plays possess this attribute, more or less. We can understand how a poet of Shakspere's extraordinary judgment—the quality which we hold to be as remarkable in him as his invention—should, surrounded as he was with dramatic productions teeming with extravagance and unreality of every description, first endeavour to be correct and to be intelligible. We have already noticed that the Two Gentlemen of Verona possesses this distinctive character. "This comedy has, to our minds, a very modern air. The thoughts are natural and obvious, the images familiar and general. The most celebrated passages have a character of grace rather than of beauty; the elegance of a youthful poet aiming to be correct, instead of the splendour of the perfect artist, subjecting every crude and apparently unmanageable thought to the wonderful alchemy of his all-penetrating genius."* But of what other author, who belonged to the transition-state of the drama, can it be said that intelligibility was a characteristic? Who else has attempted to give us the familiar without the vapid or the gross, and the dignified without the inflated? Who, in a word, of our dramatic writers between 1585 and 1590 trusted to the power of the real?

The value of any work of art is to be tested rather by its effect as a whole than by the effect of particular parts. And this especially applies to a work of dramatic art; for parts even fine in themselves may, with reference to the entire effect of a drama, be blemishes instead of beauties. No writer that ever lived has approached Shakspere in the skill by which the whole is made to produce its entire and undisturbed effect. He is thus, of all poets, the least to be appreciated from the study alone of "specimens." For although these may be sufficient to place him in the highest rank, in comparison with the "specimens" of other writers, yet, separated from the parts by which they are naturally surrounded, they furnish no idea of the extraordinary harmony with which they are blended with all that has preceded and all that follows them. Shakspere, beyond every other dramatic writer, possesses the power of sustaining a continuous idea, which imparts its own organization and vitality to the most complete and apparently incongruous action—to the most diversified and seemingly isolated characters.

Without understanding the paramount idea, the manufacturers of acting plays have proceeded to the abridgment and transposition of Shakspere's scenes, and have produced such monsters as D'Avenant's "Tempest" and Tate's "Lear." It is in the same spirit that the critics upon the Henry VI. hold that these dramas are greatly inferior to Shakspere's other performances; and hence the theory of their spuriousness. But, as we have partially shown, the informing idea in all its dramatic power and unity runs through the entire series of these plays; and, as we think, is most especially manifest in the Two Parts of the "Contention." For what is the effect which the poet intended in these two dramas to produce on the minds of his

* Introductory Notice to Two Gentlemen of Verona.

audience? There was to be shown a dark chaotic mass of civil tumult, of factious strifes, of fierce and bloody hatreds, of desperate ambition, of political profligacy, of popular ignorance, of weak government. The struggle was to be continued, while each faction had its alternations of success; each was to exhibit the same demoralising effects of the same frenzied ambition which drove them onward; the course of events was sometimes to be determined by energy and sometimes by accident; weakness was to throw away what power and good fortune had won; alliances were to be broken by causeless quarrels, and cemented by motiveless treachery; and, lastly, when the ever-present fate which seemed to dominate over this wild and fearful confusion gave the final battle to the feeble, and hurled down the mighty from the car of victory, there was to be superfluous guilt in the hour of success, and the conquerors were to march to thrones with their hands red with murder. But what principle was to hold together all these apparently incongruous elements? How were the separate scenes, each so carelessly, as it were, linked with the other, to produce one overwhelming interest, stimulate one prevailing curiosity, satisfy one irresistible craving in the spectators? The stern majesty of justice was made to preside over the course of these wild and mysterious events—sometimes dimly seen, sometimes wholly hidden, but rising up ever and anon out of thick clouds and darkness, to assert the overruling power of some government of events, more equal, more enduring, more mighty, and more fearful, than the direction which they received from human energy, and passion, and intellect, and guilt. Shakspere has *never* chosen to exhibit this tremendous agency after that unnatural manner which we are accustomed to call *poetical* justice—*he* develops the progress of that *real* justice which *sometimes*, for inscrutable purposes, permits the good to be forsaken, to be humiliated, to be crushed, to perish; but which invariably follows the guilty with some dismal retribution, more striking if it be seen—more terrible if it be hidden from all eyes, and revealed only in the innermost heart of the peace-abandoned. *He* never distorts and vulgarises the manifest workings of a providential arbitrament of human actions by heaping every calamity upon the good man,—searing his heart with tortures which leave the wheel and the stake but little to inflict,—and then—hey presto—turning the dirge into a dance, the prison into a palace, whilst the tyrant and the villain has his profitable account settled with a stab or an execution. *Poetical* justice is "your only jig-maker." But Shakspere never forgets that in the general course of *actual* events there is a slow but unerring retribution that follows the violation of justice, evolved, not by the shifting of a scene, but out of the natural consequences of the events themselves. Let us endeavour to trace how this paramount idea is brought out in the dramas before us.

Sir Walter Scott somewhere speaks, through one of his characters, of the "Lancastrian prejudices" of Shakspere. The great novelist had probably in his mind the delineation of Richard. But it would be difficult, we think, to have conducted the entire chronicle history of the "Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster" with more rigid impartiality. This just and tolerant view of human events and characters constitutes one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the mind of Shakspere; and its manifestation in the dramas before us furnishes one of the many proofs, and to us not the least convincing, that they could alone have emanated from that mind. For, let us turn to the very first scenes of these dramas, and we shall find the character of the Lancastrian Margaret gradually displaying itself in an aptitude for bold and dangerous intrigue, founded upon her pride and impatience of a rival in authority. The Duchess of Gloster is tempted by her own weak ambition to meddle with the "lime-twigs" that have been set for her. But it is the passionate hatred of Margaret, lending itself to schemes of treachery and bloodshed, that drives on the murder of the "good duke Humphrey." With the accomplices of Margaret the retribution is instant and terrible. The banished Suffolk falls, not by the hand of the law, but by some mysterious agency which appears to have armed against him a power mightier than the law, which seizes upon its victim with an obdurate ferocity, and hurries him to death in the name of a wild and irregular justice. To the second great conspirator against the protector the retribution is even more fearful—the death, not of violence, but of mental torture, far more terrible than any bodily pain. The "Look, look, comb down his hair!" of Beaufort, speaks of sufferings far higher than those of the proud Suffolk, when the pirate had denounced him as "Pole, puddle, kennel, sink, and dirt!" and he saw the prophecy of the "cunning wizard" about to be accomplished. The justice which followed the other conspirator against Humphrey had not yet unsheathed its sword. His punishment was postponed till the battle-day of Wakefield.

The scenes of the first four acts of the First Part of the "Contention" may appear to a superficial observation to be very slightly linked with the after-scenes of the great contest of the Roses. But it was the object of the poet to show the beginnings of faction, continued onward in the same form from the previous drama. The protectorship was essentially a government of weakness, through the jealousies which it engendered and the intrigues by which it was surrounded. But the removal of the protector left the government more weak, subjected as it then was to the capricious guidance of the imbecility of Henry and the violence of Margaret. Of such a rule popular commotions are the natural fruit. The author of the "Contention," with a depth of political wisdom which Shakspere invariably displays, has exhibited the insurrection of Cade, not as a revolt for specific objects, such as the removal of public oppressors or the redress of popular wrongs, but as a movement of the most brutal ignorance, instigated by a coarse ruffian, upon promises which could be realised in no condition of society, and for ends which proposed only such peace and security as would result from the overthrow of all rule and order. "You shall have seven halfpenny loaves for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, and it shall be felony to drink small beer," is the proper prologue to "Henceforward all things shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass." The same political sagacity has given us the inconstancy, as well as the violence, of the multitude. Nor are these remarkable scenes an episode only in this great dramatic history. Cade perishes, but York is in arms. The civil war is founded upon the popular tumult.

The civil war is begun. The Yorkists are in the field. The poet has delineated the character of their leader with a nice discrimination, and certainly without any of the coarseness of partisanship. He conveys to us that York is ambitious and courageous, but somewhat weak, and, to a great extent, a puppet in the hands of others. In the early scene in the Temple-garden his ambition is rashly discovered in a war of words, commenced in accident and terminated in fruitless passion. That ambition first contents itself "to be restored to my blood." And when Henry grants this wish the submission of the half-rebel is almost grovelling:—

> "Thy humble servant vows obedience,
> And humble service, till the point of death."

The full development of his ambition is the result of his estimation of the character of Henry, and his sense of the advantage which he derives from the factions which grow out of an imbecile government. But he is still only a dissembler, exciting his fancies with some shadowy visions of a crown, lending himself to the dark intrigues of his natural and avowed enemies, and calling up the terrible agency of popular violence, reckless of any consequences so that confusion be produced:—

> "From Ireland then comes York again
> To reap the harvest which that coystrill sow'd."

The schemes of York are successful, and he is at length in arms; but he still dissembles. When Buckingham demands "the reason of these arms," and addresses him as a "subject, as I am," his wounded pride has vent in the original play in a few words. But Shakspere, in his additions to the sketch, has marked the inflated weakness of York's character by putting in his mouth words of "sound and fury" which he is afraid to speak aloud:—

> "O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with them,
> I am so angry at these abject terms;
> And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
> On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!
> I am far better born than is the king;
> More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:
> But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
> Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong."

Passion, however, precipitates that decided movement which prudence would have avoided, and the battle of St. Alban's is the result.

The poet has now fairly opened

> "The purple testament of bleeding war."

Smothered dislikes are now to become scorching hatreds; and the

domestic affections, bruised and wounded, are to be the stimulants of the most savage revenge. Shakspere has, with wonderful knowledge of human nature, made the atrocities of Clifford spring from the very depths of his filial love. The original conception is found in the "Contention;" but its elaboration in the Second Part of Henry VI. is perhaps unsurpassed in beauty of expression by any passage of our matchless poet:—

> "Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
> To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve,
> The silver livery of advised age,
> And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
> To die in ruffian battle? Even at this sight
> My heart is turn'd to stone: and while 'tis mine
> It shall be stony."

With this preparation the savage ferocity of Clifford, in the murder of Rutland, is rendered less revolting:—

> "Thy father slew my father, therefore die."

This is the key to his cold-blooded participation in the butchery of York:—

> "There's for my oath, there's for my father's death."

And what a real exhibition is this of the foulest crimes perpetrated under gentle impulses, where ill-regulated love and hate keep together as twin-sisters! But this is chivalry. Here even the kindly affections have an aspect of intense selfishness; and "fierce wars and faithful loves" spring from the same want of the principle of self-control, and the same ignorance of the duties of a large and comprehensive charity. The partisanship of chivalry, displaying itself in bold adventure and desperate courage, looks to be something high and glorious. But it is the same blind emanation of self-love as the factious partisanship of modern politics, in which the leader and the serf are equally indifferent to the justice of the quarrel, and equally regardless of the ends by which victory is to be achieved. Shakspere has given us every light and shadow of the partisanship of chivalry in his delineation of the various characters in these two wonderful dramas. Apart and isolated from all active agency in the quarrel stands out the remarkable creation of Henry. The poet, with his instinctive judgment, has given the king a much higher character than the chroniclers assign to him. Their relations leave little doubt upon our minds that his imbecility was very nearly allied to utter incapacity, and that the thin partition between weakness and idiocy was sometimes wholly removed. But Shakspere has never painted Henry under this aspect he has shown us a king with virtues unsuited to the age in which he lived; with talents unfitted for the station in which he moved; contemplative amidst friends and foes hurried along by a distempered energy; peaceful under circumstances that could have no issue but in appeals to arms; just in thought, but powerless to assert even his own sense of right amidst the contests of injustice which hemmed him in. The entire conception of the character of Henry, in connection with the circumstances to which it was subjected, is to be found in the Parliament-scene of the Third Part of Henry VI. This scene is copied from the "Contention," with scarcely the addition or alteration of a word. We may boldly affirm that none but Shakspere could have depicted with such marvellous truth the weakness, based upon a hatred of strife—the vacillation, not of imbecile cunning, but of clear-sighted candour—the assertion of power through the influence of habit, but of a power trembling even at its own authority—the glimmerings of courage utterly extinguished by the threats of "armed men," and proposing compromise even worse than war. We request our readers to peruse this scene in the "Second Part of the Contention," and endeavour to recollect if any poet besides Shakspere ever presented such a reality in the exhibition of a mind whose principles have no coherency and no self-reliance; one moment threatening and exhorting his followers to revenge, the next imploring them to be patient; now urging his rival to peace, and now threatening war; turning from the assertion of his title to acknowledge its weakness; and terminating his display of "words, frowns, and threats" with—

> "Let me but reign in quiet while I live."

It was weakness such as this which inevitably raised up the fiery partisans that the poet has so wonderfully depicted; the bloody Clifford—the "she-wolf of France"—the dissembling York—the haughty Warwick—the voluptuous Edward—and, last and most terrible of all, *he* that best explains his own character, "I am myself alone."

One by one the partisans that are thus marshalled by the poet in the Parliament-scene of London are swept away by the steady progress of that justice which rides over their violence and their subtlety. The hollow truce is broken. Margaret is ready to assail York in his castle; York is prepared for the field, having learned from the precocious sophist Richard how an "oath is of no moment." Now are let loose all the "dogs of war." The savage Clifford strikes down the innocent Rutland; the more savage Margaret dips her napkin in his blood. York perishes under the prolonged retribution that awaited the ambition that dallied with murder and rebellion. Clifford, to whom nothing is so odious as "harmful pity," falls in the field of Towton, where the son was arrayed against the father, and the father against the son; and the king, more "woe-begone" than the unwilling victims of ambition, moralises upon the "happy life" of the "homely swain." The great actors of the tragedy are changed. Edward and Richard have become the leaders of the Yorkists, with Warwick, "the king-maker," to rest upon. Henry has fled to Scotland; Margaret to France. Then is unfolded another leaf of that Sibylline book. Edward is on the throne, careless of everything but self-gratification; despising his supporters, offending even his brothers. Warwick takes arms against him; Clarence deserts to Warwick; Richard alone remains faithful, sneering at his brother, and laughing in the concealment of his own motives for fidelity. Edward is a fugitive, and finally a captive; but Richard redeems him, and Clarence again cleaves to him. The second revolution is accomplished. The "king-maker" yields his "body to the earth" in the field of Barnet; Margaret and her son become captives in the plains near Tewkesbury. Then comes the terrible hour to the unhappy queen—that hour which she foresaw not when she gave the "bloody napkin" to the wretched York—that hour whose intensity of suffering reached its climax of expression in "You have no children." But Richard is fled

> "To make a bloody supper in the Tower."

The three that stab the defenceless Edward equally desire another murder; but *one* is to do the work. It is accomplished.

And here, then, according to the authorities that we have so long followed in England, rested the history of the "Contention of the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," as far as the original author carried that history. It was to conclude with deeds of violence as fearful and as atrocious as any we have yet witnessed. The slaughter of Rutland by the Lancastrian Clifford was to find its parallel in the stabbing of Edward by the three brothers of York; the butchery of York, amidst the taunts and execrations of Margaret and her followers, was to be equalled by the sudden murder of the desolate Henry in his prison-house. There was to be no retribution for these later crimes. The justice which had so long presided over this eventful story was now to sleep. If there was vengeance in reserve, it was to be distant and shadowy. The scene was to close with "stately triumphs;" "drums and trumpets" were to sound; Hope was to display to the conqueror her visions of "lasting joy." If the poet had here closed his chronicle, he would have been an imperfect interpreter of his own idea. We open another leaf of the same volume, and all becomes clear and consistent.

To understand the character of the Richard III. of Shakspere we must have traced its development by the author of the "Contention." We have already pointed out in Section II. how thoroughly the character was a creation of the early author, and how entire was the unity preserved between the last of these four dramas, which everybody admits to be the work of the "greatest name in all literature," in an unbroken link with the previous drama, which everybody has been in the habit of assigning to some obscure and very inferior writer. We are taught to open the "Life and Death of Richard III.," and to look upon the extraordinary being who utters the opening lines as some new creation, set before us in the perfect completeness of self-formed villainy. We have not learnt to trace the growth of the mind of this bold bad man; to see how his bravery became gradually darkened with ferocity; how his prodigious talents insensibly allied themselves with cunning and hypocrisy; how, in struggling for his house, he ultimately proposed to struggle for himself; how, in fact, the bad ambition would be naturally kindled in his mind, to seize upon the power which was sliding from the hands of the voluptuous Edward and the "simple, plain Clarence." He that wrote—

> " I have no brothers, I am like no brother;
> And this word *love*, which greybeards term divine,
> Be resident in men like one another,
> And not in me; I am myself alone "—

prepared the way for the Richard that was to tell us—

> " If I fail not in my deep intent
> Clarence hath not another day to live:
> Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
> And leave the world for me to bustle in!"

The poet of the Richard III. goes straightforward to his object; for he has made all the preparation in the previous dramas. No gradual development is wanting of the character which is now to sway the action. The struggle of the houses up to this point has been one only of violence; and it was therefore anarchical. "The big-boned" Warwick and the fiery Clifford alternately presided over the confusion. The power which changed the

> " Dreadful marches to delightful measures "

seemed little more than accident. But Richard proposed to himself to subject events to his domination, not by courage alone, or activity, or even by the legitimate exercise of a commanding intellect, but by the clearest and coolest perception of the strength which he must inevitably possess who unites the deepest sagacity to the most thorough unscrupulousness in its exercise, and is an equal master of the weapons of force and of craft. The character of Richard is essentially different from any other character which Shakspere has drawn. His bloody violence is not that of Macbeth; nor his subtle treachery that of Iago. It is difficult to say whether he derives a greater satisfaction from the success of his crimes, or from the consciousness of power which attends the working of them. This is a feature which he holds in common with Iago. But then he does not labour with a "motiveless malignity," as Iago does. He has no vague suspicions, no petty jealousies, no remembrance of slight affronts, to stimulate him to a disproportioned and unnatural vengeance. He does not *hate* his victims; but they stand in his way, and as he does not *love* them, they perish. He chuckles in the fortitude which this alienation from humanity confers upon him:—

> " Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
> That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
> If heaven will take the present at our hand."

Other men, the most obdurate, have been wrought upon by a mother's tears and a mother's prayers: they are to him a jest:—

> " Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
> I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
> I crave your blessing.
> *Duch.* God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
> Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.
> *Glo.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!
> That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;
> I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

Villains of the blackest die disguise their crimes even from themselves. Richard shrinks not from their avowal to others, for a purpose. The wooing of Lady Anne is, perhaps, the boldest thing in the Shaksperian drama. It is perpetually on the verge of the impossible; yet the marvellous consistency of character with which it is conducted renders the whole of this conduct probable, if we once get over the difficulty which startles Richard himself:—

> Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in this humour won?"

His exultation at having accomplished his purpose by the sole agency of "the plain devil and dissembling looks" is founded on his unbounded reliance upon his mental powers; and that reliance is even strong enough to afford that he should abate so much of his self-love as to be joyous in the contemplation of his own bodily deformity.

It is the result of the peculiar organization of Richard's mind, formed as it had been by circumstances as well as by nature, that he invariably puts himself in the attitude of one who is playing a part. It is this circumstance which makes the character (clumsy even as it has been made by the joinery of Cibber) such a favourite on the stage. It cannot be over-acted. It was not without a purpose that the author of the "Contention" put in the mouth of Henry—

> " What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?"

Burbage, the original player of Richard, according to Bishop Corbet's description of his host at Bosworth,* was identified with him. This aptitude for subjecting all his real thoughts and all his natural impulses to the exigences of the scene of life in which he was to play the chief part, equally governs his conduct whether he is wooing Lady Anne—or denouncing the relations of the queen—or protesting before the king,

> " 'Tis death to me to be at enmity"—

or mentioning the death of Clarence as a thing of course—or begging the strawberries from the Bishop of Ely when he is meditating the execution of Hastings—or appearing on the Tower walls in rusty armour—or rejecting the crown which the citizens present to him—or dismissing Buckingham with

> " Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein"—

or soliciting the mother of his murdered nephews to win for him her daughter,

> " As I intend to prosper and repent."

It is only in the actual presence of a powerful enemy that Richard displays any portion of his *natural* character. His bravery required no dissimulation to uphold it. In his last battle-field he puts forth all the resources of his intellect in a worthy direction; but the retribution is fast approaching. It was not enough for offended justice that he should die as a hero: the terrible tortures of conscience were to precede the catastrophe. The drama has exhibited all it could exhibit—the palpable images of terror haunting a mind already anticipating the end. "Ratcliff, I fear, I fear," is the first revelation of the true inward man to a fellow-being. But the terror is but momentary:—

> " Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls."

To the last the poet exhibits the supremacy of Richard's intellect, his ready talent, and his unwearied energy. The tame address of Richmond to his soldiers, and the spirited exhortation of Richard, could not have been the result of accident.

It appears to us, then, that the complete development of the character of Richard was absolutely essential to the completion of the great idea upon which the poet constructed these four dramas. There was a man to be raised up out of the wild turbulence of the long contest—not cruel, after the mere fashion of a Clifford's cruelty—not revengeful, according to the passionate impulses of the revenge of a Margaret and of an Edward—not false and perjured, in imitation of the irresolute weakness of a Clarence—but one who was cruel, and revengeful, and treacherous, upon the deepest premeditation and with the most profound hypocrisy. That man was also to be so confident in his intellectual power, that no resolve was too daring to be acted upon, no risk too great to be encountered. Fraud and force were to go hand in hand, and the one was to exterminate what the other could not win. This man was to be an instrument of that justice which was to preside to the end of this "sad eventful history." By his agency was the house of York to fall, as the house of Lancaster had fallen. The innocent by him were to be swept away with the guilty. Last of all, the Fate was to be appeased—the one great criminal was to perish out of the consequences of his own enormities.

It is an observation of Horace Walpole that Shakspere, in his Richard III., "seems to deduce the woes of the house of York from the curses which Queen Margaret had vented against them." It was the faith of Margaret that curses were all-powerful:—

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* " Mine host was full of ale and history,
And in the morning when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er made the Romaunt of the Rose.
Hear him. See you yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And, lo! while Richmond in a bed of gorse
Encamp'd himself all night, and all his force:
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell.
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play;
Which I might guess by marking up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd, A horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

> "I will not think but they ascend the sky,
> And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace." *

This was the poetical faith of the author of these dramas—the power of the curse was associated with the great idea of a presiding Fate. But Margaret's were not the only curses. Richard himself, in one passage, where he appears to make words exhibit thoughts, and not conceal them, refers to the same power of a curse—that of his father, insulted in his death-hour by the scorns of Margaret, and moved to tears by her atrocious cruelty. This is the assertion of the equal justice which is displayed in the dramatic issue of these fearful events; not justice upon the house of York alone, which Horace Walpole thinks Shakspere strove to exhibit in deference to Tudor prejudices, but justice upon the house of Lancaster as well as the house of York, for those individual crimes of the leaders of each house that had made a charnel-ground of England. When that justice had asserted its supremacy tranquillity was to come. The poet has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII.; but in his drama of Henry VIII. he has carried us onward to a new state of things, when the power of the sword was at an end. He came as near to his own times as was either safe or fitting; but he contrasts his own times with the days of civil fury, in a prophetic view of the reign of Elizabeth:—

> "In her days, every man shall eat in safety
> Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
> The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours." †

There has existed, then, a dramatic teacher of historical events from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. We have *nine* historical dramas written upon a plan of connection bearing the name of this teacher. Did *Shakspere* write the nine? or did *he* accomplish the more difficult task of appropriating *three* out of the nine—the work, it is said, of several other men—and make all their disjointed parts cohere in themselves, and form a whole with the dramas of his own which introduced and continued their story? Did he create the *one idea*, by piecing out a *half-idea?* Did he, especially, make the four dramas of which we have been treating, *one* great drama in four parts, by informing the work of others, as well as his own work, with that unity which we have endeavoured to render manifest?

NOTE ON THE ESSAY ON HENRY VI. AND RICHARD III.

Mr. Richard Grant White closes the seventh volume of his truly valuable edition of the works of Shakspere with "An Essay on the Authorship of the Three Parts of Henry VI." The Editor of the Pictorial Edition, now presented in a revised shape, feels it an honour to have received so elaborate a notice of his opinions on this controverted question, at the hands of so candid and judicious a critic. He forbears to enter into any discussion of the points in which he differs from his American brother; but he has a real pleasure in reprinting the first Section of Mr. White's Essay, as well as a passage which concludes this able dissertation.

"It has long been a question of much interest in English literature, whether Shakespeare was in any proper sense the author of either of the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth.* More than a hundred years ago Theobald cast a doubt upon their authenticity, and Warburton, as his manner was, denied it without reserve and with little reason. Johnson then opposed these conjectures and assertions by a few solemnly uttered truisms, and the brief assertion of opposite opinions upon the merit and style of the plays; while Farmer, Steevens, and Tyrwhitt skirmished still more lightly upon the same field, the former as an opponent, the two latter as allies of 'the great moralist.' Malone was the first who gave the subject careful consideration and systematic treatment. To use his own words, he 'was long struck with the many evident Shakespearianisms' in the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, and did not doubt either 'that the whole of these plays was the production of the same person,' or that 'they were properly ascribed' to Shakespeare. This was Malone's opinion before his edition of Shakespeare's works was published, in 1790; but, during the preparation of that edition, he reached an opposite conclusion, and wrote a long dissertation to show that this three-part dramatic history was not Shakespeare's, that it had only been altered and enriched by him, and that the first part was written by another person than the author of the second and third.

"Malone's arguments were accepted as conclusive, and his opinion prevailed without open dissent, until the appearance of Mr. Knight upon the field of Shakespearian letters. Indeed, Dr. Drake proposed that the First Part of *Henry the Sixth* should be excluded from future editions of Shakespeare's works, because it 'offers no trace of any finishing strokes from the master bard.' Mr. Knight opposed himself directly, and upon all points, to Malone and his supporters. He held that Shakespeare, so far from having been the mere furbisher of *The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two Famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, the two old plays which are undoubtedly earlier versions of the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, was the unaided author of the whole of those old plays or earlier versions, and also of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, no earlier version or impression of which is known than that of the folio of 1623. Malone had written with much ingenuity; but his argument rested mainly upon mere points of verbal criticism. His examination was minute, but his view was the narrowest that could possibly be taken of the subject; and by this method of treating it he was blinded to so much that was inconsistent with his position, that what was really a failure of perception, seemed, or was easily made to appear, a lack of candour. Mr. Knight, on the contrary, writing upon the subject at great length, and with an enthusiastic fervour nearly equalled in degree by the ability which he displayed, could not be reproached with narrow-mindedness, although he might be charged with prejudice. He discussed the authorship of these plays almost entirely upon the highest critical grounds; and sought to establish identity of motive, unity of plan, an independent dramatic interest, and a homogeneous characterization between all the parts of *Henry the Sixth* and *Richard the Third*, an undoubted work of Shakespeare's.

"From the nature of the question to be decided, it may be doubted whether this mode of discussion was well chosen; and whether, dependent as it was for its arguments upon mere impressions received from the passages compared,—impressions which must vary more or less as to character and deepness with various readers,—it could by any disputant have been followed to a satisfactory conclusion. But Mr. Knight certainly did show that some of the most important objections brought by Malone against the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* as Shakespeare's work, would apply equally to those passages of the Second and Third Parts of that play, which Malone himself, and all the world besides, acknowledge to be Shakespeare's. Mr. Knight demolished Malone's theory; but he failed to establish his own. He was over-subtle; and the connection between his premise and his conclusion is sometimes too filmy and fanciful to be seen by eyes less eager and excited than his own. It may be safely averred, that very few of even the most admiring readers of Mr. Knight's Essay could peruse the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, *The First Part of the Contention*, and *The True Tragedy*, and accept those plays as Shakespeare's entirely in plot, characterization, rhythm, and diction;—and that they are so is the keystone of Mr. Knight's argument.

"Soon after Mr. Knight's Essay on *King Henry the Sixth*, appeared Mr. Collier's edition of the works of Shakespeare, in the Introductory Essays of which to these plays the latter gentleman put forth the monstrous opinion that Shakespeare wrote the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth*, but was not concerned in the production of the *First Part of the Contention*, or *The True Tragedy*. For such an opinion, however, there is support in the external evidence,—aside from the testimony of Heminge and Condell,—and Mr. Collier reasoned logically, though like an antiquary rather than a critic.

"Next, Mr. Halliwell, editing the Shakespeare Society's reprint of the old plays just named, brought forward in his Prefatory Essay, as a not improbable conjecture, the suggestion that 'when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals.' Mr. Halliwell, also, finding some words and parts of lines in an impression of these plays

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* Richard III., Act. I. Sc. III.

† Henry VIII., Act V. Sc. IV.

printed in 1619, which appear in the impression of 1623, but not in those of 1594 and 1595, concluded that there was 'an intermediate composition' between the earliest and the latest impressions. But such slight differences as those pointed out by Mr. Halliwell, which are similar to others that I have myself remarked, hardly seem to warrant the conclusion that he drew from them. At the period during which these various impressions appeared, two editions of the same play, even when published within a year or two of each other, were rarely without variations as important, at least, as those in question.

"Last of all, Mr. Dyce, in his edition of the works of Shakespeare, published in 1857, avows 'a strong suspicion that *The First Part of the Contention* and *The True Tragedy* are wholly by Marlowe'—an opinion previously broached by Mr. Hallam in his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe.*

"Were it desirable, it were quite impossible within the limits at my command, to state, much less to meet, in detail, the arguments of the editors and critics whose views of this subject it seemed proper to bring to the knowledge of the reader, before his attention was solicited to an examination of the question which has led me to a conclusion entirely different from that reached by any of my predecessors in this inquiry. I will merely remark that Mr. Halliwell's conjecture that the plays which he edited contain Shakespeare's first additions to the [supposed] originals, seems to me by far the most reasonable solution of this interesting literary problem that has yet been offered. It has one point of contact with an opinion which I had formed some two or three years before I met with Mr. Halliwell's excellent reprint of these old plays, and which it is the object of this Essay to set forth and establish. That opinion is, that *The First Part of the Contention*, *The True Tragedy*, and, probably, an early form of the First Part of *King Henry the Sixth* unknown to us, were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Shakespeare (and perhaps Peele) together, not improbably as co-laborers for the company known as the Earl of Pembroke's Servants, soon after the arrival of Shakespeare in London; and that he, in taking passages, and sometimes whole scenes, from those plays for his *King Henry the Sixth*, did little more than to reclaim his own."

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"If, therefore, we may conclude, that within two or three years of Shakespeare's arrival in London, that is, about 1587 or 1588, he was engaged to assist Marlowe, Greene, and perhaps Peele, in dramatizing the events of *King Henry the Sixth*'s reign for the Earl of Pembroke's servants, or on a venture;—that by the facility with which he wrote, as well as by the novelty and superiority of his style, he gradually got most of the work into his own hands, and at last, in the course of a year or two, achieved such a marked success in *The True Tragedy* (which seems to be chiefly his) as to provoke the envy and malice of one at least of his senior co-laborers, and be offered a share or more in the Blackfriars Theatre if he would write for that company exclusively;—and that after he had accepted this offer and had been for a short time a shareholder, he undertook to rewrite the three plays in the composition of which he had taken so remarkable, and, to him, so eventful a part, and work them into a form in which he might not be unwilling to have them regarded as his own;—and that he accomplished this about 1591 with so great applause as to embitter still more the jealousy of the playwrights whom he had deposed, and thus gave occasion, if not reason, for a charge of plagiarism which soon was stilled by the death of both his co-laborers, and yet more by the fertility of his own surpassing genius,—we have arrived at a solution of the question which reconciles all the circumstances connected with it in a manner entirely accordant with the theatrical customs of Shakespeare's day and the probable exigencies of his early career. And we have had the pleasure of finding that the Three Parts of *King Henry the Sixth*, instead of being plays foisted upon us as his, either by his own want of probity, or the hardly less culpable indifference of his fellows and first editors, are doubly interesting as containing some of the earliest productions of his genius wrought into a contemporary monument of his initial triumph."

END OF HISTORIES.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY, OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

ROMEO AND JULIET was first printed in the year 1597, under the following title:—"An excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely, by the right honourable the L. of Hunsdon his Seruants." This edition, a copy of which is of great rarity and value, was reprinted by Steevens, in his collection of twenty of the plays of Shakspere.

The second edition of Romeo and Juliet was printed in 1599, under the following title:—"The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended: As it hath bene sundry times publiquely acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants." This edition is also rare; but we have had the advantage of using a copy in the British Museum.

The subsequent original editions are—an undated quarto; a quarto in 1607; a quarto in 1609, which has also been reprinted by Steevens; and the folio of 1623. All these editions are founded upon the quarto of 1599, from which they differ very slightly.

We have taken the folio of 1623 as the basis of our text, indicating the differences between that text and the quartos subsequent to that of 1597, whenever any occur. But we have not attempted to make up a text, as was done by Pope, and subsequently by Steevens, out of the amended quarto of 1599 and the original of 1597. In some instances, indeed, the quarto of 1597 is of importance in the formation of a text, for the correction of typographical errors, which have run through the subsequent editions. Wherever our text differs from that commonly received, we state the difference, and the reasons for that difference. Our general reasons for founding the text upon the folio of 1623, which is, in truth, to found it upon the quarto of 1599, are as follows:—

The quarto of 1599 was declared to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." There can be no doubt whatever that the corrections, augmentations, and emendations were those of the author. There are typographical errors in this edition, and in all the editions, and occasional confusions of the metrical arrangement, which render it more than probable that Shakspere did not see the proofs of his printed works. But that the *copy*, both of the first edition and of the second, was derived from him, is, to our minds, perfectly certain. We know of nothing in literary history more curious or more instructive than the example of minute attention, as well as consummate skill, exhibited by Shakspere in correcting, augmenting, and amending the first copy of this play. We would ask, then, upon what canon of criticism can an editor be justified in foisting into a copy, so corrected, passages of the original copy which the matured judgment of the author had rejected? Essentially the question ought not to be determined by any arbitrament whatever other than the judgment of the author. Even if his corrections did not appear, in every case, to be improvements, we should be still bound to receive them with respect and deference. We would not, indeed, attempt to establish it as a rule implicitly to be followed, that an author's last corrections are to be invariably adopted; for, as in the case of Cowper's Homer and Tasso's Jerusalem, the corrections which these poets made in their first productions, when their faculties were in a great degree clouded and worn out, are properly considered as not entitled to supersede what they produced in brighter and happier hours. Mr. Southey has admirably stated the reason for this in the advertisement to his edition of Cowper's Homer. But in the case of Shakspere's Romeo and Juliet the corrections and augmentations were made by him at that epoch of his life when he exhibited "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and habitual exercise of power." The *augmentations*, with one or two very trifling exceptions, are amongst the most masterly passages in the whole play, and include many of the lines that are invariably turned to as some of the highest examples of poetical beauty. These augmentations, further, are so large in their amount, that, in Steevens's reprint, the first edition occupies only *seventy-three* pages; while the edition of 1609, in the same volume, printed in the same type as the first edition, occupies *ninety-nine* pages. The *corrections* are made with such exceeding judgment, such marvellous tact, that of themselves they completely overthrow the theory, so long submitted to, that Shakspere was a careless writer. Such being the case, we consider ourselves justified in treating the labour of Steevens and other editors, in making a patchwork text out of the author's first and second copies, as utterly worthless. We most readily acknowledge our own particular obligations to them; for, unless they had collected a great mass of materials, no modern edition could have been properly undertaken.

In attempting to settle the CHRONOLOGY of Shakspere's plays there are, as in every other case of literary history, two species of evidence to be regarded—the extrinsic and the intrinsic. Of the former species of evidence we have the one important fact that a Romeo and Juliet by Shakspere, however wanting in the completeness of the Romeo and Juliet which we now possess, was published in 1597. The enumeration of this play, therefore, in the list by Francis Meres, in 1598, adds nothing to our previous information. In the same manner, the mention of this play by Marston, in his tenth satire, first published in 1599, only shows us how popular it was:—

> "Luscus, what's play'd to-day? i' faith, now I know;
> I see thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
> Naught but pure Juliet and Romeo."

The "corrected, amended, and augmented" copy of Romeo and Juliet was printed in 1599; and as Marston's tenth satire did not appear in his "Three Books of Satires," first printed in 1598, it is by no means improbable that his mention of the play referred to the improved copy which was in that year being acted by "the Lord Chamberlain his servants." We might here dismiss the extrinsic evidence; but Malone thinks, contrary to his original opinion of the date of the play, that the statement in the title-page of the original quarto, "that it had been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the right honourable Lord Hunsdon his servants," decides that it was first played in 1596. His reasons are these:—Henry Lord Hunsdon, and George Lord Hunsdon, his son, each filled the office of Lord Chamberlain under Elizabeth. Henry, the father, died on the 22nd of July, 1596. Shakspere's company, during the life of this lord, were called the "Lord Chamberlain's men;" but, according to Malone, they bore this designation, not as being attached to the Lord Chamberlain officially, but as the servants of Lord Hunsdon, whose title, as a nobleman, was merged in that of his office. George

* Coleridge's Literary Remains.

Lord Hunsdon was not appointed Lord Chamberlain till April, 1597; and in the interval after the death of his father his company of comedians were not the Lord Chamberlain's servants, but Lord Hunsdon's servants. This, no doubt, is decisive as to the play being performed before George Lord Hunsdon; but it is not in any degree decisive as to the play not having been performed without the advantage of this nobleman's patronage. The first date of the printing of any play of Shakspere goes a very short way to determine the date of its theatrical production. We are very much in the dark as to the mode in which a play passed from one form of publication, that of the theatre, into another form of publication, that of the press. It is no evidence, therefore, to our minds, that, because the Romeo and Juliet first printed in 1597 is stated to have been publicly acted by the Lord Hunsdon his servants, it was not publicly acted long before, under circumstances that would appear less attractive in the bookseller's title-page.

Of the *positive intrinsic* evidence of the date of Romeo and Juliet, the play, as it appears to us, only furnishes one passage. The Nurse, describing the time when Juliet was weaned, says—

> "On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
> That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
> 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
> * * * * *
> Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
> * * * *
> Shake, quoth the dove-house; 'twas no need I trow,
> To bid me trudge.
> And since that time it is eleven years."

All this particularity with reference to the earthquake—

> "I never shall forget it,—
> Of all the days of the year"—

was for the audience. The poet had to exhibit the minuteness with which unlettered people, and old people in particular, establish a date, by reference to some circumstance which has made a particular impression upon their imagination; but in this case he chose a circumstance which would be familiar to his audience, and would have produced a corresponding impression upon themselves. Tyrwhitt was the first to point out that this passage had, in all probability, a reference to the great earthquake which happened in England in 1580. Stow has described this earthquake minutely in his Chronicle, and so has Holinshed. "On the 6th of April, 1580, being Wednesday in Easter week, about six o'clock toward evening, a sudden earthquake happening in London, and almost generally throughout all England, caused such an amazedness among the people as was wonderful for the time, and caused them to make their earnest prayers to Almighty God!" The circumstances attendant upon this earthquake show that the remembrance of it would not have easily passed away from the minds of the people. The great clock in the palace at Westminster, and divers other clocks and bells, struck of themselves against the hammers with the shaking of the earth. The lawyers supping in the Temple "ran from the tables, and out of their halls, with their knives in their hands." The people assembled at the theatres rushed forth into the fields lest the galleries should fall. The roof of Christ Church, near to Newgate Market, was so shaken that a large stone dropped out of it, killing one person, and mortally wounding another, it being sermon-time. Chimneys toppled down, houses were shattered. Shakspere, therefore, could not have mentioned an earthquake with the minuteness of the passage in the Nurse's speech without immediately calling up some associations in the minds of his audience. He knew the double world in which an excited audience lives—the half-belief in the world of poetry amongst which they are placed during a theatrical representation, and the half-consciousness of the external world of their ordinary life. The ready disposition of every audience to make a transition from the scene before them to the scene in which they ordinarily move,—to assimilate what is shadowy and distant with what is distinct and at hand,—is perfectly well known to all who are acquainted with the machinery of the drama. Actors seize upon the principle to perpetrate the grossest violations of good taste; and authors who write for present applause invariably do the same when they offer us, in their dialogue, a passing allusion, which is technically called a clap-trap. In the case before us, even if Shakspere had not this principle in view, the association of the English earthquake must have been strongly in his mind when he made the Nurse date from an earthquake. Without reference to the circumstance of Juliet's age—

> "Even or odd, of all days in the year,
> Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen,"—

he would naturally, dating from the earthquake, have made the date refer to the period of his writing the passage instead of the period of Juliet's being weaned:—"Then she could stand alone." But, according to the Nurse's chronology, Juliet had not arrived at that epoch in the lives of children till she was three years old. The very contradiction shows that Shakspere had another object in view than that of making the Nurse's chronology tally with the age of her nursling. Had he written—

> "'Tis since the earthquake now *just thirteen* years,"—

we should not have been so ready to believe that Romeo and Juliet was written in 1593; but as he has written—

> "'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,"—

in defiance of a very obvious calculation on the part of the Nurse, we have no doubt that he wrote the passage eleven years after the earthquake of 1580, and that the passage being also meant to fix the attention of an audience, the play was produced, as well as written, in 1591.

Reasoning such as this would, we acknowledge, be very weak if it were unsupported by evidence deduced from the general character of the performance, with reference to the maturity of the author's powers. But, taken in connection with that evidence, it becomes important. Now, we have no hesitation in believing, although it would be exceedingly difficult to communicate the grounds of our belief fully to our readers, that the alterations made by Shakspere upon his first copy of Romeo and Juliet, as printed in 1597 (which alterations are shown in his second copy as printed in 1599), exhibit differences as to the quality of his mind—differences in judgment—differences in the cast of thought—differences in poetical power—which cannot be accounted for by the growth of his mind during two years only. If the first Romeo and Juliet were produced in 1591, and the second in 1599, we have an interval of eight years, in which some of his most finished works had been given to the world. During this period his richness, as well as his sweetness, had been developed; and it is this development which is so remarkable in the superadded passages in Romeo and Juliet. We almost fancy that the "Queen Mab" speech will of itself furnish an example of what we mean:—

> "Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
> Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
> Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers."

These lines are not in the first copy; but how beautifully they fit in after the description of the spokes—the cover the traces—the collars—the whip—and the waggoner; while, in their peculiarly rich and picturesque effect, they stand out before all the rest of the passage. Then the "I have seen the day 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone," of old Capulet, seems to speak more of the middle-aged than of the youthful poet, of whom all the passages by which it is surrounded are characteristic. Again, the lines in the friar's soliloquy, beginning—

> "The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb,"

look like the work of one who had been reading and thinking more deeply of nature's mysteries than in his first delineation of the benevolent philosophy of this good old man. But, as we advance in the play, the development of the writer's powers is more and more

displayed in his additions. The examples are far too numerous for us to particularise many of them. The critical reader may trace what has been added by our foot-notes. We would especially direct attention to the soliloquy of Juliet in the fifth scene of Act. II.; to her soliloquy, also, in the second scene of Act III.; and to her great soliloquy, before taking the draught, in the fourth act. We have given this last passage as it stood in the original copy; and we confidently believe that whoever peruses it with attention will entertain little doubt that the original sketch was the work of a much younger man than the perfect composition which we now possess. The whole of the magnificent speech of Romeo in the tomb may be said to be re-written; and it produces in us precisely the same impression, that it was the work of a genius much more mature than that which is exhibited in the original copy.

Tieck, who, as a translator of Shakspere, and as a profound and beautiful critic, has done very much for cultivating the knowledge, built upon love, which the Germans possess of our poet, has not been trammelled by Malone and Chalmers, but has placed Romeo and Juliet amongst Shakspere's early plays. We have no exact statements on this subject by Tieck; but in a very delightful imaginary scene between Marlowe and Greene he has made Marlowe describe to his brother dramatist the first performance of Romeo and Juliet to which he had been witness. Tieck has made this imaginary conversation a vehicle for the most enthusiastic praise of this play. Marlowe describes the performance as taking place at the palace of the Lord Hunsdon. He had expected, he says, that one of his own plays would have been performed; but he found that it was "that old poem, which we have all long known, worked up into a tragedy." After Marlowe has run through the general characteristics of the play with an eloquent admiration, mingled with deep regret that he himself had been able to approach so distantly the excellence of that "out-sounding mouth, which a god-like muse has herself inspired with the sweetest of her kisses," he thus replies to Greene's inquiry as to who was the poet:—"Wilt thou believe?—one of Henslowe's common comedians, who has already served him many years on very low wages." "And now, if thy fever has passed," said Greene, "let us look on this thing in the broad light. This is merely such a passing apparition as we have seen many of before—admired, gaped at, praised without limit,—but full of faults and imperfections, and soon to be altogether forgotten." "The same thing," said Marlowe, "the same words were whispered to me by my base envy, when I observed the universal delight, the deep emotion of every spectator. I endeavoured to comfort myself therewith, and again to recover my lost honours in this miserable manner. I fled from the company; and the house-steward, who had acted as an assistant, gave me the manuscript of the play. In my lonely chamber I sat and read the whole night, and read again,—and each time admired the more; for much that had appeared to me episodical or superfluous, acquired, on more exact examination, a significancy and needful fulness. The good house-steward gave me also another poem, which the author has not yet quite completed, Venus and Adonis, that I might read it in my nightly leisure. My friend, even here, even in this sweet narrative,—even in this soft speech and voluptuous imagery,—in this intoxicating realm, where I, till now, only looked upon likenesses of myself,—I am completely, completely, beaten. O this man, this more than mortal, to him (I feel as if my life depends on it) I must become the most intimate friend or the most bitter enemy. Either I will yet find my way to him, or I will succumb to this Apollo, and he may then speak over my outstretched corpse the last words of praise or blame." Tieck has thus decidedly placed the date of the performance of Romeo and Juliet before 1592, for Greene died in that year, and Marlowe in the year following. The Venus and Adonis, which is here mentioned as not quite completed, was published in 1593. Tieck built his opinion, no doubt, upon internal evidence; and upon this evidence we must be content to let the question rest.

* Dichterleben, von Tieck. Berlin, 1828, p. 128, &c.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

When Dante reproaches the Emperor Albert for neglect of Italy—

> "Thy sire and thou have suffer'd thus,
> Through greediness of yonder realms detain'd,
> The garden of the empire to run waste,"—

he adds—

> "Come, see the Capulets and Montagues,
> The Filippeschi and Monaldi, man
> Who car'st for nought; those sunk in grief, and these
> With dire suspicion rack'd." †

The Capulets and Montagues were amongst the fierce spirits who, according to the poet, had rendered Italy "savage and unmanageable." The Emperor Albert was murdered in 1308; and the Veronese, who believe the story of Romeo and Juliet to be historically true, fix the date of this tragedy as 1303. At that period the Scalas, or Scaligers, ruled over Verona.

If the records of history tell us little of the fair Capulet and her loved Montague, whom Shakspere has made immortal, the novelists have seized upon the subject, as might be expected from its interest and its obscurity. Massuccio, a Neapolitan, who lived about 1470, was, it is supposed, the writer who first gave a somewhat similar story the clothing of a connected fiction. He places the scene at Sienna, and, of course, there is no mention of the Montagues and Capulets. The story, too, of Massuccio varies in its catastrophe; the bride recovering from her lethargy, produced by the same means as in the case of Juliet, and the husband being executed for a murder which had caused him to flee from his country. Mr. Douce has endeavoured to trace back the groundwork of the tale to a Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius. Luigi da Porto, of Vicenza, gave a connected form to the legend of Romeo and Juliet in a novel, under the title of "La Giulietta," which was published after his death in 1535. Luigi, in an epistle which is prefixed to this work, states that the story was told him by "an archer of mine, whose name was Peregrino, a man about fifty years old, well practised in the military art, a pleasant companion, and, like almost all his countrymen of Verona, a great talker." Bandello, in 1554, published a novel on the same subject, the ninth of his second collection. It begins, "When the Scaligers were lords of Verona," and goes on to say that these events happened "under Bartholomew Scaliger" (Bartolomeo della Scala). The various materials to be found in these sources were embodied in a French novel by Pierre Boisteau, a translation of which was published by Painter in his "Palace of Pleasure," in 1567; and upon this French story was founded the English poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562, under the title of "The tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br." It appears highly probable that an English play upon the same subject had appeared previous to Brooke's poem; for a copy of that poem, which was in the possession of the Rev. H. White, of Lichfield, contains the following passage in an address to the reader:—"Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation then I can look for: being there much better set foorth then I have or can dooe, yet the same matter, penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more incouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is." We thus see that Shakspere had materials enough to work upon. But, in addition to these sources, there is a play by Lope de Vega in which the incidents are very similar, and an Italian tragedy also by Luigi Groto, which Mr. Walker, in his historical memoir of Italian tragedy, thinks that the English bard read with profit. Mr. Walker gives us passages in support of his assertion, such as a description of a nightingale when the lovers are parting, which appear to confirm this opinion.

To attempt to show, as many have attempted, what Shakspere took from the poem of "Romeus and Juliet," and what from Painter's

† Purgatory, Canto VI.: Cary's translation.

"Palace of Pleasure" — how he was "wretchedly misled in his catastrophe," as Mr. Dunlop has it, because he had not read Luigi da Porto—and how he invented only one incident throughout the play, that of the death of Paris, and created only one character, that of Mercutio, according to the sagacious Mrs. Lenox—appears to us somewhat idle work.

Period of the Action, and Manners.

The slight foundation of historical truth which can be established in the legend of Romeo and Juliet—that of the "civil broils" of the two rival houses of Verona—would place the period of the action about the time of Dante. But this one circumstance ought not, as it appears to us, very strictly to limit this period. The legend is so obscure, that we may be justified in carrying its date forward or backward, to the extent even of a century, if anything may be gained by such a freedom. In this case, we may venture to associate the story with the period which followed the times of Petrarch and Boccaccio—verging towards the close of the fourteenth century—a period full of rich associations. Then the literary treasures of the ancient world had been rescued out of the dust and darkness of ages —the language of Italy had been formed, in great part, by the marvellous "Visions" of her greatest poet; painting had been revived by Giotto and Cimabue; architecture had put on a character of beauty and majesty, and the first necessities of shelter and defence had been associated with the higher demands of comfort and taste; sculpture had displayed itself in many beautiful productions, both in marble and bronze; and music had been cultivated as a science. All these were the growth of the freedom which prevailed in the Italian republics, and of the wealth which had been acquired by commercial enterprise, under the impulses of freedom. To date the period of the action of Romeo and Juliet before this revival of learning and the arts would be to make its accessories out of harmony with the exceeding beauty of Shakspere's drama. Even if a slight portion of historical accuracy be sacrificed, his poetry must be surrounded with an appropriate atmosphere of grace and richness.

Of the *Manners* of this play we have occasionally spoken in our Illustrations. With the exception of a few English allusions, which are introduced for a particular object, they are thoroughly Italian. Mrs. Jameson has noticed the "sunny brilliance of effect" with which the whole of this drama is lighted up; and she adds, with equal truth and elegance, "the blue sky of Italy bends over all."

Costume.

Assuming, as we have done, that the incidents of this tragedy took place (at least traditionally) at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the costume of the personages represented would be that exhibited to us in the paintings of Giotto and his pupils or contemporaries.

A drawing of the former, now in the British Museum (Payne Knight's Collect.), and presumed to have been executed by him at Avignon, in 1315, interferes sadly with all popular notions of the dress of this play. The male personages appear in long robes, which give them a magisterial or senatorial appearance, perhaps not unsuitable to the gravity and station of the elder Montague and Capulet, and of the Prince, or Podesta, of Verona himself: but, for the younger and lighter characters, the love-lorn Romeo, the fiery Tybalt, the gallant gay Mercutio, &c., some very different habit would be expected by the million, and, indeed, desired by the artist. Cesare Vecellio, in his "Habiti Antichi e Moderni," presents us with a dress of this time, which he distinctly describes as that of a young nobleman on a love-making expedition:—"Habito Antico di giovani nobile *ornato per far l'amore*."

He assigns no particular date to it, but the pointed cowl, or hood, depending from the shoulders, the closely-set buttons down the front of the super-tunic, and up the arms of the under-garment, from the wrist to the elbow, with the peculiar lappet to the sleeve of the super-tunic, are all distinctive marks of the European costume of the early part of the fourteenth century, and to be found in any illuminated French or English MS. of the time of our Edward II., 1307—27, and still earlier, of course, in Italy, from whence the fashions travelled northward, through Paris to London.

The coverings for the head were, at this time, besides the capuchon or cowl, caps and hats of various fantastic shapes, and the chaperon, or turban-shaped hood, began to make its appearance. No plumes, however, adorned them till nearly the close of the century, when a single feather, generally ostrich, appears placed upright in front of the cap, or chaperon. The hose were richly fretted and embroidered with gold, and the toes of the shoes long and pointed.

The female costume of the same period consisted of a robe, or super-tunic, flowing in graceful folds to the feet, coming high up in the neck, where it was sometimes met by the wimple, or gorget, of white linen, giving a nun-like appearance to the wearer; the sleeves terminating at the elbow, in short lappets, like those of the men, and showing the sleeve of the under-garment (the kirtle, which fitted the body tightly), buttoned from the wrist to the elbow also, as in the male costume.

The hair was gathered up into a sort of club behind, braided in front, and covered, wholly or partially, with a caul of golden network. Garlands of flowers, natural, or imitated in goldsmiths' work, and plain filets of gold, or even ribbon, were worn by very young females. We shall say no more respecting the costume of this play, as the introduction of such a masquerade as is indispensable to the plot would be inconsistent with the dressing of the other characters correctly. Artists of every description are, in our opinion, perfectly justified in clothing the *dramatis personæ* of this tragedy in the habits of the time in which it was written, by which means all serious anachronisms would be avoided.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the* Prince.
MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with each*
CAPULET, } *other.*
An old Man, uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, *son to* Montague.
MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the* Prince, *and friend to* Romeo.
BENVOLIO, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
TYBALT, *nephew to* Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*
BALTHASAR, *servant to* Romeo.
SAMPSON, } *servants to* Capulet.
GREGORY, }
ABRAM, *servant to* Montague.

An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Chorus.
Boy.
Page to Paris.
PETER.
An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to* Montague.
LADY CAPULET, *wife to* Capulet.
JULIET, *daughter to* Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—VERONA;—MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.

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

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers.*

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.[a]

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

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

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

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

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

Gre. To move is to stir; and to be valiant is to stand;[1] therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou run'st away.

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

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

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

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

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil[2] with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids?

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

Gre. They must take it sense,[3] that feel it.

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

Gre. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John.[4] Draw thy tool; here comes[5] of the house of the Montagues.[b]

Enter ABRAM *and* BALTHASAR.

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

Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

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

Gre. I will frown, as I pass by: and let them take it as they list.

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

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

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

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

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

Gre. No.

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

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

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

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, *at a distance.*

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

Sam. Yes, better.

[1] The first quarto of 1597, which we mark as (*A*), "Stand *to it.*"
[2] The undated quarto, which we mark as (*D*), *cruel.*
[3] (*A*), *In* sense.
[4] *Poor John*—hake dried and salted.
[5] (*A*), *two* of the house.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.[d] [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools; put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

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

Tyb. What, draw[1] and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

Enter several partisans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs.*

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans![e] strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, *in his gown; and* LADY CAPULET.

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

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

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

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGUE.

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

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot[2] to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, *with* Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins!
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils,[3] bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther[4] pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* Attendants; CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, *and* Servants.

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

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

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo!—saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I,[5] he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,[f]
That westward rooteth from this city's side,
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are most alone,[6]—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:[7]
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

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

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

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

Mon. Both by myself, and many others, friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.[8]
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter ROMEO, *at a distance.*

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

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

[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

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

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

Ben. In love?

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

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

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[1] The quarto of 1609, which we mark as (*C*), *drawn*.
(*C*), *one* foot.
(*C*), *brawls*.
[4] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *father's*.
(*A*), *I am*.
So (*A*). The folio and (*C*) have—

"By my own,
Which then most sought, where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour."

The restoration of the first reading is clearly an improvement.

The first ten beautiful lines of Montague's speech are not in the original quarto; neither is Benvolio's question, "Have you importun'd him?" nor the answer. We find them in (*B*), the quarto of 1599.

[8] The folio and (*C*) read *same*. Theobald gave us *sun*; and we could scarcely wish to restore the old reading, even if the probability of a typographical error, *same* for *sunne*, were not so obvious.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate![g]
O anything, of nothing first created![1]
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.
Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke made[2] with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving[3] tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have lost myself; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's some other where.
Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that[4] you love.
Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no;
But sadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—[5]
Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.
Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.[6]
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.[7]
Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty, starv'd with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O teach me how I should forget to think!
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;[h]
He that is strucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

Cap. And[8] Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
Earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:[9]
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent[10] is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,[i]
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house, look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars,[11] that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads,[k] even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more[12] view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, [*gives a paper*] and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

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[1] (*A*), *create.* Some editors have adopted this; but it appears to us to introduce improperly a couplet amidst the blank verse.
[2] (*A*), *rais'd.*
[3] (*A*), *raging with a lover's tears.*
[4] (*A*), *whom she is.*
[5] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *A sick man in sadness makes.*
[6] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *uncharm'd.*
[7] The scene ends here in (*A*); and the first three lines in the next scene are also wanting. (*B*) has them.
[8] So (*D*). The folio omits *And.*
[9] *Lady of my earth. Fille de terre* being the French phrase for an heiress, Steevens thinks that Capulet speaks of Juliet in this sense; but Shakspere uses earth for the mortal part, as in the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Sonnet:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,"

and in this play—

"Turn back, dull earth."

[10] *My will to her consent*—in proportion to, or with reference to, her consent.
[11] *Earth-treading stars*, &c. Warburton calls this line nonsense, and would read—

"Earth-treading stars that make dark *even* light."

Monck Mason would read—

"Earth-treading stars that make dark, heaven's light;"

that is, stars that make the light of heaven appear dark in comparison with them. It appears to us unnecessary to alter the original reading, and especially as passages in the masquerade scene would seem to indicate that the banqueting-room opened into a garden—as,

"Her beauty hangs upon *the cheek of night.*"

[12] So the folio and (*C*), with the exception of *one* for *on.* (*A*), *Such, amongst view of many.*

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.[1]
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But I pray, can you read anything you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!
Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [*Reads.*
Signor Martino, *and his wife and daughters;* County Anselme, *and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, *and his lovely nieces;* Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters; My fair niece* Rosaline; Livia; Signor Valentio, *and his cousin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A fair assembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither should they come?
Serv. Up.
Rom. Whither to supper?[1]
Serv. To our house.
Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.
Rom. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.
Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!
And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.
Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales,[2] let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
Nurse. Now by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, ladybird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?
Nurse. Your mother.
Jul. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.
Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen[3] be it spoken, I have but four,—
She is not fourteen.—How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.
Nurse.[4] Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;[m]
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:[5]—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man!—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—Ay:
To see now, how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it; Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it stinted,[6] and said—Ay.

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[1] So all the early editions. Theobald gives "To supper" to the servant.
Scales—used as a singular noun.
[3] *Teen*—sorrow.
[4] The speeches of the Nurse, from hence, are given as prose in all the early editions. Capell had the great merit of first printing them as verse; and not "erroneously," as Boswell appears to think, for there is not in all Shakspere a passage in which the rhythm is more happily characteristic.
[5] *Bear a brain*—have a memory—a common expression.

[6] *It stinted*—it stopped. Thus Gascoigne:—
"Then stinted she as if her song were done."
To *stint* is used in an active signification for to *stop*. Thus in those fine lines in Titus Andronicus, which it is difficult to believe any other than Shakspere wrote:—
"The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure *stint* their melody."
What a picture of a despot in his intervals of self-satisfying forbearance!

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.
Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say—Ay:
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A parlous [1] knock; and it cried bitterly.
Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—Ay.
Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.
Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.
La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurse. An honour! [2] were not I thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was a mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. [3] What say you? can you love the gentleman
This night you shall behold him at our feast:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,[n]
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several [4] lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him, making yourself no less.
Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.
La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.
La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.
Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Parlous*—a corruption of the word perilous.
[2] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*) have *hour*, both in Juliet's and the Nurse's speeches.
[3] The next seventeen lines are wanting in (*A*).
[4] (*B*), *married;* which reading has been adopted by Steevens and Malone, in preference to *several*, in the folio and (*C*).
[5] These two lines in (*A*) are omitted in the subsequent old editions.
[6] *So bound* in (*C*); *to bound* in folio.

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with Five or Six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,[o]
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance: [5]
But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,[p] and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch,[q]—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes,
With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,[6]
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love:
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in: [*Putting on a mask.*
A visor for a visor!—what care I
What curious eye doth quote [7] deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;[r]
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse,[s] the constable's own word:
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this, sir reverence,[t] love,[8] wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not so.
Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by day.[9]
Take our good meaning: for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mer. And so did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies [10]

Quote—observe.
[5] Thus (*A*).
[9] This is the reading of the folio. Johnson reads "*like* lights by day." Capell's reading is generally adopted (though not literally) from the early copies:—
"We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day."
[10] (*A*), *atomy.*

Athwart[1] men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film:
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:[2]
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:[3]
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;[u]
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is she—[4]

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

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air;
And more inconstant than the wind who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face[5] to the dew-dropping south.

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

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail![6]—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Hall in* Capulet's *House.*

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

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

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all[7] in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,[x] look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;[8] and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

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

[*They retire behind.*

Enter CAPULET, &c., *with the* Guests, *and the* Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagued with corns, will have[9] a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; Am I come near ye now?
Welcome, gentlemen![10] I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*

More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin[11] Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now, since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By 'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

---

[1] Thus (*A*). (*C*) and folio, *over.*
(*A*), *maid;* folio and (*C*), *man,*—clearly an error in the latter.
A suit. A court solicitation was called a suit;—a process, a suit at law.

[4] It is desirable to exhibit the first draft of a performance so exquisitely finished as this celebrated description, in which every word is a study. And yet it is curious that in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio (from which we print), and in both of which the corrections of the author are apparent, the whole speech is given as if it were *prose.* The original quarto of 1597 gives the passage as follows:—

"Ah then I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and doth come
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of a burgomaster,
Drawne with a team of little atomy,
Athwart men's noses when they lie asleep.
Her waggon spokes are made of spinners' webs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces are the moon-shine watery beams,
The collars cricket bones, the lash of films.
Her waggoner is a small gray-coated fly
Not half so big as is a little worm,
Picked from the lazy finger of a maid.
And in this sort she gallops up and down
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love.
O'er courtiers' knees, who strait on courtesies dream;
O'er ladies' lips who dream on kisses strait,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tythe pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose that lies asleep,
And then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a soldier's nose,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And swears a prayer or two, and sleeps again:
This is that Mab that makes maids lie on their backs,
And proves them women of good carriage.
This is the very Mab,
That plaits the manes of horses in the night,
And plaits the elfe locks in foul sluttish hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breeds."

[5] Thus (*A*). (*C*) and the folio, *side.*
[6] Thus (*A*). (*C*) and the folio, *suit.*
[7] Thus (*C*). Folio omits *all.*
[8] *Marchpane*—a kind of sweet cake or biscuit, sometimes called almond-cake. Our macaroons are diminutive marchpanes.
[9] Thus (*A*). (*C*) and folio, *walk about.*
[10] This passage, to "More light, you knaves," is wanting in (*A*).
[11] *Good cousin Capulet.* The word cousin, in Shakspere, was applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree; thus we have in this play, "Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!" Richard III. calls his nephew York cousin, while the boy calls Richard uncle. In the same play York's grandmother calls him cousin, while he replies grandam.

Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.
2 Cap. 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 Cap. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
Her beauty[1] hangs upon the cheek of night
As[2] a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed[3] my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 Cap. Young Romeo is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;
I'll not endure him.
1 Cap. He shall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop![4] you'll be the man!
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
1 Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath[5] you;—I know what.
You must contrary[6] me!—marry, 'tis time—
Well said, my hearts!—You are a princox;[7] go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light.—For shame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
[*To* Juliet.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine[8] is this,—
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine[9] my sin is purg'd.
[*Kissing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.[10]
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on then; let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To 2* Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurse.
Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? What's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* "Juliet."

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[1] *Her beauty hangs.* All the ancient editions which can be considered authorities—the four quartos and the first folio—read *It seems she hangs.* The reading of *her beauty* is from the second folio. Why, then, it may be asked, do we depart from our usual principle, and reject an undoubted ancient reading? Because the reading which we give has become familiar,—has passed into common use wherever our language is spoken,—is quoted in books as frequently as any of the other passages of Shakspere which constantly present themselves as examples of his exquisite power of description. Here, it appears to us, is a higher law to be observed than that of adherence to the ancient copies. It is the same with the celebrated passage—

"Or dedicate his beauty to *the sun*."

All the ancient copies read *the same.* We believe this to be a misprint; but, even if that could not be alleged, we should feel ourselves justified in retaining *the sun.* Such instances, of course, present but very rare exceptions to a general rule.

(*A*), *Like.*

So (*C*) and folio. (*A*), *happy.*

[4] *Set cock-a-hoop.* The origin of this phrase, which appears always to be used in the sense of hasty and violent excess, is very doubtful. The received opinion is, that on some festive occasions the *cock*, or spigot, was taken out of the barrel and laid on the *hoop*, and that the uninterrupted flow of the ale naturally led to intemperance.

To scath—to injure.

[6] *Contrary.* Sir Philip Sidney and many other old writers use this as a verb.

Princox—coxcomb.

[8] *Sin* in all the old copies. Warburton changed *sin* to *fine.*

[9] (*A*), *yours.*

[10] *Towards*—ready, at hand.

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

Enter Chorus.

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

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place adjoining* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here ?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo ! my cousin Romeo !
Mer. He is wise ;
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leapt this orchard wall :
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Romeo ! humours ! madman ! passion ! lover !
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied.
Cry but—Ah me ! pronounce[1] but love and dove ;
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham[2] Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.[a]—
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not ;
The ape[3] is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him : 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down ;
That were some spite : my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[4] night :
Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.[5]
Romeo, good night :—I'll to my truckle-bed ;[b]
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep :
Come, shall we go ?
Ben. Go, then ; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she :
Be not her maid,[6] since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off.—
It is my lady : O, it is my love :
O, that she knew she were !—
She speaks, yet she says nothing ; What of that ?
Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks :
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp ; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !
Jul. Ah me !

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[1] (*A*) has *pronounce ;* the subsequent quartos and the first folio, *provaunt ;* the second folio, *couply.* Steevens desired to retain *provant*, to provide, from the noun *provant*, provision.

[2] All the old copies have *Abraham.* Upton changed it to "Adam," which modern editors have adopted, supposing the allusion, "he that shot so trim," was to the Adam Bell of the old ballad, to whom Shakspere has also alluded in Much Ado about Nothing : "He that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder and called Adam." But the word "trim," which is the reading of the first quarto (the subsequent editions giving us *true*), is distinctly derived from the "Ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid :"—

> "The blinded boy, that shoots so *trim*,
> From heaven down did hie,
> He drew a dart and shot at him,
> In place where he did lie."

With all submission to the opinion of Percy, who adopts the reading of Upton, we think that the change of Abraham into Adam was uncalled for. *Abraham* conveys another idea than that of Cupid's archery, which is strongly enough conveyed. The "Abraham" Cupid is the cheat—the "Abraham man"—of our old statutes.

[3] *The ape*—an expression of kindly familiarity applied to a young man.

[4] *Humorous*—dewy, vaporous.

[5] There are two lines here omitted in the text of Steevens's edition, which Malone has restored to the text. The lines are gross, but the grossness is obscure, and, if it were understood, could scarcely be called corrupting. The freedoms of Mercutio arise out of his dramatic character : his exuberant spirits betray him into levities which are constantly opposed to the intellectual refinement which rises above such baser matter. But Pope rejected these lines—Pope who, in the "Rape of the Lock," has introduced one couplet, at least, that would have disgraced the age of Elizabeth. We do not print the two lines of Shakspere, for they can only interest the verbal critic. But we distinctly record their omission. As far as we have been able to trace—and we have gone through the old editions with an especial reference to this matter—these two lines constitute the *only* passage in the original editions which has been omitted by modern editors. With this exception, there is not a passage in Shakspere which is not reprinted in every edition except that of Mr. Bowdler. And yet the writer in Lardner's "Cyclopædia" (Lives of Literary and Scientific Men) has ventured to make the following assertion : "*Whoever has looked into the original editions of his dramas* will be disgusted with the obscenity of his allusions. They absolutely teem with the grossest improprieties—more gross by far than can be found in any contemporary dramatist." The insinuation that the *original editions* contain improprieties that are not to be found in *modern editions* is difficult to characterize without using expressions that had better be avoided.

[6] Be not a votary to Diana—the

> "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,"

of Ben Jonson's beautiful hymn.

Rom. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing[1] clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
[*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself, though[2] not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name![3]
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name[4] would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy[5] name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that thus bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am;
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering,[6] yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair maid,[7] if either thee dislike.[8]
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop[9] to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;[10]
And, but thou love me,[11] let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would[12] adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment![13]
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'st think my haviour light:
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning[14] to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,[15]
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear:[c] although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[Nurse *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,

[1] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *puffing.*
[2] Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what she thought evil of his family.
[3] There is a confusion in the folio and (*C*), which Malone here appears to have put right, by making out a line with the aid of (*A*). The folio omits "O, be some other name!"
[4] So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *word.*
[5] So (*C*) and folio. (*A*), *that.*
[6] The folio and (*C*), *thy tongue's uttering.* (*A*), *that tongue's utterance.*
[7] In (*A*), *saint.*
[8] *Dislike*—displease.
[9] In (*A*), *let.*
[10] In (*A*), *sight.*
[11] *But thou love me*—so thou do but love me.
[12] So (*A*). In folio and (*C*), *should.*
[13] *Farewell compliment*—farewell respect for forms.
[14] So (*A*). In folio and (*C*), *coying.*
[15] So (*A*). In folio and (*C*), *vow.*

Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy strife and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,—
Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse to want thy light—
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.
[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter Juliet, *above.*

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again![d]
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo.[1]
Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My—
Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam.
Jul. What o'clock to-morrow[2]
Shall I send to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friar's close[3] cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

[1] In (*A*), *my Romeo's name.*
[2] This passage is ordinarily printed thus:—
Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My *sweet.*
Jul. *At* what o'clock to-morrow—
"My *sweet*" was substituted by the editor of the second folio for "My *neece*," which is the reading of the first folio, and of the second and third quartos. In the first quarto we have *Madam*, which Malone adopts. But in the first quarto there is no interruption at all by the Nurse, whilst in the second quarto she has twice before used the word *Madam;* and consequently the poet, in his amended copy, avoided the use by Romeo of a title which had just been used by the Nurse. We believe that the word *Neece* is altogether a mistake; that the word *Nurse* was written, as denoting a third interruption by her; and that *Madam*, the use of which was the form of the interruption, was omitted accidentally, or was supposed to be implied by the word *Nurse*. As we have printed the passage the metre is correct; and it is to be observed that in the second quarto and the subsequent copies, *at* before "what o'clock," which was in the first quarto, is omitted, showing that a word of two syllables was wanted after *my* when *at* was rejected. Zachary Jackson, instead of *niece*, would read *novice.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence, *with a basket.*

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked[4] darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels:[5]
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;[e]
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.[6]
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak[7] flower
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings[8] encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. *Benedicite!*
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-rous'd by some distemp'rature,
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

(*A*), *ghostly father's cell.*
[4] *Flecked*—dappled.
[5] So (*A*). It is remarkable that in the folio and (*C*) these four lines, with a slight alteration, are also introduced before the last two lines of *Romeo's* previous speech. It appears to us that the poet was making experiments upon the margin of the first copy of the change of a word or so, and leaving the MS. upon the page, without obliterating the original passage, it came to be inserted twice. The lines, as given to Romeo, stand thus in the quarto of 1609, and in the folio:—
"The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And darkness fleckel'd, like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's wheels."
[6] Six lines, ending with this line, are not in (*A*).
In (*A*), *small.*
[8] In (*A*), *foes.* In the other ancient editions, *kings.* Opposed *foes* has not the propriety of opposed *kings*—a thoroughly Shaksperean phrase.

That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies;[f]
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow; They stumble, that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Street.*

Enter BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin[1] of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats,[2] I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,[3] keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist;[g] a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the puncto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardon-mes*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbé, a grey eye or so,[4] but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;[h] Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and, in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.[5]

Mer. Sure wit.[6] Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase,[i] I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for anything, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;[7] it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

---

[1] The centre of the target, where the pin fastened the clout.
[2] Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of "Reynard the Fox."
[3] *Prick-song*—music pricked, or noted, down, so as to read according to rule, in contradistinction to music learnt by the ear, or sung from memory.
[4] The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful. In the Venus and Adonis, Venus says, "Mine eyes are grey."
[5] The *pump* was the shoe. We retain the word. The ribbons in the pump were shaped as flowers.
[6] In (*A*), *Well said.*
[7] The name of an apple.

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,[1] that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?[k] now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.[l]

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?[m]

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for 'fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,
And an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent;
But a hare that is hoar,
Is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, lady, lady, lady.
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant[n] was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure: if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.
Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O, there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog.[o] No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.[2]

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon!

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,[3]
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:

[1] Kid leather—from *chevreuil*, a roebuck.
All this dialogue, from "Commend me to thy mistress," is not in (*A*).

[3] In (*A*), Juliet's soliloquy ends here.

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,[p]
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse *and* PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* PETER.
Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile:—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before;
What says he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t'other side,—O, my back, my back!—
Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!
Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?
Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:
Your love says, like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?
Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.
Jul. Here's such a coil,—Come, what says Romeo?
Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?
Jul. I have.
Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence' cell,
There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* ROMEO.[1]

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.
Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady;—O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Fri. Come, come, with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A public Place.*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants.

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad.
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring
Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.
Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

[1] This scene was entirely re-written, after the first copy.

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple? O simple!

Enter TYBALT *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.
Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels! an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery;
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love[1] I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore, farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn, and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
Alla stoccata[2] carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher[3] by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio. Beat down their weapons.
Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage;
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.
Hold Tybalt—good Mercutio[4]—

[*Exeunt* TYBALT *and his* Partisans.

Mer. I am hurt.—
A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit* Page.

Rom. Courage, man: the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me tomorrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both your houses! —What, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses,
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses.

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin.[5]—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive![6] in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight;* TYBALT *falls.*

[1] (*A*), *hate.*

Alla stoccata—the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

[3] Scabbard.

[4] We have restored the metrical arrangement of the preceding five lines from (*C*) and the folio.

[5] (*A*), *kinsman.*

[6] So (*A*). (*C*) and folio, *he gone.*

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!
Rom. Oh! I am fortune's fool!
Ben. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that Tybalt.
1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince *attended;* Montague, Capulet, *their* Wives, *and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince,—O cousin,—husband,[1]—the blood is spill'd
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice[2] the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false,[3] he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hate's[3] proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence his body, and attend our will;
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging;[4] such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.[5]—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That, runaway's[6] eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd[7] blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse,

Enter Nurse, *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—

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[1] So (*C*) and folio. (*D*), *unhappy sight, ah me;* and in that copy, "O cousin, cousin!" in the third line beyond, is omitted. Some modern editors, in this and in other passages, have adopted the arbitrary course *of making up a text* out of the first quarto and the quarto of 1599, without regard to the important circumstance that this later edition was "newly corrected, augmented, and amended," and that the folio, in nearly every essential particular, follows it.

[2] Slight.

[3] (*A*), *hates.* (*C*), *heart's.*

[4] (*A*), *mansion.*

[5] Juliet's soliloquy ends here in the first quarto.

[6] This reading is that of all the old copies. The passage has been a perpetual source of contention to the commentators. Their difficulties are well represented by Warburton's question—"What runaways are these, whose eyes Juliet is wishing to have stopped?" Warburton says *Phœbus* is the runaway. Steevens proves that *Night* is the runaway. Douce thinks that *Juliet* is the runaway. It has been suggested to us that in several early poems Cupid is styled *Runaway.* Monck Mason is confident that the passage ought to be, "That *Renomy's* eyes may wink," Renomy being a new personage, created out of the French Renommée, and answering, we suppose, to the "Rumour" of Spenser. Zachary Jackson suggests that *runaways* is a misprint for *unawares.* The word *unawares* in the old orthography, is *unawayres* (it is so spelt in the Third Part of Henry VI.), and the *r*, having been misplaced, produced this word of puzzle, *runawayes.* Mr. Collier adopts this reading. But Mr. Dyce objects, "That *ways* (the last syllable of run-aways) ought to be Day's, I feel next to certain; but what word originally preceded it I do not pretend to determine.

rude / *soon* } *Day's eyes* may wink.

Compare Macbeth:

'Come seeling *night*
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.'"

There is much force in this objection. One more conjecture: *change a letter*, and put a comma instead of the genitive *s*:—

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That sun away, eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!"

Unmann'd—a term of falconry. To *man* a hawk is to accustom her to the falconer who trains her.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*
Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?
Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Whoever would have thought it?—Romeo!
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,[1]
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an *I;*
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I.*
If he be slain, say—*I;* or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or woe.
Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark![b]—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swoonded at the sight.
Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrout,[2] break at once!
To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest[3] cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.
Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned[4] saint, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:*—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?—
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort: Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cord; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

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[1] It is here necessary to retain the old spelling of the affirmative particle *I* (ay).
[2] *Bankrout.* We restore the old poetical *bankrout*, in preference to the modern *bankrupt.*
[3] (*A*), *dear-lov'd.*
[4] Thus (*D*). (*C*), *dimme.*

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death.
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.
Fri. Here[1] from Verona art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished, is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banished
Is death misterm'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
This may flies do, when I from this must fly—
(And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?)—
But Romeo may not, he is banished.[2]
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But—banished—to kill me; banished?
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word—banished?
Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.[3]
Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.
Rom. Yet banished?—Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.
Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
Fri. Arise; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyself.
[*Knocking within.*
Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay awhile;—stand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What simpleness[4] is this?—I come, I come. *Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
Fri. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
Rom. Nurse!
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth not she think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Draws his sword.*
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man!
And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,[5]
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish

[1] (*A*), *Hence.*
[2] We have restored this passage to the reading of the folio. The lines were transposed by Steevens without regard to any copy. In the first quarto the passage is altogether different. In that of 1609 it runs thus:—

> "This may flies do, when I from this must fly;—
> (And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?)—
> But Romeo may not, he is banished.
> Flies may do this, but I from this must fly,
> They are free men, but I am banished."

[3] Thus (*D*).
[4] (*A*), *wilfulness.*
[5] (*A*) reads—

> "And slay thy lady too, that lives in thee."

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,[c]
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy:[1]
The law, that threaten'd death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessing lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd[2] and sullen wench,
Thou puttest up[3] thy fortune and thy love:
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go, before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid be give you, sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

[*Exit* Nurse.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Go hence: Good night; and here stands all your state;
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day, disguis'd, from hence;
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I;—Well; we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mew'd[4] up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft; What day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,
O' Thursday let it be;—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl:—
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by:—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Loggia to* Juliet's *Chamber.*[d]

Enter ROMEO *and* JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:[e]
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,[f]
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome!—Juliet wills it so.—
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;[5]
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.[g]
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

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[1] (*A*), which modern editors have followed, gives *happy too.*
[2] Thus (*A*). The folio, *mis-shaped.*
[3] *Puttest up.* So the folio. (*D*) reads "*pouts* thy fortune." Is to *put up* used as to *put aside?*
[4] Another term of falconry. The *mew* is the hawk's cage.

[5] *Sweet division.* A *division* in music is a number of quick notes sung to one syllable—a kind of warbling. This continued to prevail in vocal music till rather recently. Handel, governed by custom rather than by his own better taste, introduces divisions in many of his airs and choruses. Steevens, in his note on this word, mistakes the meaning entirely.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!
Jul. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurse.
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[ROMEO *descends.*
Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay—husband, friend![1]
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul;[h]
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,[2]
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit* ROMEO.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
La. Cap. [*Within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?
Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live:
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he be many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram,[3]
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy[4] time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at St. Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by St. Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.
I pray you tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth[5] doth drizzle dew:
But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?
Have you delivered to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.[6]
Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—[7]
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

---

[1] (*A*) reads *my love, my lord, my friend.*
[2] (*A*) *below; so low* in folios.
[3] (*A*) (the other lines being different) has—
"That shall bestow on him so sure a draught."
[4] (*A*) *needful.*
[5] (*D*) gives us *air.*
[6] *Meant love*—meant *as* love.
[7] (*C*) has this line, which is not in the folio:—
"And yet not proud;—Mistress, minion, you."

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie! what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us bless'd
That God had lent[1] us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!
Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Cap. O, God ye good den!
Nurse. May not one speak?
Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company,[2] still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,[3]
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer—*I'll not wed,—I cannot love,*
I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
Par. My father Capulet will have it so:
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.[4]
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love:
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society;
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[*Aside.*
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.
Jul. What must be shall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

---

[1] (*A*), *sent.*

[2] Thus (*C*) and folio. (*A*), which has been partially followed, has—

> "God's blessed mother! Wife, it mads me.
> Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
> Alone, in company, waking or sleeping,
> Still my care hath been to see her match'd."

[3] (*A*) gives *train'd.* (*C*) and folio, *allied.*

[4] In (*A*) the passage is—

> "And I am nothing slack to slow his haste."

Jackson conjectures that the *to* of all the editions should be *too.* But the meaning is obvious as it stands:—

> "I am nothing slow, (so as) to slack his haste."

BOURNE SCULPT

Stadt-
Bücherei
Elbing

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.
Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now:—
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit* PARIS.
Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me: Past hope, past care, past help!
Fri. O Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,[1]
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to 'scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder[2] tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;[3]
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.
Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease.[4]
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly[5] ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,[a]
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:[6]
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame;
If no inconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, give me! O tell not me of fear.
Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Capulet's *House.*

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, NURSE, *and* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.[b]
2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

---

[1] Nine lines, ending with this, are not in (*A*).
[2] In (*A*), *yonder*. In (*C*) and folio, *any*.
[3] In (*D*), *shroud*. In folio, *grave*.
[4] (*A*) gives this passage thus:—

> "A dull and heavy slumber, which shall seize
> Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
> His natural progress, but surcease to beat."

We give the text of (*C*) and the folio. This speech of the friar, in the author's "amended" edition (*B*), is elaborated from thirteen lines to thirty-three; and yet the variorum editors have been bold enough, even here, to give us a text made up of Shakspere's first thoughts and his last.
[5] In (*D*), *paly*. In (*C*), *many*.
[6] This line, which is in all the ancient copies, has been left out in all the modern. The editors have here gon far beyond their office; nor can we understand why the more particular working out of the idea in the next two lines should have given them offence. *Be borne* means *to* be borne.

Enter Juliet.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with merry look.
Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you been gadding?
Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you, and your behests; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell;
And gave him what becomed[1] love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand up:
This is as't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt* Juliet *and* Nurse.
La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and* Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? Need you[2] my help?
Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow:
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.
La. Cap. Good night!
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.
Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?[3]
No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*Laying down a dagger.*
What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault,[c] an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! it is not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, I drink to thee.[4]
[*She throws herself on the bed.*

SCENE IV.—Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.
Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

---

[1] *Becomed*—becoming.
[2] (*A*), *Do you need my help?*
[3] This speech of Juliet, like many others of the great passages throughout the play, received the most careful elaboration and the most minute touching. In the first edition it occupies only eighteen lines; it extends to forty-five in the "amended" edition of 1599. And yet it was a recent custom to make a patch-work of the two. This line in (*A*) is thus:—

"Must I of force be married to the county?"

The line which follows lower down—

"I will not entertain so bad a thought"—

Steevens says he has *recovered* from the quarto. We print the eighteen lines of the original, that the reader may see with what consummate skill the author's corrections have been made:—

"Farewell, God knows when we shall meet again.
Ah, I do take a fearful thing in hand.
What if this potion should not work at all,
Must I of force be married to the county?
This shall forbid it. Knife, lie thou there.
What if the friar should give me this drink
To poison me, for fear I should disclose
Our former marriage? Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.
What if I should be stifled in the tomb?
Awake an hour before the appointed time:
Ah, then I fear I shall be lunatic:
And playing with my dead forefathers' bones,
Dash out my frantic brains. Methinks I see
My cousin Tybalt weltering in his blood,
Seeking for Romeo: Stay, Tybalt, stay.
Romeo I come, this do I drink to thee."

[4] The ordinary reading is that of (*A*):—

"Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

In the subsequent quartos, and the folio, we have—

"Romeo, Romeo, Romeo!—here's drink—I drink to thee."

We think with Mr. Dyce that "here's drink," was the stage direction of *here drink*. We do not adopt the first reading, because "I come" would seem to imply that Romeo was dead, and Juliet was about to meet him in another world.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd.
The curfeu bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.
Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* Nurse.
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,
What's there?

Enter Servants, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.
Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit* 1 Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.
2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*
Cap. 'Mass, and well said; A merry whoreson! ha,
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good father, 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight,
[*Music within.*
For so he said he would. I hear him near:—
Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,
Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Juliet's *Chamber;* JULIET *on the bed.*

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant her, she:—
Why, lamb!—Why, lady!—fie, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—
What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath set up his rest
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!
I must needs wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.[1]
Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS, *with* Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy wife:—There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.[2]
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead!
And, with my child, my joys are buried!
Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, she should be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corsé; and, as the custom is,

[1] In the original we want these four exquisite lines; and yet the variorum editors have thrust in the single line which they found in (*A*):—

"Accursed time, unfortunate old man."

[2] The original text is, *life, living, all is death's.* The substitution of *life leaving* was Capell's.

In all her best array bear her to church:
For though some[1] nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
Cap. All things that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Friar.
1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up,
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit* Nurse.
1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians,[d] *Heart's ease, Heart's ease;* O, an you will have me live, play *Heart's ease.*
1 *Mus.* Why *Heart's ease?*
Pet. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—*My heart is full:* O, play me some merry dump,[2] to comfort me.
2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mus. No.
Pet. I will then give it you soundly.
1 *Mus.* What will you give us?
Pet. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.
1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.
Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you;[3] Do you note me?
1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.
2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Answer me like men:

> When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
> And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
> Then music, with her silver sound;[4]

Why, silver-sound? why music with her silver sound? What say you, Simon Catling?[5]
1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Pet. Pretty![6] What say you, Hugh Rebeck?[7]
2 *Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians sound for silver.
Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Soundpost?
3 *Mus.* 'Faith, I know not what to say.
Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding:—[8]

> Then music with her silver sound,
> With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*
1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!
2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua.[a] *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth[9] of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady[10] Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.
Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience.[11]
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
Bal. No, my good lord.
Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift

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[1] *Some nature. Fond* nature has been introduced into the text from the second folio. The difficulty of *some* is not manifest. Some nature—some impulses of nature—some part of our nature. The idea may have suggested the "some natural tears" of Milton.
[2] *Dump* was not originally a burlesque term, but it generally implied somewhat sorrowful or mournful.
[3] *I'll* RE *you, I'll* FA *you. Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmisation, or sol-faing, to the sounds D and F in the musical scale.
[4] See Illustrations to this act.
[5] *Catling*—a lute-string.
[6] (*C*), *pratest.*
[7] *Rebeck*—the three-stringed violin.
[8] In (*A*) we have, "such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding;" and then the servant calls them "fiddlers." It is interesting to mark the change in the corrected copy. Shakspere would not put offensive words to the skilled in music even into the mouth of a clownish servant.

[9] (*A*) *eye.* This word has been retained by some modern editors. But it is not difficult to see the growth of that philosophical spirit in Shakspere which suggested the substitution of the word "truth," which opens to the mind a deep volume of metaphysical inquiry.
[10] (*A*), *How fares my Juliet?*
[11] The first quarto has—

> "Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus."

But then all the remaining dialogue in the early play differs from the amended text of the author, and the changes show his accurate judgment. For example:—

> "Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?"

that most important repetition, is omitted in the original play. Are we not to trust to this judgment? Recent editors have not followed the example of some of their predecessors in dealing with his corrections according to their own caprice.

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary,—[b]
And hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,[c]
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary![1]

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?
Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,[2]
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Rom. I pray[3] thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murther in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

[1] We are tempted once more to trespass upon our limited space by giving the speech descriptive of the apothecary from the first edition. The studies in poetical art which Shakspere's corrections of himself supply are amongst the most instructive in the whole compass of literature:—

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means. As I do remember
Here dwells a pothecary whom oft I noted
As I past by, whose needy shop is stufft
With beggarly accounts of empty boxes:
And in the same an alligator hangs,
Old ends of packthread, and cakes of roses,
Are thinly strewed to make up a show.
Him as I noted, thus with myself I thought:
An if a man should need a poison now
(Whose present sale is death in Mantua),
Here he might buy it. This thought of mine
Did but forerun my need: and hereabout he dwells.
Being holiday the beggar's shop is shut.
What, ho! apothecary! come forth I say."

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's *Cell.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,[d]
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him,—the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.
Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee;
So fearful were they of infection.
Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[4] but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Lau. Now must I to the monument alone:
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Church-yard; in it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees[5] lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves),
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal-bed I strew:
O woe, thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or wanting that, with tears distilled by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.[6]
[*The* Boy *whistles.*

Steevens again! who has "recovered" from the first quarto the line in our common texts—

"Upon thy back hangs ragged misery."

[3] (*A*), *pay*. (*C*) and folio, *pray*.
[4] *Nice*—trivial.
[5] This passage is different in (*A*), but an "Ew" tree is mentioned. In (*C*) we have *young-trees*—perhaps a typographical error; but it occurs again.
[6] The six lines which Paris here speaks are those of the quarto of 1599, and of the folio. Pope manufactured a passage from both quarto editions, and Steevens and Malone restored that of the elder quarto. The first copy is thus:—

"Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb."

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.
Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou that:
Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*
Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the door of the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which grief,
It is supposed the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Put[1] not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy commiseration,[2]
And apprehend thee for[3] a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight.*
Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit* Page.

[1] (*A*), *Heap.*
[2] (*A*), *conjurations.*
[3] (*A*), *do attach thee as.*
[4] The following lines are here introduced in (*C*) and the folio. Malone has very rationally conjectured that they are interpolations of a compositor. The printer had, probably, some imperfectly erased notes of the poet on his copy. We give them as we find them:—

"Come, lie thou in my arms;
Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumblest in.
O true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.
Depart again."

The speech, as it stands in our text, occupies forty-seven lines. It extended only to twenty-three lines in the original copy.

Par. O, I am slain! [*Falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face;—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me Paris should have married Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the monument.*
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry! which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning!—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again;[4] here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary;
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter at the other end of the church-yard, FRIAR LAURENCE *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?[5]
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls; as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Bal. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he been there?
Bal. Full half an hour.
Fri. Go with me to the vault.
Bal. I dare not, sir;

[5] Steevens, in his text, has wrested a line out of the first quarto:—
"Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?"

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree [1] here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
Fri. Romeo!— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs. [Juliet *wakes and stirs.*
Jul. O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*
Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater Power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming; [e]
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!
1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!
[*Snatching* Romeo's *dagger.*
This is thy sheath; [*Stabs herself.*] there rust, and let me die. [*Falls on* Romeo's *body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the churchyard:
Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt some.*
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—
[*Exeunt other* Watchmen.
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch *with* Balthasar.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.
1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman *with* Friar Laurence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard side.
1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince *and* Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, *and others.*

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?
La. Cap. The people in the streets cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, towards our monument.
Prince. What fear is this, which startles in your ears?
1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.
Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.
1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.
Cap. O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,[2]—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.
La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter Montague *and others.*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir now early down.
Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What further woe conspires against my age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for awhile,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,

[1] Again *young*-tree in (*C*) and folio.

[2] The dagger was worn at the back.

A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But when I came (some minute ere the time
Of her awaking), here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But (as it seems) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd, some hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say to this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave;
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O, brother Montague, give me thy hand.
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at that rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished;
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.*"

To carry coals was to submit to servile offices. Gifford has a note upon a passage in Ben Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," where Puntarvolo, wanting his dog held, exclaims, "Here comes one that will carry coals," in which note he clearly enough shows the origin of the reproach of carrying coals:—"In all great houses, but particularly in the royal residences, there were a number of mean and dirty dependants, whose office it was to attend the wood-yard, sculleries, &c. Of these (for in the lowest deep there was a lower still) the most forlorn wretches seem to have been selected to carry coals to the kitchens, halls, &c. To this smutty regiment, who attended the progresses, and rode in the carts with the pots and kettles, which, with every other article of furniture, were then moved from palace to palace, the people, in derision, gave the name of black guards, a term since become sufficiently familiar, and never properly explained." In the passage here quoted from Ben Jonson we find the primary meaning of the expression—that of being fit for servile offices; but in a subsequent passage of the same play we also have the secondary meaning—that of tamely submitting to an affront. Puntarvolo, having lost his dog, insults Shift, who he supposes has taken it; upon which another character exclaims, "Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo, what you do, he'll bear no coals, I can tell you." Gifford has given a quotation in illustration of this meaning (which is the sense in which Shakspere here uses it), worth all the long list of similar passages in the Shaksperian commentators:—"It remayneth now that I take notice of Jaspar's arryvall, and of those letters with which the queen was exceedingly well satisfied: saying that you were too like some body in the world, to whom she is afrayde you are a little kin, to be content to carry coales at any Frenchman's hand."—*Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville*, March 2, 1559.

[b] SCENE I.—"*Here comes of the house of the Montagues.*"

How are the Montagues known from the Capulets? naturally occurs to us. They wore badges, which, in all countries, have been the outward manifestations of party spirit. Gascoigne, in "a device of a masque," written in 1575, has—

> "And for a further proof he shewed in hys hat
> Thys token which the Mountacutes did beare alwaies, for that
> They covet to be knowne from Capels."

SCENE I.—"*I will bite my thumb at them.*"

Douce has bestowed much laborious investigation upon this difficult and somewhat worthless subject. The practice of biting the thumb was naturalised amongst us in Shakspere's time; and the lazy and licentious groups that frequented "Paul's" are thus described by Dekker in 1608:—"What swearing is there, what shouldering, what justling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels."

[d] SCENE I.—"*Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.*"

Sampson and Gregory are described as armed with swords and bucklers. The swashing blow is a blow upon the buckler—the blow accompanied with a noise; and thus a swasher came to be synony-

mous with a quarrelsome fellow, a braggart. In Henry V., Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym are called by the boy three "swashers." Holinshed has—"A man may see how many bloody quarrels a brawling swash-buckler may pick out of a bottle of hay;" and Fuller, in his "Worthies," after describing a swaggerer as one that endeavours to make that side to swagger, or weigh down, whereon he engages, tells us that a swash-buckler is so called from swashing, or making a noise on bucklers.

[e] SCENE I.—"*Clubs, bills, and partisans!*"

The cry of "clubs" is as thoroughly of English origin as the "bite my thumb" is of Italian. Scott has made the cry familiar to us in "The Fortunes of Nigel;" and when the citizens of Verona here raise it, we involuntarily think of the old watchmaker's hatch-door in Fleet Street, and Jin Vin and Tunstall darting off for the affray. "The great long club," as described by Stow, on the necks of the London apprentices, was as characteristic as the flat cap of the same quarrelsome body in the days of Elizabeth and James. The use by Shakspere of home phrases, in the mouths of foreign characters, was a part of his art. It is the same thing as rendering Sancho's Spanish proverbs into the corresponding English proverbs instead of literally translating them. The cry of "clubs" by the citizens of Verona expressed an idea of popular movement, which could not have been conveyed half so emphatically in a foreign phrase.

[f] SCENE I.—"*Underneath the grove of sycamore.*"

When Shakspere has to deal with descriptions of natural scenery, he almost invariably localises himself with the utmost distinctness. He never mistakes the sycamore groves of the south for the birch woods of the north. In such cases he was not required to employ familiar and conventional images for the sake of presenting an idea more distinctly to his audience than a rigid adherence to the laws of costume (we employ the word in its larger sense of manners) would have allowed. The grove of sycamore,

> "That westward rooteth from this city's side,

takes us at once to a scene entirely different from one presented by Shakspere's own experience. The sycamore is the Oriental plane (little known in England, though sometimes found), spreading its *broad* branches—from which its name, *platanus*—to supply the most delightful of shades under the sun of Syria or of Italy. Shakspere might have found the sycamore in Chaucer's exquisite tale of the "Flower and the Leaf," where the hedge that

> "Closed in allé the green arbere,
> With sycamore was set and eglantere."

[g] SCENE I.—"*O brawling love! O loving hate!*"

This antithetical combination of contraries originated in the Provençal poetry, and was assiduously cultivated by Petrarch. Shakspere, in this passage, may be distinctly traced to Chaucer's translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," where we have love described as a hateful peace—a truth full of falsehood—a despairing hope—a void reason—a sick heal, &c.

[h] SCENE I.—"*These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,*
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair."

Steevens says that the masks here meant were those worn by female spectators of the play; but it appears scarcely necessary so to limit the use of a lady's mask. In The Two Gentlemen of Verona we have the "sun-expelling mask." In Love's Labour's Lost the ladies wear masks in the first interview between the king and the princess:—"Now fair befall your mask," says Biron to Rosaline.

SCENE II.—"*This night I hold an old accustom'd feast.*"

In the poem of "Romeus and Juliet" the season of Capulet's feast is winter:—

> "The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games
> And now the season doth invite to banquet townish dames.
> And fyrst in Cappel's house, the chief of all the kyn
> Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin."

Shakspere had, perhaps, this in his mind when, at the ball, old Capulet cries out—

> "And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot;"

but in every other instance the season is unquestionably summer. "The day is hot," says Benvolio. The friar is up in his garden,

> "Now ere the sun advance his burning eye.'

Juliet hears the nightingale sing from the pomegranate-tree. During the whole course of the poem the action appears to move under the "vaulty heaven" of Italy, with a soft moon

> "That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,"

and "day's pathway" made lustrous by

> "Titan's fiery wheels."

[k] SCENE II.—"*Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,*" &c.

Dr. Johnson would read *yeomen*, and make Capulet compare the delight of Paris "among fresh female buds" to the joy of the farmer on the return of spring. But the spirit of Italian poetry was upon Shakspere when he wrote these lines, and he thought not of the lusty yeoman in his fields,

> "While the plow-man near at hand
> Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,"

but of such gay groups as Boccaccio has painted, who

> "Sat down in the high grass, and in the shade
> Of many a tree sun proof."

Shakspere has, indeed, explained his own idea of "well apparell'd April" in that beautiful sonnet beginning—

> "From you have I been absent in the spring,
> When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

Douce has well observed that, in this passage of Romeo and Juliet, Shakspere might "have had in view the decorations which accompany the above month in some of the manuscript and printed calendars, where the young folks are represented as sitting together on the grass, the men ornamenting the girls with chaplets of flowers."

[l] SCENE II.—"*Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.*"

The leaf of the broad-leaved plantain was used as a blood-stancher. Of course, Shakspere did not allude to the tropical fruit-bearing plant, but to the common plantain of our English marshy grounds and ditches. The plantain was also considered as a preventive of poison; and to this supposed virtue Romeo first alludes.

SCENE III.—"*'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years.*"

We have shown in our Introductory Notice the importance of this line, as affording a probable date for the composition of Romeo and Juliet. The earthquake that was within the recollection of Shakspere's audience happened in the year 1580. The principle of dating from an earthquake, or from any other remarkable phenomenon, is a very obvious one. We have an example as old as the days of the prophet Amos:—"The words of Amos, who was among the herdmen of Tekoa, which he saw concerning Israel in the days of Uzziah king of Judah, and in the days of Jeroboam, the son of Joash king of Israel, two years before the earthquake." Tyrwhitt says, "But how comes the Nurse to talk of an earthquake upon this occasion? There is no such circumstance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakspere may be supposed to have drawn his story." But it appears to us by no means improbable that Shakspere might have been acquainted with some description of the great earthquake which happened at Verona in 1348, when Petrarch was sojourning in that city; and that with something like historical propriety, therefore, he made the Nurse date from that event, while at the same time the supposed allusion to the earthquake in England of 1580 would be relished by his audience.

[n] SCENE III.—"*Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.*"

This passage furnishes a very remarkable example of the correct-

ness of the principle laid down in Mr. Whiter's very able tract—"An Attempt to explain and illustrate various Passages of Shakspere, on a new Principle of Criticism, derived from Mr. Locke's Doctrine of the Association of Ideas." Mr. Whiter's most ingenious theory would lose much in being presented in any other than his own words. We may just mention that his leading doctrine, as applied to Shakspere, is, that the exceeding warmth of his imagination often supplied him, by the power of association, with words, and with ideas, suggested to the mind by a principle of union unperceived by himself, and independent of the subject to which they are applied. We readily agree with Mr. Whiter that "this propensity in the mind to associate subjects so remote in their meaning, and so heterogeneous in their nature, must, of necessity, sometimes deceive the ardour of the writer into whimsical or ridiculous combinations. As the reader, however, is not blinded by this fascinating principle, which, while it creates the association, conceals likewise its effects, he is instantly impressed with the quaintness or the absurdity of the imagery, and is inclined to charge the writer with the intention of a foolish quibble, or an impertinent allusion." It is in this spirit of a cold and literal criticism, here so well described, that Mr. Monck Mason pronounces upon the passage before us—"This ridiculous speech is full of abstruse quibbles." But the principle of association, as explained by Mr. Whiter, at once reconciles us to the quibbles. The "volume" of young Paris' face suggests the "beauty's pen" which hath "writ" there. Then, the obscurities of the fair "volume" are written in the "margin of his eyes," as comments of ancient books are always printed in the margin. Lastly, this "book of love" lacks "a cover" —the "golden story" must be locked in with "golden clasps." The ingenious management of the vein of imagery is at least as remarkable as its "abstruse quibbles."

[o] SCENE IV.—"*We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf*," &c.

The masque of ladies, or Amazons, in Shakspere's Timon, is preceded by a Cupid, who addresses the company in a speech. This "device" was a practice of courtly life before and during the time of Shakspere. But here he says—

"The date is out of such prolixity."

The "Tartar's painted bow of lath" is the bow of the Asiatic nations, with a double curve; and Shakspere employed the epithet to distinguish the bow of Cupid from the old English long-bow. The "crow-keeper," who scares the ladies, had also a bow: he is the shuffle or mawkin—the scarecrow of rags and straw, with a bow and arrow in his hand. "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper," says Lear. The "without-book prologue, faintly spoke after the prompter," is supposed by Warton to allude to the boy actors that we afterwards find so fully noticed in Hamlet.

[p] SCENE IV.—"*We'll measure them a measure.*"

The "measure" was the courtly dance of the days of Elizabeth; not so solemn as the pavan—the "doleful pavan," as Davenant calls it—in which princes in their mantles, and lawyers in their long robes, and courtly dames with enormous trains, swept the rushes like the tails of peacocks. From this circumstance came its name, the pavan —the dance of the peacock. The "measure" may be best described in Shakspere's own words, in the mouth of the lively Beatrice, in Much Ado about Nothing:—"The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, *a measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical: the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave."

[q] SCENE IV.—"*Give me a torch.*"

Romeo declares that he will not dance:—

"I am not for this ambling."

He subsequently says-

"I'll be a candle-holder, and look on."

Anciently, all rooms of state were lighted by waxen torches borne in the hands of attendants. Froissart thus describes the feasting of Gaston de Foix:—"At midnight when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had ever before him twelve torches brennyng, borne by twelve varlettes standing before his table all supper." To hold the torch was not, however, a degrading office in England; for the gentlemen pensioners of Elizabeth held torches while a play was acted before her in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge.

SCENE IV.—"*Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*"

Carpets, though known in Italy, were not adapted to the English habits in the time of Elizabeth; and even the presence-chamber of that queen was, according to Hentzner, strewed with hay, by which he meant rushes. The impurities which gathered on the floor were easily removed with the rushes. But the custom of strewing rushes, although very general in England, was not peculiar to it. Mr. Brown, in his work on Shakspere's autobiographical poems, has this observation:—"An objection has been made, imputing an error, in Grumio's question, 'Are the rushes strewed?' But the custom of strewing rushes in England belonged also to Italy; this may be seen in old authors, and their very word, *giuncare*, now out of use, is a proof of it."

SCENE IV.—"*Tut! dun's the mouse.*"

We have a string of sayings here which have much puzzled the commentators. When Romeo exclaims, "I am done," Mercutio, playing upon the word, cries, "Dun's the mouse." This is a proverbial phrase, constantly occurring in the old comedies. It is probably something like the other cant phrase that occurs in Lear, "the cat is grey." The following line—

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

was fully as puzzling till Gifford gave us a solution:—"*Dun is in the mire!* then, is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is dun (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised, that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance.—The game continues till all the company take part in it, when dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it, and have been far more entertained with the ludicrous contortions of pretended struggles, than with the real writhing, the dark scowl of avarice and envy exhibited by the same description of persons, in the genteeler amusement of cards, the universal substitute for all our ancient sports."—*Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. vii. p. 282.

[t] SCENE IV.—"*Sir reverence.*"

This was the old mode of apology for the introduction of a free expression. Mercutio says he will draw Romeo from the "mire of this love," and uses, parenthetically, the ordinary form of apology for speaking so profanely of love. Gifford has given us a quotation from an old tract on the origin of tobacco, which is exactly in point:—"The time hath been when if we did speak of this loathsome stuff, tobacco, we used to put a 'Sir reverence' before, but we forget our good manners." In another note on the same word Gifford says, "There is much filthy stuff on this simple interjection, of which neither Steevens nor Malone appears to have known the import, in the notes to Romeo and Juliet."—*Ben Jonson's Works*, vol. vi. p. 149; vol. vii. p. 337.

[u] SCENE IV.—"*This is that very Mab*
That plats the manes of horses in the night."

We extract the following amusing note from Douce's "Illustrations:"—

"This line alludes to a very singular superstition, not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likenesses of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the

night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals, and the vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William Auvergne, Bishop of Paris, in the thirteenth century. There is a very uncommon old print by Hans Burgmair, relating to this subject. A witch enters the stable with a lighted torch; and previously to the operation of entangling the horse's mane, practises her enchantments on the groom, who is lying asleep on his back, and apparently influenced by the night-mare. The belemnites, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease, and against evil spirits of all kinds; but the cerauniæ, or bœtuli, and all perforated flint-stones, were not only used for the same purpose, but more particularly for the protection of horses and other cattle, by suspending them in stables, or tying them round the necks of the animals."

The next line—

"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs"—

seems to be unconnected with the preceding, and to mark a superstition which, as Dr. Warburton has observed, may have originated from the *plica Polonica*, which was supposed to be the operation of the wicked elves, whence the clotted hair was called elf-locks, and elf-knots. Thus Edgar talks of "elfing all his hair in knots."

[x] SCENE V.—"*Remove the court-cupboard.*"

The court cupboard was the ornamental sideboard set out with salvers and beakers on days of festivity. We have in a play of 1599, "accomplished the court cupboard;" and in another by Chapman, in 1606, "Here shall stand my court cupboard with its furniture of plate." In Italy, the art of Benvenuto Cellini was lavished upon the exquisite ornaments of the court cupboard.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE I.—"*When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*"

The "Ballad of King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid" was amongst the most popular of old English ballads, allusions to which were familiar to Shakspere's audience. Upon the authority of learned Master Moth in Love's Labour's Lost, it was an ancient ballad in Shakspere's day:—

"*Armado.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?
Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found, or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.
Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er."

We have two versions of this ballad: the one published in "A Collection of Old Ballads," quoted by Grey, in 1754; the other in Percy's "Reliques." Both of these compositions appear as if they had been "newly writ o'er" not long before, or perhaps after, Shakspere's time. We subjoin a stanza of each:—

FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES."

"I read that once in Africa
A princely wight did reign,
Who had to name Cophetua,
As poets they did feign:
From nature's laws he did decline,
For sure he was not of my mind,
He cared not for womankind,
But did them all disdain.
But mark, what happened on a day,
As he out of his window lay,
He saw a beggar all in grey,
The which did cause him pain.
The blinded boy, that shoots so trim,
From heaven down did hie,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie."

FROM "A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS."

"A king once reigned beyond the seas,
As we in ancient stories find,
Whom no fair face could ever please,
He cared not for womankind.
He despis'd the sweetest beauty,
And the greatest fortune too;
At length he married to a beggar;
See what Cupid's dart can do.
The blind boy that shoots so trim,
Did to his closet window steal,
And made him soon his power feel.
He that never cared for women,
But did females ever hate,
At length was smitten, wounded, swooned,
For a beggar at his gate."

[b] SCENE I.—"*I'll to my truckle-bed.*"

The original quarto has, "I'll to my *trundle*-bed." It appears somewhat strange that Mercutio should speak of sleeping in a truckle-bed, or a trundle-bed, both which words explain the sort of bed—a running-bed. The furniture of a sleeping-chamber in Shakspere's time consisted of a standing-bed and a truckle-bed. "There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed," says mine host of the Garter, in The Merry Wives of Windsor. The standing-bed was for the master; the truckle-bed, which ran under it, for the servant. It may seem strange, therefore, that Mercutio should talk of sleeping in the bed of his page; but the next words will solve the difficulty:—

"This *field-bed* is too cold for me to sleep."

The field-bed, in this case, was the ground; but the field-bed, properly so called, was the travelling-bed, the *lit de champ*, called, in old English, the "trussyng-bedde." The bed next beyond the luxury of the trussyng-bed was the truckle-bed; and therefore Shakspere naturally takes that in preference to the standing-bed.

[c] SCENE II.—"*Well, do not swear,*" &c.

Coleridge has a beautiful remark on this passage, and on the whole of the scene, which we extract:—"With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness, by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with Act III. Scene I. of the Tempest. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakspere's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variety on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet, and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other."

[d] SCENE II.—"*O, for a falconer's voice,*
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

The falconer's voice was the voice which the hawk was constrained by long habit to obey. Gervase Markham, in his "Country Contentments," has picturesquely described the process of training hawks to this obedience, "by watching and keeping them from sleep, by a continual carrying them upon your fist, and by a most familiar stroking and playing with them, with the wing of a dead fowl, or such like, and by often gazing and looking them in the face, with a loving and gentle countenance." A hawk so "manned" was brought to the lure "by easy degrees, and at last was taught to know the voice and lure so perfectly, that either upon the sound of the one, or sight of the other, she will presently come in, and be most obedient." There is a peculiar propriety in Juliet calling Romeo her tassel-gentle; for this species was amongst the most beautiful and elegant of hawks, and was especially appropriated to the use of a prince. Our poet always uses the images which have been derived from his own experience with exquisite propriety. In The Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff's page is the *eyasmusket*, the smallest unfledged hawk. Othello fears that Desdemona is *haggard*—that is, the wild hawk which "checks at every feather." The sport with a tassel-gentle is spiritedly described by Massinger:—

"Then, for an evening flight,
A tiercel gentle, which I call, my masters,
As he were sent a messenger to the moon,
In such a place flies, as he seems to say,
See me, or see me not! the partridge sprung,
He makes his stoop; but wanting breath, is forced
To cancelier; then, with such speed as if
He carried lightning in his wings, he strikes
The trembling bird, who even in death appears
Proud to be made his quarry."

[c] SCENE III.—"*The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.*"

Milton, in the second book of "Paradise Lost," has the same idea:—

"The womb of nature, and, perhaps, her grave."

The editors of Milton have given a parallel passage in Lucretius:—

"Omniparens, eadem rerum commune sepulchrum."

We would ask, did Shakspere and Milton go to the same common source? Farmer has not solved this question in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakspere."

[f] SCENE III.—"*Both our remedies*
Within thy help and holy physic lies."

"This," says Monck Mason, "is one of the passages in which the author has sacrificed grammar to rhyme." Mr. Monck Mason's observation is made in the same spirit in which he calls Romeo's impassioned language "quaint jargon." Before Shakspere was accused of sacrificing grammar, it ought to have been shown that his idiom was essentially different from that of his predecessors and his contemporaries. Dr. Percy, who brought to the elucidation of our old authors the knowledge of an antiquary and the feeling of a poet, has observed, that "in very old English the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth* as well as the singular, and often familiarly in *es*;" and it has been further explained by Mr. Tollet, that "the third person plural of the Anglo-Saxon present tense endeth in *eth*, and of the Dano-Saxon in *es*." Malone, we think, has rightly stated the principle upon which such idioms, which appear false concords to us, should be corrected,—that is, "to substitute the modern idiom in all places except where either the metre or rhyme renders it impossible." But to those who can feel the value of a slight sprinkling of our antique phraseology, it is pleasant to drop upon the instances in which correction *is* impossible. We would not part with the exquisite bit of false concord, as we must now term it, in the last word of the four following lines, for all that Shakspere's grammar-correctors have ever written:—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies."

[g] SCENE IV.—"*A duellist, a duellist.*"

George Wither, in his obsequies upon the death of Prince Henry, thus introduces Britannia lamenting:—

"Alas! who now shall grace my tournaments,
Or honour me with deeds of chivalrie?"

The tournaments and the chivalrie were then, however, but "an insubstantial pageant faded." Men had learnt to revenge their private wrongs without the paraphernalia of heralds and warders. In the old chivalrous times they might suppress any outbreak of hatred or passion, and cherish their malice against each other until it could be legally gratified; so that, according to the phrase of Richard Cœur-de-Lion in his ordinance for permitting tournaments, "the peace of our land be not broken, nor justice hindred, nor damage done to our forests." The private contests of two knights was a violation of the laws of chivalry. Chaucer has a remarkable exemplification of this in his "Knight's Tale," where the duke, coming to the plain, saw Arcite and Palamon fighting like two bulls:—

"This duke his courser with his spurrés smote,
And at a start he was betwixt them two,
And pulléd out a sword and criéd,—'Ho!
No more, up pain of losing of your head;
By mighty Mars, he shall anon be dead
That smiteth any stroke that I may seen!
But telleth me what mistere men ye been,
That be so hardy for to fighten here
Withouten any judge or other officer,
As though it were in listés really'" (royally).

That duels were frequent in England in the reign of Elizabeth, we might collect, if there were no other evidence, from Shakspere alone. The matter had been reduced to a science. Tybalt is the "courageous captain of compliments"—a perfect master of punctilio, one who kills his adversary by rule—"one, two, and the third in your bosom." The gentleman of the "first and second cause" is a gentleman who will quarrel upon the very slightest offences. The degrees in quarrelling were called the causes; and these have been most happily ridiculed by Shakspere in As You Like It:—

"*Jaques.* But for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touchstone. Upon a lie seven times removed; as thus, sir, I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous.* If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest.* If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the *Reply churlish.* If, again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant.* If, again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the *Countercheck quarrelsome;* and so to the *Lie circumstantial* and the *Lie direct.*"

When Touchstone adds, "O sir! we quarrel in print by the book," he alludes to the works of Saviolo and Caranza, who laid down laws for the duello. The wit of Shakspere is the best commentary upon the philosophy of Montaigne:—"Inquire why that man hazards his life and honour upon the fortune of his rapier and dagger; let him acquaint you with the occasion of the quarrel, he cannot do it without blushing, 'tis so idle and frivolous."—(*Essays*, book iii. chap. 10.) But philosophy and wit were equally unavailing to put down the quarrelsome spirit of the times, and Henry IV. of France in vain declared all duellists guilty of lèse-majesté, and punishable with death; and James I. of England as vainly denounced them in the Star Chamber.

The practice of duelling went on with us till the civil wars came to merge private quarrels in public ones. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has a bitter satire against the nobility, when he says they are "like our modern Frenchmen, that had rather lose a pound of blood in a single combat, than a drop of sweat in any honest labour."

SCENE IV.—"*What counterfeit did I give you?*
The slip, sir, the slip."

A counterfeit piece of money and a slip were synonymous; and in many old dramas we have the same play upon words as here. In Robert Green's "Thieves falling out" the word *slip* is defined as in a dictionary:—"And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brass, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

SCENE IV.—"*The wild-goose chase.*"

Horse-racing and the wild-goose chase were amongst the "disports of great men" in the time of Elizabeth. It is scarcely necessary to describe a sport, if sport it can be called, which is still used amongst us. When the "wits run the wild-goose chase," we have a type of its folly, as the "switch and spurs, switch and spurs," is descriptive of its brutality.

[k] SCENE IV.—"*Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?*"

Coleridge invites us to compare, in this scene, "Romeo's half-exerted and half-real ease of mind, with his first manner when in love with Rosaline! His will had come to the clenching point." Romeo had not only recovered the natural tone of his mind, but he had come back to the conventional gaiety—the fives-play of witty words—which was the tone of the best society in Shakspere's time. "Now art thou what thou art," says Mercutio, "by art as well as by nature."

[l] SCENE IV.—"*My fan, Peter.*"

When we consider the size of the fans then in vogue, it does not appear quite so ridiculous to believe the Nurse should have a servant to bear the machine. Shakspere has given the same office to Armado in Love's Labour's Lost:—

"Oh! a most dainty man,
To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan."

SCENE IV.—"*Is it good den?*"

According to Mercutio's answer, the time was noon when the evening salutation "good den" began. But Shakspere had here

English manners in his eye. The Italian custom of commencing the day half an hour after sunset, and reckoning through the twenty-four hours, is inconsistent with such a division of time as this.

SCENE IV.—"*Saucy merchant.*"

Steevens pointed out that the term *merchant* was anciently used in contradistinction to *gentleman*, as we still use the word *chap* as an abbreviation of chapman. Douce has quoted a passage from Whetstone's "Mirour for Magestrates of Cyties" (1584), in which he speaks of the usurious practices of the citizens of London, which is conclusive upon this point:—"The extremity of these men's dealings hath been and is so cruell as there is a natural malice generally impressed in the hearts of the gentlemen of England towards the citizens of London, insomuch as if they odiously name a man, they forthwith call him a *trimme merchaunt*. In like despight the citizen calleth every rascal a *joly gentleman*."

[o] SCENE IV.—"*R is for the dog.*"

R was called the dog's letter. In his English Grammar, Ben Jonson says, "R is the dog's letter and hirreth in the sound." In our old writers we have a verb formed from the noise of a dog. Thus in Nashe (1600)—

> "They *arre* and bark at night against the moon;"

and in Holland's translation of Plutarch's "Morals," "A dog is, by nature, fell and quarrelsome, given to *arre* and war upon a very small occasion." Erasmus has a meaning for R being the dog's letter which is not derived from the sound:—"R, litera quæ in *R*ixando prima est, canina vocatur."

[p] SCENE V.—"*Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love.*"

The "love" thus drawn was the queen of love; for "the wind-swift Cupid" had "wings." Shakspere had here the same idea which suggested his own beautiful description at the close of the Venus and Adonis:—

> "Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
> And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,
> Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies,
> In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
> Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
> Means to immure herself, and not be seen."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Affection makes him false.*"

There is a slight particle of untruth in Benvolio's statement, which, to a certain degree, justifies this charge of Lady Capulet. Tybalt was bent upon quarrelling with Romeo, but Mercutio forced on his own quarrel with Tybalt. Dr. Johnson's remark upon this circumstance is worthy his character as a moralist:—"The charge of falsehood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant, perhaps, to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality."

SCENE II.—"*God save the mark!*"

This expression occurs in the First Part of Henry IV., in Hotspur's celebrated speech defending the denial of his prisoners. In Othello we have *God bless the mark.* In these cases, as in the instance before us, the commentators leave the expression in its original obscurity. May we venture a conjecture? The *mark* which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a *cross;* but anciently the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, and to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. (See Blackstone's Commentaries.) The ancient use of the mark was universal; and the word *mark* was, we believe, thus taken to signify the *cross. God save the mark* was, therefore, a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath; in the same manner as assertions were made emphatic by the addition of "by the rood," or "by the holy rood."

SCENE III.—"*Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*"

The force and propriety of this comparison are manifest, but fully to understand it we must know how the soldier of Shakspere's time was accoutred. His heavy gun was fired with a match, his powder was carried in a flask; and the match and the powder, in unskilful hands, were doubtless sometimes productive of accidents; so that the man-at-arms was, like Romeo in his passion, "dismembered with his own defence."

[d] SCENE V.—"*Juliet's Chamber.*"

The stage direction in the folio edition of 1623 is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." In the first quarto, 1597, the direction is, "Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window." To understand these directions, we must refer to the construction of the old theatres. "Towards the rear of the stage," says Malone, "there appears to have been a balcony or upper stage; the platform of which was probably eight or nine feet from the ground. I suppose it to have been supported by pillars. From hence, in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was spoken; and in front of it curtains likewise were hung, so as occasionally to conceal the persons in it from the view of the audience. At each side of this balcony was a box very inconveniently situated, which was sometimes called the *private box.* In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." The balcony probably served a variety of purposes. Malone says, "When the citizens of Angiers are to appear on the walls of their town, and young Arthur to leap from the battlements, I suppose our ancestors were contented with seeing them in the balcony already described; or perhaps a few boards tacked together, and painted so as to resemble the rude discoloured walls of an old town, behind which the platform might have been placed near the top, on which the citizens stood." It appears to us probable that even in these cases the balcony served for the platform, and that a few painted boards in front supplied the illusion of wall and tower. There was still another use of the balcony. According to Malone, when a play was exhibited within a play, as in Hamlet, the court, or audience, before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony. To Malone's historical account of the English stage, and to Mr. Collier's valuable details regarding theatres ("Annals of the Stage," vol. iii.), the reader is referred for fuller details upon this and other points which bear upon the economy of our ancient drama.

[e] SCENE V.—"*Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.*"

In the description of the garden in Chaucer's translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," the pomegranate is first mentioned amongst the fruit trees:—

> "There were (and that wot I full well)
> Of pomegranates a full great deal."

The "orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits" was one of the beautiful objects described by Solomon in his Canticles. Amongst the fruit-bearing trees the pomegranate is in some respects the most beautiful; and therefore, in the South of Europe and in the East, it has become the chief ornament of the garden. But where did Shakspere find that the nightingale haunted the pomegranate-tree, pouring forth her song from the same bough week after week? Doubtless in some of the old travels with which he was familiar. Chaucer puts his nightingale "in a fresh green laurel-tree;" but the preference of the nightingale for the pomegranate is unquestionable. "The nightingale sings from the pomegranate-groves in the daytime," says Russel in his account of Aleppo. A friend, whose observations as a traveller are as acute as his descriptions are graphic and forcible, informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia. In the truth of details such as these the genius of Shakspere is as much exhibited as in his wonderful powers of generalisation.

[f] SCENE V.—"*It was the lark, the herald of the morn.*"

Shakspere's power of describing natural objects is unequalled in this beautiful scene, which, as we think, was amongst his very early productions. The Venus and Adonis, published in 1593, is also full of this power. Compare the following passage with the description of morning in the scene before us :—

"Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

[g] SCENE V.—"*Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.*"

There was one Gray, a maker of "certain merry ballads," who, according to Puttenham in his "Art of English Poesy" (1589), grew into good estimation with Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset for the said merry ballads, "whereof one chiefly was, The hunte is up, the hunte is up." Douce thinks he has recovered the identical song, which he reprints. One stanza will, perhaps, satisfy our readers :—

"Chorus { The hunt is up, the hunt is up,
{ Sing merrily wee, the hunt is up :
The birds they sing,
The deer they fling,
Hey, nony nony—no :
The hounds they crye,
The hunters flye,
Hey trolilo, trololilo.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up."

[h] SCENE V.—"*O God ! I have an ill-divining soul.*"

Coleridge has some remarks upon that beautiful passage in Richard II., where the queen says—

"Some unborn sorrow, ripe in sorrow's womb,
Is coming toward me,"

which we may properly quote here:—"Mark in this scene Shakspere's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terræ incognitæ* of presentiments, in the human mind; and how sharp a line of distinction he commonly draws between these obscure forecastings of general experience in each individual, and the vulgar errors of mere tradition. Indeed, it may be taken, once for all, as the truth, that Shakspere, in the absolute universality of his genius, always reverences whatever arises out of our moral nature; he never profanes his muse with a contemptuous reasoning away of the genuine and general, however unaccountable, feelings of mankind."—(*Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 174.) Shakspere has himself given us the key to his philosophy of presentiments. Venus, dreading the death of Adonis by the boar, says—

"The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
And *fear doth teach it divination;*
I prophesy thy death."

Such presentiments, which may or may not be realised, appertain to the imagination when in a highly excited state. Our poet has exhibited the feeling under three different aspects in Romeo and Juliet. When Romeo, before going to the masquerade, exclaims—

"my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels,"—

he is under the influence of his habitual melancholy—the sentiment of unrequited love, which colours all his imagination with a gloomy foreshadowing of coming events. In the passage before us, when Juliet sees her husband

"As one dead in the bottom of a tomb,"

we have "the fear" which doth "teach" her heart "divination." But Romeo, in the fifth act, has a presentiment directly contrary to the approaching catastrophe; and this arises out of his "unaccustomed" animal spirits :—

"My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne."

All these states of mind are common to the imagination deeply stirred by passionate emotions. Nothing, in all Shakspere's philosophy, appears to us finer than the deceiving nature of Romeo's presages in the last act, as compared with the true-divining fears of Juliet.

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE I.—"*In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.*"

In the adaptation of Bandello's tale, in "Painter's Palace of Pleasure," we have, "They will judge you to be dead, and, according to the custom of our city, you shall be carried to the churchyard hard by our church." The Italian mode of interment is given in the poem of "Romeus and Juliet :"—

"Another use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding-sheet."

Painter has no description of this custom; but Shakspere saw how beautifully it accorded with the conduct of his story, and he therefore emphatically repeats it in the directions of the friar, after Juliet's supposed death :—

"Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church."

Ancient customs survive when they are built upon the unaltering parts of national character, and have connection with unalterable local circumstances. Juliet was carried to her tomb as the maids and the matrons of Italy are still carried. Rogers has most accurately described such a scene :—

"But now by fits
A dull and dismal noise assail'd the ear,
A wail, a chant, louder and louder yet;
And now a strange fantastic troop appear'd!
Thronging, they came—as from the shades below;
All of a ghostly white! 'Oh! say,' I cried,
'Do not the living here bury the dead?
Do spirits come and fetch them? What are these,
That seem not of this world, and mock the day;
Each with a burning taper in his hand?'
'It is an ancient brotherhood thou seest.
Such their apparel. Through the long, long line,
Look where thou wilt, no likeness of a man;
The living mask'd, the dead alone uncover'd.
But mark'—And, lying on her funeral couch,
Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
Folded together on her modest breast,
As 'twere her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birthday feast!"

[b] SCENE II.—"*Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*"

The "cunning cook," in the time of Shakspere, was, as he is at present, a great personage. According to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for 1560, the preacher was paid six shillings and twopence for his labour; the minstrel twelve shillings; and the cook fifteen shillings. The relative scale of estimation for theology, poetry, and gastronomy has not been much altered during three centuries, either in the city generally, or in the Company which represents the city's literature. Ben Jonson has described a master cook in his gorgeous style :—

"A master cook! why, he is the man of men,
For a professor; he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
Some he dry-ditches, some moats round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards,
Reais bulwark pies; and, for his outer works,
He raiseth ramparts of immortal crust,
And teacheth all the tactics at one dinner—
What ranks, what files, to put his dishes in,
The whole art military! Then he knows
The influence of the stars upon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes and sauces.
He has nature in a pot, 'bove all the chemists,
Or bare-breech'd brethren of the rosy cross.
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician."

Old Capulet, in his exuberant spirits at his daughter's approaching marriage, calls for "twenty" of these artists. The critics think this too large a number. Ritson says, with wonderful simplicity, "Either Capulet had altered his mind strangely, or our author forgot what he had just made him tell us." This is indeed to understand a poet with admirable exactness. The passage is entirely in keeping with Shakspere's habit of hitting off a character almost by a word. Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of affected indifference. In the first act he says to his guests—

"We have a trifling foolish banquet toward."

In the third act, when he settles the day of Paris's marriage, he just hints—

"We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two."

But Shakspere knew that these indications of the "pride which apes humility" were not inconsistent with the "twenty cooks," the regret that

"We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time,"

and the solicitude expressed in

"Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica."

Steevens turns up his nose aristocratically at Shakspere for imputing "to an Italian nobleman and his lady all the petty solicitudes of a private house, concerning a provincial entertainment;" and he adds, very grandly, "To such a bustle our author might have been witness at home; but the like anxieties could not well have occurred in the family of Capulet." Steevens had not well read the history of society, either in Italy or in England, to have fallen into the mistake of believing that the great were exempt from such "anxieties." The baron's lady overlooked the baron's kitchen from her private chamber; and the still-room and the spicery not unfrequently occupied a large portion of her attention.

[c] SCENE III.—"*As in a vault.*"

It has been conjectured that the charnel-house under the church at Stratford, which contains a vast collection of human bones, suggested to Shakspere this description of "the ancient receptacle" of the Capulets.

[d] SCENE V.—"*Musicians, O, musicians.*"

Juliet is held to be dead. Capulet's joys are buried with his child. The musicians that came to accompany her to church remain in the hall. The scene which follows between Peter and the musicians has generally been considered ill-placed. Even Coleridge says, "As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, this scene is, perhaps, excusable." Rightly understood, it appears to us that the scene requires no apology. It was the custom of our ancient theatre to introduce, in the irregular pauses of a play that stood in the place of a division into acts, some short diversion, such as a song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of Romeo and Juliet there is a natural pause in the action, and at this point such an interlude would, probably, have been presented whether Shakspere had written one or not. The stage direction in the second quarto puts this matter, as it appears to us, beyond a doubt. That direction says, "Enter Will Kempe," and the dialogue immediately begins between Peter and the musicians. Will Kempe was the Liston of his day, and was as great a popular favourite as Tarleton had been before him. It was wise, therefore, in Shakspere to find some business for Will Kempe, that should not be entirely out of harmony with the great business of his play. This scene of the musicians is very short, and, regarded as a necessary part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the indifference of hirelings, without attachment, to a family scene of grief. Peter and the musicians bandy jokes; and, although the musicians think Peter a "pestilent knave," perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. "Come, we'il in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner." So Shakspere read the course of the world, and it is not much changed. The quotation beginning—

"When griping grief the heart doth wound"—

is from a short poem in "The Paradise of Daintie Deuises," by Richard Edwards, master of the children of the chapel to Queen Elizabeth. This was set as a four-part song by Adrian Batten, organist of St. Paul's in the reign of Charles I., and is thus printed, but without any name, in Hawkins's "History of Music," vol. v. The question of Peter, "Why silver sound, why music with her silver sound?" is happily enough explained by Percy:—"This ridicule is not so much levelled at the song itself (which, for the time it was written, is not inelegant) as at those forced and unnatural explanations often given by us painful editors and expositors of ancient authors."—(*Reliques*, vol. i.) Had Shakspere a presentiment of what he was to receive at the hands of his own commentators?

ACT V.

[a] SCENE I.—*Mantua.*

To the poetical traveller it would be difficult to say whether Mantua would excite the greater interest as the birthplace of Virgil or as the scene of Romeo's exile. Surely an Englishman cannot walk through the streets of that city without thinking of the apothecary in whose

"needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes."

Any description of the historical events connected with Mantua, or any account of its architectural monuments, would here be out of place.

[b] SCENE I.—"*I do remember an apothecary.*"

The criticism of the French school has not spared this famous passage. Joseph Warton, an elegant scholar, but who belonged to this school, has the following observations in his Virgil (1763, vol. i. p. 301):—

"It may not be improper to produce the following glaring instance of the absurdity of introducing long and minute descriptions into tragedy. When Romeo receives the dreadful and unexpected news of Juliet's death, this fond husband, in an agony of grief, immediately resolves to poison himself. But his sorrow is interrupted, while he gives us an exact picture of the apothecary's shop from whom he intended to purchase the poison.

'I do remember an apothecary,' &c.

I appeal to those who know anything of the human heart, whether Romeo, in this distressful situation, could have leisure to think of the alligator, empty boxes, and bladders, and other furniture of this beggarly shop, and to point them out so distinctly to the audience. The description is, indeed, very lively and natural, but very improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion as Romeo is represented to be."

The criticism of Warton, ingenious as it may appear, and true as applied to many "long and minute descriptions in tragedy," is here based upon a wrong principle. He says that Romeo, in his distressful situation, had not "leisure" to think of the furniture of the apothecary's shop. What then had he leisure to do? Had he leisure to run off into declamations against fate, and into tedious apostrophes and generalisations, as a less skilful artist than Shakspere would have made him indulge in? From the moment he had said—

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with you to-night,—
Let 's see for means,"

the apothecary's shop became to him the object of the most intense interest. Great passions, when they have shaped themselves into firm resolves, attach the most distinct importance to the minutest objects connected with the execution of their purpose. He had seen the apothecary's shop in his placid moments as an object of common curiosity. He had hastily looked at the tortoise and the alligator, the empty boxes, and the earthen pots; and he had looked at the tattered weeds and the overwhelming brows of their needy owner. But he had also said, when he first saw these things—

"An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."

When he *did* need a poison, all these documents of the misery that was to serve him came with a double intensity upon his vision. The shaping of these things into words was not for the audience. It was not to produce "a long and minute description in tragedy" that had no foundation in the workings of nature. It was the very cunning of nature which produced this description. Mischief was, indeed, swift to enter into the thoughts of the desperate man; but the mind once made up, it took a perverse pleasure in going over every item of the circumstances that had suggested the means of mischief. All other thoughts had passed out of Romeo's mind. He had nothing left but to die; and everything connected with the means of his death was seized upon by his imagination with an energy that could only find relief in words.

Shakspere has exhibited the same knowledge of nature in his sad and solemn poem of "The Rape of Lucrece," where the injured wife, having resolved to wipe out her stain by death,

"calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

She sees in that painting some fancied resemblance to her own position, and spends the heavy hours till her husband arrives in its contemplation.

"So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow."

It was the intense interest in his own resolve which made Romeo so minutely describe his apothecary. But that stage past, came the *abstraction* of his sorrow:—

"What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet."

Juliet was dead; and what mattered it to his "betossed soul" who she should have married?

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with you to-night,"

was the sole thought that made him remember an "apothecary," and treat what his servant said as a "dream." Who but Shakspere could have given us the key to these subtle and delicate workings of the human heart?

[c] SCENE I.—"*Whose sale is present death in Mantua.*"

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "Discourse of Tenures," says, "By the laws of Spain and Portugal it is not lawful to sell poison." A similar law, if we are rightly informed, prevailed in Italy. There is no such law in our own statute-book; and the circumstance is a remarkable exemplification of the difference between English and continental manners.

[d] SCENE II.—"*Going to find a bare-foot brother out.*"

In the old poem of "Romeus and Juliet" we have the following lines:—

"Apace our friar John to Mantua hies;
And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise,
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent aye should be accompanied with one
Of his profession."

Friar Laurence and his associates must be supposed to belong to the Franciscan order of friars. The good friar of the play, in his kindliness, his learning, and his inclination to mix with, and perhaps control, the affairs of the world, is no unapt representative of one of this distinguished order in their best days. Warton, in his "History of English Poetry," has described the learning, the magnificence, and the prodigious influence of this remarkable body. Friar Laurence was able to give to Romeo

"Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy."

He was to Romeo

"a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin absolver, and my friend profess'd;"—

but he was yet of the world. He married Romeo and his mistress, partly to gratify their love, and partly to secure his influence in the reconciliation of their families. Warton says the Franciscans "managed the machines of every important operation or event, both in the religious and political world."

[e] SCENE III.—"*The watch is coming.*"

Malone maintains, here and elsewhere, that there is no such establishment as the watch in Italy. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, who, to an intimate knowledge of Shakspere in general, adds a particular knowledge of Italian customs, says, "If Dogberry and Verges should be pronounced nothing else than the constables of the night in London, before the new police was established, I can assert that I have seen those very officers in Italy."

[f] SCENE III.—"*Some shall be pardoned,*" &c.

The government of the Scaligers, or Scalas, commenced in 1259, when Mastino de la Scala was elected Podesta of Verona, and it lasted one hundred and thirteen years in the legitimate descendants of the first Podesta.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

"OF the truth of Juliet's story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." Byron thus described the tomb of Juliet to his friend Moore, as he saw it at the close of autumn, when withered leaves had dropped into the decayed sarcophagus, and the vines that are trailed above it had been stripped of their fruit. His letter to Moore, in which this passage occurs, is dated the 7th November.* But this wild and desolate garden only struck Byron as appropriate to the *legend*—to that simple tale of fierce hatreds and fatal loves which tradition has still preserved, amongst those who may never have read Luigi da Porto, or Bandello, and who, perhaps, never heard the name of Shakspere. To the legend only is the blighted place appropriate. For who that has ever been thoroughly imbued with the story of Juliet, as told by Shakspere,—who that has heard his "glorious song of praise on that inexpressible feeling which ennobles the soul and gives to it its highest sublimity, and which elevates even the senses themselves into soul,"† —who that, in our great poet's matchless delineation of Juliet's love, has perceived "whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first opening of the rose,"‡—who, indeed, that looks upon the tomb of the Juliet of

* Moore's Life of Byron, 8vo. (1838), p. 327.

† A. W. Schlegel's Lectures, Black's translation, vol. ii. p. 187.

‡ Ibid.

Shakspere, can see only a shapeless ruin amidst wildness and desolation?

"A grave? O, no: a lantern,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

Wordsworth has a philosophical remark upon Shakspere which is applicable to all his tragedies:—"Shakspere's writings, in the most pathetic scenes, never act upon us as pathetic beyond the bounds of pleasure." Wordsworth adds, that this effect, "in a much greater degree than might at first be imagined, is to be ascribed to small, but continual and regular, impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement."* In Romeo and Juliet the principle of limiting the pathetic according to the degree in which it is calculated to produce emotions of pleasure, is interwoven with the whole structure and conduct of the play. The tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. It is not only that the beautiful comes to the relief of the tragic, as in Lear and Othello, but here the tragic is only a mode of exhibiting the beautiful under its most striking aspects. Shakspere never intended that the story of Romeo and Juliet should lacerate the heart. When Mrs. Inchbald, therefore, said in her preface to the acted play, "Romeo and Juliet is called a pathetic tragedy, but it is not so in reality—it charms the understanding and delights the imagination, without melting, though it touches, the heart," she paid the highest compliment to Shakspere's skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea. "Otway," Mrs. Inchbald adds, "would have rendered it more effective." Otway *did* render it "more effective." It is quite sufficient to refer to his "Caius Marius" to show his success in converting beauty into what is called force. He did exactly what Garrick's less skilful hand ventured to do—to make Juliet wake before Romeo dies. It is marvellous how acute and ingenious men, such as Thomas Warton, for example, should be betrayed into criticism which deals with such a poem as Romeo and Juliet as if there were no unity of feeling, no homogeneousness, in its entire construction. Warton says, "Shakspere, misled by the English poem, missed the opportunity of introducing a most affecting scene by the natural and obvious conclusion of the story. In Luigi's novel, Juliet awakes from her trance in the tomb before the death of Romeo."† Shakspere misled! Shakspere missing the opportunity! Shakspere working in the dark! Let us see what has been done by those who were not "misled," and who seized upon "the opportunity." Garrick has written sixty lines of good, orthodox, common-place dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the tomb, in which Romeo, before he begins to rave, talks very much in the style of one of Shenstone's shepherds; as, for example,—

"And all my mind was happiness and thee."

Garrick, moreover, has omitted all such Shaksperian images as would be offensive to superfine ears, such as—

"here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids."

And yet, with all his efforts to destroy the beautiful, and all his managerial skill to thrust forward that species of pathetic which the actor delights in, for the purpose of exhibiting himself and bringing down the galleries, Romeo and Juliet, according to Mrs. Inchbald, "seldom attracts an elegant audience. The company that frequent the side-boxes will not come to a tragedy, unless to weep in torrents; and Romeo and Juliet will not draw even a copious shower of tears." Why, no! The vulgar pathos that Garrick has daubed over Shakspere's catastrophe, with the same skill with which a picture-dealer would mend a Correggio, only serves to make the beauty, that he has been constrained to leave untouched, more unintelligible to "the company that frequent the side-boxes." The whole thing has become out of keeping. Instead of the sweetness that "ends with a long deep sigh, like the breeze of the evening,"‡ we have a rant about "cruel, cursed fate," which shrieks like the gusty wind in the chinks of a deserted and poverty-stricken hut. Instead of that beautiful close in which "the spring and the winter meet, winter assumes the character of spring, and spring the sadness of winter,"§ we have here a fierce storm,—"such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,"—which produces the effect of mere physical terror. Instead of "the flower that is softly shed on the earth, yet putting forth undying odours,"‖ we have the rank and loathsome weeds of the charnel-house. It is some praise to our age that any new attempts to "improve" Shakspere would not be tolerated. It is a higher praise that the endeavour to revive upon the stage what the greatest master of the dramatic art really wrote has, in some few instances, received adequate encouragement. But we have yet a great deal to learn, and a great deal to unlearn, before the principle upon which Romeo and Juliet was written would be thoroughly appreciated by an *audience*. With the millions that *read* Shakspere throughout the civilised world there is no difficulty.

Coleridge has described the homogeneousness—the totality of interest—which is the great characteristic of this play, by one of those beautiful analogies which could only proceed from the pen of a true poet:—

"Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes,—in the relative shapes of rocks, the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens, the leaves of the beech and the oak, the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring,—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations?—From this, that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part. And as this is the particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama generally, so is it especially characteristic of the Romeo and Juliet."¶

Schlegel carried out the proofs of this assertion in an Essay on Romeo and Juliet, in which, to use his own words, he "went through the whole of the scenes in their order, and demonstrated the inward necessity of each with reference to the whole; showed why such a particular circle of characters and relations was placed around the two lovers; explained the signification of the mirth here and there scattered; and justified the use of the occasional heightening given to the poetical colours."†† Schlegel wisely did this to exhibit what is more remarkable in Shakspere than in any other poet, "the thorough formation of a work, even in its minutest part, according to a leading idea—the dominion of the animating spirit over all the means of execution."‡‡ The general criticism of Schlegel upon Romeo and Juliet is based upon a perfect comprehension of this great principle upon which Shakspere worked. Schlegel, we apprehend, succeeded Coleridge in giving a genial tone to criticism upon Shakspere—for Coleridge first lectured on the drama in 1802, and Schlegel in 1808; and Schlegel may also have owed something indirectly to Coleridge,—to that master-mind who filled other minds as if they were conduits from his exhaustless fountain. But he in himself is a most acute and profound critic; and what he has done to make Shakspere properly known, even in this country, where our perception of his greatness had long been obscured amidst the deep gloom of the critical fog that had hung over us for more than a century, ought never to be forgotten. The following is the close of a celebrated passage from Schlegel, upon Romeo and Juliet, which has often been quoted; but it is altogether so true and so beautiful, that we cannot resist the pleasure of circulating it still more widely:—

"Whatever is most intoxicating in the odour of a southern spring, languishing in the song of the nightingale, or voluptuous on the first

* Observations prefixed to the second edition of Lyrical Ballads.
† History of English Poetry, vol. iv. p. 301 (1824).
‡ Coleridge, Drake's Memorials.
§ Coleridge, Literary Remains.
‖ *Retrospective Review*.
¶ Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 150.
** Charakteristiken und Kritiken.
†† Lectures, vol. ii. p. 127.
‡‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 153.

opening of the rose, is breathed into this poem. But, even more rapidly than the earliest blossoms of youth and beauty decay, it hurries on from the first timidly-bold declaration of love and modest return, to the most unlimited passion, to an irrevocable union; then, amidst alternating storms of rapture and despair, to the death of the two lovers, who still appear enviable as their love survives them, and as by their death they have obtained a triumph over every separating power. The sweetest and the bitterest, love and hatred, festivity and dark forebodings, tender embraces and sepulchres, the fulness of life and self-annihilation, are all here brought close to each other; and all these contrasts are so blended in the harmonious and wonderful work into a unity of impression, that the echo which the whole leaves behind in the mind resembles a single but endless sigh."

In selecting these passages to establish in the minds of our readers the great principle of the unity of feeling which so thoroughly pervades the Romeo and Juliet, and which constitutes the "particular excellence of the Shaksperian drama," we have indirectly furnished the proof of the assertion with which we set out, that the tragical part of the story, from the first scene to the last, is held in subjection to the beautiful. The structure of the play essentially required this. Coleridge has said that "Shakspere meant the Romeo and Juliet to approach to a poem;" but of course Coleridge meant a poem entirely modified by the dramatic power. We shall venture to trespass upon the attention of our readers whilst we examine the conduct of the story and the development of the characters under this aspect. When we have arrived at a due conception of the principle of art on which this drama was constructed—that of sublimating all that is literal and common in human actions and human thoughts, by the force of passion and imagination, throwing their rich colours upon the chief actors, and colouring, upon an indispensable law of harmony, all the groups around them—we shall reject, as utterly unworthy, all that miscalled criticism which takes its stand upon a *material* foundation—and, dealing with high poetry as if it were a thing of demonstrations and syllogisms, tells us that Shakspere's comic scenes are here "happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit." †

The first scenes of nearly every play of Shakspere are remarkable for the skill with which they prepare the mind for all the after-scenes. We do not see the succession of scenes; the catastrophe is unrevealed. But we look into a dim and distant prospect, and by what is in the foreground we can form a general notion of the landscape that will be presented to us, as the clouds roll away, and the sun lights up its wild mountains or its fertile valleys. When Sampson and Gregory enter "armed with swords and bucklers"—when we hear, "A dog of the house of Montague moves me"—we know that these are not common servants, and live not in common times: with them the excitement of party spirit does not rise into strong passion—it presents its ludicrous side. They quarrel like angry curs who snarl, yet are afraid to bite. But the "furious Tybalt" in a moment shows us that these hasty quarrels cannot have peaceful endings. The strong arm of authority suspends the affray; but the spirit of enmity is not put down. The movement of this scene is as rapid as the quarrel itself. It produces the effect upon the mind of something which startles—almost terrifies; which passes away into repose, but which leaves an ineffaceable impression upon the senses. The calm immediately succeeds. Benvolio's speech—

> "Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,"—

at once shows us that we are entering into the region of high poetry. Coleridge remarks that the succeeding speech of old Montague exhibits the poetical aspect of the play even more strikingly:—

> "Many a morning hath he there been seen,
> With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew."

It is remarkable that the speech thus commencing, which contains twenty lines as highly wrought as anything in Shakspere, are not in the first copy of this play. The experience of the artist taught him where to lay on the poetical colouring brighter and brighter. How beautifully these lines prepare us for the appearance of Romeo—the now musing, abstracted Romeo—the Romeo who, like the lover of Chaucer,

> "solitary was ever alone,
> And waking all the night, making moan."

The love of Romeo was unrequited love. It was a sentiment rather than a passion—a love which displayed itself "in the numbers that Petrarch flowed in"—a love that solaced itself in antithetical conceits upon its own misery, and would draw consolation from melancholy associations. It was the love without the "true Promethean fire." But it was the fit preparation for what was to follow. The dialogue between Capulet and Paris prepares us for Juliet—the "hopeful lady of his earth," who

> "Hath not seen the change of fourteen years."

The old man does not think her "ripe to be a bride;" but we are immediately reminded of the precocity of nature under a southern sun, by another magical touch of poetry, which tells us of youth and freshness—of summer in "April"—of "fresh female buds" breathing the fragrance of opening flowers. Juliet at length comes. We see the submissive and gentle girl; but the garrulity of the Nurse carries us back even to the

> "Prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd."

Neither Juliet nor Romeo had rightly read their own hearts. He was sighing for a shadow—she fancied that she could subject her feelings to the will of others:—

> "I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
> But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
> Than your consent gives strength to make it fly."

The preparation for their first interview goes forward: Benvolio has persuaded Romeo to go to Capulet's feast. There is a slight pause in the action, but how gracefully is it filled up! Mercutio comes upon the scene. Coleridge has described him as "that exquisite ebullience and overflow of youthful life, wafted on over the laughing waves of pleasure and prosperity, as a wanton beauty that distorts the face on which she knows her lover is gazing enraptured, and wrinkles her forehead in the triumph of its smoothness! Wit ever wakeful, fancy busy and procreative as an insect, courage, an easy mind that, without cares of its own, is at once disposed to laugh away those of others, and yet to be interested in them,—these and all other congenial qualities, melting into the common *copula* of them all, the man of rank and the gentleman, with all its excellences and all its weaknesses, constitute the character of Mercutio!" ‡ Is this praise of Mercutio overcharged? We think not, looking at him dramatically. He is placed by the side of Romeo, to contrast with him, but also to harmonize. The poetry of Mercutio is that of fancy: the poetry of Romeo is that of imagination. The wit of Mercutio is the overflow of animal spirits, occasionally polluted, like a spring pure from the well-head, by the soil over which it passes: the wit of Romeo is somewhat artificial, and scarcely self-sustained;—it is the unaccustomed play of the intellect when the passions "have come to the clenching point," but it is under control;—it has no exuberance which, like the wit of Mercutio, admits the colouring of the sensual and the sarcastic. The courage of Mercutio is, in the same way, the courage of high animal spirits, fearless of consequences, and laughing even when it has paid the penalty of its rashness—"Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man." The courage of Romeo is reflective and forbearing:—

> "I do protest, I never injur'd thee."

But when his friend has fallen, his "newly entertained revenge" casts off all control:—

* Lectures, vol. ii. p. 186.
† Johnson's concluding Remarks on Romeo and Juliet.
‡ Literary Remains, vol. ii.

"Away to heaven, respective lenity!"

Then, again, how finely the calm, benevolent good sense of Benvolio blends with these opposites!

But the masquerade waits. We have here the realisation of youth and freshness which Capulet promised to Paris; but at the moment when we see "the guests and the maskers" we have a touch in the expression of the old man's natural feelings, which tells us how perishable these things are:—

"I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone!"

But Juliet appears, and we think not of decay. We forget that "one generation pushes another off the stage." The very first words of Romeo show the change that has come o'er him. He went into that "hall in Capulet's house" fearing

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars."

He had "a soul of lead"—he would be "a candle-holder and look on." But he has seen Juliet; and with what gorgeous images has that sight filled his imagination!

"O she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

We have now the poetry of passion bursting upon us with its purple light. Compare this with the pale poetry of sentiment in the first scene, when he talks of Rosaline being

"too fair, too wise, wisely too fair."

Perfectly in accordance with this exaltation of mind is the address of Romeo to Juliet. The dialogue must be considered as that of persons each acting a character. But there is more in it than meets the ear; it is not entirely the half-expression of the thoughts of two maskers: there is an under-current of reality which blends the language of affection with the language of compliment. When Romeo asks of the Nurse, "What is her mother?" and when Juliet inquires—

"What's he that now is going out of door?"

we see "the beginning of the end." But we do not forget that the anger of Tybalt at Romeo's presence has thrown a shadow over the brightness of their young love. The maskers are gone—the torches are extinguished—the voice of the revelry has ceased.

Romeo has leaped the wall of Capulet's garden. There are no longer

"Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light."

He has found a sequestered spot far apart from that banqueting-hall from which his Juliet descended, amidst the gay groups that floated about in the garden, to hang

"upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

He is alone. The moon

"Tips with silver all those fruit-tree tops."

He hears in the distant street the light-hearted Mercutio calling upon him by the names of

"Humours, passion, madman, lover."

But he heeds him not. Juliet appears. She speaks.

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

From this poetical elevation it would seem almost impossible for the lover to descend to earth,—and yet the earth hath visions of tenderness and purity, which equally belong to the highest region of poetry. The fears of Juliet for his safety—the "farewell compliment"—the

"In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;"—

the "do not swear;"—the

"Stay but a little, I will come again;"

the

"If that thy bent of love be honourable:"—

all these indications of the union of "purity of heart and the glow of imagination" belong to the highest region of an ideal world, and yet are linked to this our own world of beauty and frailty. This is one of the great scenes of the poem which cannot be comprehended if disjoined from all that is about it, any more than Juliet's soliloquy, in the third act, after her marriage. It is one of the scenes that is consequently obnoxious to a false ridicule, and, what is worse, to a grovelling criticism. In the midst of the intensity of Juliet's "timidly-bold declaration of love," Steevens inserts one of the atrocious notes that he perpetrated under the fictitious name of Amner. It is a warning to us how far a prosaic spirit may descend into dirt, when it attempts to deal with a great artist without reverence for his art. There are three modes in which criticism, or what is called criticism, may be applied to high art. The first is, where the critic endeavours to look at an entire work—not at parts of a work only—in some degree through the same medium as the poet looked at his unformed creations. The second is, where the critic rejects that medium, for the most part through incapacity of using it, and peers through the smoked glass of what he calls common sense, that his eyes, forsooth, may not be dazzled. The third is, where the critic, from a superabundance of the power of detecting what appears the ridiculous side of things (which results from a deficiency of imagination), takes a caricaturist's view of the highest exercises of the intellect, and asserts his own cleverness by presenting a *travestie*. The first system, though it may be the most difficult, is the most safe; the third, though it appears the most insidious, is the least injurious; the second is at once easy and debasing; it may begin in Steevens and end in Amner.

The "silver-sweet" sound of "lovers' tongues by night" is hushed. "The grey-eyed morn" sees the friar in his cell, bearing his "osier-cage" of

"Baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers."

Here is a new link in the conduct of the story. And what a beautiful transition have we made from the elevated poetry of passion to the scarcely less elevated poetry of philosophy! The old man, whose pious thoughts shape themselves into sweet and solemn cadences, stands as the antagonist principle of the passionate conflicts that are going on around him. He is to be a great agent in the workings of the drama. He would close up the dissensions of the rival houses—he would make the new lovers blessed in their union—he would assuage the misery of Romeo's exile—he would save his lady from an unholy marriage—he would join them again in life, although the tomb appears to have separated them. The good old man will rely too much upon his philosophy and his skilful dealing with human actions, as the lovers have already relied too much upon the integrity of their passion as a shield against calamity. The half-surprise, the half-gladness of the friar, when Romeo tells him where his "heart's dear love is set," are delightful. The reproof that is meant for a commendation—the "come, young waverer"—the "wisely and slow"—are all true to nature. But Romeo has secured his purpose, and his heart is at ease. Then is he fit to play a part in the comic scenes that succeed—to bandy words with Mercutio—to be pleasant with the Nurse. But Juliet's soliloquy while she is waiting for the Nurse—

"O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,"—

and the scene with Romeo, Juliet, and the friar, again bring us back to the high region of poetry. The latter scene was greatly elaborated after the first draft. It was originally a simple melody, but now it flows with the full harmony of the three voices in unison.

We have almost lost sight of the quarrels of the rival houses of Verona. We see only the two lovers, who cannot sum up "half their sum of wealth," and have forgotten their names of Montague

and Capulet as names of strife. But an evil hour is approaching. The brawl with which the drama opened is to be renewed—

"The day is hot, the Capulets abroad."

The "fiery Tybalt" and the "bold Mercutio" are the first victims of this factious hate—and Romeo is banished. The action does not move laggingly—all is heat and precipitation. Juliet sits alone in her bower, unconscious of all but her impassioned imaginings. She thinks aloud in the solitude which is around her, with a characteristic vehemence of temperament; but in this soliloquy "there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole." The scene in which the Nurse tells her disjointed story of Tybalt's death is a masterpiece. We have here to encounter the often-repeated objection, that Shakspere uses conceits when he ought to be expressing the language of vehement passion. The conceits are not in accordance with the general taste of our own age, though they were so with that of Shakspere's. But they have a much higher justification. They are the results of strong emotion, seeking to relieve itself by a violent effort of the intellect, that the will may recover its balance. Immediately after the lines in which we have that play upon words whose climax is—

"I am not I, if there be such an *I*,"—

we come at once to an exclamation of the deepest pathos and simplicity:—

"O break my heart!—poor bankrout;"

and then, when Juliet knows that Romeo is not dead, but that Tybalt has fallen by the hand of her husband, what a natural revulsion of feeling succeeds!

"O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

The transition from her reproach of Tybalt's murderer to a glorious trust in the integrity of her lord is surpassingly beautiful. Not less beautiful is the passion which Romeo exhibits in the friar's cell. Both of the lovers in these scenes show the intensity of their abandonment to an overmastering will. "They see only themselves in the universe." That is the true moral of their fate. But even under the direst calamity they catch at the one joy which is left—the short meeting before the parting. And what a parting that is! Here, again, comes the triumph of the beautiful over the merely tragic. They are once more calm. Their love again breathes of all the sweet sights and sounds in a world of beauty. They are parting, but the almost happy Juliet says—

"It is not yet near day,—
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale."

Romeo, who sees the danger of delay, is not deceived:—

"It was the lark, the herald of the morn."

Then what a burst of poetry follows!

"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops."

The scene closes with that exquisite display of womanly tenderness in Juliet, which hurries from the forgetfulness of joy in her husband's presence to apprehension for his safety. After this scene we are almost content to think, as Romeo fancied he thought

"come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy.

The sorrow does come upon poor Juliet with redoubled force. The absolute father, the unyielding mother, the treacherous Nurse—all hurrying her into a loathed marriage—might drive one less resolved to the verge of madness. But from this moment her love has become heroism. She sees

"No pity sitting in the clouds"—

she rejects her Nurse—she resolves to deceive her parents. This scene brings out her character in its strongest and most beautiful relief. The Nurse, in the grossness of her nature, has dared to talk to the wife of Romeo—the all-loving and devoted wife—of the green eye of Paris! The Nurse mistook the one passion of Juliet—the sense raised into soul—for a grovelling quality that her lofty imagination would utterly despise. "O most wicked fiend!" Not so Juliet's other counsellor. The friar estimated her constancy, and he did "spy a kind of hope" that it might be rewarded. He saw that Juliet would, at all hazards, put away "the shame" of marrying Paris. Well had the friar reckoned upon her "strength of will." The scene in his cell, and the subsequent scene when she swallows the draught, are amongst the most powerful in the play; and yet we never lose sight of the highest poetry, mingling what is grand with what is beautiful. When Juliet is supposed to be dead, nature again asserts her empire over the tetchy and absolute father, and the mother weeps over the

"One, poor one, one poor and loving child."

Here, again, the gentle poetry of common feelings comes to the relief of the scene, and the friar brings in a higher poetry in the consolations of divine truth.

As we approach the catastrophe, the poetical cast of Romeo's mind becomes even more clearly defined than in the earlier scenes. It was first fanciful, then imaginative, then impassioned; but when deep sorrow has been added to his love, and he treads upon the threshold of the world of shadows, it puts on even a higher character of beauty. We have elsewhere spoken† of the celebrated speech about the Apothecary, refusing to believe that it forms an exception to the general character of the beauty that throws its rich evening light over the closing scenes. The gentleness of Romeo is apparent, even while he says—

"The time and my intents are savage-wild;"

for he adds, with a strong effort, to his faithful Balthasar—

"Live, and be prosperous, and farewell, good fellow."

His entreaties to Paris—"O be gone!"—are full of the same tenderness. He is constrained to fight with him—he slays him—but he almost weeps over him, as

"One writ with me in sour misfortune's book."

The remainder of Romeo's speech in the tomb is, as Coleridge has put it, "the master example, how beauty can at once increase and modify passion."

"O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh."

This is the one portion of the "melancholy elegy on the frailty of love, from its own nature and external circumstances,"‡ which Romeo sings before his last sleep. And how beautifully is the corresponding part sung by the waking and dying Juliet!

"What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all, and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative."

They have paid the penalty of the fierce hatreds that were engendered around them, and of their own precipitancy. But their misfortunes and their loves have healed the enmities of which they were the victims. "Poor sacrifices!" Capulet may now say—

"O, brother Montague, give me thy hand."

They have left a peace behind them which they could not taste themselves. But their first "rash and unadvis'd" contract was elevated into all that was pure and beautiful by their after sorrows and their constancy; and in happier regions their affections may put on that calmness of immortality which the ancients typified in their allegory of "Love and the Soul."

* Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of Women, third edition, vol. i. p. 193.

† Illustrations of Act V.

‡ A. W. Schlegel.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Hamlet.

The earliest edition of Hamlet known to exist is that of 1603. It bears the following title :—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603." The copy of this edition in the library of the Duke of Devonshire wants the last leaf. This was reprinted in 1825. Another copy is known, without the title-page.

The second edition of Hamlet was printed in 1604, under the following title :—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was*, according to the true and perfect coppie. Printed by J. R. for N. Landure, 1604, 4to." This edition was reprinted in 1605, in 1609, in 1611, and there is also a quarto edition without a date. Steevens has reprinted the edition of 1611 in his twenty plays.

In the folio of 1623 some passages which are found in the quarto of 1604 are omitted. In our text we have given these passages, indicating them as they occur. In other respects our text, with one or two minute exceptions, is wholly founded upon the folio of 1623. From this circumstance our edition will be found considerably to differ from the text of Johnson and Steevens, of Reed, of Malone, and of all the current editions which are founded upon these. Mr. Caldecott alone in his "Specimen of an Edition of Shakspeare," privately printed in 1832, recognises the authority of the folio of 1623. We cannot comprehend the pertinacity with which Steevens and Malone rejected this authority. There cannot be a doubt, we apprehend, that the verbal changes in the text were the corrections of the author. We have given the parallel passages in the quarto of 1604 in our foot-notes.

In the reprint of the edition of 1603 it is stated to be "the only known copy of this tragedy, *as originally written by Shakespeare*, which he afterwards altered and enlarged." We believe that this description is correct; that this remarkable copy gives us the play as originally written by Shakspere. It may have been piratical, and we think it was so. It may, as Mr. Collier says, have been "published in haste from a short-hand copy, taken from the mouths of the players." But this process was not applied to the finished Hamlet; the Hamlet of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect Hamlet, and probably a corrupt copy of that sketch. Mr. Caldecott believes that this copy exhibits, "in that which was afterwards wrought into a splendid drama, the first conception, and comparatively feeble expression, of a great mind." We think, further, that this first conception was an early conception; that it was remodelled—"enlarged to almost as much againe as it was"—at the beginning of the seventeenth century; and that this original copy, being then of comparatively little value, was piratically published.

It is, perhaps, fortunate as regards the integrity of the current text of Hamlet, that the quarto of 1603 was unknown to the commentators; for they unquestionably would have done with it as they did with the first sketch of Romeo and Juliet. They would have foisted passages into the amended play which the author had rejected, and have termed this process a *recovery* of the original text. Without employing this copy in so unjustifiable a manner, we have availed ourselves of it, in several cases, as throwing a new light upon difficult passages. But the highest interest of this edition consists, as we believe, in the opportunity which it affords of studying the growth, not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect—his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives. We request the reader's indulgence whilst we attempt to point out some of the more important considerations which have suggested themselves to us in a careful study of this original edition.

And, first, let us state that all the *action* of the amended Hamlet is to be found in the first sketch. The play opens with the scene in which the Ghost appears to Horatio and Marcellus. The order of the dialogue is the same; but in the quarto of 1604 it is a little elaborated. The grand passage beginning—

"In the most high and palmy state of Rome,"

is not found in this copy; and it is omitted in the folio. The second scene introduces us, as at present, to the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, and Laertes, but in this copy Polonius is called Corambis. The dialogue here is much extended in the perfect copy. We will give an example :—

Quarto of 1603.

"*Ham.* My lord, 'tis not the sable suit I wear;
No, nor the tears that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted 'haviour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equal to the sorrow of my heart;
Him have I lost I must of course forgo,
These, but the ornaments and suits of woe."

Quarto of 1604.

"*Ham.* 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe."

We would ask if it is possible that such a careful working up of the first idea could have been any other work than that of the poet himself? Can the alterations be accounted for upon the principle that the first edition was an imperfect copy of the complete play, "published in haste from a short-hand copy taken from the mouths of the players?" Could the players have transformed the line—

"But I have that within which passeth show,"

into—

"Him have I lost I must of force forgo?"

The haste of shorthand does not account for what is truly the refinement of the poetical art. The same nice elaboration is to be found in Hamlet's soliloquy in the same scene. In the first copy we have not the passage so characteristic of Hamlet's mind—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world."

Neither have we the noble comparison of "Hyperion to a satyr." The fine Shaksperian phrase, so deep in its metaphysical truth, "a beast *that wants discourse of reason*," is, in the first copy, "a beast *devoid of reason*." Shakspere must have dropped verse from his mouth, as the fairy in the Arabian tales dropped pearls. It appears to have been no effort to him to have changed the whole arrangement of a poetical sentence, and to have inverted its different members; he did this as readily as if he were dealing with prose. In the first copy we have these lines:—

> "Why, she would hang on him as if increase
> Of appetite had grown by what it look'd on."

In the amended copy we have—

> "Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on."

Such changes are not the work of shorthand writers.

The interview of Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus with Hamlet succeeds, as in the perfect copy, and the change here is very slight. The scene between Laertes and Ophelia in the same manner follows. Here again there is a great extension. The injunction of Laertes in the first copy is contained in these few lines:—

> "I see Prince Hamlet makes a show of love.
> Beware, Ophelia; do not trust his vows.
> Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue
> Speaks from his heart; but yet take heed, my sister.
> The chariest maid is prodigal enough
> If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
> Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious thoughts:
> Believ't, Ophelia; therefore keep aloof,
> Lest that he trip thy honour and thy fame."

Compare this with the splendid passage which we now have. Look especially at the following lines, in which we see the deep philosophic spirit of the mature Shakspere:—

> "For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
> In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
> The inward service of the mind and soul
> Grows wide withal."

Polonius and his few precepts next occur; and here again there is slight difference. The lecture of the old courtier to his daughter is somewhat extended. In the next scene, where Hamlet encounters the Ghost, there is very little change. We have noticed in our Illustrations how the poet introduced in the perfect copy a modification of the censure of the Danish wassels. In all the rest of the scene there is scarcely a difference between the two copies. The character of Hamlet is fully conceived in the original play, whenever he is in action, as in this scene. It is the contemplative part of his nature which is elaborated in the perfect copy. This great scene, as it was first written, appeared to the poet to have been scarcely capable of improvement.

The character of Polonius, under the name of Corambis, presents itself in the original copy with little variation. We have extension, but not change. As we proceed, we find that Shakspere in the first copy more emphatically marked the supposed madness of Hamlet than he thought fit to do in the amended copy. Thus Ophelia does not, as now, say—

> "Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted;"

but she comes at once to proclaim Hamlet *mad*:—

> "O my dear father, such a change in nature,
> So great an alteration in a prince!
> He is bereft of all the wealth he had;
> The jewel that adorn'd his feature most
> Is filch'd and stolen away—his wit's bereft him."

Again, in the next scene, when the king communicates his wishes to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he does not speak of Hamlet as merely put "from the understanding of himself," but in this first copy he says—

> "Our dear cousin Hamlet
> Hath lost the very heart of all his sense."

In the description which Polonius, in the same scene, gives of Hamlet's madness for Ophelia's love, the symptoms are made much stronger in the original copy:—

> "He straightway grew into a melancholy;
> From that unto a fast; then unto distraction;
> Then into a sadness; from that unto a madness;
> And so by continuance and weakness of the brain,
> Into this frenzy which now possesses him."

It is curious that in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" we have the stages of melancholy, madness, and frenzy indicated as described by Celsus; and Burton himself mentions frenzy as the worst stage of madness, "clamorous, continual." In the first copy, therefore, Hamlet, according to the description of Polonius, is not only the prey of melancholy and madness, but "by continuance" of frenzy. In the amended copy the symptoms, according to the same description, are much milder: a sadness—a fast—a watch—a weakness—a lightness—and a madness. The reason of this change appears to us tolerably clear. Shakspere did not, either in his first sketch or his amended copy, intend his audience to believe that Hamlet was essentially mad; and he removed, therefore, the strong expressions which might encourage that belief.

Immediately after the scene of the original copy in which Polonius describes Hamlet's frenzy, Hamlet comes in and speaks the celebrated soliloquy. In the amended copy this passage, as well as the scene with Ophelia which follows it, is placed after Hamlet's interview with the players. The soliloquy in the first copy is evidently given with great corruptions, and some of the lines appear transposed by the printer: on the contrary, the scene with Ophelia is very slightly altered. The scene with Polonius, now the second scene of the second act, follows that with Ophelia in the first copy. In the interview with Guildenstern and Rosencrantz the dialogue is greatly elaborated in the amended copy; we have the mere germ of the fine passage, "This goodly frame, the earth," &c.—prose with almost more than the music of poetry. In the first copy, instead of this noble piece of rhetoric, we have the following somewhat tame passage:—

> "Yes, faith, this great world you see contents me not; no, nor the spangled heavens, nor earth, nor sea; no, nor man that is so glorious a creature contents not me; no, nor woman too, though you laugh."

We pass over for the present the dialogue between Hamlet and the players, in which there are considerable variations, not only between the first and second quartos, but between the second quarto and the folio, tending, as we think, to fix the date of each copy. In the same way we pass over the speeches from the play "that pleased not the million," as well as the directions to the players in the next act. These passages, as it appears to us, go far to establish the point, that the Hamlet of the edition of 1603 was an early production of the poet. Our readers, we think, will be pleased to compare the following passage of the first copy and the amended play, which offers us an example of the most surpassing skill in the elaboration of a first idea:—

QUARTO OF 1603.

> "*Ham.* Horatio, thou art even as just a man
> As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.
> *Hor.* O, my lord!
> *Ham.* Nay, why should I flatter thee?
> Why should the poor be flatter'd?
> What gain should I receive by flattering thee,
> That nothing hath but thy good mind?
> Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongues,
> To glose with them that love to hear their praise,
> And not with such as thou, Horatio."

QUARTO OF 1604.

> "*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.
> *Hor.* O, my dear lord!
> *Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:
> For what advancement may I hope from thee,
> That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
> To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
> No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

> And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
> Where thrift may follow fawning! Dost thou hear?
> Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
> And could of men distinguish, her election
> Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
> As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
> To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
> That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
> In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
> As I do thee.—Something too much of this."

Schlegel observes that "Shakspere has composed 'the play' in Hamlet altogether in sententious rhymes, full of antitheses." Let us give an example of this in the opening speech of the king:—

> "Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
> Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
> And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
> About the world have times twelve thirties been,
> Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
> Unite, commutual in most sacred bands."

Here is not only the antithesis, but the artificial elevation, that was to keep the language of the interlude apart from that of the real drama. Shakspere has most skilfully managed the whole business of the player king and queen upon this principle; but, as we think, when he wrote his first copy, his power as an artist was not so consummate. In that copy the first lines of the player-king are singularly flowing and musical, and their sacrifice shows us how inexorable was his judgment:—

> "Full forty years are pass'd, their date is gone,
> Since happy time join'd both our hearts as one;
> And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins
> Runs weakly in their pipes, and all the strains
> Of music, which whilome pleased mine ear,
> Is now a burthen that age cannot bear."

The soliloquy of the king in the third act is greatly elaborated from the first copy; and so is the scene between Hamlet and his mother. In the play, as we now have it, Shakspere has left it doubtful whether the queen was privy to the murder of her husband; but in this scene, in the first copy, she says—

> "But, as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
> I never knew of this most horrid murder."

And Hamlet, upon this declaration, says—

> "And, mother, but assist me in revenge,
> And in his death your infamy shall die."

The queen, upon this, protests—

> "I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
> What stratagem soe'er thou shalt devise."

In the amended copy the queen merely says—

> "Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
> And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
> What thou hast said to me."

The action of the amended copy, for the present, proceeds as in the first copy. Gertrude describes the death of Polonius, and Hamlet pours forth his bitter sarcasm upon the king:—"Your fat king and your lean beggar are but variable services." Hamlet is dispatched to England. Fortinbras and his forces appear upon the stage. The fine scene between Hamlet and the captain, and Hamlet's subsequent soliloquy, are not to be found in the quarto of 1603, nor in the folio. The madness of Ophelia is beautifully elaborated in the amended copy, but all her snatches of songs are the same in both editions. What she sings, however, in the first scene of the original copy, is with great art transposed to the second scene of the amended one. The pathos of—

> "And will he not come again?"

is doubled, as it now stands, by the presence of Laertes.

We are now arrived at a scene in the quarto of 1603 altogether different from anything we find in the amended copy. It is a short scene between Horatio and the queen, in which Horatio relates Hamlet's return to Denmark, and describes the treason which the king had plotted against him, as well as the mode by which he had evaded it, by the sacrifice of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The queen, with reference to the

> "subtle treason that the king had plotted,"

says—

> "Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
> That seem'd to sugar o'er his villainy;
> But I will soothe and please him for a time,
> For murderous minds are always jealous."

This is decisive as to Shakspere's original intentions with regard to the queen; but the suppression of the scene in the amended copy is another instance of his admirable judgment. She does not redeem her guilt by entering into plots against her guilty husband; and it is far more characteristic of the irregular impulses of Hamlet's mind, and of his subjection to circumstances, that he should have no confidences with his mother, and should not form with her and Horatio any plans of revenge. The story of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is told in six lines:—

> "*Queen.* But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft?
> *Hor.* He being set ashore, they went for England,
> And in the packet there writ down that doom,
> To be perform'd on them pointed for him:
> And by great chance he had his father's seal,
> So all was done without discovery."

The expansion of this simple passage into the exquisite narrative of Hamlet to Horatio of the same circumstances, presents, to our minds, a most remarkable example of the difference between the mature and the youthful intellect.

The scene of the gravedigger, in the original copy, has all the great points of the present scene. The frenzy of Hamlet at the grave is also the same. Who but the poet himself could have worked up this line—

> "Anon, as mild and gentle as a dove,"

into—

> "Anon, as patient as the female dove,
> When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
> His silence will sit drooping?"

The scene with Osric is greatly expanded in the amended copy. The catastrophe appears to be the same; but the last leaf of the copy of 1603 is wanting.

There is a general belief that some play under the title of Hamlet had preceded the Hamlet of Shakspere. Probable as this may be, it appears to us that this belief is sometimes asserted too authoritatively. Mr. Collier, whose opinion upon such matters is indeed of great value, constantly speaks of "the old Hamlet." Mr. Skottowe is more unqualified in his assertion of this fact:—"The history of Hamlet formed the subject of a play which was acted previous to 1589; and arguing from the general course of Shakspere's mind, that play influenced him during the composition of his own Hamlet. But, unfortunately, the old play is lost." In a very useful and accurate work, "Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual," we are told in express terms of "*Kyd's* old play of Hamlet." Mr. Skottowe and Mr. Lowndes have certainly mistaken conjecture for proof. Not a tittle of distinct evidence exists to show that there was any other play of Hamlet but that of Shakspere; and all the collateral evidence upon which it is inferred that an earlier play of Hamlet than Shakspere's did exist, may, on the other hand, be taken to prove that Shakspere's original sketch of Hamlet was in repute at an earlier period than is commonly assigned as its date. This evidence is briefly as follows:—

1. Dr. Farmer, in his "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," first brought forward a passage in "An Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Universities," by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Green's "Arcadia," which he considers directed "very plainly at Shakespeare in particular." It is as follows:—"It is a common practise now-a-

days, among a sort of shifting companions, that runne through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busie themselves with the endevors of art, that could scarcely latinize their neck-verse if they should have neede ; yet English Seneca, reade by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and so forth : and, if you intreat him farre in a frosty morning, he will affoord you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfuls, of tragical speeches." Farmer adds, "I cannot determine exactly when this epistle was first published, but I fancy it would carry the original Hamlet somewhat further back than we have hitherto done." Malone found that this epistle was first published in 1589 ; and he therefore was inclined to think that the allusion was not to Shakspere's drama, conjecturing that the Hamlet just mentioned might have been written by Kyd. Mr. Brown, in his ingenious work on Shakspere's Sonnets, contends that the passage applies distinctly to Shakspere ; that the expression, "the trade of *Noverint*," had reference to some one who had been a lawyer's clerk ; and that the technical use of law phrases by Shakspere proves that his early life had been so employed. We have then only the difficulty of believing that the original sketch of Hamlet was written in, or before, the year 1589. Mr. Brown leaps over the difficulty, and boldly assigns this sketch, as published in the quarto of 1603, to the year 1589. We see nothing extravagant in this belief. Let it be remembered that in that very year, when Shakspere was twenty-five, it has been distinctly proved by Mr. Collier that he was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, with others, and some of note, below him in the list of sharers.

2. In the accounts found at Dulwich College, which were kept by Henslowe, an actor contemporary with Shakspere, we find the following entry as connected with the theatre at Newington Butts :—

"9 of June 1594, at hamlet VIII s."

The eight shillings constituted Henslowe's share of the profits of this representation. Malone says that this is a full confirmation that there was a play on the subject of Hamlet prior to Shakspere's ; "for it cannot be supposed that our poet's play should have been performed but once in the time of this account, and that Mr. Henslowe should have drawn from such a piece but the sum of eight shillings, when his share in several other plays came to three and sometimes four pounds." We cannot go along with this reasoning. Henslowe's accounts are thus headed :—"In the name of God, Amen, beginning at Newington, my lord admirell men, and my lord chamberlen men, as followeth, 1594." Now, "my lord chamberlen men" were the company to which Shakspere belonged ; and we find from Mr. Collier that one of their theatres, the Globe, was erected in the spring of 1594. The theatre was wholly of wood, according to Hentzner's description of it it would, therefore, be quickly erected ; and it is extremely probable that Shakspere's company only used the theatre at Newington Butts for a very short period, during the completion of their own theatre, which was devoted to summer performances. We can find nothing in Malone's argument to prove that it was not Shakspere's Hamlet which was acted by Shakspere's company on the 9th of June, 1594. On the previous 16th of May Henslowe's accounts are headed, "by my lord admirell's men ;" and it is only on the 3rd of June that we find the "lord chamberlen men," as well as the "lord admirell men," performing at this theatre. Their occupation of it might have been very temporary, and during that occupation Shakspere's Hamlet might have been once performed. The very next entry, the 11th of June, is, "at the taminge of a shrewe ;" and Malone, in a note, adds, "the play which preceded Shakspeare's." When Malone wrote this note, he believed that Shakspere's "Taming of the Shrew" was a late production ; but in the second edition of his "Chronological Order" he is persuaded that it was one of his *very early* productions. There is nothing to prove that *both* these plays thus acted were not Shakspere's.

3. In a tract entitled "Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madnesse," by Thomas Lodge, printed in 1596, one of the devils is said to be "a foul lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet, revenge.*" In the first edition of Malone's "Chronological Order" he says, "If the allusion was to our author's tragedy, this passage will ascertain its appearance in or before 1596 ; but Lodge *may* have had the elder play in his contemplation." In the second edition of this essay Malone changes his opinion, and says, "Lodge *must* have had the elder play in his contemplation."

4. Steevens, in his Preliminary Remarks to Hamlet, has this passage :—"I have seen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey (the antagonist of Nash), who, in his own handwriting, has set down Hamlet as a performance with which he was well acquainted in the year 1598." Malone considered this decisive in the first edition of his "Chronological Order," but in the second edition, having seen the book, he persuaded himself that the date 1598 referred to the time when Harvey purchased it ; and he therefore rejects the evidence. He then peremptorily fixes the first appearance of Hamlet in 1600, from the reference that is made in it to the "inhibition" of the players. We shall speak of this presently. In the meantime it may be sufficient to remark that the passage is not found in the first quarto of 1603, of the existence of which Malone was uninformed ; and that, therefore, this proof goes for nothing.

And now, leaving our readers to form their own judgment upon the external evidence as to the date of Hamlet, we must express our decided opinion, grounded upon an attentive comparison of the original sketch with the perfect play, that the original sketch was an early production of our poet. The copy of 1603 is no doubt piratical ; it is unquestionably very imperfectly printed. But if the passage about the "inhibition" of the players fixes the date of the perfect play as 1600, which we believe it does, the essential differences between the sketch and the perfect play—differences which do not depend upon the corruption of a text—can only be accounted for upon the belief that there was a considerable interval between the production of the first and second copy, in which the author's power and judgment had become mature, and his peculiar habits of philosophical thought had been completely established. This is a matter which does not admit of proof within our limited space ; but the passages which we have already given from the original copy do something to prove it, and we have other differences of the same character to point out, which we shall do as briefly as possible.

Mr. Hallam (in his admirable work, the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," which, without doubt, is the most comprehensive and elegant contribution to literary history and criticism that our language possesses), speaking of Romeo and Juliet as an early production of our poet, points out, as a proof of this, "the want of that thoughtful philosophy, which, when once it had germinated in Shakspere's mind, never ceased to display itself." * Hamlet, as it now stands, is full of this "thoughtful philosophy." But the original sketch, as given in the quarto of 1603, exhibits few traces of it in the form of didactic observations. The whole dramatic conduct of the action is, indeed, demonstrative of a philosophical conception of incidents and characters ; but in the form to which Mr. Hallam refers, the "thoughtful philosophy" is almost entirely wanting in that sketch. We must indicate a few examples very briefly of passages illustrating this position, which are *not there found*, requesting our readers to refer to the text :—

Act I. Sc. III. "For nature, crescent," &c.
IV. "This heavy-headed revel," &c.
II. II. "There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," &c.
"I could be bounded in a nut-shell," &c.

* Mr. Dyce says 1587 ; but no proof of the earlier date is given. Greene's Works.

* Vol. ii. p. 390.

Act III. Sc. IV. "Bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word," &c.

IV III. "I see a cherub," &c.

V. "Nature is fine in love," &c.

„ V. II. "There's a divinity," &c.

Further, Mr. Hallam observes, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspere's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world or his own conscience: the memory of hours mis-spent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches,—these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind." The *type*, Mr. Hallam proceeds to say, is first seen in Jaques, then in the exiled duke of the same play, and in the duke of Measure for Measure; but in these in the shape of "merely contemplative philosophy." "In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances." These plays, Mr. Hallam points out, all belong to the same period—the beginning of the seventeenth century: he is speaking of the Hamlet *in its altered form*. If this *type*, then, be not found in the Hamlet of the original sketch, we may refer that sketch to an earlier period. It is remarkable that in this sketch the misanthropy, if so it may be called, of Hamlet, can scarcely be traced; his feelings have altogether reference to his personal griefs and doubts. Mr. Hallam says that in the plays subsequent to those mentioned above, "much of moral speculation will be found; but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages."* The first Hamlet was, we think, written at a period when this "bitter remembrance," whatever it was, had no place in his heart; the later plays when it had been obliterated by a more expansive philosophy—when the intellect had triumphed over the passions. We shall give a few examples, as in the case of the "thoughtful philosophy," of the *absence* in the first sketch of the passages which indicate the existence of the morbid feelings to which Mr. Hallam alludes :—

Act I. Sc. II. "How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," &c.

II. II. "Denmark's a prison," &c.

"I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth," &c.

III. I. The soliloquy. All that appears in the perfect copy as the outpouring of a wounded spirit, such as "the pangs of dispriz'd love,"—the "insolence of office,"—"the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes,"—are *generalised* in the quarto of 1603, as follows :—

"Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,—
Scorn'd by the rich, the rich curs'd of the poor,
The widow being oppress'd, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities beside ?"

Act V. Sc. II. "Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath of pain."

We could multiply examples; but those we have given are sufficient, we think, to show that we have internal evidence that the original sketch, and the augmented and perfect copy of Hamlet, were written under different influences and habits of thought. But there are differences between the first and second copies which address themselves more distinctly to the understanding, in corroboration of our opinion that there was a considerable interval between the production of the sketch and the perfect play.

We will first take the passage relating to the "tragedians of the city :"—

* Vol. iii. pp. 568, 569.

QUARTO OF 1603.

"*Ham.* Players, what players be they ?

Ros. My lord, the tragedians of the city, those that you took delight to see so often.

Ham. How comes it that they travel ? Do they grow restie ?

Gil. No, my lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.

Ham. How then ?

Gil. Yfaith, my lord, novelty carries it away; for the principal public audience that came to them are turned to private plays, and to the humour of children."

QUARTO OF 1604.

"*Ham.* What players are they ?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? are they so followed ?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not."

We thus see that in the original play the "tragedians of the city," by which are unquestionably meant certain players of Shakspere's own day, were not adequately rewarded, because the public audience "turned to private plays, and to the humour of children." On the contrary, in the augmented play, *published* in the following year, they were not so followed—they were inhibited in consequence of a late innovation. The words "inhibition" and "innovation" point to some public proceeding; "novelty," on the other hand, "private plays," and "the humour of children," would seem to have reference to some popular caprice. "The humour of children," in the first copy, points to a period when plays were acted by children; when the novelty of such performances diminishing the attractions of the tragedians of the city, compelled them to travel. The children of Paul's represented plays in their singing-school at a very early period. Several of Lyly's pieces were presented by them subsequent to 1584, according to Mr. Collier; but in 1591 we find these performances suppressed. In the address of the printer before Lyly's "Endymion," published in 1591, the suppression is mentioned as a recent event :—"Since the plays in Paul's were dissolved, there are certain comedies come to my hand." In 1596 the interdict was not taken off; for Nash, in his "Have with you to Saffron Waldon," printed in that year, wishes to see the "plays at Paul's up again." But in 1600 we find a private play, attributed to Lyly, "acted by the children of Powles." In "Jack Drum's Entertainment" (1601) we find the performances of these children described, with the observation, "The apes in time will do it handsomely." The audience is mentioned as a "good gentle audience." Our belief, founded upon this passage, is, that the first copy of 1603 refers to the period before 1591, when "the humour of children" prevailed; and that the "innovation" mentioned in the second copy refers to the removal of the interdict, which removal occasioned the revival of plays at Paul's, about 1600. In that year came the "inhibition." On the 22nd of June, 1600, an order of the Privy Council appeared "for the restraint of the immoderate use of play-houses;" and it is here prescribed "that there shall be about the city two houses and no more allowed, to serve for the use of the common stage plays." No restraint was, however, laid upon the children of Paul's. It appears to us, therefore, that the inhibition and innovation are distinctly connected in Shakspere's mind. The passage is to us decisive, as fixing the date of the augmented play about 1600; as it is equally clear to us that the passage of the first copy has reference to an earlier period. The text, as we now have it,—"There is, Sir, an ayrie of children," who "so berattle the common stages,"—belongs to a later period, when the children of Paul's acted the plays of Marston, Dekker, and other writers of repute; and the Blackfriars Theatre was in the possession of a company of boys. In 1612 the performances of children had been made the vehicle for scurrility, and they were again suppressed. (See Mr. Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. i. pp. 279, 282; and Malone's "Historical Account of the English Stage," Boswell's edition, pp. 62, 453.)

The speech from the play that was "never acted, or not above

once,"—that "pleased not the million,"—is found, with very slight alteration, in the quarto of 1603; and so is Hamlet's commendation of it. We agree with Coleridge, that "the fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism." Warburton expressed the same opinion, in opposition to Dryden and Pope. Coleridge very justly says that the diction of these lines was authorised by the actual style of the tragedies before Shakspere's time. Ritson, we think, has hit the truth:—"It appears to me not only that Shakspeare had the favourable opinion of these lines which he makes Hamlet express, but that they were extracted from some play which he, at a more early period, had either produced or projected upon the story of Dido and Æneas. The verses recited are far superior to those of any coeval writer: the parallel passage in Marlowe and Nash's Dido will not bear the comparison. Possibly, indeed, it might have been his first attempt, before the divinity that lodged within him had instructed him to despise the tumid and unnatural style so much and so unjustly admired in his predecessors or contemporaries." The introduction of these lines, we think, cannot be accounted for upon any other supposition but that they were written by Shakspere himself; and he is so thoroughly in earnest in his criticism upon the play, and his complaint of its want of success is so apparently sincere, that it is impossible to imagine that the passage had reference to something non-existent. But would Shakspere, then, have produced such a play, except in his very early career, before he understood his own peculiar powers?—and would he have written so sensitively about it, except under the immediate influence of the disappointment occasioned by its failure? The dates of the first copy of Hamlet, and of the play which contained the description of "Priam's slaughter," are certainly not far removed.

Lastly, we are of opinion that the directions to the players, especially as given in the first copy, point to a state of the stage anterior to the period when Shakspere had himself reformed it. The mention of "Termagant" and "Herod" has reference to the time when these characters possessed the stage in pageants and mysteries. Again, the reproof of the extemporal clowns—the injunction that they should speak no more than is set down for them—applied to the infancy of the stage. Shakspere had reformed the clowns before the date usually assigned to Hamlet. In a book called "Tarleton's Jeasts," published in 1611, we have some specimens of the license which this prince of clowns was wont to take. The author, however, adds, "But would I see our clowns *in these days* do the like? No, I warrant ye." In the original copy of Hamlet the reproof of the clowns is more diffuse than in the augmented copy; and the following passage distinctly shows one of the evils which Shakspere had to contend with, and which he probably had overcome before the end of the sixteenth century:—"And then you have some again that keeps one suit of jests, as a man is known by one suit of apparel; and gentlemen quote his jests down in their tables before they come to the play, as thus Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me a quarter's wages; and, my coat wants a cullison; and, your beer is sour; and, blabbering with his lips, and thus keeping in his cinkapase of jests, when, God knows, the warm clown cannot make a jest unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare: Masters, tell him of it." The additions to these directions to the players, in the augmented copy, are, on the other hand, such as bespeak a consciousness of the elevation which the stage had attained in its "high and palmy state," a little before the death of Elizabeth, when its purpose, as realised by Shakspere and Jonson especially, was "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The history of Hamlet, or Hamleth, is found in the Danish historian, Saxo Grammaticus, who died about 1204. The works of Saxo Grammaticus are in Latin, and in Shakspere's time had not been translated into any modern language. It was inferred, therefore, by Dr. Grey and Mr. Whalley, that Shakspere must have read the original. The story, however, is to be found in Belleforest's collection of novels, begun in 1564; and an English translation of this particular story was published as a quarto tract, entitled "The Hystorie of Hamblet, Prince of Denmarke." Capell, in his "School of Shakespeare," has given some extracts from an edition of this very rare book, dated 1608; but he conjectures that it first appeared about 1570. Mr. Collier has since reprinted this tract from the only copy known, which is preserved amongst Capell's collection at Cambridge. Horvendile, in the novel, is the name of Hamlet's father, Fengon that of his uncle, and Geruth that of his mother. Fengon traitorously slays Horvendile, and marries his brother's wife. In the second chapter we are informed "how Hamlet counterfeited the madman, to escape the tyranny of his uncle, and how he was tempted by a woman (through his uncle's procurement), who thereby thought to undermine the Prince, and by that means to find out whether he counterfeited madness or not." In the third chapter we learn "how Fengon, uncle to Hamlet, a second time to entrap him in his politic madness, caused one of his counsellors to be secretly hidden in the Queen's chamber, behind the arras, to hear what speeches past between Hamlet and the Queen; and how Hamlet killed him, and escaped that danger, and what followed." It is in this part of the action that Shakspere's use of this book may be distinctly traced. Capell says, "Amidst this resemblance of persons and circumstances, it is rather strange that none of the relater's expressions have got into the play: and yet not one of them is to be found, except the following, in Chapter III., where Hamlet kills the counsellor (who is described as of a greater reach than the rest, and is the Poet's Polonius) behind the arras: here, beating the hangings, and perceiving something to stir under them, he is made to cry out—'a rat, a rat,' and presently drawing his sword thrust it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counsellor (half dead) out by the heels, made an end of killing him." In the fourth chapter Hamlet is sent to England by Fengon, "with secret letters to have him put to death;" and while his companions slept Hamlet counterfeits the letters "willing the King of England to put the two messengers to death." Here ends the resemblance between the history and the play. The Hamlet of the history returns to Denmark, slays his uncle, burns his palace, makes an oration to the Danes, and is elected king. His subsequent adventures are rather extravagant. He goes back to England, kills the king of that country, returns to Denmark with two English wives, and, finally, falls himself through the treachery of one of these ladies.

It is scarcely necessary to point out how little these rude materials have assisted Shakspere in the composition of the great tragedy of Hamlet. He found, in the records of a barbarous period, a tale of adultery and murder and revenge. Here, too, was a rude indication of the character of Hamlet. But what he has given us is so essentially a creation from first to last, that it would be only tedious to point out the lesser resemblances between the drama and the history. That Shakspere adopted the period of the action as related by Saxo Grammaticus, there can be no doubt. The following passage is decisive:—

> "And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
> (As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
> Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
> After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
> Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly set
> Our sovereign process."

We have here a distinct indication of the period before the Norman Conquest, when England was either under the sovereignty of the Northmen, as in the time of Canute, or paid tribute to the Danish power.

Scenes.

Connected with the supposed scenes of this tragedy we find the following passage in Coxe's Travels:—"Adjoining to a royal palace, which stands about half a mile from Kronberg, is a garden which

curiosity led us to visit; it is called Hamlet's Garden, and is said, by tradition, to be the very spot where the murder of his father was perpetrated." Mr. Inglis, in an agreeable volume published in "Constable's Miscellany," describes his anxiety to see this garden, upon the evening of his arrival at Elsinore. "The sentinel," he says, "to whom I addressed myself, laid aside his musket, and himself conducted me to the enclosure." The Castle of Kronborg, or Kronenburg, in the immediate neighbourhood of Elsinore, is a fortification which is invariably associated with Shakspere's Hamlet. Mr. Inglis learnt that very few travellers visited Elsinore, but that "occasionally passengers in English vessels which happened to be lying-to, and sometimes also passengers in French vessels, landed at the castle, owing to its connection with Hamlet and Shakspere." A Danish translation of Hamlet, he learnt, was often acted at Elsinore.

Costume.

It has been conjectured, and with sufficient reason, by Mr. Strutt and other writers on the subject of costume, that the dress of the Danes during the tenth and eleventh centuries differed little, if anything, in shape from that of the Anglo-Saxons; and although, from several scattered passages in the works of the Welsh bards and in the old Danish ballads, we gather that black was a favourite colour, we are expressly told by Arnold of Lubeck that at the time he wrote (circa 1127), they had become "wearers of scarlet, purple and fine linen;" and by Wallingford, who died in 1214, that "the Danes were effeminately gay in their dress, combed their hair once a day, bathed once a week, and often changed their attire." Of their pride in their long hair, and of the care they took of it, several anecdotes have been preserved. Harold Harfagre, *i.e.* Fairlocks, derived his name from the beauty of his long flowing ringlets, which are said to have hung down to his girdle, and to have been like silken or golden threads; and these precious curls he made a vow to his mistress to neglect till he had completed the conquest of Norway for her love.* A young Danish warrior going to be beheaded begged of an executioner that his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood.† In the Anglo-Saxon poem of Beowulf we find—

> "The long-haired one, illustrious in battle,
> The bright lord of the Danes;"

and the Knyghtlinga Saga describes Canute's hair as profuse.

In a MS. register of Hide Abbey, written in the time of Canute, that monarch is represented in a tunic and mantle, the latter fastened with cords or ribbons, and tassels. He wears shoes, and stockings reaching nearly to the knees, with embroidered tops, or it may be chausses or pantaloons, with an embroidered band beneath the knee; for the drawing being uncoloured leaves the matter in doubt. When Canute's body was examined at Winchester in 1766, it was adorned with several gold and silver bands, and a wreath or circlet was round the head. A jewelled ring was upon one finger, and in one of his hands a silver penny.‡ Bracelets of massive gold were worn by all persons of rank, and their most sacred oath before their conversion to Christianity was by their "holy bracelet," a sacred ornament of this kind being kept on the altars of their gods, or worn round the arm of the priest. Scarlet was the colour originally worn by the kings, queens, and princes of Denmark. In the ballad of Childe Axelvold we find that as soon as the young man discovered himself to be of royal race, he "put on the scarlet red;" and in the ballad of "Hero Hogen and the Queen of Danmarck" the queen is said to have rode first "in red scarlet," the word red being used in both these instances to distinguish the peculiar sort of scarlets, as in those times scarlet, like purple, was used to express any gradation of colour formed by red and blue from indigo to crimson. It thus happens, curiously enough, that the objections of the queen and Claudius to the appearance of Hamlet in black are authorised, not only by the well-known custom of the early Danes, never to mourn for their nearest and dearest relatives or friends, but also by the facts that, although black was at least their favourite,§ if not, indeed, their national colour, Hamlet, as a prince of the blood, should have been attired in the royal scarlet. Of the armour of the Danes at the close of the tenth century we have several verbal descriptions. By the laws of Gula, said to have been established by Hacon the Good, who died in 963, it is ordered that every possessor of six marks should furnish himself with a red shield of two boards in thickness, a spear, an axe, or a sword. He who was worth twelve marks, in addition to the above, was ordered to procure a steel cap; whilst he who had eighteen marks was obliged to have also a coat of mail, or a tunic of quilted linen or cloth, and all usual military weapons, amongst which the bipennis, or double-bladed axe, was the most national. The Danish helmet, like the Saxon, had the nasal, which in Scandinavia is called nef-biörg (nose-guard), and to which the collar of the mail-hood, which covered the chin, was frequently hooked up, so as to leave little of the face unguarded except the eyes.

* Torfæus, Hist. Nor.
† Jomswinkinga Saga in Bartholinus.

‡ Archæologia, vol. iii.
§ Black bordered with red is to this day common amongst the northern peasantry.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *son to the former, and nephew to the present* King.
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
HORATIO, *friend to* Hamlet.
LAERTES, *son to* Polonius.
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *courtiers.*
OSRIC, *a courtier.*
Another courtier.
A Priest.
MARCELLUS, *an officer.*
BERNARDO, *an officer.*
FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*
REYNALDO, *servant to* Polonius.
A Captain.
An Ambassador.
Ghost of Hamlet's *father.*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*

GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark, and mother of* Hamlet.
OPHELIA, *daughter of* Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—ELSINORE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. *A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me:[1] stand, and unfold
Yourself.
Ber. Long live the king!
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[2] of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand![3] who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.[4]
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.
Mar. Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say.
What, is Horatio there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar.[5] What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes,[6] and speak to it.
Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.
Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—
Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.[7]
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows[8] me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question[9] it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.
Mar. It is offended.

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[1] *Answer me.* I, the sentinel, challenge *you.* Bernardo then gives the answer to the challenge or watchword—"Long live the king!"

[2] *Rivals*—partners, companions. Shakspere uses *rivality* in the sense of *partnership* in Antony and Cleopatra: "Cæsar having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivality*,—would not let him partake in the glory of the action." The derivation of *rival* takes us into an early state of society. The *rivalis* was a common occupier of a river—*rivus;* and this sort of occupation being a fruitful source of strife, the partners became *contenders.* Hence the more commonly received meaning of rival.

[3] In the quarto of 1604 (*B*), "Stand, *ho!*"

[4] This form of expression is an abbreviation of "may God give you good night;" and our "good night" is an abbreviation abbreviated. The French idiom has gone through the same process. In *L'Avare* of Molière it is said of Harpagon, "*donner* est un mot pour qu'il a tant d'aversion, qu'il ne dit jamais, *je vous donne*, mais, *je vous prête le bonjour.*" (Act II. Sc. V.)

[5] This line has been ordinarily given to Horatio, as in the quarto (*B*). In the folio, and the first quarto of 1603 (*A*), it belongs to Marcellus.

[6] Confirm what we have seen.

[7] Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the Church-service.

[8] *Harrows* in the folio. In quarto (*A*), *horrors;* in (*B*), *horrows.* Mr. Caldecott states that the word *harrow* is here used in the metaphorical sense which it takes from the operations of the harrow in tearing asunder clods of earth. On the other hand, some etymologists assert that *to harrow* and *to harry* (to vex, to disturb) are the same, and that the implement of husbandry derived its name from the verb. Mr. Caldecott has a curious note on the *harou*—the cry for help—of the Normans, with which *harrow* and *harry* seem to have some connection. (See his "Specimen of an Edition of Shakespeare," 1832.)

[9] In quarto (*B*), *speak to; Question* in the folio and quarto (*A*).

Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay: speak: speak! I charge thee, speak!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks[1] on the ice.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and just[2] at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war:
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward[3] that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day
Who is 't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,[4]
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant[5]
And carriage of the article design'd
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved[6] mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't: which is no other
(And it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands
So by his father lost: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage[7] in the land.
[[8]*Ber.* I think it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch: so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.
Hor. A moth it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:[9]
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,[10]
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen[11] coming on,
Have heaven and earth together démonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand.
Ber. 'Tis here!
Hor. 'Tis here!
Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;

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[1] *Polacks*—Poles. In the old copies the word is spelt *Pollax*, according probably with the pronunciation. Steevens reads *Polack*, "as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one."

[2] *Just* in the folio; in quarto (*B*), *jump*. Malone properly observes, that "in the folio we sometimes find a familiar word substituted for one more ancient." In this play, however, the more ancient word occurs—"so *jump* upon this bloody question." (Act V. Sc. II.)

[3] What might be *in preparation*. *To-weard*, *to-ward*, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to *coming*, *about to come*.

[4] The solemn agreement for this trial at arms was recognised by the courts of law and of chivalry. They were distinct ratifications; and therefore "law and heraldry" does not mean "the herald law," as Upton says.

[5] *Cov'nant* in the folio; in quarto (*B*), *co-mart*.

[6] *Unimproved* in folio; in quarto (*A*), *inapproved*. Johnson says, "unimproved mettle" is "spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge and experience." Gifford affirms that the word "unimproved" here means "just the contrary." *Improve* was originally used for *reprove*.

[7] *Romage*. The stowing of a ship is the *roomage;* the stower is the *romager*. Thus the hurried search attending lading and unlading gave us *rummage*, or *romage*, in the sense of tumbling over and tossing about things in confusion.

[8] The eighteen lines in brackets are found in quarto (*B*), but are omitted in the folio. It is probable that Shakspere suppressed this magnificent description of the omens which preceded the fall of "the mightiest Julius," after he had written Julius Cæsar. In that noble play we have a description greatly resembling this, especially in the lines which we print in italics:—

"There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

[9] The commentators assume that a line is here omitted. Rowe alters the construction of the next two lines, and reads—

"Stars *shone* with trains of fire, dews of blood *fell*,
Disasters *veil'd* the sun."

Malone, instead of "As stars," would read *astres*. This appears to get rid of the difficulty, for we then have the recital of other prodigies, in connection with the appearance of "the sheeted dead." Steevens, however, says that there is no authority for the use of the word *astre*. But *astral* was not uncommon; and *asterisk* was used for a little star, and *asterism* for a constellation. We leave the passage as we find it in the quarto.

[10] The *moist star* is the *moon*. So in the Winter's Tale:—

"Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note."

[11] *Omen* is here put for "portentous event." The word is used in the sense of *fate* by Heywood:—

"Merlin, well vers'd in many a hidden spell,
His country's *omen* did long since foretell."

Upton points out that Shakspere uses "omen" here in the very same manner Virgil does, Æn. i. 349.

For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,[1]
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine;[a] and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk[2] abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,[3] nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;[b]
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let 's do 't, I pray: and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *and* Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage
In equal scale, weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait[4] therein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:[5] and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.[c]
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor., Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit? What is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung[6] from me my slow leave,
By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.[7]
[*Aside.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.[8]
Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,

[1] *Morn* in quarto (*B*); in folio, *day*. The reading of the quarto avoids the repetition of *day* in the next line but one.
[2] *Can walk* in folio; in quarto (*B*), *dare stir*.
[3] *Takes*—seizes with disease: as in The Merry Wives of Windsor:—
"And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle."
[4] *Gait*—progress, the act of going. Thus, in Midsummer Night's Dream—
"Every fairy take his *gait*."
Out of his subject—out of those subject to him.
The passage in brackets is found in quarto (*B*), but not in the folio.
Caldecott interprets this passage thus:—"More than a common relation; having a confessedly accumulated title of relationship, you have less than benevolent, or less than even natural feeling." But surely Hamlet applies these words to himself. The king has called him "My cousin Hamlet." He says, in a suppressed tone, "A little more than kin"—a little more than cousin. The king adds, "and my son." Hamlet says, "less than kind;"—I am little of the same *nature* with you. *Kind* is constantly used in the sense of *nature* by Ben Jonson and other contemporaries of Shakspere.
[8] Farmer thinks that a quibble was intended between *sun* and *son*. Surely not. Hamlet says he is too much in the sun for clouds to hang over him; and his meaning is at once explained by an old proverb. In Grindal's "Profitable Discourse" (1555) we find this proverb, and the context clearly gives its meaning:—"In very deed they were brought *from the good to the bad*, and *from God's blessing*, as the proverbe is, *into a warme sonne*." Raleigh has the same expression in his "History of the World."

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,[1]
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious[2] sorrow: But to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And, with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, Lords, &c., POLONIUS, *and* LAERTES.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon[3] 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two;
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr:[d] so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem[4] the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!-
A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,[5]
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even,[6] sir,—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not have your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

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[1] *Moods.* So the folio and quartos. The modern reading is *mode*. *Mood* was sometimes used in the sense of *mode;* but it is, perhaps, here meant to signify something beyond the mere *manner* of grief—the *manner* as exhibited in the outward *sadness*. The *forms* are the *ceremonials* of grief,—the *moods* its prevailing *sullenness*,—the *shows* (*shapes* in the quartos) its fits of passion.

[2] *Obsequious sorrow*—funeral sorrow—from *obsequies*.

[3] *Canon.* In the old editions this word is spelt *cannon;* and thus the commentators think it necessary to prove that the levelling of a piece of artillery is not here meant. By a curious analogy *ordnance* in the old writers is spelt *ordinance*. A *canon* and an *ordinance* have the same sense; and yet, according to the received etymologists, the words have no common source. A *canon* and a *cannon* are each, it is said, derived from *canna*, a cane; its straightness applied as a measure, rule, giving us *canon;* its length and hollowness, *cannon*. *Ordinance*, of course, is derived from *ordinare;* and the first French cannoniers being named *Gendarmes des Ordonnances*, the guns which they used came, it is affirmed, to be called *ordnance*. We are inclined to think that these etymologies, as applied to artillery, are somewhat fanciful. We have *canon* direct from the Anglo-Saxon, while in that language a *cane* is *bune*. Looking at the precision with which "our greatest ordinance" are described by Harrison,—their various names, weight of the shot, weight of powder used, &c.,—we are inclined to think that *cannon* and *ordinance* denoted such pieces of artillery as were made according to a strict technical rule, canon, or ordinance. In Harrison, cannon is spelt *canon*, showing the French derivation of the word.

[4] *Beteem.* Steevens brought back this word, which had been modernised into *let e'en;* the sentence was afterwards changed to "that he permitted not." To *beteem*, in this passage, means to *vouchsafe*, to *allow*, to *suffer*. In Heywood's "Britaine's Troy" (1636) we have these lines:—

> "They call'd him God on earth, and much esteem'd him;
> Much honour he receiv'd, which they *beteem'd* him."

[5] *Discourse of reason.* In Massinger we have:—

> "It adds to my calamity that I have
> Discourse *and* reason."

Gifford thinks that this passage in Shakspere should also be "discourse and reason." But a subsequent passage in this play explains the phrase, and shows that by discourse is not meant language:—

> "Sure he that made us with such large *discourse*,
> Looking before and after."

The *discourse* of reason is the *discursion* of reason—the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from one thought to another; "the *discoursing* thought," as Sir John Davies expresses it.

[6] *Good even.* This has been changed to *good morning;* and Steevens defends the change, because Marcellus has previously said of Hamlet—

> "I this morning know
> Where we shall find him."

The changers of the text forgot that the salutation "good even" was used immediately after noon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift,[1] Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe[2] in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
Hor. O, where,
My lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw! who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father.
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste[3] and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, bestill'd[4]
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not speak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.
Ham. 'Tis very strange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
All. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, say you?[5]
All. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
All. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face.
Hor. O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.[6]
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amazed you.
Ham. Very like, very like; Stay'd it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw it.
Ham. His beard was grizly?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable[7] in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your honour.
Ham. Your love, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Polonius' *House.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt that?
Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The [perfume and] suppliance of a minute;
No more.
Oph. No more but so?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

Thrift, thrift. It was a frugal arrangement, a thrifty proceeding—there was no waste:—

"The funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."

Dearest foe. For an explanation of one of the apparently contradictory senses in which *dear* is used by Shakspere, see note 5, vol. i. p. 493. Upon the passage before us Caldecott remarks, that throughout Shakspere and all the poets of his day, and much later, "we find this epithet applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest."

[3] *Dead waste.* This was ordinarily printed "dead *waist*." The quarto of 1603, which was unknown to Steevens and Malone, reads, "dead *vast*." In The Tempest we find *vast of night*, which Steevens explains thus:—"The vast of night, means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or, when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*."

[4] *Bestill'd* in the folio; the quartos, *distill'd*. To *still* is to fall in drops; they were dissolved, separated drop by drop,

"Almost to jelly, with the act of fear."

[5] This passage is sometimes read and acted as if "Arm'd, say you?" applied to the manner in which Horatio and Marcellus prepared to hold their watch; and we have somewhere seen a criticism which notes, "Then saw you not his face?" as a memorable example of the force of an abrupt transition. "Arm'd, say you?" without doubt, is asked with reference to the Ghost, who has been described by Horatio as

"Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé."

Hamlet, with his mind full of this description, anticipates the reappearance of the figure when he asks—

"Hold you the watch to-night?"

and proceeds to those minute questions which carry forward the deep impressions of truth and reality with which everything connected with the supernatural appearance of Hamlet's father is invested.

[6] See Illustrations to Henry IV., Part II., Act IV. Sc. I.

[7] *Tenable* in quarto (*B*). In folio it is *treble*.

In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch [1]
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity [2] and health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he says, he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar sect and force [3]
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest [4] maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,[5]
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.[6]

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long;—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with you!
[*Laying his hand on* LAERTES' *head.*
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops [7] of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.[8]
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee![9]

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming [10] it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With all the vows of heaven.[11]

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives [12] the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,[13]
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

---

[1] *Soil* is a spot; *cautel*, a crafty way to deceive; *besmirch*, to sully.

Sanctity. So the folio; the quartos, *safety.*

[3] *Peculiar sect and force.* So the folio; the quarto (*B*), *particular act and place.*

[4] *Chariest*—most cautious.

[5] Shakspere has the same beautiful expression in Love's Labour's Lost:—

"An envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born *infants of the spring.*"

[6] *Read*—counsel, doctrine.

[7] *Hoops.* Some editors have unwarrantably substituted *hooks.* Malone, justifying the change, observes, with great solemnity, "*hooks* are sometimes made of steel, but *hoops* never."

[8] So stands the line in the folio, and in the quartos, including that of 1603. *Of a* has been rejected by most editors, except Malone, who deems *chief*, *chiefe*, or *cheff*, to be a substantive, having a meaning derived from heraldry. It is scarcely necessary to go to heraldry for an explanation of the word: we have it in composition, as in *mischief*, and the now obsolete *bonchief*. *Chef*, literally the head, here signifies *eminence*, *superiority*. Those of the best rank and station are of a more select and generous superiority in the indication of their dignity by their apparel.

[9] It has been objected to these maxims of Polonius, that their good sense ill accords with his general character, his tediousness, his babbling vanity. It is remarkable that in the quarto of 1603 the "precepts" are printed with inverted commas, as if they were taken from some known source, or, at any rate, as if Polonius had delivered them by an effort of memory alone.

[10] *Roaming.* So the folio; a common reading is *wronging.* Mr. Collier has *running.* "Roaming it thus" applies to the various senses in which Polonius has used the word "tender."

[11] So the line stands in the folio. In quarto (*B*)—

"With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

[12] *Gives* in folio; quartos, *lends.*

[13] In the quartos *daughter* is here wanting.

Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;—
Not of the eye[1] which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.
Oph. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.[2]
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; then it draws near the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Hor. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,[e]
Keeps wassels, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
[[3]This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often dout,
To his own scandal.[4]]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such questionable[5] shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me.
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts[6] you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,[7]
And draw you into madness? think of it:
[The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.[8]]
Ham. It wafts me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.— [Ghost *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;
[*Breaking from them.*

---

[1] *The eye.* So the folio; the quartos, *that die.* An *eye* was used to express a slight *tint*, as in The Tempest:—

"*Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an *eye* of green in 't."

It is here metaphorically put for *character.*

[2] The quartos read "*It is* very cold." In the folio we have distinctly, "*Is it* very cold?" with a note of interrogation.

[3] The twenty-two lines in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in quarto (*B*).

[4] In the quarto (*B*) this difficult passage is found thus:—

"The dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble substance *of a doubt*
To his own scandal."

In another quarto we have, "The dram of *ease.*" The original text is certainly corrupt; and, amongst many conjectural emendations, the lines as we print them seem to give the clearest meaning. To *dout* is to put out, to *extinguish.* Perhaps we might read, "The dram of *bale.*"

[5] *Questionable.* The general interpretation is, *doubtful.* In the first scene where the Ghost appears, Marcellus says, "Question it." The *questionable* shape is a shape *capable of being questioned.*

[6] *Wafts.* Here, and in a subsequent line, *wafts* appears in the folio instead of *waves* in the quarto. To *waft* is to make a *waving* motion, to sign, to beckon, as well as to impel over a wave. In Julius Cæsar we have—

"Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry *wafter* of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you."

This is generally interpreted, and we think justly, "would displace the sovereignty of your reason." King Charles, in the "Icon Basilike," has the precise expression in this sense:—"At once to betray the sovereignty of reason in my own soul." But Gifford, in a note on Ben Jonson's "New Inn" (vol. v. p. 352), gives a more prosaic interpretation to the passage:—"The critics have stumbled over a difficulty raised by themselves. *Sovereignty* is merely a title of respect."

[8] The four lines in brackets, not in the folio, are found in quarto (*B*).

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :[1]—
I say, away :—Go on, I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt* Ghost *and* HAMLET.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after :—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A more remote part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghost *and* HAMLET.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:[2]
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood :—List, Hamlet,[3] O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,[4]
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
Ham. O my prophetic soul! mine uncle!
Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's air;
Brief let me be :—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon[5] in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like aigre[5] droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd[6] about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;[7]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible![8]
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet![9] remember me. [*Exit.*
Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, yes, by heaven
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,

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[1] *Lets me*—obstructs me.
[2] *Porpentine.* In all the old copies, *porpentine.*
[3] So the folio. *List, list, O, list,* is the reading of the quarto (*B*).
[4] Whiter, in his very curious Etymological Dictionary, speaking of this passage in connection with the theory of *ease* belonging to the idea of being *earthed*—fixed, resting—says, "It is curious that Shakspeare uses *ease* as connected with a term which most strongly expresses the idea of being *fixed* in a certain spot, or *earth*."
[5] *Aigre.* So the folio; the quartos, *eager.* The word is certainly used in a technical sense in the folio. It is spelt with a capital, *Aygre;* while *eager* in the common sense of sharp, in the passage—

"It is a nipping and an eager air,"

has the familiar orthography.
[6] *Bark'd* in the quartos; *bak'd* in the folio.
[7] These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel* is to "minister the communion to one who lieth on his death-bed." *Disappointed* is, not appointed, *not prepared. Unanel'd* is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anoiling.*
[8] This line, in all the old copies, is given to the Ghost; but it was always spoken by Garrick, in his character of Hamlet, as belonging to the prince according to stage tradition.
[9] So the folio. The quartos read *Adieu, adieu, adieu.*

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark; [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn 't.
Hor. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—
Mar. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—
Hor. [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!
Mar.[1] [*Within.*] So be it!
Hor. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. O, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No;
You'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How say you then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret,—
Hor., Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you—
For every man has business and desire,
Such as it is,—and for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Hor. These are but wild and hurling[2] words, my lord.
Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too, touching this vision here.
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Hor. What is 't, my lord?
We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.
Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.[5]
Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.
Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,
Swear by my sword.
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—
Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if there might;"—
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—This not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.[3]
Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.
Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let 's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Polonius' *House.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him his money, and these notes, Reynaldo.
Rey. I will, my lord.
Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[4] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—"I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;"—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. "And, in part, him;—but," you may say, "not well:

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[1] In the quartos, this exclamation is given to Hamlet.
[2] *Hurling* in the folio; in the quartos, *whurling.*
[3] We print the passage as in the folio. Another reading is by no means so plain:—
"This *do you swear,*
So grace and mercy at your most need help you."
[4] In Warner's "Albion's England" *Danske* is given as the ancient name of Denmark.

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;"—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty:
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
"Good sir," or so; or, "friend," or "gentleman,"—
According to the phrase and the addition,
Of man and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to say?
I was about to say something:—Where did I leave—
Rey. At, "closes in the consequence."
At "friend, or so, and gentleman."
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—Ay, marry;
He closes with you thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse:
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale
(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth."
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
An thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son: You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord,—
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,[1]
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.
Pol. Go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property foredoes[2] itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted[3] him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and* Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was: What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot deem[4] of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,[5]
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,

[1] *Chamber* in folio; in quartos, *closet.*
[2] *Foredoes*—destroys, undoes.
[3] *Quoted*—observed, noted.
[4] *Deem* in folio; in quartos, *dream.*
[5] *Humour* in folio; in quarto, *haviour.*

[Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,[1]]
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. We both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.
Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring the gentlemen where Hamlet is.
Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!
Queen. Amen!
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some* Attendants.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one[2] to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have[3] us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
King. O, speak of that; that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit[4] to that great feast.
King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: Whereat griev'd,—
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Gives a paper.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprise;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.
King. It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business,
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!
[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
Pol. This business is very well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.
Queen. More matter, with less art.
Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

—"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,"—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase;[5] but you shall hear.

"These. In her excellent white bosom, these."[6]

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou, the stars are fire; [*Reads.*
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

"O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

"Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath my daughter showed me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

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[1] This line is wanting in the folio.

[2] *One.* This is the reading in the folio—meaning that Polonius holds that his *duty* to his king is an obligation as imperative as his duty to his God, to whom his *soul* is subject. The quartos read—

"Both to my God *and* to my gracious king."

[3] *I have us'd* in folio; in quartos, *it hath* us'd.

[4] *Fruit.* So the quartos—the *news* of Polonius shall follow the message of the ambassadors, as *fruit after meat.* The folio reads—

"My news shall be the *news* to that great feast."

Caldecott interprets this—my news shall be the leading topic. We are inclined to think that *news* was repeated by a typographical error not uncommon.

[5] *Beautified*, according to Polonius, is a vile phrase. It was the common phrase in dedications to ladies in Shakspere's time:—"To the worthily honoured and vertuous *beautified* lady, the Lady Anne Glemnham," &c., is found in a volume of Poems by R. L. 1596.

[6] See Illustrations to Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act III. Sc. I.—The ladies of Elizabeth's day, and much later, wore a small pocket in the front of their stays.

King. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?
Pol. What do you think of me?
King. As of a man faithful and honourable.
Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a winking,[1] mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
"Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;[2]
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we wail[3] for.
King. Do you think 'tis this?
Queen. It may be, very likely.
Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said *'Tis so*,
When it prov'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he has,[4] indeed.
Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
And keep a farm, and carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board[5] him presently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and* Attendants.
How does my good lord Hamlet?
Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.
Pol. Not I, my lord.
Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord?
Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of two[6] thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,[7]—Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to 't.
Pol. How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?
Ham. Words, words, words!
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, or plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am,[8] if, like a crab, you could go backward.
Pol. Though this be madness, yet there is method in it. [*Aside.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
Ham. Into my grave?
Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, my life.[9]
Pol. Fare you well, my lord.
Ham. These tedious old fools.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek my lord Hamlet; there he is.
Ros. God save you, sir!
[*To* POLONIUS. *Exit* POLONIUS.
Guil. Mine honour'd lord!—
Ros. My most dear lord!
Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?
Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.
Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favour.
Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.
Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?
Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near: But your news is not

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[1] *Winking* in folio; in quartos, *working*.
[2] *Star* in folio, and in the quartos (*A*) and (*B*). In the folio of 1632 *star* was changed to *sphere*.
[3] *Wail* in folio; in quartos, *mourn*.
[4] *Has* in folio. So he *has done*, indeed. The quarto reads *does*.
[5] *Boord*. This is ordinarily printed *board*, but is spelt *boord* in the folio. *Boord*, *bourd*, or *board*, is to *accost;* it is also to *jeer*. Gifford says that to *board* is to accost (as explained by Sir Toby in Twelfth Night, Act I. Sc. III.); to *bourd* is to jest; and to *boud*, to pout, or appear sullen. These distinctions of orthography are, however, very seldom preserved. (See note on "Catiline," Jonson's Works, vol. iv. p. 221.)
[6] *Two* in folio; in quartos, *ten*.
[7] The ordinary reading, which was suggested by Warburton, is, "being a *god*, kissing carrion." The text, as we give it, is that of the quartos and the folios. We fear that this "noble emendation," as Johnson calls it, cannot be sustained by what follows. The carrion is good at kissing—ready to return the kiss of the sun—"Common kissing Titan,"—and in the bitterness of his satire Hamlet associates the idea with the daughter of Polonius. Mr. Whiter, however, considers that *good*, the original reading, is correct, but that the poet uses the word as a substantive—the GOOD principle in the fecundity of the earth. In that case we should read, "being a good, kissing carrion." (See "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakespeare," p. 157.)
[8] This is sometimes printed, "yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am,"—a made-up reading.
[9] So the folio. The quarto (*B*) reads, "except my life, except my life, except my life."

true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you: for there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything. But to the purpose.[1] You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [*To* Guildenstern.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you; [*Aside*]—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery of your secrecy to the king and queen. Moult no feather.[2] I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, —this brave o'erhanging firmament[3]—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "Man delights not me?"

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[4] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[5] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere;[6] and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escoted?[7] Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is like most, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to controversy:[8] there was, for awhile, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is 't possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

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[1] So the folio. The passage is usually printed from quarto (*B*), "any thing—but to the purpose."

[2] So the folio. The quarto (*B*) reads, "*and* your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather."

[3] *Firmament.* So the quarto (*B*). Using *o'erhanging* as a substantive, and omitting *firmament* (the reading of the folio), the sentence is, perhaps, less eloquent, but more coherent. The *air* is the canopy, the o'erhanging, the majestical roof. Here, it appears to us, there are three distinct references to the common belief of the *three regions of air*. Ben Jonson, in his description of the scenery of the "Masque of Hymen," has this passage:—"A cortine of painted clouds reached to the utmost roof of the hall, and suddenly opening, revealed the three regions of air: in *the highest* of which sat Juno, in a glorious throne of gold, circled with comets and fiery meteors, engendered in that hot and dry region; her feet reaching to *the lowest*, where was made a rainbow, and within it musicians seated, figuring aëry spirits, their habits various, and resembling the *several colours caused in that part of the air by reflection*. The *midst* was all of *dark and condensed clouds*, as being the proper place where rain, hail, and other watery meteors are made." The "canopy," we believe, is the lowest region of "colours caused by reflection;" the "o'erhanging," the midst of "dark and condensed clouds," the "majestical roof fretted with golden fire," the highest, where Juno sat, "circled with comets and fiery meteors." The *air*, in its three regions, *appears* to Hamlet no other thing "than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." If this interpretation be correct, the word *firmament*, which is applied to the heavens generally, might have been rejected by the poet, as conveying an image unsuited to that idea of a part which is conveyed by the substantive *o'erhanging*.

[4] *Lenten*—sparing, like fare in Lent.

[5] *Coted*—overtook, went side by side—from *côté*.

[6] The quarto of 1603 reads, "that are tickled in the lungs." The *sere* is a dry affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled; but the clown provokes laughter even from those who habitually cough.

[7] *Escoted*—paid. The *scot* or *shot*—the coin cast down—is the share of any common charge paid by an individual. The French *escotter* is to pay the scot. Hence "scot and lot."

[8] In some modern editions, "to tarre them *on*." The folio has not *on*. In King John (Act IV. Sc. II.) we have—

> "Like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
> Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on."

To *tarre* is to exasperate, from the Anglo-Saxon *tirian*.

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange;[1] for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make mowes[2] at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in the garb; lest my extent to the players, which I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.[3]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing[4] clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy. He comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,[5]—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastorical-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.[a] For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then you know,

"It came to pass, As most like it was."

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more:[b] for look where my abridgments come.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! Thy face is valiant[6] since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[c] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.[d]—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play.* What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general:[e] but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes; set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets[7] in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation; but called it, an honest method [as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine]. One chief speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—

'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules;[8] horridly trick'd[9]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murthers:[10] Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,

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[1] In quartos, *very* strange.

[2] In quartos, *mouths*. The *mowes* of the folio is more Shaksperian, as in The Tempest:—

"Sometimes like apes that *moe* and chatter at me."

Handsaw—the corruption in this proverbial expression of *heronshaw—hernshaw*, a heron. In Spenser we have—

"As when a cast of falcons made their flight
At an herneshaw."

[3] The folio omits *was*.

[4] *Swathing* in folio; in quartos, *swaddling*.

[5] The folio omits *was*.

[6] *Valiant* in folio, which is interpreted *manly*. The quarto has *valanc'd*, which is explained "fringed with a beard."

[7] *Sallets*—ribaldry.

[8] *Gules*—red, in heraldic phrase.

[9] *Trick'd*—painted; also a word in heraldry.

[10] *Vile murthers* in the folio; in quartos, *lord's murther*.

With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee, say on:—He's for a jig,[1] or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.

1 *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen——

Ham. The mobled[2] queen?

Pol. That's good: mobled queen is good.

1 *Play.* Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flame
With bisson rheum; a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarum of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts,[3] and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin man, better:[4] Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

[*Exit* POLONIUS *with some of the* Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murther of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll hav't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down, and insert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends, [*To* ROS. *and* GUIL.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' you: Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole[5] conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wann'd;[6]
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,[7]
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams,[8] unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O vengeance!
What an ass am I! ay, sure, this is most brave;[9]
That I, the son of the dear murthered,[10]
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brains! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play 's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,[11]
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;

A jig—a ludicrous interlude.

Mobled. This is the reading of quartos (*A*) and (*B*). In the folio we have *inobled*, which is, we have little doubt, a misprint. In the folio of 1632 the original reading was restored. *Mobled*, *mabled*, is hastily *muffled* up. The mobled queen has

"A clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood."

In Sandys's "Travels" we have "their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine linen." To *mob*, or *mab*, is to dress carelessly; a *mob* is a covering for the head,—a close covering, according to some,—a *mobile* covering, more probably.

[3] *Abstract* in the folio; another reading is *abstract*, adjectively.

[4] *Better* in the folio; in quartos, *much* better.

Whole in folio; in quartos, *own*.

Wann'd in the quartos; the folio, *warm'd*.

Free—free from offence.

[8] *John-a-dreams*—a sobriquet for a heavy, lethargic fellow.

So the folio. The quartos, omitting the short line, "O vengeance!" read—

"Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave."

[10] So the folio; the quartos, "a dear father murder'd." The rejection, by some editors, of the beautiful reading of "the dear murthered," would be unaccountable, if we did not see how pertinaciously these have treated the folio of 1623 as of no authority.

[11] *Circumstance* in folio; in quartos, *conference*.

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.
Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.
Queen. Did he receive you well?
Ros. Most like a gentleman.
Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.
Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront[1] Ophelia.
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* QUEEN.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*To* OPHELIA.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—

[1] *Affront*—encounter, confront.

Some editors have destroyed the original metrical arrangement, and print these two lines thus, against all authority:—

> The devil himself.
> *King.* O, 'tis too true! how smart
> A lash that speech doth give my conscience."

Pope wished to print, "a *siege* of troubles." Surely the metaphor of the *sea*, to denote an overwhelming flood of troubles, is highly beautiful. It is thoroughly Shaksperian; for we find, in Pericles, "a sea of joys;" in Henry VIII., "a sea of glory;" in Tarquin and Lucrece, "a sea of care." In Milton we have, "in a troubled sea of passion tost." (Par. Lost, x. 718.)

[4] This passage was sometimes printed thus:—

> "To die;—to sleep;—
> No more?"

It is so given in Ayscough's edition. Surely the doubt whether death and sleep are identical comes too early, the passage being so pointed; for the reasoning proceeds to assume that death and sleep are the same, and, believing them to be the same,

> "'tis a consummation
> Devoutly to be wish'd."

Now comes the doubt—"perchance to dream." The "no more" is *nothing more*—the *rien de plus* of the French translators of Hamlet.

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
King. O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience![2]
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word
O heavy burden! [*Aside.*
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* KING *and* POLONIUS.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,[3]
And, by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,—[4]
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud[5] man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd[6] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?[7] who would these[8] fardels bear,
To grunt[9] and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,[10]
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.[11]
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, no. I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these, again; for to the noble mind,

[5] *Proud* in the quartos. In the folio we have "the *poor* man's contumely,"—the contumely which the poor man bears. We retain the reading of the quartos, for the transition is abrupt from the wrong which the oppressor *inflicts* to the contumely which the poor man *suffers*.

[6] *Dispriz'd* in the folio; in quartos, *despis'd*.

[7] *Bodkin*—a small sword. Cæsar is spoken of, by old writers, as slain by bodkins.

[8] *These* in folio, but not in quartos.

[9] *Grunt*. So the originals. The players, in their squeamishness, always give us *groan;* and, if they had not the terror of the blank verse before them, they would certainly inflict *perspire* upon us. *Grunt* is used for loud lament by Turberville, Stonyhurst, and other writers before Shakspere. We have the word direct from the Anglo-Saxon *grunan*.

[10] *Away* in folio; in quartos, *awry*.

[11] This repetition, "well, well, well," has been rejected by the earlier editors It is not in the quartos.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty[1] should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?[2]

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me: for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?[3] We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no way[4] but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures,[5] and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite, down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh:
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King *and* Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well; but yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia,
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If she find him not,[6]
To England send him: or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter Hamlet, *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much—your hand thus: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the[7] whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to see[8] a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen

[1] *Your honesty* in the folio; in the quartos, *you*.
[2] *With honesty*. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio has "*your* honesty."
[3] *Heaven and earth* in the folio; in the quartos, *earth and heaven*.
[4] *No way* in folio; in quartos, *no where*.
[5] The reading of the folio is, "I have heard of your *prattlings* too, well enough. God hath given you one *pace*," &c. The context in some degree justifies the change of the folio. "You jig and you amble"—you go trippingly and mincingly in your gait (as the daughters of Sion are said in Isaiah to "come in tripping so nicely with their feet")—may refer to *pace*, as "you lisp and you nickname God's creatures" may to *prattlings*. Nevertheless, we think, with Johnson, that Shakspere wrote both *paintings* and *face* first, *prattlings* and *pace* latest. As a question of taste, we prefer to retain the first reading.
[6] Find him not *out*.
[7] *The* in folio; in quartos, *your*.
[8] *Hear* in folio; in quartos, *see*.

had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently[1] with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
Will you too help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself:[2] for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of my[3] soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithe.[4] Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
To censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be idle
Get you a place.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and other* Lords *attendant, with his* Guard, *carrying torches. Danish march. Sound a flourish.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say? [*To* POLONIUS.

Pol. That I did, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* KING.

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* OPHELIA'S *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[a] O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by 'r lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on,[5] with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*[6]

Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.[b]

Enter a King *and a* Queen *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns; finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the* Queen *with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;[7] it means mischief.

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[1] *Indifferently*—tolerably well.

[2] The ordinary reading, which is that of the quartos, is—

> "Since my dear soul was mistress of *her* choice,
> And could of men distinguish her election,
> She hath seal'd thee for herself."

Surely the reading of the folio, that of our text, is far more elegant.

[3] Here, again, is a very important change found in the text of the folio, which has been rejected by the modern editors. The ordinary reading (that of the quartos) is—

> "Even with the very comment of *thy* soul."

But Hamlet, having told Horatio the "circumstances" of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entreats his friend to observe his uncle "with the very comment of *my* soul"—Hamlet's soul. To ask Horatio to observe him with the comment of his own soul (Horatio's) is a mere feeble expletive.

[4] *Stithe*—a dissyllable—*stithy*.

[5] He shall suffer being forgotten.

[6] See Illustration of Love's Labour's Lost, Act III. Sc. I.

[7] *Miching mallecho.* To *mich* is to filch; *mallecho* is *misdeed*, from the Spanish. The *skulking crime* pointed out in the dumb show is, in one sense of Hamlet's wild phrase, *miching mallecho;* his own secret purpose, from which mischief will ensue, is *miching mallecho* in another sense; in either case "it means mischief."

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him: Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this the prologue, or the poesy[1] of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter King *and his* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:[2]
For women's fear and love holds quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.][3]

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers my[4] functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances[5] that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak,
But, what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!
[[6]To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's[7] cheer in prison be my scope!]
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now,—— [*To* OPHELIA.

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.[8] This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus,[9] my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.[10]

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take[11] husbands.—Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;——
——The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately. [*Pours the poison in his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice

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[1] *Poesy.* In the quartos this is spelt *posie* and *poesie.* In the folio, both here and elsewhere, it is spelt *poesie. Posy* is certainly the same as *poesy*, but was formerly, as now, understood to mean a short sentence or motto. Thus in The Merchant of Venice—

"A paltry ring
That she did give me; whose *poesy* was
For all the world like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife—Love me and leave me not."

In Hall's Chronicle we have, "And the tent was replenished, and decked with this *posie*—After busy labor cometh victorious rest."

[2] In the quarto we find a line following this, which is omitted in the folio; it has no corresponding line in rhyme:—

"For women fear too much, even as they love."

There can be no doubt that the line ought to be struck out, it being superseded by—

"For women's fear and love holds quantity."

These two lines are not in the folio.

[4] *My* in folio; *their* in quartos.

Instances—solicitations, inducements.

[6] This couplet is found only in the quartos.

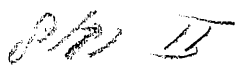
Anchor's cheer—anchoret's fare. This abbreviation of *anchoret* is very ancient.

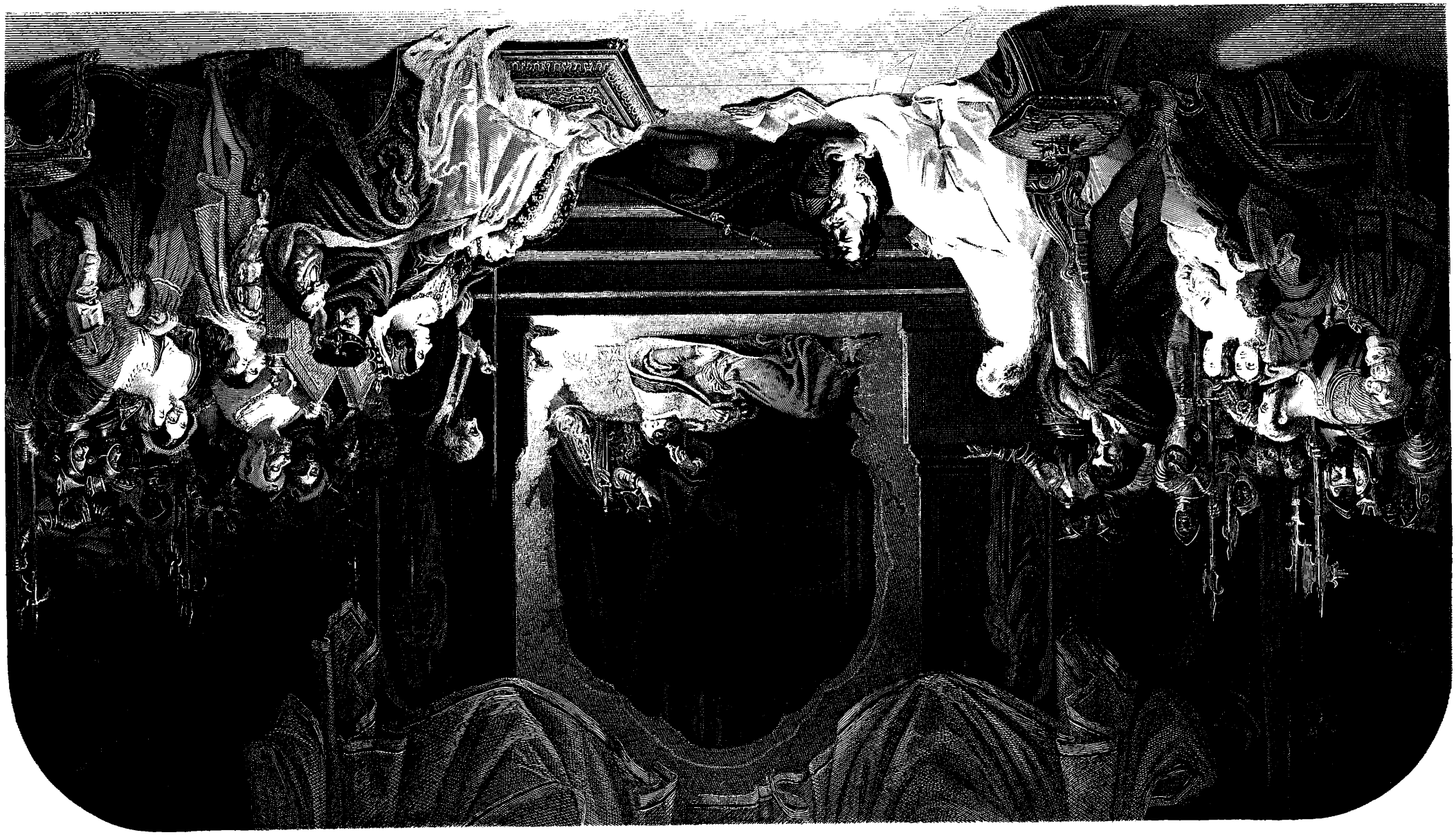
[8] *Tropically*—figuratively.

[9] So the folio; the quartos, "good *as a* chorus."

[10] In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter explained the action to the audience. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. I.

[11] *Must take.* This is the reading of the quarto of 1603. Johnson, who had not seen that edition, suggested *must take* as a correction of the common text, *mistake. Mistake* may, however, be used in the sense of *to take wrongly.*





Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Italian: You shall see anon, how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all but* Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:[1]
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away.—
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk[2] with me,) with two Provincial roses on my razed[3] shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.[c]

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—Paiocke.[4]

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir, pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answers as I can make you shall command; or, rather, you say, my mother: therefore, no more, but to the matter; My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! —But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.[5]

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do freely bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.[6]

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, but *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a recorder.[7]

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you:[8]— Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak.[9] Why, do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.[10]

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[1] See the exquisite passage descriptive of "the poor sequester'd stag" and "his velvet friends" in As You Like It, Act II. Sc. I.

[2] *Turn Turk*—if the rest of my fortunes deal with me cruelly. "To turn Turk, and throw stones at the poor," is a proverbial expression for the conduct of one who is tyrannical and hard-hearted.

[3] *Razed*—slashed. The *cut* shoes were tied with a ribbon gathered in the form of a rose. The feathers and the fine shoes were the chief decorations of the players of Shakspere's day.

[4] *Paiocke.* All the old copies have *paiocke*, or *paiock*. Pope first read *peacock*, which Malone adopted. In a pamphlet entitled "Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare," &c. (1814), it is said that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiocco*, "a piece of money of about three farthings value." Malone, in advocating *peacock*, says, "Shakespeare, I suppose, means that the king struts about with a false pomp." This idea was, perhaps, received into the mind of King George III.—who was a reader of Shakspere, although he undervalued him—when, in the early stage of one of his attacks of insanity, he began the royal speech with "My lords and peacocks."

[5] "To keep my *hands* from *picking and stealing*" is an expression of the Church Catechism.

[6] The ordinary reading, which is made up, is—"You do, surely, but bar the door upon," &c. Our text is that of the folio.

[7] In the quarto we find, "Enter the *players*, with *recorders*." The recorder was (not "a kind of large flute," as Mr. Steevens says, but) a flageolet, or small English flute, the mouthpiece of which, at the upper extremity of the instrument, resembled the beak of a bird; hence the larger flutes so formed were called *flutes à bec*. The recorder was soft in tone, and an octave higher than the flute. Milton speaks ("Par. Lost," i. 550) of

"the Dorian mood
Of flutes and *soft recorders*."

It would appear from Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," cent. iii. 221, that this instrument was larger in the lower than in the upper part; and a woodcut of the flageolet, in Mersenne's "Harmonie Universelle," leads to the same conclusion. On the etymology of the word much ingenuity has been bestowed, but without any satisfactory result.

[8] Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have intimated, by some signal, that they wish to speak with Hamlet in private.

[9] The folio omits *speak*. The poet may have meant to say, yet cannot you make this music, this excellent voice; for Guildenstern might have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We now prefer to consider the folio erroneous.

[10] The musical allusion is continued. The *frets* of all instruments of the lute or guitar kind are thick wires fixed at certain distances across the finger-board, on which the strings are *stopped*, or pressed by the fingers. Nares thinks that the word is derived from *fretum;* but the French verb *frotter* seems the more likely source.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that cloud, that's almost in shape like a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS., GUIL., HOR., &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,[1]
To give them seals[2] never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the same.*

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous,[3] as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.[4]

Guil. We will ourselves provide
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The singular and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose spirit[5] depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros., Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; I'll warrant, she'll tax him home.
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murther!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murther,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe:
All may be well! [*Retires, and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to heaven
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;[6]
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:[7]
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act

---

[1] *Shent*—rebuked; or probably here, *hurt*.
[2] *To give them seals*—to give my word seals, to make my sayings *deeds*.
[3] *Dangerous* in folio; in quartos, *near us*.
[4] *Lunacies* in folio; in quartos, *brows*, which Theobald changed to *lunes*. *Spirit* in folio; in quartos, *weal*.

[6] *Full of bread*. Shakspere found this remarkable expression in the Bible:—"Behold this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom; pride, *fulness of bread*, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters." (Ezek. xvi. 49.)
[7] To *hent* is to seize: "know thou a more horrid *hent*" is, have a more horrid grasp.

That has no relish of salvation in 't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [*Exit.*

The KING *rises and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter QUEEN *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.[1]
Pray you, be round with him.
Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother![2]
Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides himself.*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother; what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle[3] tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
But would you were not so! You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help! help! help!
Ham. How now! a rat? [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[HAMLET *makes a pass through the arras.*
Pol. [*Behind.*] O I am slain. [*Falls and dies.*
Queen. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*Lifts up the arras, and draws forth* POLONIUS.
Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a king!
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* POLONIUS.
I took thee for thy betters; take thy fortune:
Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets[4] a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow
Yea, this solidity[5] and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?[6]
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;[a]
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command;
A station[7] like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband,—look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment
Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion: But sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.[8]] What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?[9]
[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;—

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[1] Mr. Hunter suggested that this may have been a misprint for *sconce*. Falstaff uses the same word on adopting a similar concealment.

[2] This call of Hamlet is not in the quartos.

[3] *Idle* in folio; in quartos, *wicked*. The antithesis, it appears to us, is in *answer* and *question*, and not in *idle* and *wicked*. Besides, *wicked* was too strong an epithet for Hamlet to apply to his mother—inconsistent with that filial respect which he never wholly abandons.

[4] *Sets* in the quarto (*B*); in folio, *makes*. The repetition of *makes* is certainly inelegant.

[5] *This solidity*—this earth. Heaven and earth are ashamed of your act.

[6] *The index* is here used as in Othello:—"An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history."

[7] *Station*—manner of standing, attitude.

[8] The lines in brackets are found in quarto (*B*), but are not in the folio. So also the four lines below.

[9] *Hoodman-blind*—the game which we call *blind-man's buff*.

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.
Ham. A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:[1]
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious figure?
Queen. Alas! he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say.
Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is 't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,[2]
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me·
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?
Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* Ghost.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost o'er the weeds,
To make them rank.[3] Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb[4] and woo, for leave to do him good.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat—
Of habits devil,[5]—is angel yet in this,—
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on:[6]] Refrain to-night:
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: [the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master[7] the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you.[8]—For this same lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent. But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night!
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
[One word more, good lady.]
Queen. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know:
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,[9] from a bat, a gib,[10]
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly; and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.
Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.
Ham. I must to England; you know that?
Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.
Ham. [There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

[1] *Vice of kings*—the *Vice* of the old Moralities. See Henry IV., Part II., Act III. Sc. II.

[2] *Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, were called excrements. Isaac Walton, speaking of fowls, says, "Their very *excrements* afford him a soft lodging at night."

[3] *Rank* in the folio; in quartos, *ranker*.

[4] *Curb*—to bend—*courber*.

[5] This passage is generally printed thus:—

> "That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
> Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this."

The commentators, who have, contrary to the text of the quarto, made *habits* the genitive case, cannot explain their own reading. As we have printed the passage, we understand it to mean, that custom, who destroys all nicety of feeling—sense—sensibility,—who is the devil that governs our habits—is yet an angel in this, &c.

[6] The lines in brackets, and the four subsequent lines, are not in the folio, but are found in the quarto (*B*).

[7] *Master*. So the quarto (*C*); it has been changed to *either curb*, *either* without *curb* being the reading of quarto (*B*).

[8] I, as your son, will ask your blessing, when, by your altered life, you evince your desire to be bless'd.

[9] *Paddock*—toad.

[10] *Gib*—a cat.

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar:[1] and it shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.[2]]
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally;* Hamlet *dragging in the body of* Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter King *and* Queen.[3]

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves;
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*[4]
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral[5] of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: [so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.[6]] O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. ——Safely stowed,—
[*Ros., &c., within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!]

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of[7] a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[8] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

---

[1] *Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.
[2] These lines in brackets are not in the folio.
[3] In the quartos, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter with the king and queen, and are sent away, for a short space, by this line of the queen:—

"Bestow this place on us a little while."

In the folio this line is omitted, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern come in when Guildenstern is called by the king.

[4] In the quartos—

"Whips out his rapier, cries, A rat! a rat!"

[5] *Mineral*—mine, a compound mass of metals.
[6] The lines in the brackets are not in the folio. In the quartos the sense is imperfect, and Theobald inserted "so, haply, slander."
[7] *Demanded of*—demanded by.
[8] The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet *and* Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper? Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic[1] worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.
[*King.* Alas, alas!
Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.[2]]
King. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven, send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.
King. Go seek him there. [*To some* Attendants.
Ham. He will stay till you come. [*Exeunt* Attendants.
King. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.
Ham. For England?
King. Ay, Hamlet.
Ham. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Ham. I see a cherub, that sees him.[3]—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.
King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*
King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: Pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras *and* Forces, *marching.*

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims[5] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.
Cap. I will do 't, my lord.
For. Go safely[6] on. [*Exeunt* Fortinbras *and* Forces.

[[7]*Enter* Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How proposed,[8] sir,
I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who
Commands them, sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.
Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.
Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit* Captain.
Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,[9]
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust[10] in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

[1] The Corrector of the folio of 1632 substitutes *palated* for *politic*. Mr. Collier says the expression *palated* is peculiarly Shaksperian, and "if the text had always stood '*palated* worms,' and it had been proposed to change it to '*politic* worms,' few readers would for an instant have consented." The argument is a two-edged one; it makes us hesitate about disturbing an established text. If *palated* be a Shaksperian word, *politic* is a Shaksperian thought, and is manifestly connected with the idea of "convocation."

[2] The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

[3] *Him* in the folio; in the quartos, *them*.

[4] So in the folio; in the quartos, "we'll ne'er begin."

[5] *Claims* in the folio; in the quartos, *craves*.

[6] *Safely* in the folio; in the quartos, *softly*.

[7] The whole of this scene, in which a clue is so beautifully furnished to the indecision of Hamlet, is wanting in the folio. It was perhaps omitted on account of the extreme length of the play, and as not helping on the action.

[8] *Proposed*—purposed. Steevens substituted the word *purposed*, and recent editors follow him.

[9] See note on "discourse of reason," Act I. Sc. II.

[10] *To fust*—to become mouldy.

Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have, a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!] [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Elsinore. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN *and* HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.
Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would she have?
Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queen. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?
Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. [*sings.*] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.[a]

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—
Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter KING.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.[1]

King. How do you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God 'ield you![2] They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!
King. Conceit upon her father.
Oph. Pray you, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd[3] the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!
Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been this?
Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*
King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.
Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death:[4] O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions! First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,[5]
In hugger-mugger[6] to inter him: Poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece,[7] in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within.*
Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

[a] *Shoon*—shoes.

[1] *Did not go*—so all the old copies—"corrected by Mr. Pope," says Steevens. Ophelia's song had reference to her father. He was not a youth—he was not bewept with "*true-love* showers."
[2] *God 'ield you!*—God requite you!
[3] *Dupp'd.* To *dup* is to *do up*, as to *don* is to *do on*.
[4] In the quartos we find, after this, "And now behold." The words are rejected in the folio.
[5] *Greenly*—unwisely, like novices.
[6] *Hugger-mugger.* The etymology of this ancient word is very uncertain. The Scotch have *huggrie-muggrie*, which Jamieson interprets, "in a confused state, disorderly." In North's Plutarch the word is applied to the burial of Cæsar:—"Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*."
[7] *Murdering piece*—a cannon was so called.

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impitious[1] haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him, lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.
King. The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.
Dan. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
Dan. We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*
Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.
Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.
Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.
King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I stand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.
King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,[b]
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,[2]
As day does to your eye.
Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.
Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, *fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turns the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And on his grave rains many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it![3] It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.
Laer. This nothing's more than matter.
Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;[4] pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.
Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it, herb-grace o' Sundays:[5]—oh you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died:—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard is white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
Grammercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!
[*Exit* OPHELIA.
Laer. Do you see this, O God?
King. Laertes, I must common[6] with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial—

[1] *Impitious*—unpitying. The folio of 1632 gives us *impetuous*.
[2] *Pierce* in the folio; in the quarto, *'pear*.
[3] This is explained, "How well is this ditty adapted to the wheel,"—to be sung by the spinners at the wheel. The burden of a song, such as *down-a-down*, was, according to Steevens, called the wheel.
[4] *Rosemary* was considered to have the power of strengthening the memory.
[5] *Rue* was meant to express *ruth*—sorrow. For the same reason it was called *herb-grace;* for "he whom God loveth he chasteneth."
[6] To *common*, now written *commune*, is to make common—interchange thoughts.

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,[c]
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter Horatio, *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir;
They say, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.
Hor. Let him bless thee too.
1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an 't please him. There's a letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassadors that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] *Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern* hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, *Hamlet.*

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter King *and* Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.
Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.
King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.
Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?
Mes. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not. They were given to me by Claudio, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them:—Leave us.
[*Exit* Messenger.

[*Reads.*] High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, or no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"—
And, in a postscript here, he says "alone:"
Can you advise me?
Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.
King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.
[*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd:
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.
King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.
Laer. What part is that, my lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.[1]—] Some two months hence,

[1] The passage in brackets is not found in the folio, but is printed from quarto (*B*).

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can [1] well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew into his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he pass'd [2] my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed.
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: [the scrimers [3] of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them:] [4] Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. Why out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,[5]
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer: [6]]
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed [7]
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber?
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,[8]
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse [9] the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[10] and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't:
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let 's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your commings,[11]—
I ha 't.
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,[12]
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd!—O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,[13]
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,[14]
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts [15] it. [*Exit.*

King. Let 's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let 's follow. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] "*Can* well" in quartos; in folio, "*ran* well."
[2] *Pass'd* in folio; in quartos, *topp'd*.
[3] *Scrimers*—fencers; from *escrimeurs*.
[4] The passage in brackets is not in the folio.
[5] *Plurisy*. Warburton would read *plethory*. But *plurisy* was constantly used in the sense of fulness, abundance, by the poets. Thus in Massinger we have "plurisy of goodness," and "plurisy of blood."
[6] The lines in brackets are not in the folio.
[7] *In deed*. So the folio; in the quartos, "indeed your father's son."
[8] *Remiss*—inattentive.
[9] *Peruse*—examine.
[10] *Unbated*—not blunted.
[11] *Commings*—meetings in assault. The *comming* is the *venue*. In the quartos we have *cunnings*.
[12] Mr. Grant White would read *tuck*, a rapier. *Stuck* has the same meaning.
[13] *Aslant a brook* in the folio; in quartos, *ascaunt the brook*.
[14] So the folio. In the quarto we have—

"There with fantastic garlands did she make;"

which some editors corrupted into "therewith," as if Ophelia *made* her garlands of the willow. To *make* is used in the sense of to "come"—to make way—to proceed.
[15] *Douts* in the folio; in the quartos, *drowns*.

C COUSEN SCULPT

NX

OPHELIA

(HAMLET)

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Churchyard.*

Enter Two Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave straight:[1] the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo;* it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.[a]

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.[2] Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?[b]

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill to say, the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[3]

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO *at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and when you are asked this question next, say a grave-maker; the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 Clown.

1 Clown *digs and sings.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.[c]

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* But age with his stealing steps,
Hath caught[4] me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill[5] the land,
As if I had never been such. [*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murther! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices;[6] one that could circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?[d] mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet. [*Throws up a skull.*

Ham. There's another! Why might not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[7] now, his quillets,[8] his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves'-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

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[1] *Straight*—straightways, forthwith.
[2] *Even Christian*—fellow-Christian, *equal* Christian. The expression is used by Chaucer.
[3] *Unyoke*—finish your work, unyoke your team.
[4] *Caught* in folio; in quartos, *claw'd.*
[5] *Intill* in folio; in quartos, *into.*
[6] *O'er-offices* in folio; in quartos, *o'er-reaches.*
[7] *Quiddits*—quiddities, subtleties.
[8] *Quillets*—quidlibet—(what you please)—a frivolous distinction.

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,[1] or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,[2] that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.[3]

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir; this same skull, sir,[4] was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see.[5] Alas poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now how abhorred my imagination is![6] my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own jeering?[7] quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? puh! [*Throws down the skull.*

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial[8] Cæsar,[e] dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c., *in procession; the corpse of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and* Mourners *following;* KING, QUEEN, *their Trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we awhile, and mark. [*Retiring with* HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. This is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,[9]
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,[10]
Shards,[11] flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her,
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,[12]
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *requiem*,[13] and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;

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[1] *The card*—"the seaman's card" of Macbeth. A sea-chart in Shakspere's time was called a *card*. But the drawing of the points of the compass is also called the *card*. Steevens and Malone differ as to whether a compass-card or a chart is here meant.

[2] *Picked* is spruce, affected, smart; to *pick* being the same as to *trim*. Some, however, think that the word was derived from picked, *peaked* boots, which were extravagantly long, and hence the association with the "*toe* of the peasant."

[3] So the folio. The quartos read, "Here's a skull now hath lyen you i' the earth," &c.

[4] The repetition does not occur in the quartos.

[5] *Let me see* is not in the quartos. It supersedes the stage direction of "Takes the skull."

[6] So the folio. The reading of the quarto (*B*) is, "and how abhorred in my imagination it is." *Abhorred* is used in the sense of *disgusted*.

[7] *Jeering* in the folio; in the quartos, *grinning*.

[8] *Imperial* in the folio; in the quartos, *imperious*.

[9] *Order*—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

[10] *For charitable prayers*—instead of charitable prayers.

[11] *Shards*. A *shard* is a thing *shared*—divided. *Shards* are therefore fragments of ware—rubbish.

[12] *Rites*. So the folio. The reading of the quarto, which is usually followed, is *crants*, which means garlands. But the "maiden strewments" are the flowers, the garlands, which piety scatters over the bier of the young and innocent. The *rites* included these, and "the bringing home of bell and burial"—*with* bell and burial.

[13] *Sage requiem* in the folio; in the quartos, *a requiem*. *Sage* is said to be used for *grave*, solemn. We suspect some corruption.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not t' have strew'd thy grave.
Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
Laer. The devil take thy soul!
[*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir, though I am not splenetive and rash,
Yet have I something in me[1] dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness[2] fear: Away[3] thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!
Gentlemen. Good my lord, be quiet.[4]
[*The* Attendants *part them, and they come out of the grave.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
Queen. O my son, what theme?
Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
King. O, he is mad, Laertes.
Queen. For love of God, forbear him.
Ham. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? [woul't fast?] woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up Esil?[f] eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick[5] with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
[6]*Queen.* This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.[g]
Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
[*To* LAERTES.
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now let me[7] see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines[8] in the bilboes.[9] Rashly,
And praise be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear[10] plots do pall; and that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.[h]
Hor. That is most certain.
Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reason,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
Hor. Is't possible?
Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor. Ay, 'beseech you.
Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play: I sat me down;
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
Hor. Ay, good my lord.
Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them as the palm should flourish;
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities;[11]
And many such like as's of great charge,—
That on the view and know of these contents,
Without debatement further, more, or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.[12]
Hor. How was this seal'd?
Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;

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[1] *Something in me.* So the folio; the quartos, *in me something.*
[2] *Wiseness* in the folio; in the quartos, *wisdom.*
[3] *Away* in the folio; in the quartos, *hold off.*
[4] In the folio this entreaty is given to Horatio; and "Gentlemen" is ejaculated by *All.*
[5] *Quick*—alive.
[6] In the folio this speech is given to the *King;* in the quartos, to the *Queen.* We think that the assignment in the folio of so beautiful and tender an image as that of "the female dove" to a man drawn by the poet as a coarse sensualist, proceeds from a typographical error which not unfrequently occurs.

Let me in the folio; in the quartos, *shall you.*
[8] *Mutines*—mutineers.
[9] *Bilboes*—a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.
[10] *Dear* in the folio; in the quartos, *deep.*
[11] Caldecott explains this—"continue the passage or intercourse of amity between them, and prevent the interposition of a period to it." This is not satisfactory, but we thoroughly agree with Mr. Dyce, who says of certain conjectures, that "all the tampering of critics with the passage does not prove that it is corrupt."
[12] *Shriving-time*—time of *shrift,* or confession.

Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known: Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight: and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat[1]
Does by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your friendship[2] were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit: Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet *moves him to put on his hat.*

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would, you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.[3]]

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

[*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.]

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath waged[4] with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed,[5] as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.[1]

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this imponed, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

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[1] *Defeat* in the quartos; in the folio, *debate.*

[2] *Friendship* in the folio; in quartos, *lordship.* Mr. Collier calls *friendship* a corruption. We have retained the "corruption," believing in the propriety of the correction in the folio. Osric is the representative of euphuism—the affected phraseology of Shakspere's age—and this is one of the forms of the affectation which runs through all that Osric says.

[3] The long passage in brackets is not given in the folio, but is found in quarto (*B*). Though it displays the wit and readiness of Hamlet to great advantage, it was perhaps thought that it prolonged the main business somewhat too much. Several other passages in this scene, which we find in the quarto, are omitted in the folio; and these we have placed in brackets.

[4] *Waged* in the folio; in the quartos, *wagered.*

[5] *Imponed* in the folio; in the quartos, *impawn'd.*

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[1] with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

[*Enter a* Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure holds to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit* Lord.]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey: I will forestall their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?[2]

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, *and* Attendants *with foils, &c.*

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
[*The* King *puts the hand of* Laertes *into that of* Hamlet.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both.
But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a length?
[*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union[3] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come on, sir. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; What say you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:[4]
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good, madam.

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup: it is too late. [*Aside.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
[*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You but dally:
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

[1] *Comply*—was complaisant. In Fulwel's "Arte of Flatterie" (1579), we have the same idea:—"The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug."

[2] So the folio. The reading of the quartos is, "Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."

[3] *Union*—a very rich pearl. The quartos read *onyx*.

[4] So the quartos; in the folio the line stands—
"Here's a napkin, rub thy brow"

Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*Dies.*
Ham. O villainy! Ho! Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.
Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* KING.
Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!
King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [KING *dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* English Ambassadors, *and others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havoc.—O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes, at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck?
1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arriv'd, give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.
Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.
Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
E'en while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance,
On plots, and errors, happen.
Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldier's music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body:[1]—Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot. [*A dead march.*
[*Exeunt, marching; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*

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[1] *Body* in the folio; in the quartos, *bodies*. Fortinbras has ordered—

"Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage."

This was a peculiar honour which he meant for him. We give the concluding stage direction as we find it in the folio. "Exeunt, *bearing off the bodies*," is a modern addition.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—"*The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*" &c.

THERE can be no doubt, we think, that this fine description is founded upon some similar description in the Latin language. The peculiar sense of the words *extravagant*, *erring*, *confine*, points to such a source. The first hymn of Prudentius has some similarity; but Douce has also found in the Salisbury collection of Hymns, printed by Pynson, a passage from a hymn attributed to St. Ambrose, in which the images may be more distinctly traced:

"Preco diei jam sonat.
Noctis profundæ pervigil;
Nocturna lux viantibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.
Hoc excitatus Lucifer,
Solvit polum caligine;
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.
Gallo canente spes redit," &c.

[b] SCENE I.—"*But, look, the morn,*" &c.

Caldecott, in his edition of Hamlet, sometimes falls into that fault-finding tone by which some Shaksperian critics assert their occasional superiority over their author:—"The almost momentary appearance of the ghost, and the short conversations preceding and subsequent to it, could not have filled up the long interval of a winter's night in Denmark, from twelve till morning." Such is Mr. Caldecott's objection to this scene. But how does he know that it was a *winter's* night? Francisco, indeed, says "'tis bitter cold;" but even in the nights of *the early summer* of the north of Europe, during the short interval between twilight and sunrise, "the air bites shrewdly." That this was the season intended by Skakspere is indicated by Ophelia's flowers. Her pansies, her columbines, and her daisies belong not to the winter; and her "coronet weeds" were the field flowers of the latter spring, hung upon the willow in full foliage—

"That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream."

[c] SCENE II.—"*More than the scope*
Of these dilated articles allow."

This grammatical impropriety, as we now call it, was a common license of the best authors of Shakspere's age. The use of the plural verb with the nominative singular, a plural genitive intervening, can scarcely be detected as an error, even by those who consider the peculiar phraseology of the time of Elizabeth as a barbarism, and are apt to call out upon Shakspere as a monstrous violator of grammar. The truth is, that it is only within the last half-century that the construction of our language has attained that uniform precision which is now required. We find in all the old dramatists many such lines as this in Marlowe:—

"The *outside* of her garments *were* of lawn."

And too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakspere, who have thus obliterated the traces of our tongue's history. It is remarkable that the very commentators who were always ready to fix the charge of ignorance of the rudiments of grammar upon Shakspere have admitted the following passage in a note to Henry IV., Part II., by that elegant modern scholar, T. Warton:—"Beaumont and Fletcher's play contains many *satirical strokes* against Heywood's comedy, *the force* of which *are* entirely lost to those who have not seen that comedy."

[d] SCENE II.—"*Hyperion to a satyr.*"

Warburton says, "By the satyr is meant Pan, as by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers; and the allusion is to the contention between those gods for the preference in music." Steevens, on the other hand, believes that Shakspere "has no allusion in the present instance, except to the beauty of Apollo, and its immediate opposite, the deformity of a satyr." Farmer is careful to point out the error in quantity in Shakspere's Hyperion; but he candidly admits that Spenser has committed the same error. Gray, whose scholarship would have commanded Farmer's approbation, if he could not appreciate his poetry, has this line:—

"Hyperion's march and glittering shafts of war."

The commentators have only found one solitary instance of Hyperion amongst the poets of the seventeenth century.

[e] SCENE IV.—"*The king doth wake to-night,*" &c.

This passage, descriptive of Danish intemperance, occurs without alteration in the quarto of 1603. In the augmented edition of 1604 we find added the twenty-two lines beginning—

"This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations."

The drunkenness thus attributed to the Danes in the original passage is qualified in the additional lines. It takes from "achievements;" it is the "one defect"—"the dram of ill." This circumstance, which we have not seen noticed, is to our minds singularly indicative of Shakspere's character. James I. came to the English throne in 1603; his queen was Anne of Denmark. The intemperance of the Danish court was well known to all Europe. Howell, who visited Denmark at the beginning of the seventeenth century, thus describes the "rouse" and the "wassels" in his Letters:—"I made a Latin speech to the king of Denmark" (Christian IV., uncle of Anne, queen of James) "on the embassy of my lord of Leicester, who attended him at Rheynsburg, in Holsteinland. The king feasted my lord once, and it lasted from eleven of the clock till towards the evening, during which time the king began thirty-five healths: the first to the emperor, the second to his nephew of England; and so went over all the kings and queens of Christendom, but he never remembered the Prince Palsgrave's health, or his niece's, all the while. *The king was taken away at last in his chair.*" This same kingly lover of the "heavy-headed revel" visited England soon after James's accession to the throne; and the effects of this visit upon the national manners are thus described in a letter to Sir John Harrington, 1606:—"From the day the Danish king came, until this hour, I have been well nigh overwhelmed with carousal, and sports of all kinds. . . I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The ladies abandon their sobriety, and are seen to roll about in intoxication. I do often say (but not aloud) that the Danes have again conquered the Britains; for I see no man, or woman either, that can now command himself or herself." Sir John Harrington, it seems, did not venture to say *aloud* what he thought of these habits; and for the same reason Shakspere's strong description of the custom—

"More honour'd in the breach than the observance"—

might have given offence to the court of the new monarch. But he did not suppress the description. He made it only less severe by a tolerant exposition of the mode in which one ill quality destroys the lustre of many good ones. It is remarkable that this additional passage was omitted in the folio of 1623, published after the death of Anne of Denmark.

[f] SCENE V.—"*With juice of cursed hebenon.*"

Dr. Grey thinks that *hebenon* was a poetical modification of *henbane*. Our indigenous henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) is well known in medicine for its soothing and narcotic properties; and a large dose, no doubt, would be poisonous. That it was considered as a poison in Shakspere's time we have sufficient evidence. In Drayton's "Barons' Wars" we have—

"The pois'ning *henbane*, and the mandrake dread."

It was a belief, also, even of the medical professors of that day, that poison might be introduced into the system by being poured

into the ear. Ambrose Paré, the celebrated French surgeon, was charged with having administered poison in this way to Francis II. It is, however, by no means clear that by *hebenon* Shakspere means *henbane.* In Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" we have, amongst an enumeration of noxious things, "the juice of *hebon*" (ebony); and much earlier, in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," we find the couch of the god of sleep made of the boards

"Of *Hebenus*, that sleepie *tree.*"

[g] SCENE V.—"*Upon my sword.*"

Warburton has observed that here "the poet has preserved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to swear upon their swords;" and for the support of his opinion he refers to Bartholinus, "De Causis Contempt. Mort. apud Dan." Upton says that Jordanes, in his Gothic History, mentions this custom; and that Ammianus Marcellinus relates the same ceremony among the Huns. Farmer is, of course, indignant that Shakspere should be supposed to know anything beyond what he found in the common literature of his day; and he cites the following from the play of "Hieronymo:"—

"Swear on this cross that what thou say'st is true—
But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjust,
This very sword, whereon thou took'st thine oath,
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy!"

The commentators all follow Farmer in the explanation that to swear *by the sword* was to swear *by the cross* formed by the hilt of the sword; but they suppress a line which Upton had quoted from Spenser—

"And swearing faith to either *on his blade.*"

We have little doubt that Shakspere was aware of the peculiar custom of the Gothic nations, and did not make Hamlet propose the oath merely as a practice of chivalry.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Seneca cannot be too heavy,*" &c.

In the second scene of the third act Hamlet thus addresses Polonius:—"My lord, you played once in the university, you say?" It is to the practice amongst the students of our universities, in the time of Elizabeth, of acting Latin plays, that Hamlet alludes; and the frequency of such performances, as Warton remarks, may have suggested to Shakspere the names of Seneca and Plautus in the passage before us. In that very curious book, Braun's "Civitates" (1575), there is a Latin memoir prefixed to a map of Cambridge, in which these theatrical entertainments are described; and the fables of Plautus, Terence, and Seneca are expressly mentioned as being performed by the students with elegance, magnificence, dignity of action, and propriety of voice and countenance. Malone says, "The most celebrated actors at Cambridge were the students of St. John's and King's colleges at Oxford, those of Christ-church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy, called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her Majesty, when she visited the University of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's College, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a staff-torch in his hand." The account of this visit of Elizabeth to Cambridge is to be found in Peck's "Desiderata Curiosa," vol. ii. p. 25; and it appears from the subjoined passage that there was great competition amongst the colleges for the theatrical recreation of her Majesty:—

"Great preparations and charges, as before in the other plays, were employed and spent about the tragedy of Sophocles, called Ajax Flagellifer, in Latin, to be this night played before her. But her highness, as it were tired with going about to the colleges, and with hearing of disputations, and over-watched with former plays, (for it was very late nightly before she came to them, as also departed from them), and furthermore, minding early in the morning to depart from Cambridge and ride to a dinner unto a house of the Bishop of Ely, at Stanton, and from thence to her bed at Hinchinbrook (a house of Sir Henry Cromwell's, in Huntingdonshire, about twelve miles from Cambridge,) could not, as otherwise, no doubt, she would, (with like patience and cheerfulness, as she was present at the other,) hear the said tragedy; to the great sorrow, not only of the players, but of all the whole University."

[b] SCENE II.—"*One fair daughter and no more,*" &c.

There is an old ballad, which was first printed in Percy's "Reliques," under the title of "Jephthah, Judge of Israel," and is there given as it "was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father." A copy of the ballad has since been recovered, and is reprinted in Evans's Collection, 1810. The first stanza is as follows:—

"I have read that many years agoe,
When Jepha, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no more,
Whom he loved passing well.
As by lot, God wot,
It came to passe most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe, but he, but he."

The lines quoted by Hamlet almost exactly correspond with this copy. Hamlet, in the text of the quarto of 1611, calls the poem "the *Pious Chanson;*" but in the quarto of 1604, and the folio of 1623, it is "the *Pons* Chanson." Pope says this refers to the old ballads sung on bridges. We believe *Pons* is a typographical error; for in the quarto of 1603 we find "the first verse of the *godly* ballet."

[c] SCENE II.—"*By the altitude of a chopine.*"

The best description of a chopine is found in Coryat's "Crudities" (1611):—

"There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and towns subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I think) amongst any other women in Christendom, which is so common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad,—*a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called* a chapiney, *which they wear under their shoes.* Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion), that it is pity this foolish custom is not clean banished and exterminated out of the city. *There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high,* which maketh many of their women that are very short seem much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys.* All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women, when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall."

[d] SCENE II.—"*Your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.*"

Hamlet's address to "my young lady and mistress" is perfectly intelligible, and has no latent meaning. The parts of women were performed by boys. The boy that Hamlet recollected in such parts was now "nearer to heaven by the altitude of a chopine;"—he was growing into a man. Hamlet hopes, therefore, that his "voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring;" that his voice be not broken, as the technical phrase is, and he be therefore unfitted for women's parts—be no longer current in those parts. Our readers who have seen the coins of the sixteenth century will have observed that the head of the sovereign is invariably contained within a circle, between which and the rim the legend is given. The test of currency in a coin was, that it should not be cracked within the circle, or ring. If the crack, to which the thin coins of that age were particularly liable, extended beyond the ring, the money was no longer considered good. We learn, from two tracts quoted by Douce, that it was customary for usurers to buy up the "uncurrent gold," at a price lower than the nominal value of the coin, and then require the unhappy borrowers to take them at their standard rate.

[e] SCENE II.—"*'Twas caviare to the general.*"

This word is *caviarie* in the folio, following the Italian *caviaro.*

Florio, in his "New World of Words," has "*Caviaro*, a kind of salt black meat made of roes of fishes, much used in Italy." In Sir John Harrington's thirty-third Epigram we find the word forming four syllables, and accented, as written by Shakspere :—

"And caveare, but it little boots."

This preparation of the roes of sturgeons was formerly much used in England amongst the refined classes. It was imported from Russia.

ACT III.

[a] SCENE II.—"*I'll have a suit of sables.*"

Sir Thomas Hanmer turned "I'll have a suit of *sables*" into "I'll have a suit of *ermine;*" and Warburton thinks it extremely absurd that Hamlet and the devil should both go into mourning. Neither Hanmer nor Warburton perceived the latent irony of Hamlet's reply. Ophelia says his father has been dead "twice two months;" he replies, "So long? nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables." Robes of sable were amongst the most *costly* articles of dress; and by the Statute of Apparel, 24 Henry VIII., it was ordained that none under the degree of an earl should use sables. This fur, as is well known, is not black; and it is difficult to know how it became connected with mournful associations, as in Spenser—

"Grief all in *sable* sorrowfully clad."

In heraldry *sable* means black; and, according to Peacham, the name thus used is derived from the fur. Sables, then, were costly and magnificent; but not essentially the habiliments of sorrow, though they had some slight association with mournful ideas. If Hamlet had said, "Nay, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of ermine," he would merely have said, Let the devil be in mourning, for I'll be fine. But as it is he says, Let the devil wear the real colours of grief, but I'll be magnificent in a garb that only has a facing of something like grief. Hamlet would wear the suit as Ben Jonson's haberdasher wore it: "Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak; and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimmed with sables?"

SCENE II.—"*The dumb show enters.*"

Hamlet has previously described the bad player as "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows." Mute exhibitions, during the time of Shakspere, and before and after, were often introduced to exhibit such circumstances as the limits of a play would not admit to be represented. In some plays the order of these dumb shows is minutely described; and they generally represent scenes which are not offered to the understanding in the dialogue. We presume, however, that Shakspere, in the instance before us, had some stage authority for making the dumb show represent the same action that is indicated in the dialogue. His dramatic object here is evident: he wanted *completely* to catch the conscience of the king; and thus, before the actors come to the murder of Gonzago, the king is alarmed, and asks, "Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in it?"

SCENE II.—"*A fellowship in a cry of players*," &c.

A *cry* of players was a company; a *fellowship* was a participation in the profits. Hamlet had managed the play so well, that his skill ought to entitle him to such a fellowship. "Half a share," says Horatio; "a whole one," says Hamlet. In Mr. Collier's "History of the Stage," vol. iii. p. 427, we find many curious details on the payment of actors, showing that the performers at our earlier theatres were divided into whole-sharers, three-quarter-sharers, half-sharers, and hired men.

SCENE IV.—"*Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*"

In a volume of Essays written by Dr. Armstrong, under the assumed name of Lancelot Temple, we have the following observations on the common stage action which accompanies this passage:—"As I feel it, there is a kind of tame impropriety, or even absurdity, in that action of Hamlet producing the two miniatures of his father and uncle out of his pocket. It seems more natural to suppose, that Hamlet was struck with the comparison he makes between the two brothers, upon casting his eyes on their pictures, as they hang up in the apartment where this conference passes with the queen. There is not only more nature, more elegance, and dignity in supposing it thus; but it gives occasion to more passionate and more graceful action; and is of consequence likelier to be as Shakspere's imagination had conceived it." It is remarkable that this stage practice, which involved the improbability that Hamlet should have carried his uncle's picture about with him, should have been a modern innovation. In a print prefixed to Rowe's Shakspere (1709) Hamlet is represented as pointing to large pictures on the arras. The costume excites a smile, while it appears that the stage trick of kicking down the chair upon the entrance of the Ghost is more than a century old.

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE V.—"*How should I your true love know?*"

The music still sung in the character of Ophelia, to the fragments of songs in the fifth scene of Act IV., is supposed to be the same, or nearly so, that was used in Shakspere's time, and thence transmitted to us by tradition. When Drury-Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire, in 1812, the copy of these songs suffered the fate of the whole musical library; but Dr. Arnold noted down the airs from Mrs. Jordan's recollection of them.

[b] SCENE V.—"*Like the kind, life-rend'ring pelican.*"

In architectural ornaments or monumental sculptures, and in old books of fables and emblems, the pelican is always represented as an eagle. As an ornament in the ecclesiastical structures of the middle ages it is of frequent occurrence, and is generally found as a pendant from the point in which the groinings of the roof intersect each other, or as a principal decoration in the carved seats of stalls. Of the former there is a beautiful example in the church at Harfleur; and of the latter there are several very good ones in St. Mary's College, Winchester. Amongst old books of emblems there is one containing a representation on which Shakspere himself might have looked. The work is entitled, "A Choice of Emblemes and other Devices, by Geffery Whitney, 1586." Beneath the cut are the following lines:—

"The pellican, for to revive her younge,
Doth pierce her brest, and geve them of her blood.
Then searche your breste, and as you have with tonge
With penne proceede to doe our countrie good:
Your zeal is great, your learning is profounde,
Then help our wantes, with that you doe abounde."

SCENE V.—"*No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones.*"

Sir John Hawkins says, "Not only the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (i.e., a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term coat of armour) are hung over the grave of every knight."

ACT V.

SCENE I.—"*Crowner's-quest law.*"

Sir John Hawkins originally pointed out that this ludicrous description of "crowner's-quest law" was, in all probability, "a ridicule on the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries." This was a case regarding the forfeiture of a lease to the crown, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales Malone somewhat sneers at the belief that Shakspere should have known anything about a case determined before he was born; adding, "Our author's study was probably not much encumbered with old French reports." Plowden was not published till 1578—in old French, certainly, as Malone says; but we have not a doubt that Shakspere was familiar

with the book, as the following extracts from the translation of 1779 will show. The clown says, "An act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform." Warburton observes that "this is a ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction, and of distinctions without difference." The precise thing, however, to be ridiculed is in the speech of one of the counsel in the case before us:—

"Walsh said that the act consists of three parts. The first is the imagination, which is a reflection or meditation of the mind, whether or no it is convenient for him to destroy himself, and what way it can be done. The second is the resolution, which is a determination of the mind to destroy himself, and to do it in this or that particular way. The third is the perfection, which is the execution of what the mind has resolved to do. And this perfection consists of two parts, viz., the beginning and the end. The beginning is the doing of the act which causes the death, and the end is the death, which is only a sequel to the act."

Again, the clown says, "Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life." We have, of course, no such delicious exaggeration as that of the clown; but the following reasoning of one of the judges is very nearly equal to it:—

"Sir James Hales was dead, and how came he to his death? It may be answered, by drowning; and who drowned him? Sir James Hales; and when did he drown him? In his lifetime. So that Sir James Hales being alive caused Sir James Hales to die; and the act of the living man was the death of the dead man. And then for this offence it is reasonable to punish the living man who committed the offence, and not the dead man. But how can he be said to be punished alive when the punishment comes after his death? Sir, this can be done no other way but by divesting out of him, from the time of the act done in his life which was the cause of his death, the title and property of those things which he had in his lifetime."

The determination in this case, that the verdict of *felo de se* was legal, shows that the complaint of the clown "that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves," was wholly unjust.

[b] SCENE I.—"*Was he a gentleman?*"

This is a ridicule of the heraldic writers. In Leigh's "Accidence of Armourie" (1591) we have, "For that it might be known that even anon after the creation of Adam there was both *gentleness* and *ungentleness*, you shall understand that the second man that was born was a *gentleman*, whose name was Abel." The same style of writing prevails in older works, as in the "Book of St. Albans."

SCENE I.—"*In youth, when I did love, did love*," &c.

The three stanzas which the gravedigger sings are to be found, making allowance for the blunders of the singer, in "The Songs of the Earl of Surrey and others" (1557). The poem is reprinted in Percy's "Reliques." It is ascribed to Lord Vaux. We give the stanzas out of which the clown's *readings* may be made:—

"I loth that I did love,
In youth that I thought swete,
As time requires: for my behove
Me thinkes they are not mete.

* * * *

"For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crowch,
And lusty Youthe awaye he leapes,
As there had bene none such.

* * *

"A pikeax and a spade,
And eke a shrowding shete,
A house of clay for to be made
For such a guest most mete.

* * *

"For Beautie with her band,
These croked cares had wrought,
And shipped me into the land,
From whence I first was brought."

[d] SCENE I.—"*To play at loggats with them.*"

The game of loggats is a country play, in which the players throw at a stake, or jack, with round pins. In Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" we have:—

"Now are they tossing of his legs and arms,
Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

The scene of the gravediggers has always been the horror of the old French school of criticism. Voltaire, by a great generalisation, calls the works of Shakspere a bundle of "*monstruosités et fossoyeurs.*" But Voltaire's criticism upon the gravedigging scene is far less amusing than that of M. de la Baume Desdossat, who in 1757 immortalised himself by the publication of a "Pastorale Héroique." He tells us, "All that the imagination can invent most horrible, most gloomy, most ferocious, constitutes the matter of the English tragedies, which are monsters in which sublime sentiments and ideas are found side by side with the flattest buffooneries and the grossest jests. Shakspere in one tragedy *introduces a game at bowls with death's heads upon the stage.*" ("Fait jouer à la boule avec des têtes de mort sur le théâtre.")

[e] SCENE I.—"*Imperial Cæsar*," &c.

The dwellings of our countrymen in the time of Elizabeth were rude enough to render it often requisite to

"Stop a hole, to keep the wind away."

The following is from Harrison's "Description of England" (1577):—"In the fenny countries and northern parts, unto this day, for lack of wood they are enforced to continue the ancient manner of building (houses set up with a few posts and many raddles), so in the open and champain countries, they are enforced, for want of stuff, to use no studs at all, but only frank-posts, and such principals, with here and there a girding, whereunto they fasten their splints or raddles, and then *cast it all over with thick clay, to keep out the wind.* Certes this rude kind of building made the Spaniards in Queen Mary's day to wonder, and say, 'these English have their houses made of sticks and dirt, but they fare commonly so well as the king.'"

[f] SCENE I.—"*Woul 't drink up Esil?*"

Esil was formerly a term in common use for vinegar; and thus some have thought that Hamlet here meant, will you take a draught of vinegar?—of something very disagreeable. There is, however, little doubt that he referred to the river Yssel, Issel, or Izel, the most northern branch of the Rhine, and that which is the nearest to Denmark. Stow and Drayton are familiar with the name.

[g] SCENE I.—"*Anon, as patient as the female dove*," &c.

To *disclose* was anciently used for to *hatch.* The "couplets" of the dove are first covered with yellow down; and the patient female sits brooding o'er the nest, cherishing them with her warmth for several days after they are hatched.

SCENE II.—"*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
Rough-hew them how we will."

Philosophy as profound as it is beautiful! says the uninitiated reader of Shakspere. But he that is endued with the wisdom of the commentators will learn how easy it is to mistake for philosophy and poetry what really only proceeded from the very vulgar recollections of an ignorant mind. "Dr. Farmer informs me," says Steevens, "that these words are *merely technical.* A wood-man, butcher, and dealer in skewers, lately observed to him, that his nephew (an idle lad) could only assist him in making them; 'he could *rough hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends.*' To shape the ends of wood skewers, *i.e.*, to point them, requires a degree of skill; any one can rough-hew them. Whoever recollects *the profession of Shakspere's father*, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinn'd up with skewers."!!!

SCENE II.—"*The carriages, sir, are the hangers.*"

The *hanger* is that part of the girdle or belt by which the sword was suspended. We find the word used in the directions for an installation of the Knights of the Garter. (See Ashmole's History of the Order.) Garter presents the Lords Commissioners with "the hanger and sword," which they gird on the knight.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

THE comprehension of this tragedy is the history of a man's own mind. In some shape or other, "Hamlet the Dane" very early becomes familiar to almost every youth of tolerable education. He is sometimes presented through the medium of the stage; more frequently in some one of the manifold editions of the acted play. The sublime scenes where the Ghost appears are known even to the youngest school-boy, in his "Speakers" and "Readers;" and so is the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be." As we in early life become acquainted with the complete acted play, we hate the king,—we weep for Ophelia,—we think Hamlet is cruel to her,—we are perhaps inclined with Dr. Johnson to laugh at Hamlet's madness,—("the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"),—we wonder that Hamlet does not kill the king earlier,—and we believe, as Garrick believed, that the catastrophe might have been greatly improved, seeing that the wicked and the virtuous ought not to fall together, as it were by accident.

A few years onward, and we have become acquainted with the Hamlet of Shakspere,—not the Hamlet of the players. The book is now the companion of our lonely walks;—its recollections hang about our most cherished thoughts. We think less of the dramatic movement of the play than of the glimpses which it affords of the high and solemn things that belong to our being. We see Hamlet habitually subjected to the spiritual part of his nature,—communing with thoughts that are not of this world,—abstracted from the business of life,—but yet exhibiting a most vigorous intellect and an exquisite taste. But there is that about him which we cannot understand. Is he essentially "in madness," or mad "only in craft?" Where is the line to be drawn between his artificial and his real character? There is something altogether indefinable and mysterious in the poet's delineation of this character; something wild and irregular in the circumstances with which the character is associated: we see that Hamlet is propelled rather than propelling. But why is this turn given to the delineation? We cannot exactly tell. Perhaps some of the very charm of the play to the adult mind is its mysteriousness. It awakes not only thoughts of the grand and the beautiful, but of the incomprehensible. Its obscurity constitutes a portion of its sublimity. This is the stage in which most minds are content to rest, and perhaps advantageously so, with regard to the comprehension of Hamlet.

The final appreciation of the Hamlet of Shakspere belongs to the development of the critical faculty—to the cultivation of it by reading and reflection. Without much acquaintance with the thoughts of others, many men, we have no doubt, being earnest and diligent students of Shakspere, have arrived at a tolerably adequate comprehension of his *idea* in this wonderful play. In passing through the stage of admiration they have utterly rejected the trash which the commentators have heaped upon it, under the name of criticism—the solemn commonplaces of Johnson, the flippant and insolent attacks of Steevens. When the one says, "The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose," and the other talks of the "absurdities" which deform the piece, and "the *immoral* character of Hamlet," the love for Shakspere tells them that remarks such as these belong to the same class of prejudices as Voltaire's "monstruosités et fossoyeurs." But after they have rejected all that belongs to criticism without love, the very depth of the reverence of another school of critics may tend to perplex them. This is somewhat our own position. The quantity alone that has been written in illustration of Hamlet is embarrassing. Goethe, Coleridge, Schlegel, Lamb, Hazlitt, and we may add Mrs. Jameson,—besides anonymous writers out of number, and some of the very highest order of excellence,—have brought to the illustration of this play a most valued fund of judgment, taste, and æsthetical knowledge. To condense what is most deserving of remembrance in these admirable productions within due limits would be impossible. We must endeavour, therefore, to feel ourselves in the condition of one who has, however imperfectly, worked out in his own mind a comprehension of the idea of Shakspere, occasionally assisting our development of this inadequate comprehension by a few extracts from some of the eloquent pages to which we have adverted.

The opening of Hamlet is one of the most absorbing scenes in the Shaksperian drama. It produces its effect by the supernatural being brought into the most immediate contact with the real. The sentinels are prepared for the appearance of the Ghost,—Horatio is incredulous,—but they are all surrounded with an atmosphere of common life. "Long live the king,"—"Get thee to bed,"—"'Tis bitter cold,"—"Not a mouse stirring,"—and the familiar pleasantry of Horatio, "a piece of him,"—exhibit to us minds under the ordinary state of human feeling. At the moment when the recollections of Bernardo arise into that imaginative power which belongs to the tale he is about to tell, the Ghost appears. All that was doubtful in the narrative of the supernatural vision—what left upon Horatio's mind the impression only of a "thing"—becomes as real as the silence, the cold, and the midnight. The vision is then "most like the king,"—

> "Such was the very armour he had on."

The Ghost remains but an instant; and we are again amongst the realities of common life—the preparations for war—the history of the quarrel that caused the preparation. The vision, in the mind of Horatio, is connected with the fates of his "climatures and countrymen." When the Ghost reappears there is still a tinge of scepticism in the soldiers:—

> "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?"

But their incredulity is at once subdued; and a resolution is taken by Horatio upon the conviction that what he once held as a "fantasy" is a dreaded thing of whose existence there can be no doubt:—

> Let us impart what we have seen to-night
> Unto young Hamlet: for upon my life
> This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him."

We have here, by anticipation, all the deep and inexplicable consequences of this vision laid upon young Hamlet; it is *his* destiny—it is to *him* the

> "Prologue to the omen coming on."

Goethe, in his "Wilhelm Meister," has made his hero describe the mode in which he endeavoured to understand Hamlet. "I set about investigating every trace of Hamlet's character, as it had shown itself before his father's death. I endeavoured to distinguish what in it was independent of this mournful event; independent of the terrible events that followed; and what most probably the young man would have been, had no such thing occurred." In this spirit he tells us that he was pleasing, polished, courteous, united the idea of moral rectitude with princely elevation, desirous of praise, pure in sentiment, tasteful, calm in his temper, artless in his conduct, possessing more mirth of humour than of heart. This is ingenious, but it appears to us to refine somewhat too much. In Shakspere's dramas, the characters, as they are developed by the incidents, expound themselves, and in the order in which the exposition becomes necessary. Wilhelm Meister's preliminary analysis of Hamlet's character stands only in the place of the description by which dramatists inferior to Shakspere present a character to an audience. Our poet first shows us what Hamlet is before his mind is laid under the terrific weight and responsibility of a revelation. His moral sense is outraged by the indecent marriage of his mother. We have a slight intimation that his honourable ambition was disappointed in the election of his uncle to the sovereignty. The sudden

death of his father had called forth all the sensibilities that belonged to a deeply meditative nature :—

" I have that within which passeth show."

It is in this period that his own wounded spirit makes him look with a jaundiced eye upon " all the uses of this world," and to indulge a wish, restrained only by a sense of piety, that the " unweeded garden " might be left by him to be possessed by " things gross and rank by nature." But he communes with himself in a tone which bespeaks the habitual refinement of his thoughts; and his words shape themselves into images which belong to the high and cultivated intellect. The mode in which he receives Horatio shows that his dejection is not habitual. It has been impressed on his nature by a sudden blow: a father dead,—a mother disgracefully married,—a crown snatched from him. He welcomes his old friend with the warmth and frankness of the gentleman; but the abiding sorrow in a moment comes over him :—

" I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student."

The disclosure of Horatio's purpose in his visit is admirably managed in its abruptness. Nothing, it appears to us, within the power of language, can produce the effect of the questions which Hamlet puts to Horatio; and his answer to the somewhat commonplace remark, " It would have much amazed you;"—" very like, very like," is something beyond art; it looks like an instinctive perception of the most complex mental processes.

Coleridge calls the next scene, that between Laertes, Ophelia, and Polonius, " one of Shakspere's lyric movements;" and he elegantly adds, " You experience the sensation of a pause without the sense of a stop." It was necessary to interpose a scene between Horatio's narrative and the appearance of the Ghost to Hamlet, and this scene before us carries out the dramatic characters which are essential to the plot, without interrupting the main interest. But the hour of Hamlet's trial is come. The revelation is to be made. He is to endure an ordeal which is to shake his disposition,

." With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

The vision which, even when his incredulity has passed away, seems to Horatio only a " thing majestical," is to Hamlet " king, father, royal Dane." From the first word of Horatio's narrative to this moment of the real presence of the apparition, Hamlet has no doubts. The excited state of his mind had prepared him to welcome the belief that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Beautifully characteristic is his determination to follow the vision; and when the revelation comes, who could have managed it like Shakspere? The images are of this world, and are not of this world. They belong at once to popular superstition, and to the highest poetry. Nothing can be more distinct than the narrative of the vision; nothing more mysterious than the " eternal blazon " that " must not be to ears of flesh and blood." How exquisite are the last lines of the Ghost; full of the poetry of external nature, and of the depth of human affections, as if the spirit that had for so short a time been cut off from life, to know the secrets of the " prison-house," still clung to the earthly remembrance of the beautiful and the tender that even a spirit might indulge :—

" The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire :
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet ! remember me."

The mode in which Hamlet thinks aloud, after the spirit has faded away, suggests this subtle illustration to Coleridge :—" Shakspere alone could have produced the vow of Hamlet to make his memory a blank of all maxims and generalized truths that 'observation had copied there,'—followed immediately by the speaker noting down the generalized fact

' That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.' "

Coleridge, of course, means to offer this as a trait of the disturbance of Hamlet's intellect—(not madness, even in the popular sense of the term,—certainly not madness, physiologically speaking, but unfixedness, derangement, we would have said, had not that word become a sort of synonym for madness), which Shakspere intended, as it appears to us, to exhibit as the result of his supernatural visitation. Goethe says, " To me it is clear that Shakspere meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it." Coleridge, in speaking of that part of the scene after the interview with the Ghost, in which Hamlet assumes what has been called " an improbable eccentricity," attributes to Hamlet " the disposition to escape from his own feelings of the overwhelming and supernatural by a wild transition to the ludicrous, a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium." He adds, " *For you may perhaps observe that Hamlet's wildness is but half false.*" It is under the immediate influence of this " disorder in his soul,"—this " shaking and unsettling of its powers from their due sources of action," that Hamlet takes the instantaneous resolution of feigning himself mad. He feels that his mind is horridly disturbed with thoughts beyond mortal reach; but he believes that the habitual powers of his intellect can control this disturbance, and even render it an instrument of his own safety. The very able writer from whose anonymous paper we have just quoted says, " If there be any thing disproportioned in his mind, it seems to be this only,—that intellect is in excess. It is even ungovernable, and too subtle. His own description of perfect man, ending with 'In apprehension how like a god!' appears to me consonant with that character, and spoken in the high and overwrought consciousness of intellect. Much that requires explanation in the play may perhaps be explained by this predominance and consciousness of great intellectual power. Is it not possible that the instantaneous idea of feigning himself mad belongs to this?"

It is here, then, that the complexity of Hamlet's character begins. It is in the description of Ophelia that he is first presented to us, at some short period after the supernatural visitation :—

" He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me."

This was not the " antic disposition " which Hamlet thought meet to put on. It was not the " ecstasy of love," produced by Ophelia's coldness, according to Polonius. But it was the utterance, as far as it could be uttered, of his sense of the hard necessity that was put upon him to go forth to a mortal struggle with evil powers and influences;—to cast away all the high and pleasant thoughts that belonged to the cultivation of his understanding;—to tear himself from all the soothing and delicious fancies that would arise out of the growth of his affection for that simple maid upon whom he bestowed " a sigh so piteous." Under the pressure of the one absorbing " commandment " that had been imposed upon him, he had vowed that it should live " within the volume of his brain, unmixed with baser matter." All else in the world had become to him mean and unimportant. Love was now to him a " trivial, fond record "—the wisdom of philosophy, " the saws of books." All " that youth and observation copied " was to be forgotten in that dread word, " remember me." But Hamlet had put the " antic disposition on." The king had seen his " transformation." The courtiers talked familiarly of his " lunacy." The disguise which he had adopted was not accidentally chosen. The subtlety of his intellect directed him to that tone of wayward sarcasm in which, while he appeared to others to be merely

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 504.

wandering, the bitterness of his soul might be relieved by the utterance of "wild and hurling words." But even in this disguise his intellectual supremacy is constantly manifested. "He is far gone, far gone," says Polonius; but, "how pregnant his replies are!" very quickly follows. In the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the natural Hamlet instantly comes back. They were his schoolfellows; they ought to have been his friends. To them, therefore, he is the Hamlet they once knew—the gentleman—the scholar. He even discloses to them a glimpse of the deep melancholy with which his soul laboured: "O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams." But he goes no further; he sees through their purpose "nay, then I have an eye of you." They were to be spies upon him; and from that moment he hates them. They stood, or they appeared to stand, between him and the great purpose of his life. But he suppresses his feelings, and bursts out in that majestic piece of rhetoric which could only have been conceived by a being of the highest intellectual power, in the full possession of that power: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!" The writer in *Blackwood* truly says that this is "spoken in the high and overwrought consciousness of intellect." Hamlet has described his melancholy to his old schoolfellows,—the indifference with which he views "this visible world." Here again, unquestionably, he is not feigning. He knows that the admission of his melancholy will put the spies upon a false scent. Burton's "Anatomy" was not published when Shakspere wrote this play; and yet how consonant is the following passage of that book with Shakspere's conception of the melancholy Hamlet:—"Albertus Durer paints Melancholy like a sad woman, leaning on her arm with fixed looks, neglected habits, &c., held therefore by some, proud, soft, sottish, or half-mad, as the Abderites esteemed of Democritus: and yet of a deep reach, excellent apprehension, judicious, wise, and witty." In the scene with the players Hamlet is perfectly at ease, "judicious, wise, and witty." He has escaped for a moment out of the dense clouds of the one o'ermastering thought, into the sunny region of taste and fancy in which he once dwelt. But even here the one thought follows him:—"Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play the murder of Gonzago?" Then comes, "Now I am alone;" and, as Charles Lamb has beautifully expressed it, "the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting are reduced to words, for the sake of the reader." But in the midst of his paroxysm, his intellectual activity predominates: "About, my brains;" and he escapes from the thought—

> "I should have fatted all the region kites
> With the slave's offal,"

into—

> "I'll have grounds
> More relative than this: The play's the thing."

The indecision of Hamlet is thus described by Goethe:—"A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away." The writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* takes another view of this indecision, which, to our minds, is more philosophic:—"He sees no course clear enough to satisfy his understanding." Hamlet, be it observed, is not without nerve. Let us recollect—"I will watch to-night;"—and—

> "My fate cries out,
> And makes each petty artery in this body
> As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve."

He is not without nerve. But his *will* is subject to higher faculties. He would have been greater, had he been less great.

We are scarcely yet cognisant of the depths of Hamlet's meditations. Under the first pressure of his wounded sensibilities we have heard him exclaim—

> "O that this too too solid flesh would melt;"

but he has since communed with unearthly things, and he now fearlessly approaches the great questions that have reference to the "something after death," as if the mystery could be pierced by the eye of reason. Of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," Coleridge remarks, "This speech is of absolutely universal interest,—and yet to which of all Shakspere's characters could it have been appropriately given but to Hamlet?" But we must mark the period of its introduction. It immediately precedes the scene of Hamlet's abrupt behaviour to Ophelia. It does so in the original sketch. She comes upon him with—

> "My lord, I have remembrances of yours,"

at a moment when his mind had surrendered itself to a train of the most solemn thought, induced by following out all the mysterious and fearful circumstances connected with his own being, and the awful responsibilities that were imposed upon him. It appears to us that his rude denial of having given Ophelia "remembrances," and his "Ha, ha! are you honest?" with all the bitter words that follow, are meant to indicate the disturbance which is produced in his mind by the clashing of his love for her with the predominant thought that now makes all that belongs to his personal happiness worthless. His invective against women is not more bitter than his invective against himself:—"What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?" His bitterness escapes in generalisations: it is not against Ophelia, but against her sex, that he exclaims. To that gentle creature the harshest thing he says is, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Coleridge thinks that the "certain harshness" in Hamlet's manner is produced by his perceiving that Ophelia was acting a part towards him, and that they were watched. We doubt whether Shakspere intended Hamlet to be here feigning. The passionate words are merely the exponents of the contest within,—the contest between his love and the purpose which appeared to him to exclude all other thoughts. There was a real disturbance of his soul, which could only recover its balance by such an outbreak. The character of the disturbance is indicated by the contradiction of "I did love you once," and "I loved you not;" and perhaps, as Lamb expresses it, these "tokens of an unhinged mind" are mixed "with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do." At any rate, the gentle and tender Ophelia is not outraged. Her pity only is excited; and if the apparent harshness of Hamlet requires a proper appreciation of his character to reconcile it with our admiration of him, Shakspere has at this moment most adroitly presented to us that description of him which Goethe anticipated—

> "The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword,
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state."

Hamlet recovers a temporary tranquillity. He has something to do, and that something is connected with his great business. It is more agreeable that it postpones that one duty, while it seems to lead onward to it. He has to prepare the players to speak his speech. Those who look upon the surface only may think these directions uncharacteristic of Hamlet; but nothing can really be more appropriate than that these rules of art, so just, so universal, and so complete, should be put by Shakspere into the mouth of him who had pre-eminently "the scholar's tongue." Hamlet revels in this lesson; and it has produced a calm in his spirits, which is displayed in that affectionate address to Horatio, in which he appears to repose upon his friend as one

> "Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,"—

to be, as it were, a prop to his own "weakness and melancholy." Be it observed that this is the first indication we have had that he has admitted Horatio into his confidence:—

> "There is a play to-night before the king:
> One scene of it comes near the circumstance
> Which I have told thee of my father's death."

The satisfaction he takes in the device of the "one scene"—the hopes which he has that his doubts may be resolved—lend a real elevation to his spirits, which may pass for his feigned "madness." He utters whatever comes uppermost; and the freedoms which he takes with Ophelia, while they are equally remote from bitterness or harshness, are such as in Shakspere's age would not offend pure ears. The mixture in his wild speeches of fun and pathos is nevertheless most touching. "What should a man do but be merry?" comes from the profoundest depths of a wounded spirit. The test is applied; the king is "frighted with false fire,"—his "occulted guilt" has unkennelled itself. The elation of Hamlet's mind is at its height. His contempt of the king is openly pronounced to his creatures;—Rosencrantz and Guildenstern quail before his biting sarcasm;—Polonius is his butt. All this is, as he thinks, the coruscation of the cloud before the deadly flash. "Now could I drink hot blood" is the feeling that is at the bottom of all. Then comes the scene in which the king prays, and Hamlet postpones his revenge, with an excuse almost too dreadful to belong to human motives. They were not *his* motives. Coleridge discriminates between "impetuous, horror-striking fiendishness" and "the marks of reluctance and procrastination;" and it is sufficient to note this distinction, without entering into any refutation of opinions which show that it is easier to write mouthingly or pertly, as some have done, than to understand Shakspere. It is in the scene with the queen that Hamlet vindicates his own sanity:—

> "It is not madness
> That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word; which madness
> Would gambol from."

This is "Shakspere's Test of Insanity;" the title of an Essay by Sir H. Halford, in which he illustrates from his experience the accuracy of our great poet's delineations of the phenomena of mental disorder. Our readers will find a very able article on this Essay in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlix. p. 181.

Hamlet abstained from killing the king when he was "praying." This was a part of his weakness. But he did not abandon his purpose. The forced devotion of the guilty man—the "physic," as Hamlet calls it—did but prolong his "sickly days." Polonius falls by an accident, instead of his "betters." The "wretched, rash, intruding fool" was sacrificed to a sudden impulse, which stood in the place of a determinate exercise of the will. Hamlet scarcely regrets the accident:—"take thy fortune." His mind is eased by his colloquy with his mother. The vision again appears to whet his "almost blunted purpose;" but nothing is done. His intellect is again at its subtleties:—

> "There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows,—
> Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
> They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
> And marshal me to knavery: Let it work;
> For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
> Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
> But I will delve one yard below their mines,
> And blow them at the moon."

He casts himself like a feather upon the great wave of fate;—he embraces the events that marshalled him "to knavery." Dangerous as they be, they are better than doubt. He believes that he pierces through the darkness of his fate:—"I see a cherub that sees him." He leaves for England; not forgetting *him* whose

> "form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
> Would make them capable;"

but still meditating instead of acting. It would be a curious problem to be solved, but it will never be solved, whether Shakspere himself obliterated the scene which only appears in the second quarto, in which the workings of Hamlet's mind at this juncture are so distinctly revealed to us. That he meant the character to be mysterious, though not inexplicable, there can be no doubt. Does it become too plain when Hamlet's meeting with the Norwegian captain leads him into a train of thought, at first made up of generalisations, but in the end most conclusive as to the causes of his indecision?

> "Now, whether it be
> Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
> Of thinking too precisely on the event—
> (A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
> And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
> Why yet I live to say, This thing's to do;
> Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
> To do 't."

It was not "bestial oblivion." Oh no! The eternal presence oft he thought—"this thing's to do"—made him incapable of doing it. It was the "thinking too precisely on the event" that destroyed his will. It was in the same spirit that his will had been "puzzled" by the "dread of something after death,"—that his conscience—(consciousness)—"sicklied o'er" his "native hue of resolution." The "delicate and tender prince" exposed what was mortal and unsure to fortune, death, and danger, even for an egg-shell. Twenty thousand men, for a fantasy and trick of fame, went to their graves like beds. But then, the men and their leader "made mouths at the invisible event." The "large discourse" of Hamlet, "looking before and after," absorbed the tangible and present. In actions that appear indirectly to advance the execution of the great "commandment" that was laid upon him, he has decision and alacrity enough. His relation to Horatio (we are somewhat anticipating) of his successful device against Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, would appear to come from a man who is *all* will. His intellectual activity revels in the telling of the story. Coleridge has admirably pointed out in "The Friend" how "the circumstances of time and place are all stated with equal compression and rapidity;" but still, with the relater's customary tendency to generalise. The event has happened, and Hamlet does not think too precisely of its consequences. The issue will be shortly known:—

> "It will be short—the interim is mine,
> And a man's life no more than to say—one."

This looks like decision, growing out of the narrative of the events in which Hamlet had exhibited his decision. But even in his own account, the beginning of this action was his "indiscretion," proceeding from sudden and indefinable impulses:—

> "Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
> That would not let me sleep."

Wonderfully indeed has Shakspere managed to follow the old history—"How Fengon devised to send Hamlet to the king of England, with secret letters to have him put to death, and how Hamlet, when his companions slept, read the letters, and instead of them counterfeited others, willing the king of England to put the two messengers to death,"—without destroying the unity of his own conception of Hamlet.

Mrs. Jameson, in her delightful "Characteristics of Women," has sketched the character of Ophelia with all a woman's truth and tenderness. One passage only can we venture to take, for it is an image that to our minds is far better than many words:—"Once at Murano, I saw a dove caught in a tempest; perhaps it was young, and either lacked strength of wing to reach its home, or the instinct which teaches to shun the brooding storm; but so it was—and I watched it, pitying, as it flitted, poor bird! hither and thither, with its silver pinions shining against the black thunder-cloud, till, after a few giddy whirls, it fell blinded, affrighted, and bewildered, into the turbid wave beneath, and was swallowed up for ever. It reminded me then of the fate of Ophelia; and now, when I think of her, I see again before me that poor dove, beating with weary wing, bewildered amid the storm." And why is it, when we think upon the fate of the poor storm-stricken Ophelia, that we never reproach Hamlet? We are certain that it was no "trifling of his favour" that broke her heart. We are assured that his seeming harshness did not sink deep into her spirit. We believe that he loved her more than "forty thousand brothers"—though a very ingenious question has been raised upon that point. And yet she certainly perished through

Hamlet and his actions. But we blame him not; for her destiny was involved in his. We cannot avoid transcribing a passage from the article in *Blackwood's Magazine* which we have already mentioned:—"Soon as we connect her destiny with Hamlet, we know that darkness is to overshadow her, and that sadness and sorrow will step in between her and the ghost-haunted avenger of his father's murder. Soon as our pity is excited for her, it continues gradually to deepen; and when she appears in her madness, we are not more prepared to weep over all its most pathetic movements, than we afterwards are to hear of her death. Perhaps the description of that catastrophe by the queen is poetical rather than dramatic; but its exquisite beauty prevails, and Ophelia, dying and dead, is still the same Ophelia that first won our love. Perhaps the very forgetfulness of her, throughout the remainder of the play, leaves the soul at full liberty to dream of the departed. She has passed away from the earth like a beautiful air—a delightful dream. There would have been no place for her in the agitation and tempest of the final catastrophe."

Garrick omitted the gravediggers. He had the terror of Voltaire before his eyes. The English audience compelled their restoration. Was it that "the groundlings" could not endure the loss of the ten waistcoats which the clown had divested himself of, time out of mind?—or was there in this scene something that brought Hamlet home to the humblest, in the large reach of his universal philosophy? M. Villemain, in his Essay on Shakspere, appears to us utterly to have mistaken this scene:*—"Strike not out from the tragedy of Hamlet, as Garrick had attempted to do, the labours and the pleasantries of the gravediggers. Be present at this terrible buffoonery; and you will behold terror and gaiety rapidly moving an immense audience. Youth and beauty contemplate with insatiable curiosity images of decay, and minute details of death; and then the uncouth pleasantries which are blended with the action of the chief personages, seem from time to time to relieve the spectators from the weight which oppresses them, and shouts of laughter burst from every seat. Attentive to this spectacle, the coldest countenances alternately manifest their gloom or their gaiety; and even the statesman smiles at the sarcasm of the gravedigger who can distinguish between the skull of a courtier and a buffoon." This may be the Hamlet of the theatre; but M. Villemain should have looked at the Hamlet of the closet. The conversation of the clowns before Hamlet comes upon the scene is indeed pleasantry intermixed with sarcasm; but the moment that Hamlet opens his lips, the meditative richness of his mind is poured out upon us, and he grapples with the most familiar and yet the deepest thoughts of human nature, in a style that is sublime from its very obviousness and simplicity. Where is the terror, unless it be terrible to think of "the house appointed for all living?" and what is to provoke the long peals of laughter, where the grotesque is altogether subordinate to the solemn and the philosophical? It is the entire absorption of the fellow who "has no feeling of his business," by him of "daintier sense," who considers it "too curiously," that makes this scene so impressive to the reader.

Of Hamlet's violence at the grave of Ophelia we think with the critic on Sir Henry Halford's Essay, that it was a real aberration, and not a simulated frenzy. His apparently cold expression, "What, the fair Ophelia!" appears to us to have been an effort of restraint, which for the moment overmastered his reason. In the interval between this "towering passion" and the final catastrophe, Hamlet is thoroughly himself—meditative to excess with Horatio—most acute, playful, but altogether gentlemanly, in the scene with the frivolous courtier. But observe that he forms no plans. He knows the danger which surrounds him; and he still feels with regard to the usurper as he always felt:—

> "is 't not perfect conscience,
> To quit him with this arm?"

But his will is still essentially powerless; and now he yields to the sense of predestination:—"If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." The catastrophe is perfectly in accordance with this prostration of Hamlet's mind. It is the result of an accident, produced we know not how. Some one has suggested a polite ceremonial on the part of Hamlet, by which the foils might be exchanged with perfect consistency. We would rather not know how they were exchanged. "The catastrophe," says Johnson, "is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl." No doubt. A tragedy terminated by *chance* appears to be a capital thing for the rule-and-line men to lay hold of. But they forget the poet's purpose. Had Hamlet been otherwise, his will would have been the predominant agent in the catastrophe. The empire of chance would have been overruled; the guilty would have been punished; the innocent perhaps would have been spared. Have we lost anything? Then we should not have had the Hamlet who is "the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered;"† then we should not have had the Hamlet who is "a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity; in whom there is a more intense conception of individual human life than perhaps in any other human composition; that is, a being with springs of thought, and feeling, and action, deeper than we can search;"‡ then we should not have had the Hamlet of whom it has been said, "Hamlet is a name; his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet."§

* We translate from the Paris edition of his Essay, 1839.
† Coleridge.
‡ *Blackwood*, vol. ii.
§ Hazlitt.

CYMBELINE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Cymbeline.

"The Tragedie of Cymbeline" was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is very carefully divided into acts and scenes—an arrangement which is sometimes wanting in other plays of this edition. Printed as Cymbeline must have been from a manuscript, the text, although sometimes difficult, presents few examples of absolute error. Of course some palpable errors do occur, and these have been properly corrected by the modern editors; but they have in this, as in every other instance, carried their vocation too far. We, upon the principle which we have invariably followed, have implicitly adhered to the text, except in those instances of manifest corruption which can be distinctly referred to the class of typographical errors. The Cymbeline of the first edition is, in one respect, printed with very remarkable care; it is full of such contractions as the following:—

> "His daughter, and the heire *of's* kingdome, whom."
> "It cannot be *i'th'eye:* for apes and monkeys."
> "Contemne with mowes the other. Nor *i'th'judgement.*"
> "*To' th' truncke* againe, and shut the spring of it."

We find this principle occasionally followed in some other of the plays; but in this it is invariably regarded. We do not, however, follow these elisions, which we may believe are not from the hand of the author, and which impair the freedom of his versification, without any real advantage to the reader.

In placing this drama (it can scarcely be called tragedy, although we must adhere to the original classification) immediately after Romeo and Juliet and Hamlet, we are called upon to state the grounds upon which we classify it amongst the comparatively early plays. Malone has assigned it to 1609, Chalmers to 1606, and Drake to 1605. The external evidence adduced by Malone for his opinion appears to us not only extremely weak, but to be conceived in the very lowest spirit of the comprehension of Shakspere. He assumes that it was written after Lear and Macbeth, for the following reasons:—The character of Edgar in Lear is formed on that of Leonatus in Sidney's "Arcadia." "Shakspeare having occasion to turn to that book while he was writing King Lear, the name of Leonatus adhered to his memory, and he has made it the name of one of the characters in Cymbeline." Having occasion to turn to that book!—a mode of expression which might equally apply to a tailor having occasion for a piece of buckram. Sidney's "Arcadia" was essentially *the book* of Shakspere's age—more popular, perhaps, than the "Fairy Queen," as profoundly admired by the highest order of spirits, as often quoted, as often present to their thoughts. And yet the very highest spirit of that age, thoroughly imbued as he must have been with all the poetical literature of his own day and his own country (we pass by the question of his further knowledge), is represented only to know the great work of his great contemporary as a little boy in a grammar-school knows what is called a crib-book. But this is not all.

The story of Lear, according to Malone, *lies near* to that of Cymbeline in Holinshed's Chronicle, and some account of Duncan and Macbeth is given incidentally in a subsequent page; and so this very humble reader, who never looked into a book but when he wanted to get something out of it, composes Lear, Macbeth, and Cymbeline (two of them unquestionably the greatest monuments of human genius) at one and the same time, because, forsooth, he happened about the same time to turn to Sidney's "Arcadia" and Holinshed's Chronicle. But this sort of reasoning does not even stop here. Cymbeline is not only produced after Lear and Macbeth for these causes, but about the same period as the Roman plays. In this play mention is made of Cæsar's ambition and Cleopatra sailing on the Cydnus; *ergo*, says Malone, "I think it probable that about this time Shakspere perused the lives of Cæsar, Brutus, and Mark Antony." Perused the lives! But we really have not patience to waste another word upon this insolence, so degrading (for it is nothing less) to the country and the age which produced it. George Chalmers fixes the date in 1606, because he conceives that Cloten's speech, in the second act,—"A Jack-a-napes must take me up for swearing,"—alludes to the statute of 1606, for restraining the use of profane expressions on the stage. There is nothing to which we object in this ingenious suggestion, but it is not conclusive as to the date of Cymbeline; nor, indeed, can any such isolated passage be conclusive; for we know from the quartos that passing allusions were constantly inserted after the first production of Shakspere's plays. Drake assigns no reason for the date which he gives of 1605.

In the Introductory Notice to Richard II. we have given an extract from "a book of plays and notes thereof, for common policy," kept by Dr. Symon Forman, in 1610 and 1611. These notes, which were discovered and first printed by Mr. Collier, contain not only an account of some play of Richard II., at which the writer was present, but distinctly give the plots of Shakspere's Winter's Tale, Macbeth, and Cymbeline. We shall take the liberty of reprinting from Mr. Collier's "New Particulars" Forman's account of the plot of Cymbeline:—

> "Remember, also, the story of Cymbeline, King of England, in Lucius' time: how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner, and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline had banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the Queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Imogen the King's daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter.
>
> "And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest, and said it was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the King. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest and came forth of it, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were: and how by eating a sleeping dram they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her, in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucius, &c."

"This," Mr. Collier adds, "is curious; principally because it gives

* When the original edition of the Pictorial Shakspere was published, more than thirty years ago, we designated by the term "modern editors" those generally known by the name of "variorum," including principally Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspere bears the date of 1821. When, therefore, we now use the term "modern editors," we do not mean to indicate those who have been the recent labourers in the same field as ourselves—such as Mr. Dyce, Mr. Collier, Mr. Staunton, Mr. Grant White, and the Cambridge Editors. We have often, in this new edition, substituted some other word for "modern," but in other cases we leave the term "modern" with the signification which we originally attached to it.

the impression of the plot upon the mind of the spectator, *at about the time when the play was first produced.*" We can scarcely yield our implicit assent to this. Forman's note-book is evidence that the play existed in 1610 or 1611; but it is not evidence that it was first produced in 1610 or 1611. Mr. Collier, in his "Annals of the Stage," gives us the following entry from the books of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels:—"On Wednesday night the first of January, 1633, Cymbeline was acted at Court by the King's players. Well liked by the King." Here is a proof that for more than twenty years *after* Forman saw it Cymbeline was still acted, and still popular. By parity of reasoning it might have been acted, and might have been popular, *before* Forman saw it.

In the absence, then, of all specific information as to the chronology of Cymbeline, we must be guided by what is, after all, the safest guide in such cases—internal evidence.

Coleridge, in the classification of 1819, places Cymbeline, as he supposes it to have been originally produced, in the *first epoch*, to which he assigns Pericles:—"In the same epoch I place The Winter's Tale and Cymbeline, differing from the Pericles by the entire *rifacimento* of it, when Shakspere's celebrity as poet, and his interest no less than his influence as manager, enabled him to bring forward the laid-by labours of his youth." Tieck, whilst he considers it "the last work of the great poet, which may have been written about 1614 or 1615," adds, "It is also not impossible that this varied-woven romantic history had inspired the poet in his youth to attempt it for the stage." Tieck assigns no reason for believing that the play, as we have received it, is of so late a date as 1614 or 1615. We presume to think that he is wrong. But, on the other hand, there can be no doubt that, as it stands, it is fuller of elliptical construction, proceeding from the over-teeming thought, than any of the early plays. Malone has observed, and we think very justly (for in matters in which he was not tainted by the influences of his age his opinions are to be respected), that its versification resembles that of The Winter's Tale and The Tempest. To whatever age these romantic dramas shall be ultimately assigned, we have no doubt that on every account—from the nature of the fable, as well as the cast of thought and the construction of the language—Cymbeline will go with them. But, however this may be, we heartily join in the belief, so distinctly expressed by two such master-minds as Coleridge and Tieck, that the *sketch* of Cymbeline belongs to the youthful Shakspere. We have fancied that it is almost impossible to trace in some instances the dovetailing of the original with the improved drama. The principal incidents of the story of Imogen are in Boccaccio. Of course, with reference to the knowledge of Shakspere, we do not hold with Steevens that they, "in their original Italian, to him at least, were inaccessible." Such a fable was exactly one which would have been seized upon by him who, from the very earliest period of his career, saw, in those reflections of life which the Italian novelists present, the materials of bringing out the manifold aspects of human nature in the most striking forms of truth and beauty. As far as the main action of the drama was concerned, therefore, we hold that it was as accessible to the Shakspere of five-and-twenty as it was to the Shakspere of five-and-forty; and that he had not to wait for the publication in 1603 of a story-book in which the tales which were the common property of Europe were remodelled with English scenes and characters, to have produced Cymbeline. All the historical accessories, too, of the story were familiar to him in his early career. He threw the scene with marvellous judgment into the dim period of British history, when there was enough of fact to give precision to his painting, and enough of fable to cast over it that twilight hue which all young poets love, because it is of the very truth of poetry. Assuming, then, that Cymbeline might have been sketched at an early period, and comparing it more especially with Pericles, which assuredly has not been re-written, we venture to express a belief that the scenes have, in some parts, been greatly elaborated; and that this elaboration has had the effect of thrusting forward such a quantity of incidents into the fifth act as to have rendered it absolutely necessary to resort to pantomimic action or dumb show, an example of which occurs in no other of Shakspere's works. This might have been remedied by omitting the "apparition" in the fifth act, which either belongs not to Shakspere at all, or belongs to the period when he had not clearly seen his way to shake off the trammels of the old stage. But would an audience familiar with that scene have parted from it? We believe not. The fifth act, as we think, presents to us very strikingly the differences between the young and the mature Shakspere, always bearing in mind that the skill of such a master of his art has rendered it very difficult to conjecture what were the differences between his sketch and his finished picture. The soliloquy of Posthumus in that act, in its fulness of thought, belongs to the finished performance—the minute stage directions which follow to the unfinished. Nothing can be more certain than that the dialogue between Posthumus and the gaoler is of the period of deep philosophical speculation; while the tablet left by Jupiter has a wondrous resemblance to the odd things of the early stage.* We throw out these observations rather as hints for the student of Shakspere than as opinions in which we expect our readers will agree. The greater part of the play is certainly such as no one but Shakspere could have written, and not only so, but Shakspere in the full possession and habitual exercise of his powers. The mountain scenes with Imogen and her brothers are perhaps unequalled, even in the whole compass of the Shaksperian drama. They are of the very highest order of poetical beauty—not such an outpouring of beauty as in the Romeo and Juliet and the Midsummer Night's Dream, where the master of harmonious verse revels in all the graces of his art, but of beauty entirely subservient to the peculiarities of the characters, the progress of the action, the scenery, ay, and the very period of the drama, whatever Dr. Johnson may say of "incongruity." There is nothing to us more striking than the contrast which is presented between the free natural lyrics sung by the brothers over the grave of Fidele, and the elegant poem which some have thought so much more beautiful. The one is perfectly in keeping with all that precedes and all that follows; the other is entirely out of harmony with its associations. "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb" is the dirge of *Collins* over Fidele; "Fear no more the heat o' the sun" is Fidele's proper funeral song by her bold *brothers*. It is this marvellous power of going out of himself that renders it so difficult to say that Shakspere is at any time inferior to himself. If it were not for this exercise of power, even in the smallest characters, we might think that Cloten was of the immature Shakspere. But then he has made Cloten his own by one or two magic touches, so as to leave no doubt that, if he was at first a somewhat hasty sketch, he is now a finished portrait. "The

* Schlegel has a remarkable theory with reference to the apparition scene, which we present to our readers. It is not objected that "the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus speak the language of a more simple olden time," but that they do not speak the language of poetry, such as Shakspere would have chosen "to express a feeble sound of wailing." What Schlegel says of the speech of Jupiter has great truth. Nothing, for example, can be in a higher strain than—

> "Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
> Upon your never-withering banks of flowers."

"Pope, as is well known, was strongly disposed to declare whole scenes for interpolations of the players; but his opinions were not much listened to. However, Steevens still accedes to the opinion of Pope, respecting the apparition of the ghosts and of Jupiter in Cymbeline, while Posthumus is sleeping in the dungeon. But Posthumus finds, on waking, a tablet on his breast, with a prophecy on which the *dénouement* of the piece depends. Is it to be imagined that Shakspere would require of his spectators the belief in a wonder without a visible cause? Is Posthumus to dream this tablet with the prophecy? But these gentlemen do not descend to this objection. The verses which the apparitions deliver do not appear to them good enough to be Shakspere's. I imagine I can discover why the poet has not given them more of the splendour of diction. They are the aged parents and brothers of Posthumus, who, from concern for his fate, return from the world below: they ought, consequently, to speak the language of a more simple olden time, and their voices ought also to appear as a feeble sound of wailing, when contrasted with the thundering oracular language of Jupiter. For this reason Shakspere chose a syllabic measure, which was very common before his time, but which was then getting out of fashion, though it still continued to be frequently used, especially in translations of classical poets. In some such manner might the shades express themselves in the then existing translations of Homer and Virgil. The speech of Jupiter is on the other hand majestic, and in form and style bears a complete resemblance to the sonnets of Shakspere."—*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii.

snatches in his voice and burst of speaking" identify him as the "very Cloten" that none other but Shakspere could have painted.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

"Mr. Pope," says Steevens, "supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled 'Westward for Smelts.'" This is unquestionably one of Steevens's random assertions. Malone has printed the tale, and has expressed his opinion, in opposition to that of Steevens, that the general scheme of Cymbeline is founded on Boccaccio's novel (ninth story of the second day of the "Decameron"). Mrs. Lennox has given, in her "Shakspeare Illustrated," a paraphrase of Boccaccio's story, which she has mixed up with more irreverent impertinence towards Shakspere than can be perhaps found elsewhere in the English language, except in Dr. Johnson's judgment upon this play, which sounds very like "prisoner at the bar." It might have been supposed that the odour of Mrs. Lennox's criticisms upon Shakspere had been dissipated long before the close of the last century; but nevertheless, Mr. Dunlop, in his "History of Fiction," published in 1816, makes the opinions of Mrs. Lennox his own:—"The incidents of the novel have been very closely adhered to by Shakespeare, but, as has been remarked by an acute and elegant critic (Mrs. Lennox), the scenes and characters have been most injudiciously altered, and the manners of a tradesman's wife, and two intoxicated Italian merchants, have been bestowed on a great princess, a British hero, and a noble Roman." Mr. Dunlop, however, has given a neat abridgment of the tale; and in this matter it will be sufficient to refer the general reader to his work, and the Italian student to Boccaccio.

Shakspere found his historical materials in Holinshed, and he has adhered to them as far as is consistent with the progress of a romantic story. The following extracts include all in Holinshed that bears upon the plot of this drama:—

"After the death of Cassibellane, Theomautius or Lenautius, the youngest son of Lud, was made king of Britain in the year of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the coming of Christ 45. Theomautius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibellane had granted, and finally departed this life after he had reigned twenty-two years, and was buried at London.

"Kymbeline or Cimbeline, the son of Theomautius, was of the Britains made king, after the decease of his father, in the year of the world 3944, after the building of Rome 728, and before the birth of our Saviour 33. This man (as some write) was brought up at Rome, and there made knight by Augustus Cæsar, under whom he served in the wars, and was in such favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not. . . Touching the continuance of the years of Kymbeline's reign some writers do vary, but the best approved affirm that he reigned thirty-five years and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus. But here is to be noted that, although our histories do affirm that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomautius, lived in quiet with the Romans, and continually to them paid the tributes which the Britains had covenanted with Julius Cæsar to pay, yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæsar's death, when Augustus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to pay that tribute: whereat, as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to wink; howbeit, through earnest calling upon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the uttermost of the British kingdom; at length, to wit, in the tenth year after the death of Julius Cæsar, which was about the thirteenth year of the said Theomautius, Augustus made provision to pass with an army over into Britain, and was come forward upon his journey into Gallia Celtica, or, as we may say, into these hither parts of France.

"But here receiving advertisements that the Pannonians, which inhabited the country now called Hungary, and the Dalmatians, whom now we call Slavons, had rebelled, he thought it best first to subdue those rebels near home, rather than to seek new countries, and leave such in hazard whereof he had present possession, and so, turning his power against the Pannonians and Dalmatians, he left off for a time the wars of Britain, whereby the land remained without fear of any invasion to be made by the Romans till the year after the building of the city of Rome 725, and about the nineteenth year of king Theomautius' reign, that Augustus with an army departed once again from Rome to pass over into Britain, there to make war. But after his coming into Gallia, when the Britains sent to him certain ambassadors to treat with him of peace, he staid there to settle the state of things among the Galles, for that they were not in very good order. And having finished there, he went into Spain, and so his journey into Britain was put off till the next year, that is, the 726th after the building of Rome, which fell before the birth of our Saviour 25, about which time Augustus eftsoons meant the third time to have made a voyage into Britain, because they could not agree upon covenants. But as the Pannonians and Dalmatians had aforetime staid him, when (as before is said) he meant to have gone against the Britains; so even now the Salasstians (a people inhabiting about Italy and Switzerland), the Cantabrians and Asturians, by such rebellious stirs as they raised, withdrew him from his purposed journey. But whether this controversy, which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I have not to avouch: for that by our writers it is reported that Kymbeline, being brought up in Rome, and knighted in the court of Augustus, ever showed himself a friend to the Romans, and chiefly was loth to break with them, because the youth of the Britain nation should not be deprived of the benefit to be trained and brought up among the Romans, whereby they might learn both to behave themselves like civil men, and to attain to the knowledge of feats of war. But whether for this respect, or for that it pleased the Almighty God so to dispose the minds of men at that present, not only the Britains, but in manner all other nations, were contented to be obedient to the Roman empire. That this was true in the Britains, it is evident enough in Strabo's words, which are in effect as followeth:—'At this present (saith he) certain princes of Britain, procuring by ambassadors and dutiful demeaners the amity of the emperor Augustus, have offered in the capitol unto the gods presents or gifts, and have ordained the whole ile in a manner to be appertinent, proper, and familiar to the Romans. They are burdened with sore customs which they pay for wars, either to be sent forth into Gallia, or brought from thence, which are commonly ivory vessels, shears, onches or earrings, and other conceits made of amber and glasses, and such like manner of merchandise: so that now there is no need of any army or garrison of men of war to keep the ile, for there needeth not past one legion of footmen, or some wing of horsemen, to gather up and receive the tribute; for the charges are rated according to the quantity of the tributes: for otherwise it should be needful to abate the customs, if the tributes were also raised; and if any violence should be used, it were dangerous least they might be provoked to rebellion.' Thus far Strabo."

Costume.

For the dress of our ancient British ancestors of the time of Cymbeline or Cunobelin we have no pictorial authority, and the notices of ancient British costume which we find scattered amongst the classical historians are exceedingly scanty and indefinite. That the chiefs and the superior classes amongst them, however, were clothed *completely* and with barbaric splendour, there exists at present little doubt; and the naked savages with painted skins, whose imaginary effigies adorned the "Pictorial Histories" of our childhood, are now considered to convey a better idea of the more remote and barbarous tribes of the Mæatæ than of the inhabitants of Cantium or Kent ("the most civilised of all the Britons" as early as the time of Cæsar), and even to represent those only when, in accordance with a Celtic custom, they had thrown off their garments of skin or dyed cloths to rush upon an invading enemy.

That all the Britons stained themselves with woad, which gave a bluish cast to the skin, and made them look dreadful in battle, is distinctly stated by Cæsar; but he also assures us expressly that the inhabitants of the southern coasts differed but little in their manners from the Gauls—an assertion which is confirmed by the testimony of Strabo, Tacitus, and Pomponius Mela, the latter of whom says, "The Britons fought armed after the Gaulish manner."

The following description, therefore, of the Gauls by Diodorus Siculus becomes an authority for the arms and dress of the Britons, particularly as in many parts it corresponds with such evidence as exists in other contemporaneous writers respecting the dress of the Britons themselves:—

"The Gauls wear bracelets about their wrists and arms, and massy chains of pure and beaten gold about their necks, and weighty rings upon their fingers,* and corslets of gold upon their breasts.† For stature they are tall, of a pale complexion, and red-haired, not only naturally, but they endeavour all they can to make it redder by art.‡ They often wash their hair in a water boiled with lime, and turn it backwards from the forehead to the crown of the head, and thence to their very necks, that their faces may be fully seen. . . Some of them shave their beards, others let them grow a little. Persons of quality shave their chins close, but their moustaches they let fall so low that they even cover their mouths.§ . Their garments are very strange, for they wear party-coloured tunics (flowered with various colours in divisions) and hose which they call Bracæ.‖ They likewise wear chequered sagas (cloaks). Those they wear in

* Pliny says the Britons and Gauls wore a ring on the middle finger.

† A British corselet of gold found at Mold, in Flintshire, is now in the British Museum.

‡ Strabo says the Britons are taller than the Gauls; their hair not so yellow, and their bodies looser built.

§ Cæsar tells us the Britons were long-haired, and shaved all the body except the head and the upper lip.

‖ Martial has a line, "Like the old brachæ of a needy Briton."—(*Epig.* ix. 21.) They appear on the legs of the Gaulish figures in many Roman sculptures to have been a sort of loose pantaloon, terminating at the ankle, where they were met by a high shoe or brogue. There can be little doubt that the Highland *truis* is a modification of this ancient trouser, if not the identical weed itself.

winter are thick, those in summer more slender. Upon their heads they wear helmets of brass with large appendages made for ostentation's sake to be admired by the beholders. . . They have trumpets after the barbarian manner, which in sounding make a horrid noise. . . For swords they use a broad weapon called Spatha, which they hang across their right thigh by iron or brazen chains. Some gird themselves with belts of gold or silver."

In elucidation of the particular expression made use of by Diodorus in describing the variegated tissues of the Gauls, and which has been translated "flowered with various colours in divisions," we have the account of Pliny, who, after telling us that both the Gauls and Britons excelled in the art of making and dyeing cloth, and enumerating several herbs used for dyeing purple, scarlet, and other colours, says that they spun their fine wool, so dyed, into yarn, which was woven checkerwise so as to form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Sometimes it was woven in stripes instead of checkers; and we cannot hesitate in believing that the tartan of the Highlanders (to this day called "the garb of old Gaul") and the checked petticoats and aprons of the modern Welsh peasantry are the *lineal* descendants of this ancient and picturesque manufacture. With respect to their ornaments of gold, we may add, in addition to the classical authorities, the testimony of the Welsh bards. In the Welsh Triads, Cadwaladyr, son of Cadwallon ap Cadwan, the last who bore the title of King of Britain, is styled one of the three princes who wore the golden bands, being emblems of supreme authority, and which, according to Turner, were worn round the neck, arms, and knees.

Of the golden neck-chains, or torques (*torch* or *dorch* in Welsh), there are several existing specimens. One has been found of silver, and several of brass. The bronze sword and small battle-axe, or celt, as it is called, of the ancient Britons, are to be found in many collections; and at Goodrich Court are two very large round bronze shields of the earlier period, and an oblong one of the Roman-British era. There is a smaller round shield also in the British Museum.

The Druids were divided into three classes. The sacerdotal order wore white, the bards blue, and the third order, the Ovates or Obydds, who professed letters, medicine, and astronomy, wore green.

Dion Cassius describes the dress of a British queen in the person of the famous Bonduca, or Boadicea. He tells us that she wore a torque of gold, a tunic of several colours all in folds, and over it a robe of coarse stuff. Her light hair fell down her shoulders far below the waist.

The costume and arms of the Romans will be noticed at considerable length in the tragedies of Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar.

Scenery.

"The people of Britain," says Strabo, "are generally ignorant of the art of cultivating gardens." By "the garden behind Cymbeline's palace" we should perhaps, therefore, in the spirit of minute antiquarianism, understand "a grove." But it is by no means clear that the Romans had not introduced their arts to an extent that might have made Cymbeline's palace bear some of the characteristics of a Roman villa. A highly civilised people very quickly impart the external forms of their civilisation to those whom they have colonised. The houses of the inhabitants in general might retain in a great degree their primitive rudeness. When Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, the people of the southern coasts had already learned to build houses a little more substantial and convenient than those of the inland inhabitants. "The country," he remarks, "abounds in houses, which very much resemble those of Gaul." Now those of Gaul are thus described by Strabo:—"They build their houses of wood, in the form of a circle, with lofty tapering roofs."—(Lib. v.) The foundations of some of the most substantial of these circular houses were of stone, of which there are still some remains in Cornwall, Anglesey, and other places. Strabo says, "The forests of the Britons are their cities; for when they have enclosed a very large circuit with felled trees, they build within it houses for themselves and hovels for their cattle."—(Lib. iv.) But Cymbeline was one of the most wealthy and powerful of the ancient British kings. His capital was Camulodunum, supposed to be Maldon or Colchester. It was the first Roman colony in this island, and a place of great magnificence. We have not, therefore, to assume that ornament would be misplaced in it. Though the walls of Imogen's chamber, still subjecting the poetical to the exact, might by some be considered as proper to be of rude stone or wood, it may very fairly be supposed that it was decorated with the rich hangings and the other tasteful appendages described by Iachimo*—the presents of the Roman emperors, with whom Cymbeline and his ancestors had been in amity, or procured from the Greek and Phœnician merchants, who were constantly in commercial intercourse with Britain. (See, for fuller information on this subject, "The Costume of the Original Inhabitants of the British Isles," by S. R. Meyrick, LL.D., and Chas. Hamilton Smith, Esq.; fol. Lond. 1821.) But, after all, a play such as Cymbeline is not to be viewed through the medium only of the literal and the probable. In its poetical aspect it essentially disregards the few facts respecting the condition of the Britons delivered down by the classic historians. Shakspere in this followed the practice of every writer of the romantic school. The costume (including scenery) had better want conformity with Strabo than be out of harmony with Shakspere.

* The *andirons* and *chimney-piece* belong to the age of Elizabeth. But Shakspere, when he commits what we call anachronisms, uses what is familiar to render intelligible what would otherwise be obscure and remote.

CYMBELINE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *son to the* Queen *by a former husband.*
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *husband to* Imogen.
BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of* Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } *sons to* Cymbeline, *disguised under the names of*
ARVIRAGUS, } Polydore *and* Cadwal, *supposed sons to* Belarius.
PHILARIO, *friend to* Posthumus, } Romans.
IACHIMO, *friend to* Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman Forces.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.

PISANIO, *gentleman to* Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, *a physician.*
Two Gentlemen of Cymbeline's *Court.*
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, *wife to* Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, *daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former queen.*
HELEN, *woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers. Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*sometimes in* BRITAIN; *sometimes in* ROME.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.[1]
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 *Gent.* None but the king?
1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
2 *Gent.* And why so?
1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
2 *Gent.* You speak him far.[2]
1 *Gent.* I do extend[3] him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?
1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him[5] all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,
And in 's spring became a harvest:[6] Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature,
A glass that feated[7] them; and to the graver,

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[1] The passage in the original edition (folio of 1623) stands thus:—

"You do not meet a man but frowns.
Our bloods no more obey the heavens
Then our courtiers:
Still seem, as do 's the king's."

In several editions *courtiers* is sometimes printed as the genitive case; sometimes is cut off from the verb *seem* by a semicolon, and the *king's* is retained as the genitive case. This we have ventured to alter to *king*, as Tyrwhitt suggested. As we have punctuated the passage, we think it presents no difficulty. *Blood* is used by Shakspere for natural disposition, as in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"Now his important *blood* will naught deny
That she'll demand."

The meaning of the passage then is—You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods do not more obey the heavens than our courtiers still seem as the king seems. As is afterwards expressed:—

"They wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks."

[2] You carry your praise *far*.

[3] *Extend* is here used in the same sense as in the fifth scene of this act:—"His banishment, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, are wonderfully to *extend* him." The *Gentleman* says—I do *extend* him—appreciate his good qualities—but only within the real limits of what they are: instead of *unfolding* his measure duly, I crush him together—compress his excellence. Malone thinks that the term *extend* is originally legal. An *extent*, according to Blackstone, is an order to the sheriff to appraise lands or goods to their full *extended* value. It is a well-known term in old Scotch law, meaning nearly the same as a census or valuation.

[4] So the folio. The variorum editors rejected the second name, reading—

"To his protection; calls him Posthumus."

To make a line of ten syllables—as if dramatic rhythm had no irregularities—they have destroyed the sense. The name of *Posthumus Leonatus* was given to connect the child with the memory of his father, and to mark the circumstance of his being born after his father's death.

[5] *Puts to him* is the original reading, which has been sometimes corrupted into *puts him to*.

[6] We arrange these two lines as in the folio. Some modern editors read—

"As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, *and*
In *his* spring became a harvest."

[7] *Feated.* Johnson says, "A glass that *formed* them." But *feat* is used by Shakspere for nice, exact, with propriety, as in The Tempest:—

"And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much *feater* than before;"

and consequently, the glass which *feats* the mature who look upon Posthumus is "the mark and glass, copy and book," which renders their appearance and deportment as proper as his own.

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.
2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?
1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?
1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.
2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit* QUEEN.
Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends;[2]
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*
Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare[3]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[4]
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What! art thou mad?

[1] The most important person (with reference to this conversation) who was coming is Posthumus—"the gentleman." The editors, however, quietly drop him, reading—

"We must forbear: here comes the queen and princess."

What can justify such capricious alterations of the text?

[2] This sentence is obscure; but the meaning of the crafty queen appears to be, that the kindness of her husband, even when she is doing him wrong, purchases injuries as if they were benefits.

[3] A higher feeling.

[4] *Puttock*—a kite, a worthless species of hawk.

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[*To the* QUEEN.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.
Queen. 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.
Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way:
Here is your servant.—How, now, sir? What news?
Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.
Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?
Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.
Queen. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?
Pis. On his command: He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.
Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.
Pis. I humbly thank your highness.
Queen. Pray, walk awhile.
Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A public Place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt: it went o' the back side the town. [*Aside.*

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside.*

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove or hat or handkerchief
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;[a] crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.[1]
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.[2]

[1] *Vantage*—opportunity.

[2] So in the Eighteenth Sonnet:—

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *and a* Frenchman.[1]

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.[2] But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'errate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone[3] my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance[4] of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not[5] to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many:[6] but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but you know strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or the loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

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[1] In the stage direction of the original we have "a Dutchman and a Spaniard" brought in, as well as a Frenchman. But these characters are mute, and may be therefore omitted here, and in the list of persons represented. It was no doubt the intention to show that the foolish wager of Posthumus was made amidst strangers who had resorted to Rome.

[2] *Less quality.* So the folio. It has been corrected into *more* quality; but we doubt the propriety of the change. Posthumus is spoken of by all as one of high qualifications, and he is presently introduced as "a stranger of his quality." He was bred as Imogen's "playfellow," and therefore cannot be spoken of as a low man—"without *more* quality." As this play was first printed, like many others, after Shakspere's death, it is probable that it contains some typographical errors. We do not feel warranted in altering the text, or we would read, "for taking a beggar without *his* quality"—a beggar who does not follow the occupation of a beggar.

[3] *Atone*—to make *at one.*

[4] *Importance*—import, matter.

[5] *Not* is omitted in the original.

[6] The passage stands in the folio—"I could not believe she excell'd many." The reasoning is then inconclusive; but the introduction of the word *but* by Malone gets over the difficulty.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend,[1] and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel and my gold are yours:—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy: she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* IACHIMO.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, *and* CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;[b]
Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch. [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, (without offence—
My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions?[2] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:[c]
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him [*Aside.*
Will I first work: he's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm. [*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.— [*To* PISANIO.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile:
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench; and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans,—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The* QUEEN *drops a box* PISANIO *takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't, as from thyself.

[1] *A friend.* So the original. Warburton suggested *afraid*, and the change is made in Theobald's edition. Though we have retained the original word, we believe the correction to be right. Iachimo taunts Posthumus, "You are *afraid*, and therein the wiser." He adds, "I see you have some religion in you, that you *fear*."

[2] *Conclusions*—experiments.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISANIO.]—A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The handfast [1] to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

Re-enter PISANIO *and* Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* Ladies.
Pis. And shall do
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons [2] comfort.—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*
Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight; [d]
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust [3]——
"LEONATUS."

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? [4] and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,[5]
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
The tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps [6] you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir, desire
[*To* PISANIO.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* PISANIO.
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

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[1] *Handfast*—from the Anglo-Saxon *handfæstan*, a pledge, an assurance—was the betrothal or contract of marriage.

[2] *Seasons* is a verb. The *mean* have their *honest*, homely wills—(opposed to the desire that's *glorious*)—and that circumstance gives a relish to comfort.

[3] *Trust.* Imogen breaks off in reading the letter of Leonatus. That which is addressed to her in the tenderness of affection is not "read aloud." Unmindful of this, the passage has been altered into "Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your *truest* Leonatus." The signature is separated from the word which has been changed to *truest* by the passage which Imogen glances at in thankful silence.

[4] The stones of the beach are each so like the other that the epithet *twinn'd* is appropriate. If *number'd* be the right word, it must be taken in the sense of *numerous*, *numberous*. Theobald read "*th' unnumber'd* beach."

[5] Dr. Johnson has given an explanation of this passage which is an amusing specimen of his *Lexiphanic* style: "To feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude."

[6] *Raps you*—transports you. We are familiar with the participle *rapt*, but this form of the verb is uncommon.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me. 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do: For certainties
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek,
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol: join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as
With labour); then, by-peeping[1] in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! To be partner'd
With tomboys,[2] hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd:
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest,[3] betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.
Imo. What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking, a false report which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus: but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is 't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night.
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

[1] *By-peeping.* So the original. Johnson changed it to "*lie* peeping;" but it appears to us that "*by*-peeping" is clandestinely peeping.

[2] Verstegan thus defines a *tomboy*:—"*Tumbe*, to dance. *Tumbed*, danced. Hereof we yet call a wench that skippeth or leapeth like a boy, a *tomboy*."

[3] *Diana's priest.* In Pericles we have the expression, used by Diana, of *maiden priests*.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow!
Iach. O, I must, madam
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away![1] I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord: nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion[2] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside.*

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first* Lord.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. From that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make, the heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour;[3] keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a* Lady *attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit* Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes,[a] ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't.—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her: and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[4]—But my design
To note the chamber, I will write all down:
Such and such pictures:—There the window: Such

---

[1] This is usually pointed, "when I kiss'd the jack upon an upcast, to be hit away." But the *jack* was *kissed* by Cloten's *bowl*, and the *up-cast* of another bowler *hit it away*. The same technical expressions of *kiss* and *cast* are used by Rowley in "A Woman never vex'd:"—"This city *bowler* has *kiss'd* the mistress at the first *cast*."

[2] *Companion* is used here, and in other passages of Shakspere, in the same sense as *fellow* is at present. Sir Hugh Evans denounces the host of the Garter as a "scurvy, cogging companion."

[3] This passage is usually printed thus:—

"A wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour!"

The reading of the original is:—

"A wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband. Then that horrid act
Of the divorce heel'd make the heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour."

It appears to us that, amidst such manifest incorrectness of typography, a clearer sense is attained by the change of *Then* to *From* than by altering the construction of the sentence. The *Lord* implores that the honour of Imogen may be held firm, to resist the horrid act of the divorce from her husband which Cloten would make.

[4] This celebrated passage has produced some difference of opinion amongst the commentators. First, Capell says, of the word *windows*, "the poet's meaning is *shutters*." Hanmer changed the word to *curtains*. The *window* is the aperture through which light and air are admitted to a room—sometimes closed, at other times opened. It is the *wind-door*. We have the word in Romeo and Juliet similarly applied:—

The adornment of her bed :—The arras, figures,[1]
Why, such, and such :—And the contents o' the story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her body
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turned down
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye![2] I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III. — *Without the Palace, under* Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,[b]
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies?[3]
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;[4]
With everything that pretty is[5]—My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a voice[6] in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,[7] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt* Musicians.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and, befriended
With aptness of the season, make denials
Increase your services:[8] so seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,[9]
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

"Thy eye's *windows* fall
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

Capell then goes on to say that the "white and azure" refer to the white skin, generally, laced with blue veins. Secondly, Malone thinks that the epithets apply to the "enclosed lights"—the eyes. Lastly, Warburton decides that the eye-*lids* were intended. We are disposed to agree with him. The *eyelid* of an extremely fair young woman is often of a tint that may be properly called "white and azure," which is produced by the network of exceedingly fine veins that runs through and colours that beautiful structure. Shakspere has described this peculiarity in his Venus and Adonis :—

"Her two *blue windows* faintly she upheaveth."

And in the Winter's Tale we have—

"*Violets* dim,
But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes."

But in the text before us the eyelids are not only of a "white and azure" hue, but they are also "lac'd with blue of heaven's own tinct"—marked with the deeper blue of the larger veins. The description is here as accurate as it is beautiful. It cannot apply with such propriety to the eye, which certainly is not *lac'd* with blue; nor to the skin generally, which would not be beautiful as "white and azure." It is, to our minds, one of the many examples of Shakspere's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendent power of making the exact and the poetical blend with and support each other.

[1] M. Mason would read "the arras-figures;" but Iachimo subsequently describes, not only the figures of the arras, but its particular quality :—

"Tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra," &c.

[2] The original reads, "May *beare* the raven's eye." Theobald corrected it to *bare*. We are not quite sure of the propriety of the correction, though we are unwilling to disturb the received text. To *bare* the raven's eye is to open the raven's eye—the eye of one of the earliest-waking and the quickest-seeing of birds. The predatory habits of the raven require that he should be up before the shepherd is about with his flocks; and his piercing eye at once leads him where the feeble lamb lies in some hollow a ready victim, or where the leveret has crept abroad in the grey of the morning from the safe *form* of its mother. The *dawning* may *bare* that eye; or the *dawning* may *bear*, may sustain, may be distinct enough to endure, the proof of that acute vision.

[3] This apparently false concord is, in truth, a touch of our antique idiom, which adds to the beauty of this exquisite song. (See Illustrations of Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Illust. 6.)

[4] In one of Browne's Pastorals is a passage which illustrates this :—

"The day is waxen old,
And 'gins to shut up with the *marigold*."

[5] Hanmer changed this to *bin*—a pretty word. But *is* occurs in the folio. We print the lines as they are printed in that edition, by which, in all probability, a different *time* of the *air* was indicated—a more rapid movement.

[6] *Voice.* So the old copies. It has been changed to *vice*.

[7] *Calves'-guts.* So the old copy. Rowe changed this to *cats'-guts*, and he has been since followed. The word cats'-gut—or catgut—is essentially modern. We believe that there is not an example of it in any old author. In Bacon's "Natural History" we have a passage in which *gut*—a musical string made of an animal substance—is thus spoken of: "A viol should have a lay of wire-strings below, close to the belly, and the strings of *guts* mounted upon a bridge." Why not, then, *calves'*-guts, as well as *cats'*-guts? We know not how the name *catgut* arose, for *cats* have as little to do with the production of such strings as mice have. At any rate, if the text of Shakspere is an authority that such strings were made from *calves*, we are not called upon to destroy the record by insisting that they ought to have been made from *cats*.

[8] This is ordinarily printed—

"And be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services."

We follow a suggestion of Monck Mason.

[9] This passage is generally pointed thus :—

"So seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her," &c.

The meaning of the passage is clearly—"so seem, that you in all obey her, as if you were inspir'd," &c. The cutting off of the last member of the sentence is destructive to the sense. *You are senseless* has the meaning of *be you senseless.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.
Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice. Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.
[*Exeunt* CYM., QUEEN, Lords, *and* Mess.
Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!—[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false[1] themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?
Clo. A gentleman.
Lady. No more?
Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.
Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?
Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.
Clo. There is gold for you; sell me your good report.
Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.
Imo. Good morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.
Clo. Still, I swear I love you.
Imo. If you but said so 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.
Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools are not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[2] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,
(To accuse myself,) I hate you; which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd so well.
Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—
Clo. His garment?
Imo. I am sprighted with a fool:
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw't this morning: confident I am
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'Twill not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.
Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meanest garment?
Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make't an action call witness to't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady;[3] and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir; I would I were so sure

[1] *False* is here used as a verb. See note 3 in The Comedy of Errors, Act II. Sc. II., vol. i. p. 116.
[2] *So verbal.* Johnson defines this, "so *verbose*, so full of talk." But neither Cloten nor Imogen has used many words. Imogen has been parrying her strange admirer: but she now resolves to *speak* plainly—to be *verbal*—and thus to forget a lady's manners.
[3] *She's my good lady.* This phrase is used ironically. To "stand my good lord" is, to be my good friend.

To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these sear'd hopes,[1]
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commission thoroughly: And, I think
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled[2] with their courages) will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo!
Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best: or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?[3]
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains, or loses,
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd,
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted:[c] Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.[d]
Post. This is her honour![4]—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can, [*Pulling out the bracelet.*

[1] *Sear'd hopes.* This was ordinarily printed *fear'd hopes*—a reading silently adopted by the commentators in the variorum editions, but explained by Eccles, in his edition of this drama (1801), as "hopes blended with fears." We have ventured to change the text to *sear'd* hopes. "In the present *winter's* state" the hopes of Posthumus are *sear'd;* but they still exist, and in cherishing them, *wither'd* as they are, he barely gratifies his friend's love. Mr. Dyce says that the alteration of *fear'd* to *sear'd* is marked in Tyrwhitt's copy of the second folio in the British Museum. We had not seen that copy when we made the change.

[2] *Mingled.* The folio is distinctly printed *wing-led*—the compound word, with a hyphen. It was altered by Rowe to *mingled*, and Malone justifies it, because in the folio *wind* has been printed for *mind*. This reason is not very strong, for those who have watched the progress of printers' errors know that an uncommon word is not ordinarily substituted for a common one. We would restore *wing-led* to the text, because the phrase conveys one of those bold images which are thoroughly Shaksperian; but we feel that the speaker is deliberately reasoning, and does not use the language of passion, under which state Shakspere for the most part throws out such figurative expressions. The simple word *mingled* is most in harmony with the entire speech. Tieck, however, adopts *wing-led* in his admirable translation.

[3] This speech, in the original, belongs to Posthumus. But he is intent upon his letters.

[4] Iachimo has just said—

"I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour."

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel:[1] See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.
Post. Jove!
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't:—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man; The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so I hope he came by 't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true, I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you.
Phi. Sir, be patient!
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn,—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

[1] Johnson interprets this reading, "If you can forbear to flush your cheek with rage." Boswell says, "If you can restrain yourself within bounds. To *pale* is commonly used for to confine or surround." Iachimo has produced no effect upon Posthumus up to this moment; but he now says, if you *can*, be pale: I will see what this jewel will do to make you change countenance.

I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert[2] the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.[3] [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and* Attendants.

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?
Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,

[2] *Pervert*—for avert.

[3] This is the same idea that is more piously expressed by Sir Thomas More:—"God could not lightly do a man more vengeance than in this world to grant him his own foolish wishes."

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.
Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks[1] unscaleable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame:* with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot[2] fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,[a]
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition[3]
(Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius made our laws,[4]
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.[b]
Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
(Cæsar that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.
Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me;[c] my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.[5] I am perfect[6]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.
Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day, or two, or longer: If you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter Pisanio, *reading a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?[7]—Leonatus!
O, master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian
(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!
Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murther her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—Do't: The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:[8]—O damn'd paper!

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[1] *Rocks.* The original reads *oaks.* We have no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which is Hanmer's.

[2] *Giglot.* The term may be explained by its application to Joan of Arc in the First Part of Henry VI:—

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench."

[3] Steevens would leave out *from us* in this line, as unnecessary words which only derange the metre. We must again and again beg the reader to bear in mind that this mode of corrupting the text is totally at variance with the practice of all the great dramatists of Shakspere's age; it sacrifices force and variety to produce feebleness and monotony.

[4] We have another example of a similar corruption, adopted from Hanmer by Steevens, who walks amidst the luxurious growth of Shakspere's versification like a gardener who has predetermined to have no shoot above *ten* inches long in his whole parterre. This line, in all the modern editions (except Malone's of 1821), stands thus:—

"Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius."

His reasons for this merciless lopping are as follows:—"The old copy, in contempt of metre, and regardless of the preceding words—

Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws;—

most absurdly adds,

made our laws."

Is it not evident that the oratorical construction of the sentence requires this repetition, after the long parenthesis which occurs after the first mention of Mulmutius? The skill of Shakspere is shown in repeating the idea without repeating precisely the same words; of which skill there are two other signal examples in Love's Labour's Lost and in Troilus and Cressida. (See Illustrations of Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV.)

[5] *Utterance.* To fight at *utterance* is to fight without quarter, to the death; the French *combat à outrance.*

[6] *Perfect*—assured. So in the Winter's Tale:—

"Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia."

The original has, *what monsters her accuse?* The modern correction, which is Rowe's, appears to be justified by the subsequent passage, *what false Italian?*

[8] The original stage direction at the commencement of this scene is—"Enter Pisanio reading of a letter." The modern editors, when they come to the passage beginning *Do't,* insert another stage direction—*reading.* Upon this Malone raises up the following curious theory:—"Our poet from negligence sometimes makes words change their form under the eye of the speaker, who in different parts of the same play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, *and actually reads from it.* . The *words* here read by Pisanio from his master's letter (which is afterwards given at length, and in *prose*) are not found there, though the *substance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakspere had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that such an inaccuracy should be detected by the ear of the spectator, though it could hardly escape an attentive reader." Now, we would ask, what can be more natural—what can be more truly in Shakspere's own manner, which

Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary[1] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now, Pisanio?
Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.
Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.[2]—Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, an you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.[3] Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

"LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,[4]) say, and speak thick,
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hencegoing
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?
Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father and provide me, presently,
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.[d]
Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.[5] Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop,[6] boys: This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven,
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see:
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle[e] in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;

is a reflection of nature—than that a person having been deeply moved by a letter which he has been reading, should comment upon the substance of it *without* repeating the exact words? The very commencement of Pisanio's soliloquy—"How! of adultery?"—is an example of this. The word *adultery* is not mentioned in the letter upon which he comments. Malone refers to a similar *negligence* in the last scene of All's Well that Ends Well, where Helena thus addresses Bertram:—

"There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring," &c.

Malone adds, "She reads the words from Bertram's letter." He has no right to assume this, nor does he even give a stage direction to that effect in his edition; but, because the letter which Helena reads in Act III. contains these words—"*When thou canst get the ring upon my finger*"—Shakspere has been guilty of negligence, oversight, inattention, &c., in not giving the exact words of the letter, when she offers it to Bertram. Really, a critic, putting on a pair of spectacles, to compare the recollections of deep feeling with the document which has stirred that feeling, as he would compare the copy of an affidavit with the original, is a ludicrous exhibition.

[1] *Feodary*—feudary. Hanmer says, "A feodary is one who holds his estate under the tenure of suit and service to a superior lord." Malone says, "The feodary was the escheator's associate, and hence Shakspere, with his usual licence, uses the word for a confederate or associate in general." We beg to refer our readers to the Illustrations of Henry IV., Part I., Act I., in which we endeavour to show that the *feudal vassal* and the *companion* were each meant by the same word—*fere—feudary—feodary*.

[2] This address to the bees contains one of Shakspere's legal allusions. The *forfeiters* (in the first folio *forfeytours*) had sealed to dangerous bonds; and in that age the seal was as binding as the signature, and rather more so.

[3] This sentence is very difficult; but it does not appear to us to be mended by the departure from the original reading, which we ordinarily find—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would *not* even renew me with your eyes." Malone inserted *not*, and explains the reading thus:—Justice, &c., could not be so cruel to me, *but that you would be able* to renew me, &c. This may be the meaning; but it is scarcely borne out by the construction of Malone's improved sentence. In the original it stands thus:—"Justice, and your father's wrath, (should he take me in his dominion,) could not be so cruel to me, as you: (oh the dearest of creatures) would even renew me with your eyes." It is here evident that the printer has mistaken the sense in his "could not be so cruel to me, as you;" and when printers have a crotchet as to the meaning of a sentence, they seldom scruple to deviate from the copy before them. The *so* required, therefore, from them its parallel conjunction *as*. But if we alter a single letter we have a clear meaning, without any forced construction. *An* is often used familiarly for *if* by Shakspere and the other old dramatists, as it was in discourse and correspondence. We have the word repeatedly in Measure for Measure;—for example, "*An* he should, it were an alms to hang him." Let us, therefore, read the sentence with the substitution of *an* for *as*:—"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, *an* you, (O the dearest of creatures,) would even renew me with your eyes." *Even* is here used in the old sense of equally, *even-so*, and is opposed to *so cruel*.

[4] *Beyond beyond*. The second *beyond* is used as a substantive, which gives us the meaning of *further than beyond*. The Scotch have a saying—"at the back of beyont."

[5] Monck Mason has, we think, given us the true interpretation of this passage. *I see before me, man*, is, I see clearly that my course is for Milford. *Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues*—neither this way, nor that way, nor the way behind me,—*but have a fog in them*.

[6] *Stoop*. The original reads *sleep*—a manifest error. Rowe corrected it to *see*; Malone would read *sweet*. The correction of *stoop*, by Hanmer, is certainly conceived in a poetical spirit. It accords with—

"This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and *bows* you
To a morning's holy office."

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;[1]
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd:[2] no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply, this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour: which dies i' the search;
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act: nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well: what's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O, boys, this story
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains
This is not hunters' language:—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I' the cave, wherein they bow,[3] their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—"Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on his neck"—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus), in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

[1] These lines are ordinarily printed as in the folio:—

"O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a *babe*."

Conjecture has here exhausted itself, and has fallen back upon the authority of the original text. We shall endeavour to explain the whole passage, and to justify our adoption of Hanmer's alteration of *babe* to *bribe*, by referring to the source of the ideas thus briefly expressed, which we think Shakspere had in his mind. We believe that source to have been Spenser's "Mother Hubbard's Tale." Belarius begs his boys to

"revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes;"

and he then goes on to say that their own life

"Is nobler than attending for a check."

Spenser describes, in one of the finest didactic passages of our language, the condition of the man "whom wicked fate hath brought to *court*:"—

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her Peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!"

Here we have the precise meaning of *attending* furnished us by *tendance;* and we think the meaning of *check*, which has been controverted, is supplied us by *to be put back to-morrow*. The whole passage is, indeed, a description of the alternate *progress and check* which the "miserable man" of Spenser receives. Compared with such a life of humiliation, the wild mountain life is *nobler*. We have next the life described in a line, than which the mountain life is *richer*. According to the original text it is, "than doing nothing for a *babe*." If we take it in the common sense of *babe* (in which sense it occurs again in the same scene—"I stole these *babes*," it is impossible to extract à meaning from it. Warburton reads, therefore, *bauble*. Steevens *bable*, which he says was the ancient spelling of *bauble*. Capell affirms that *babe* and *bable* are synonymous. Johnson would read *brabe*, from *brabium*, a badge of honour. Looking at the usual course of typographical errors, we should say it is the easiest thing possible for *babe* to be printed for *bribe*, even if the word were *bribe* in the manuscript. But, putting aside these considerations, and rejecting altogether the nonsense of George Chalmers, that the word was *babee* (the Scotch *bawbee*), what is the meaning of doing nothing for a *babe*, *bable*, or *bauble?* Is it that the courtier is *idle*, that he may receive some outward mark of honour—a *title*, as Capell says? We think not. Spenser has told us distinctly what it is to do *nothing for a bribe*—to give nothing in return for a bribe; and we believe Shakspere had this in view. His mountain life is certainly *richer* than riches so corruptly derived.—But there is a more recent conjecture as to the word of the original text. The Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio has *bob*, which Mr. Collier interprets to mean a *blow*. Shakspere uses *bob* in two senses. He has "beaten, *bobbed*, and thumped" (Richard III., Act V. Sc. II.), where *bob* has the meaning of a blow. But he also has "You shall not bob us out of our melody" (Troilus and Cressida, Act III. Sc. I.). Massinger has one of his characters describing a king whispering, the object of which was, he says, "to give me the *bob*" ("Maid of Honour"). The word in these cases seems to mean to get rid of—to put aside. In this sense *bob* may be used in the passage before us. But, nevertheless, *bribe* will not be hastily rejected.

[2] As we have had the *nobler* and the *richer* life, we have now the *prouder*. The mountain life is compared with that of

"Rustling in unpaid-for silk."

The illustrative lines which are added, we take it, mean that such a one as does rustle in unpaid-for silk receives the courtesy (*gains the cap*) of him that makes him fine; yet he, the wearer of silk, keeps his, the creditor's, *book uncross'd*. To *cross the book* is, even now, a common expression for obliterating the entry of a debt. It belongs to the rude age of credit. The original reading is—

"Such *gain* the cap of him that makes *him* fine;"

but the second *him* is generally altered to *them*. We have adopted the slighter alteration of *gains*.

[3] The old reading is, *whereon the bowe*—clearly a misprint. It was corrected by Warburton, with this explanation:—"In this very cave, which is so low that they must bend or bow on entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted," &c.

SCENE IV.—*Near* Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus?[1] What is in thy mind
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,[2]
Smile to 't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed: the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,—
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world,—kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons,—nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,[3] hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:[4] to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born where 't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;
Something 's afore 't;[4]—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthumus, that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suit
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do 't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.[5]

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never

---

[1] *Posthumus.* "Shakspere's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the least among many proofs of his want of learning." So decides Steevens, but he adds with great candour, "It may be said that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded." Ritson blunders upon the truth:—"Shakspere's ignorance of the quantity of Posthumus is the rather remarkable as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs and in another place—

'To his protection; calls him Posthumus'—
'Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas!'"

Both these critics knew perfectly well that all the poets of Shakspere's age were in the habit of changing the accentuation of proper names to suit their versification, and that learning or no learning had nothing to do with the matter.

[2] *Summer news.* Our poet has the same idea in his Ninety-eighth Sonnet:—

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any *summer's story* tell."

[3] *Some jay of Italy*, &c. The Italian *putta* has a double meaning. The jay of Italy is the "Roman courtezan," as well as the painted bird. This is one of the many proofs of Shakspere's acquaintance with the Italian. But how shall we explain the original reading, "whose mother was her painting?" Johnson says, "The creature not of nature but of painting. In this sense painting may be not improperly termed her mother." Steevens, in illustration of this, gives a quotation from an old comedy:—"A parcel of conceited feather-caps, whose fathers were their garments." The reading of the original, on the authority of the Corrector of the folio of 1632, has been changed by Mr. Collier to—

"Some jay of Italy,
Who smothers her with painting, hath betray'd him."

Mr. Collier, in his admiration of the correction, hazards the assertion, that "genuine passion avoids figures of speech." Certainly Shakspere is not an example of this proposition. Although the original passage may be obscure, it contains a strong poetical image. The correction is prosaic enough to suit any Shakspere made Easy.

[4] *Afore 't.* The original reads *afoot*—evidently an error.

[5] In the original the line stands, "I'll wake mine eye-balls first." Hanmer and Johnson suggested the insertion of *blind*.

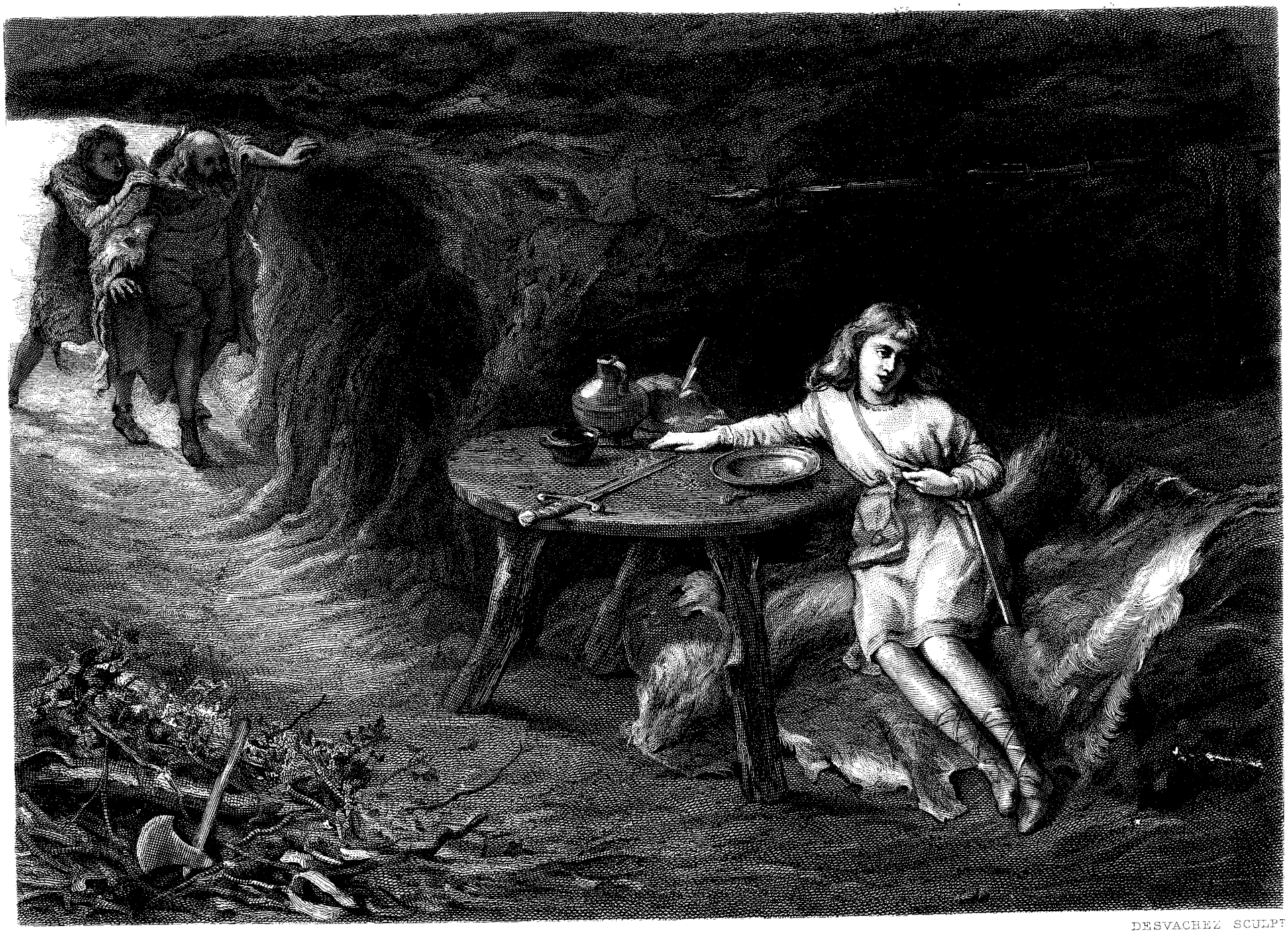
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.
Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like;
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Prithee, think
There's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is—and but disguise
That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger;—you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.
Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.
Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan: and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.
Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.
Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,[1]
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Prithee, away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us: This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.
Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!
Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.
Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.
Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.
Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!
Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.
Luc. Your hand, my lord.
Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.
Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.
Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Lords.
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:

[1] Malone interprets this, "As for your subsistence *abroad*, you may rely on me." Surely *abroad* is not here used in the sense of being in foreign parts. It is the old adverb *on brede*. The means of Imogen are far off—not at hand—all abroad—as we still say. But Pisanio tells her, failing her own means, "you have me, rich."



PINXT

DESVACHEZ SCULPT

N N IIE CAVE.

LINE.)

ON ON V

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business:
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her door's lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit* Cloten.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?
Clo. 'Tis certain she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit* Queen.
Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[1] from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all: I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter Pisanio.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.
Pis. O, good my lord!
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let 's see 't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. Or this, or perish.[2]
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger. [*Aside.*
Clo. Humph!
Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—Even there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural

[1] There is a somewhat similar form of expression in All's Well that Ends Well, Act II. Sc. III.:—"To any count; to all counts; to what is man."

[2] Pisanio, in giving Cloten a letter which is to mislead him, means to say, I must either adopt this stratagem or perish by his fury.

person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee; the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Before the Cave of* Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If anything that's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take, or lend.[1]—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens. [*She goes into the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook, and servant; 'tis our match:
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury: Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty[2] sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browze on that
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought what I have took: Good troth,
I have stolen naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make 't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours:[3]—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
If brothers?—Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons, then had my prize

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[1] It is scarcely necessary to affix a very precise meaning to words which are meant to be spoken under great trepidation. The poor wanderer entering the cave, which she fears is "some savage hold," exhorts the inhabitant to *speak* if civil—if belonging to civilised life. This is clear. But we doubt whether she goes on to ask the savage to *take* a reward for his food or to *lend* it; for, in that case, she would address ideas to the savage which do not belong to his condition. Yet this is the general interpretation of the passage. The *take or lend* more belongs to the civilised being that may dwell in the cave than to the savage one. We have, therefore, ventured to point the passage as if the expression, *if savage*, were merely the parenthetical whisper of her own fears:—"If anything that's civil, speak; take or lend." The *if savage* is interposed, when no answer is returned to *speak*. Johnson suggested a transposition of the sentence—

"If anything that's civil, take or lend,
If savage speak."

[2] *Resty.* So the original (*restie*). Steevens, by one of his dashing corrections, changed the word to *restive*. *Resty*, *reasty*, *raisty*, is rancid—a provincial expression, generally applied to bacon spoiled by long keeping, which the Londoners have changed into *rusty*. *Reasty* and *rusty* are most probably the same words, meaning, spoiled for want of use.

[3] *Such is yours.* So the folio. Some modern editions read, "such *as* yours," thereby spoiling the sense.

Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthumus. [*Aside.*
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. 'Would I could free 't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes),[1]
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ:
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fallen-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!
Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
2 *Sen.* Ay.
Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.
Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber,) I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant[2] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:[3] and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. You are not well: [*To* IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. Brother, stay here: [*To* IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting: I'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how? how?
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason; the bier at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."
Bel. O noble strain! [*Aside.*
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour of the morn.
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.
Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!

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[1] *Differing multitudes.* In the Second Part of Henry IV. we have—
"The still *discordant*, wavering multitude;"
and the word *differing* is most probably used here in the same sense.

[2] *Imperseverant.* Mr. Dyce changes this to *imperceiverant*, without the power of perceiving. The *im* is a prefix to *perseverant*, in the same way as *im*passioned.

[3] Some would read, *before her face*—Imogen's face; but Cloten, in his brutal way, thinks it a satisfaction that, after he has cut off his rival's head, the face will still be present at the destruction of the garments.

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.
Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in and rest.
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ever. [*Exit* IMOGEN.
This youth, howe'er distress'd he appears, hath had
Good ancestors.[1]
Arv. How angel-like he sings!
Gui. But his neat cookery![a] He cut our roots in characters;
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.
Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs[2] together.
Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine![3]
Bel. It is great morning. Come; away. — Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.
Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger: for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder, spider,
'Twould move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence those I fear; the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute
'Twas very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for defect of judgment,
As oft the cause of fear:[4] But see, thy brother.

The passage stands thus in the original:—

"This youth, howe'er distrest, appears he hath had
Good ancestors."

In some modern editions we find the following punctuation, without any comment:—

"This youth, howe'er distrest, appears, he hath had
Good ancestors."

To us this is unintelligible; and we therefore venture upon the transposition in our text, assuming that the printer, having left out the *he* in his first proof, inserted it as a correction in the wrong place. This is one of the commonest of typographical errors, and the folio edition of Cymbeline, being printed from a manuscript after the author's death, was open to such mistakes. The wonder is that they are not more frequent.

[2] *Spurs.* Pope calls this an old word for the fibres of a tree. We cannot find any authority for his assertion. The support of a post placed in the ground is still technically called a *spur*. The large leading roots of a tree may, in the same way, have been called *spurs*, from their lateral projections, which hold the plant firm and upright. Shakspere uses the word in this sense in The Tempest:—

"The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the *spurs*
Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

Instead of *untwine* it has been proposed to read *entwine*. Monck Mason says, "Though Shakspere is frequently inaccurate in the use of his prepositions, to *untwine with* would rather exceed his usual licentiousness." This "licentiousness" is a favourite word with the commentators, they having agreed that the only correct standard of the English language was to be found in the formal construction of the eighteenth century. In this case, however, they appear to have mistaken the poet's meaning. The root of the elder is short-lived and perishes, while that of the vine continues to flourish and increase:—Let the stinking elder, grief, untwine his root which is perishing with (in company with) the vine which is increasing.

[4] The word *defect*, of the original, was changed by Theobald to *the effect*, and the passage so corrected is thus given in most of the modern editions:—

"He had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for *the effect* of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear."

Hanmer reads—

"For *defect* of judgment
Is oft the *cure* of fear;"

which reading is adopted by Malone. It is evident that the passage as it stands in the original is contradictory. But it appears to us that the corrections both of Theobald and Hanmer are somewhat forced; and we rather adopt the very ingenious suggestion of the author of a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh, 1814,

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,—
There was no money in 't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.
Bel. We are all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For[1] we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. 'Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,[3]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder[4]
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other: valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare[5]
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy![6]
How found you him?

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entitled, "Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspere," &c. In this reading of *as* for *is*, Belarius says that Cloten, before he arrived at man's estate, had not apprehension of terrors *on account of* defect of judgment, which defect is as often the cause of fear. The passage as it thus stands appears to us one of the many examples of condensed truths which this play presents.

[1] *For*—in the sense of *because.*

Humour. In the original *honour.* Theobald made the emendation, which is certainly called for, and is further justified by the fact that in the early editions of Shakspere *humour* and *honour* are several times misprinted each for the other.

[3] Steevens prints this—
"I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood."
But the meaning is, I would let blood a parish of such Clotens.

[4] *Wonder.* So the original. Pope changed it to *wonderful.*

[5] *Crare.* The original reads *care;* but the image is incomplete unless we adopt the correction. *Crare* is a small vessel, and the word is often used by Holinshed and by Drayton.

[6] We print the passage as in the original, the meaning of which is, Jove knows what man thou might'st have made, but I *know* thou diedst, &c. Malone thinks that the pronoun *I* was probably substituted by mistake for the interjection, *Ah!* which is commonly printed *ay* in the old copies, *ay* being also as commonly printed *I.*

Arv. Stark,[1] as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept; and put
My clouted brogues[2] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,[b]
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.
Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.
Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?
Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.
Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.
Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.
Arv. We'll speak it then.
Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.
Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.
Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* BELARIUS.
Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east:
My father hath a reason for 't.
Arv. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remove him.
Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the light'ning flash;
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!
Both. Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies:[c] Come, lay him down.
Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?
I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murther in heaven!—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[3] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it

[1] *Stark*—stiff.
[2] *Brogues*—rude shoes.
[3] *Irregulous*—irregular, disorderly. The word is only found in this passage of Shakspere.

Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.
Cap. He is alive, my lord.
Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems
They crave to be demanded: Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master.
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come; arm him.[1] Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy [*To* PISANIO.
Does yet depend.[2]
1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amaz'd with matter.
1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you: Let 's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Arm him*—take him in your arms.

[2] *Does yet depend*—is yet depending, as we say of an action at law.

Pis. I heard no letter[1] from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:
Wherein I am false I am honest: not true to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.
Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I; Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long: their blood thinks scorn, [*Aside.*
Till it fly out and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murther wives much better than themselves,
For wrying[2] but a little!—O, Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands;
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[3] this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance: But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,[4]
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.[5]
But Imogen is your own Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose; I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril

---

[1] Hanmer reads, *I've had no letter*. Malone suggests that by *letter* is not meant an epistle, but that the phrase is equivalent to *I heard no syllable*.

[2] *Wrying*. The use of *wry* as a verb is uncommon. We have a passage in Sidney's "Arcadia" which is at once an example and an explanation:—"That from the right line of virtue are *wryed* to these crooked shifts."

[3] *To put on*—to instigate.

[4] "The last deed is certainly not the oldest," says Dr. Johnson. That is, perhaps, prosaically true; but as the man who goes on in the commission of ill is older when he commits the last ill than when he committed the first, we do not believe that Shakspere, as Malone says, "*inadvertently* considered the latter evil deed as the elder." The confusion, if there be any, in the text may be reconciled by Bacon's notion, that what we call the old world is really the young world; and so a man's first sin is his youngest sin.

[5] The sentiment here is excessively beautiful; but, from the elliptical form of expression which so strikingly prevails in this play, is obscure. Posthumus, it appears to us, is comparing his own state with what he supposes is that of Imogen. She is snatched "hence, for little faults;" he remains "to second ills with ills." But how is it that such as he *dread it?* The commentators believe that there is a misprint. Theobald would read *dreaded;* Johnson *deeded*. Steevens interprets "to make them *dread it* is to make them persevere in the commission of *dreadful* action"—*dread it* being used in the same manner as Pope has "to sinner it or saint it." The author of the pamphlet we have already quoted, "Explanations and Emendations," &c., thinks that the *it* refers to *vengeance*, which occurs four lines above. We cannot feel confident of this; nor do we think with Monck Mason that *thrift* means something higher than worldly advantages—the repentance which issues from the *dread*. We cannot help believing that some word ought to stand in the place of *dread it;* and, as the small offender is cut off, in love, "to fall no more," so the hardened doer is left to thrive in his offences, as far as this life is concerned. We are inclined to conjecture, although we cannot presume to alter the text, that *dread it* has been misprinted for *do each*:—

"To second ills with ills, *each* elder worse,
And make them *do each* to the *doer's* thrift."

Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion less without, and more within. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter at one door LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the Roman army; and the British army at another.* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*[1]

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me. Or, could this carl,[2]
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken; then enter to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villainy of our fears.
Gui., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the* Britons. *They rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.
Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let 's reinforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir: for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: The king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country,—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base,[3] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: stand, stand."—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, "stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need, having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts: Heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'erborne i' the former wave; ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal bugs[4] o' the field.
Lord. This was strange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*
Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!
To be i' the field, and ask what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do 't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,[5]
Could not find death where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find him:

[1] It will be observed throughout this act that the stage directions are extremely full, and that the action of the drama at the close of the third scene is entirely what was called a dumb show. The drama preceding Shakspere was full of such examples. But Shakspere uniformly rejected the practice, except in this instance. We do not believe that these directions for the dumb show were interpolated by the players, as Ritson thinks; and in the Introductory Notice we have expressed our opinion that this, combined with other circumstances, presents some evidence that Cymbeline was a *rifacimento* of an early play. We would here observe that we have followed in these stage directions the original copy.

[2] *Carl*—churl.

[3] *Country-base*—the rustic game of *prison bars*, or *prison base*.

[4] *Bugs*—terrors.

[5] Warburton remarks that this alludes to the common superstition of charms having power to keep men unhurt in battle. Macbeth says, "I bear a *charmed* life;" Posthumus, "I, in mine own woe *charm'd*."

For being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton,[1] I have resum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer be
Britons must take; For me, my ransom's death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two Captains, *and* Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront[2] with them.
1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman* Captives. *The* Captains *present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a* Gaoler.

SCENE IV.—*A Prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and Two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find pasture.
2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: You good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence. [*He sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young* Leonati, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies;
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whose father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ripp'd,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain:
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. The* Ghosts *fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?

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[1] We follow the original. After the time of Hanmer the passage was changed to—

"For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
No more a *Briton*."

We think the change was uncalled for, because Posthumus, in his heroic conduct, has been really "a favourer to the Briton," but, being about to resume the part he came in, he is *no more a Briton*, and he immediately afterwards surrenders himself as a *Roman*.

[2] *Affront*—encounter.

Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [Ghosts *vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers; But—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled[1] world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for that you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir:[a] But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty; the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril, and how you shall speed in your journey's end I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and* Messenger.

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[2] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.
By whom I grant she lives: 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

[1] *Fangled.* This word is very rarely used without the epithet *new;* yet *fangle* means an innovation. We have it in Anthony Wood:—"A hatred to *fangles* and the French fooleries of his time."

[2] *Prone*—forward.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius *and* Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness I must report
The queen is dead.
Cym. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Prithee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you: only
Affected greatness got by you, not you;
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming: it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, *the* Soothsayer, *and other Roman* Prisoners, *guarded;* Posthumus *behind, and* Imogen.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So, think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say live boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. It is my mistress.
[*Aside.*
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good, or bad. [Cymbeline *and* Imogen *come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*to* Iach.] step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. What's that to him? [*Aside.*
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more, may grieve thee
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthumus,
(What should I say? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature;[b] for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—
Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.
Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took this hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—
Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer![1] Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!
Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear!—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: she falls.*
Pis. O, gentlemen, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!
Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggers on me?
Pis. Wake, my mistress.
Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.
Pis. How fares my mistress?
Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are!
Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?
Imo. It poison'd me.
Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.
Cym. What's this, Cornelius?
Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

[1] *Justicer.* This fine old word is used several times in Lear. It is found in our ancient law-books.

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is sure Fidele.
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock, and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir.
[*Kneeling.*
Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for it.
[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.
Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.
Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.
Cym. He was a prince.
Gui. A most incivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am sorry for thee.
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: Thou art dead.
Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone; [*To the guard.*
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
Arv. In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age:[1] indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons?
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue?
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty,
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise Nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

[1] *Assum'd this age*—put on these appearances of age.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how liv'd you,
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long intergatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.
Thou art my brother: So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.
Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection[1] of it; let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus!
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* CYMBELINE.
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.
Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid most heavy hand.[2]
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. Laud we the gods:
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.
Set on there;—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Collection*—consequence deduced from premises. So in Hamlet:—
"Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to *collection.*"

[2] The particle *on* is understood. The same form of expression occurs in Othello:—
"What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter [with]."

ILLUSTRATIONS TO CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE IV.—"*I would have broke mine eye-strings,*" &c.

IN Arthur Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses (1567) there is a description which might have suggested to Shakspere this beautiful passage :—

> "She lifting up her watery eyes beheld her husband stand
> Upon the hatches, making signs by becking with his hand:
> And she made signs to him again. And after that the land
> Was far removed from the ship, and that the sight began
> To be unable to discern the face of any man,
> As long as e'er she could she look'd upon the rowing keel.
> And when she could no longer time for distance ken it weel
> She looked still upon the sails that flashed with the wind
> Upon the mast. And when she could the sails no longer find,
> She gat her to her empty bed with sad and sorry heart."

[b] SCENE VI.—"*Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.*"

The queen, distilling herbs for wicked purposes, is a striking contrast to the benevolent friar in Romeo and Juliet. Shakspere has beautifully indicated the philosophy of the use or abuse by man of Nature's productions in the friar's soliloquy :—

> "For naught so vile that on the earth doth live,
> But to the earth some special good doth give;
> Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
> Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse."

[c] SCENE VI.—"*Your highness*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart."

Dr. Johnson, in that spirit of kindness which essentially belonged to his nature, remarks upon this passage :—"The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings." We are by no means sure, however, that Shakspere meant to apply a sweeping denunciation to such experiments upon the power of particular medicines. There can be no doubt that, the medical art being wholly tentative, it becomes in some cases a positive duty of a scientific experimenter to inflict pain upon an inferior animal for the ultimate purpose of assuaging pain or curing disease. It is the useless repetition of such experiments which makes hard the heart. It is the exhibition of such experiments in the lecture-room which is "noisome and infectious." The queen was unauthorised by her position to

> "try the forces
> Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
> We count not worth the hanging."

[d] SCENE VII.—"*Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight.*"

Every one will remember the noble passage in "Paradise Regained," book iii. :-

> "He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,
> How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
> Sharp sleet of arrowy show'rs against the face
> Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight."

The editors of Milton refer to parallel passages in Virgil and Horace as amongst the images with which our great epic poet was familiar. The commentators of Shakspere suffer his line to pass without a single observation. In the same scene we have the following most characteristic expression in the mouth of a Roman :—

> "As common as the stairs
> That mount the Capitol."

Upon this Steevens remarks, "Shakspere has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase 'as common as the highway.'" Shakspere's phrase proves, amidst a thousand similar proofs, his perfect familiarity with all the knowledge that was necessary to make his characters speak appropriately with reference to their social position.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Our Tarquin thus*
Did softly press the rushes."

The whole of this scene in its delicacy and beauty has some resemblance to the night scene in Shakspere's Tarquin and Lucrece. Indeed, Shakspere, in one or two expressions, seems to have had his own poem distinctly present to his mind. For example :—

> "By the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the *rushes* where it lies."

Again, Iachimo says of Imogen—

> "O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
> And be her sense but as a *monument,*
> Thus in a chapel lying!"

Lucretia is in the same way described as a monumental figure reposing upon a pillow :—

> "Where, like a virtuous *monument* she lies."

The best illustration of this beautiful image is presented by Chantrey's exquisite monument of the Sleeping Children in Lichfield Cathedral.

[b] SCENE III.—"*Hark! hark! the lark,*" &c.

Steevens asserts, without offering the slightest evidence in support of his assertion, that George Peele was the author of this song. The mode, however, in which Cloten speaks of it, "A wonderful sweet air, with admirable sweet words to it," is not exactly in Shakspere's manner; and yet, if it had been the work of any other poet, the compliment from the mouth of such a character as Cloten would have been rather equivocal. In our poet's Twenty-ninth Sonnet we have these lines :—

> "Like to the lark at break of day arising
> From sullen earth, sings *hymns at heaven's gate.*"

But in Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe," which was first printed in 1584, we have the image even more closely resembling the words of the song. Our readers will not object to see Lyly's poem entire :—

> "What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
> O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
> Jug, jug, jug, jug, teureu she cries,
> And still her woes at midnight rise.
> Brave prick song! who is 't now we hear?
> None but the *lark* so shrill and clear;
> Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
> The morn not waking till she sings.
> *Hark, hark,* with what a pretty throat
> Poor robin red-breast tunes his note;
> Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing,
> Cuckoo to welcome in the spring,
> Cuckoo to welcome in the spring."

[c] SCENE IV.—"*The roof o' the chamber*
With golden cherubins is fretted."

Steevens calls this "a tawdry image." Douce justly says, "The poet has, in this instance, given a faithful description of the mode in which the rooms in great houses were sometimes ornamented."

[d] SCENE IV.—"*Her andirons*
(*I had forgot them,*) *were two winking Cupids,*" &c.

We have no doubt that in this description Shakspere literally describes some work of art which he had seen. At Knowle, one of

the most interesting of ancient mansions, there are "andirons," of which the "two winking Cupids of silver" are not, indeed, "each on one foot standing," but in an attitude sufficiently graceful to show us that such furniture was executed not only of costly materials, but with a skill such as the Florentine artists applied to the ornamental appendages of the palaces of the great.

ACT III.

[a] SCENE I.—"*The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point*
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright."

Malone has the following observation upon this passage:—"Shakspere has here transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. 'The same historie (says Holinshed) also maketh mention of Nennius, brother to Cassibelane, who in fight happened to get Cæsar's sword fastened in his shield, by a blow which Cæsar struck at him.'" Malone has here fallen into an error, from a too literal acceptance of Shakspere's words. To be *once at point to master Cæsar's sword* is to be once nearly vanquishing Cæsar. We can put our finger upon the passage in Holinshed's Chronicle which Shakspere had in view:—"Our histories far differ from this (Cæsar's account), affirming that Cæsar, coming the second time, was by the Britains with valiancy and martial prowess beaten and repelled, as he was at the first, and specially by means that Cassibelane had pight in the Thames great piles of trees, piked with iron, through which his ships, being entered the river, were perished and lost. And after his coming a land he was vanquished in battle, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For joy of this second victory (saith Galfrid) Cassibelane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods." The victory and the rejoicing are exactly in the same juxtaposition as in Shakspere.

The *Lud's town* of the old chroniclers is London. They considered that London was the town of Lud; and, in a similar manner, that Lud-gate was the gate of Lud. The tradition that Lud rebuilt the ancient Troinovant is given in Spenser ("Fairy Queen," canto x. book ii.):—

> "He had two sons, whose eldest, called Lud,
> Left of his life most famous memory,
> And endless monuments of his great good.
> The ruin'd walls he did re-edify
> Of Troinovant, 'gainst force of enemy,
> And built that gate, which of his name is hight."

But Verstegan, in his very amusing "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence concerning Britain," objects to the connection both of Lud's town and Lud-gate with King Lud:—

"As touching the name of our most ancient, chief, and famous city, it could never of Lud's-town take the name of London, because it had never anciently the name of Lud's-town, neither could it, for that town is not a British, but a Saxon word; but if it took any appellation after King Lud, it must then have been called Caer-Lud, and not Lud's-town; but, considering of how little credit the relations of Geffery of Monmouth are, who from Lud doth derive it, it may rather be thought that he hath imagined this name to have come from King Lud, because of some nearness of sound, for our Saxon ancestors, having divers ages before Geffery was born called it by the name of London, he, not knowing from whence it came, might straight imagine it to have come from Lud, and therefore ought to be Caer-Lud, or Lud's town, as after him others called it; and some also of the name of London, in British sound made it L'hundain, both appellations, as I am persuaded, being of the Britains first taken up and used after the Saxons had given it the name of London.

"But here I cannot a little marvel how Tacitus (or any such ancient writers) should call it by the name of Londinum (that having been, as it should seem, the Latin name thereof since it hath been called London), which appellation he could never have from the ancient Britains, seeing they never so called it. Julius Cæsar seemed not to know of the name of Londinum, but nameth the city of the Trinobants; and a marvel it is, that, between the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, it should come to get the new name of Londinum, no man can tell how. To deliver my conjecture how this may chance to have happened, I am loth, for that it may peradventure be of some disallowed, and so, omitting it, I will leave the reader to note that the reign of King Lud, from whom some will needs derive the name of London, was before Julius Cæsar came into Britain, and not after, for Cæsar first entered Britain in the time of Cassibelan, who was brother unto Lud, and succeeded next after him; and in all likelihood, if Lud had given it after himself the new name of Caer-Lud, or, as some more fondly have supposed, of Lud's-town, Julius Cæsar, who came thither so soon after his death, could not have been so utterly ignorant of the new naming of that city, but have known it as well as such writers as came after him.

"Evident it is, that our Saxon ancestors called it Lunden, (in pronunciation sounded London) sometimes adding thereunto the ordinary termination which they gave to all well-fenced cities, or rather such as had forts or castles annexed unto them, by calling it Lundenbirig, and Lundenceaster, that is, after our latter pronunciation, Londonbury or London-chester. This name of Lunden, since varied into London, they gave it in regard and memory of the ancient famous metropolitan city of Lunden, in Sconeland or Sconia, sometime of greatest traffic of all the east parts of Germany.

"And I find in Crautzius that Eric, the fourth of that name, King of Denmark, went in person to Rome to solicit Pope Paschal the Second that Denmark might be no longer under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the bishop of Hambrough, but that the Archbishop of Lunden should be the chief Prelate of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, the which in fine was granted. As for the name of Ludgate, which some will needs have so to have been called of King Lud, and accordingly infer the name of the city, I answer, that it could never of Lud be called Ludgate, because gate is no British word, and, had it taken name of Lud, it must have been Ludporth, and not Ludgate. But how cometh it that all the gates of London, yea, and all the streets and lanes of the city, having English names, Ludgate only must remain British, or the one half of it, to wit, Lud,—gate, as before hath been said, being English? This surely can have proceeded of no other cause than of the lack of heed that men have taken unto our ancient language; and Geffery of Monmouth, or some other as unsure in his reports as he, by hearing only of the name of Ludgate, might easily fall into a dream or imagination that it must needs have had that name of King Lud. There is no doubt but that our Saxon ancestors (as I have said), changing all the names of the other gates about London, did also change this, and called it Ludgate, otherwise also written Leodgeat; Lud and Leod is all one, and, in our ancient language, folk or people, and so is Ludgate as much to say as Porta populi, the gate or passage of the people. And if a man do observe it, he shall find that, of all the gates of the city, the greatest passage of the people is through this gate; and yet must it needs have been much more in time past before Newgate was builded, which, as Mr. John Stow saith, was first builded about the reign of King Henry the Second. And therefore the name of Leod-gate was aptly given in respect to the great concourse of people through it."

[b] SCENE I.—"*Mulmutius made our laws*," &c.

According to Holinshed, Mulmutius, the first King of Britain who was crowned with a golden crown, "made many good laws, which were long after used, called Mulmutius' laws, turned out of the British speech into Latin, by Gildas Priscus, and long time after translated out of Latin into English, by Alfred, King of England, and mingled in his statutes."

[c] SCENE I.—"*Thy Cæsar knighted me.*"

Shakspere still follows Holinshed literally:—"This man was brought up at Rome, and there was *made knight* by Augustus Cæsar." Douce objects to the word *knight* as a downright anachronism, as well as to another similar passage, where Cymbeline addresses Belarius and his sons:—

> "Bow your knees:
> Arise my *knights* o' the battle."

Both Holinshed and Shakspere, in applying a term of the feudal ages to convey the notion of a Roman dignity, did precisely what they were called upon to do. They used a word which conveyed a distinct image much more clearly than any phrase of stricter propriety. They translated ideas as well as words.

[d] SCENE II.—"*A franklin's housewife.*"

The franklin, in the days of Shakspere, had become a less important personage than he was in those of Chaucer :—

" A Frankelein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verally felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyued man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered all the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour."

Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, 333.

But, a century and a half later than Chaucer, he was still a dignified member of the landed aristocracy. " England is so thick spread and filled with rich and landed men, that there is scarce a small village in which you may not find a knight, an esquire, or some substantial householder, commonly called a *frankleyne;* all men of considerable estates." This is the description of Sir John Fortescue, in the reign of Henry VI. The franklin in the time of Shakspere had, for the most part, gone upward into the squire, or downward into the yeoman; and the name had probably become synonymous with small freeholder and cultivator. " A franklin's housewife " would wear " no costlier suit " than Imogen desired for concealment. Latimer has described the farmer of the early part of the sixteenth century :— " My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pound by year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine."

[c] SCENE III.—" *The sharded beetle.*"

There is a controversy about the meaning of the word *shard* as applied to a beetle. In Hamlet the priest says of Ophelia—

" *Shards*, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her."

A *shard* here is a thing divided; and it is used for something worthless—fragments. Mr. Tollet says that *shard* signifies dung; and that " the shard-born beetle " in Macbeth is the beetle born in dung. This is certainly only a secondary meaning of *shard*. We cannot doubt that Shakspere, in the passage before us, uses the epithet *sharded* as applied to the flight of the beetle. *The sharded beetle*—the beetle whose scaly wing-cases are not formed for a flight far above the earth—is contrasted with *the full-wing'd eagle*. The shards support the insect when he rises from the ground, but they do not enable him to cleave the air with a bird-like wing. *The shard-borne* beetle of Macbeth is, therefore, the beetle supported on its shards.

[f] SCENE IV.—" *And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripp'd.*"

Steevens has an interesting note upon this passage :—

" To 'hang by the walls' does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room*, but to be *hung up*, as useless, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe*. So, in Measure for Measure :—

' That have, like unscour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*'

When a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids!) had been preserved with superstitious reverence for almost a century and a half.

" Clothes were not formerly, as at present, made of slight materials; were not kept in drawers, or given away as soon as lapse of time or change of fashion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung upon wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the sole purpose of receiving them; and, though such cast-off things as were composed of *rich* substances were occasionally *ripped* for domestic uses (viz. mantles for infants, vests for children, and counterpanes for beds), articles of inferior quality were suffered to *hang by the walls* till age and moths had destroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by servants or poor relations."

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE II.—" *But his neat cookery!*"

Mrs. Lennox has the following remark upon this passage :—" This princess, forgetting that she had put on boy's clothes to be a spy upon the actions of her husband, commences cook to two young foresters and their father, who live in a cave; and we are told how nicely she sauced the broths. Certainly this princess had a most economical education." Douce has properly commented upon this impertinence :—" Now what is this but to expose her own ignorance of ancient manners? If she had missed the advantage of qualifying herself as a commentator on Shakspeare's plots by a perusal of our old romances, she ought at least to have remembered, what every well-informed woman of the present age is acquainted with, the education of the princesses in Homer's 'Odyssey.' It is idle to attempt to judge of ancient simplicity by a mere knowledge of modern manners; and such fastidious critics had better close the book of Shakspeare for ever."—*Illustrations*, vol. ii. p. 104.

[b] SCENE II.—" *The ruddock would*," &c.

Percy asks, " Is this an allusion to the babes of the wood? or was the notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies general before the writing of that ballad?" It has been shown that the notion has been found in an earlier book of natural history, and there can be no doubt that it was an old popular belief. The redbreast has always been a favourite with the poets, and

" Robin the mean, that best of all loves men,"

as Browne sings, was naturally employed in the last offices of love. Drayton says, directly imitating Shakspere :—

" Covering with *moss* the dead's unclosed eye
The little redbreast teacheth *charity*."

In the beautiful stanza which Gray has omitted from his Elegy the idea is put with his usual exquisite refinement :—

" There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

[c] SCENE II.—" *We have done our obsequies.*"

In the Introductory Notice we have given an opinion as to the *dramatic* value of the dirge of Collins as compared with that of Shakspere. Taken apart from the scene, it will always be read with pleasure.

A SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
For thee the tear be duly shed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.

ACT V.

[z] SCENE IV.—"*A heavy reckoning for you, sir,*" &c.

Walter Whiter has remarked upon this passage, "M. Voltaire himself has nothing comparable to the humorous discussion of the philosophic jailer in Cymbeline." But it is something more than humorous. It is as profound, under a gay aspect, as some of the highest speculations of Hamlet.

[b] SCENE V.—"*Postures beyond brief nature,*" &c.

Warburton remarks, "It appears from a number of such passages as these that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts;" to which Steevens replies, "The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and, as Shakspere had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman's translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting." Steevens has here missed the point, as it was likely he would do. That Shakspere was familiar with works of art we have abundant proof. Take, for example, his vivid description in the Tarquin and Lucrece of

"A piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy."

But the passage before us indicates something more. In "postures beyond brief nature" is shadowed the highest principle of high art —that it is not essentially imitative—that it works in and through its own power, not in contradiction to nature, but heightening and refining reality. We have the same indication of the poet's profound knowledge of these subjects in Antony and Cleopatra:—

"O'erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

CRITICISM, even of that school to which we now yield our obedience —the school which has cast off the shackles of the unities, and judges of the romantic drama by its own laws—has not looked very enthusiastically upon Cymbeline as a dramatic whole. To the exquisite character of Imogen, taken apart, full justice has been done. Richardson, not often a very profound critic, has seized upon the leading points with great correctness, and has carried them out with elegance, if not with force. Nothing can be more just, for example, than this observation:—"The sense of misfortune, rather than the sense of injury, rules the disposition of Imogen."* Mrs. Jameson, again, has analyzed the character with her usual acuteness and delicacy of perception:—"Others of Shakspere's characters are, as dramatic and poetic conceptions, more striking, more brilliant, more powerful; but of all his women, considered as individuals rather than as heroines, Imogen is the most perfect."† But the relation of Imogen, as the centre of a dramatic circle, has scarcely, we think, been adequately pointed out. We pass over what Dr. Johnson says, in a tone of criticism which belongs as much to the age as to the man, about "the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life." When Johnson wrote this he reposed upon an implicit belief in his own canons of criticism—the opinions upon which Thomas Warton has explained his own depreciation of Ariosto and Spenser:—"We, who live in the days of writing by rule, are apt to try every composition by those laws which we have been taught to think the sole criterion of excellence. Critical taste is universally diffused, and we require the same order and design which every modern performance is expected to have, in poems where they never were regarded or intended."‡ Warton was a man of too high taste not in some degree to despise this "criterion of excellence;" but he did not dare to avow the heresy in his own day. We have outlived all this. The "critical taste" to which Warton alludes belongs only to the history of criticism. But even amongst those upon whom we have been accustomed to rely as infallible guides, it does appear to us that Cymbeline has been, in some degree, considered a departure from the great law of unity—not of time, nor of place, but of feeling—which Shakspere has unquestionably prescribed to himself. Tieck highly praises this drama; but his praise almost leads to the opinion that he regarded the work as wanting coherency—as a succession of harmonies, but not as one harmony:—"In no other work of Shakspere does there reign so great a difference of style; the gallant tone of the court, the tragic expression of the passions, the splendour of imagery, the tenderness of love, the perfect naturalness, the entire plainness, almost amounting to rusticity, of many passages, in antithesis to the obscurity of others. This piece still retains possession of the English stage—highly attractive, because it is at the same time history, popular tale, tragedy, and comedy, more boldly mixed, and more freshly coloured, than in any other similar work even of this author."§ Schlegel says:—"Cymbeline is one of Shakspere's most wonderful compositions. He has connected a novel of Boccaccio with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to the times of the first Roman Emperors; and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole the social manners of the latest time with heroic deeds, and even with the appearances of the gods."‖ This is a defence, and a just one, of what Johnson calls "faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." But neither Tieck nor Schlegel, according to their usual custom, attempts to show that any predominant idea runs through Cymbeline. They each speak of it as a succession of

* Essays on Shakspeare's Dramatic Characters.
† Characteristics of Women, vol. ii. p. 50.
‡ Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i.
§ Shakspeare's Dramatische Werke, vol. ix. p. 374.
‖ Lectures on Dramatic Literature, vol. ii.

splendid scenes and high poetry; and, indeed, it cannot be denied that these attributes of this drama most forcibly seize upon the mind, somewhat, perhaps, to the exclusion of its real action. In Cymbeline we are thrown back into the half-fabulous history of our own country, and see all objects under the dim light of uncertain events and manners. We have civilisation contending with semi-barbarism; the gorgeous worship of the Pagan world subduing to itself the more simple worship of the Druidical times; kings and courtiers surrounded with the splendour of "barbaric pearl and gold;" and, even in those days of simplicity, a wilder and a simpler life, amidst the fastnesses of mountains and the solitude of caves—the hunters' life, who "have seen nothing"—

> "Subtle as the fox for prey,
> Like warlike as the wolf"—

but who yet, in their natural piety, know "how to adore the heavens." If these attributes of the drama had been less absorbing, we perhaps might have more readily seen the real course of the dramatic action. We venture with great diffidence to express our opinion that one predominant idea does exist; for Coleridge, even more distinctly than the German critics, if we apprehend him rightly, inferred the contrary:—"In the Twelfth Night, Midsummer Night's Dream, As You Like It, and Winter's Tale, the total effect is produced by a co-ordination of the characters as in a wreath of flowers. But in Coriolanus, Lear, Romeo and Juliet, Hamlet, Othello, &c., the effect arises from the subordination of all to one, either as the prominent person, or the principal object." Coleridge is speaking of the great significancy of the names of Shakspere's plays. The consonancy of the names with the leading ideas of each drama is exemplified in this passage. He then adds, "Cymbeline is the only exception;" that is, the name of Cymbeline neither expresses the co-ordination of the characters, nor the principal object. He goes on to say, "Even that" (the name of Cymbeline) "has its advantages in preparing the audience for the chaos of time, place, and costume, by throwing the date back into a fabulous king's reign." We do not understand that Coleridge meant to say that the play of Cymbeline had neither co-ordination of characters nor a prominent object; but we do apprehend that the name was symbolical, in his belief, of the main features of the play—the chaos of time, place, and costume. For he proceeds immediately to remark, in reference to the judgment displayed by our truly dramatic poet in the management of his first scenes, "*With the single exception of Cymbeline*, they place before us at one glance both the past and the future in some effect, which implies the continuance and full agency of its cause."* We venture to believe that Cymbeline does not form an exception to the usual course pursued by Shakspere in the management of his first scenes; and that the first scenes of Cymbeline do place before us the past and the future in a way which we think very strikingly discloses what he intended to be the leading idea of his drama.

The dialogue of the "two Gentlemen" in the opening scene makes us perfectly acquainted with the relations in which Posthumus and Imogen stand to each other, and to those around them. "She's wedded, her husband banish'd." We have next the character of the banished husband, and of the unworthy suitor who is the cause of his banishment, as well as the story of the king's two lost sons. This is essentially the foundation of the past and future of the action. Brief indeed is this scene, but it well prepares us for the parting of Posthumus and Imogen. The course of their affections is turned awry by the wills of others. The angry king at once proclaims himself to us as one not cruel, but weak; he has before been described as "touch'd at very heart." It is only in the intensity of her affection for Posthumus that Imogen opposes her own will to the impatient violence of her father, and the more crafty decision of her stepmother. But she is surrounded with a third evil—

> "A father cruel, and a step-dame false,
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady."

Worse, however, even than these, her honour is to be assailed, her character vilified, by a subtle stranger, who, perhaps more in sport than in malice, has resolved to win a paltry wager by the sacrifice of her happiness and that of her husband. What has she to oppose to all this complication of violence and cunning? Her perfect purity—her entire simplicity—her freedom from everything that is selfish—the strength only of her affections. The scene between Iachimo and Imogen is a contest of innocence with guile, most profoundly affecting, in spite of the few coarsenesses that were perhaps unavoidable, and which were not considered offensive in Shakspere's day. The supreme beauty of Imogen's character soars triumphantly out of the impure mist which is around her; and not the least part of that beauty is her ready forgiveness of her assailant, briefly and flutteringly expressed, however, when he relies upon the possibility of deceiving her through her affections:—

> "O happy Leonatus! I may say;
> The credit that thy lady hath of thee
> Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
> Her assur'd credit!"

This is the first act; and, if we mistake not the object of Shakspere, these opening scenes exhibit one of the most confiding and gentle of human beings, assailed on every side by a determination of purpose, whether in the shape of violence, wickedness, or folly, against which, under ordinary circumstances, innocence may be supposed to be an insufficient shield. But the very helplessness of Imogen is her protection. In the exquisite second scene of the second act the perfect purity of Imogen, as interpreted by Shakspere, has converted what would have been a most dangerous situation in the hands of another poet—Fletcher, for example—into one of the most refined delicacy:—

> "'Tis her breathing that
> Perfumes the chamber thus."

The immediate danger is passed; but there is a new danger approaching. The will of her unhappy husband, deceived into madness, is to be added to the evils which she has already received from violence and selfishness. Posthumus, intending to destroy her, writes, "Take notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven; what your own love will out of this advise you, follow." She does follow her own love—she has no other guide but the strength of her affections; that strength makes her hardy and fearless of consequences. It is the one duty, as well as the one pleasure, of her existence. How is that affection requited? Pisanio places in her hand, when they have reached the deepest solitude of the mountains, that letter by which he is commanded to take away her life. One passing thought of herself—one faint reproach of her husband—and she submits to the fate which is prepared for her:—

> "Come, fellow, be thou honest:
> Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou seest him,
> A little witness my obedience: Look!
> I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
> The innocent mansion of my love, my heart."

But her truth and innocence have already subdued the will of the sworn servant of her husband. He comforts her, but he necessarily leaves her in the wilderness. The spells of evil wills are still around her:—

> "My noble mistress,
> Here is a box, I had it from the queen."

Perhaps there is nothing in Shakspere more beautifully managed—more touching in its romance—more essentially true to nature—than the scenes between Imogen and her unknown brothers. The gentleness, the grace, the "grief and patience," of the helpless Fidele, producing at once the deepest reverence and affection in the bold and daring mountaineers, still carry forward the character of Imogen under the same aspects. Belarius has beautifully described the brothers:—

> "They are as gentle
> As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
> Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
> Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
> That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
> And make him stoop to the vale."

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 207.

It was in their gentleness that Imogen found a support for her gentleness; it was in their roughness that the roughness of Cloten met its punishment. Imogen is still saved from the dangers with which craft and violence have surrounded her. When she swallows the supposed medicine of the queen, we know beforehand that the evil intentions of her stepmother have been counteracted by the benevolent intentions of the physician :—

> " I do know her spirit,
> And will not trust one of her malice with
> A drug of such damn'd nature."

"The bird is dead;" she was sick, and we almost fear that the words of the dirge are true :—

> " Fear no more the frown o' the great,
> Thou art past the tyrant's stroke."

But she awakes, and she has still to endure the last and the worst evil—her husband, in her apprehension, lies dead before her. She has no wrongs to think of—" O my lord, my lord," is all, in connection with Posthumus, that escapes amidst her tears. The beauty and innocence which saved her from Iachimo—which conquered Pisanio—which won the wild hunters—commend her to the Roman general: she is at once protected. But she has holy duties still to perform :—

> " I'll follow, sir. But, first, an 't please the gods,
> I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
> As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
> With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,
> And on it said a century of prayers,
> Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
> And, leaving so his service, follow you,
> So please you entertain me."

It is the unconquerable affection of Imogen which makes us pity Posthumus even while we blame him for the rash exercise of his revengeful will. But in his deep repentance we more than pity him. We see only another victim of worldly craft and selfishness :—

> " Gods! if you
> Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
> Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
> The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
> Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance."

In the prison scene his spirit is again united with hers :—

> " O Imogen,
> I'll speak to thee in silence."

The contest we now feel is over between the selfish and the unselfish, the crafty and the simple, the proud and the meek, the violent and the gentle.

It is scarcely within our purpose to follow the unravelling of the incidents in the concluding scene. Steevens has worthily endeavoured to make amends for the injustice of the criticism which Cymbeline has received from his associate commentator :—" Let those who talk so confidently about the skill of Shakspere's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence, than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled; and at the expense of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be discovered on this occasion to offend the most scrupulous advocate for regularity; and, I think, as little is found wanting to satisfy the spectator by a catastrophe which is intricate without confusion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature."

The conclusion of Cymbeline has been lauded because it is consistent with *poetical justice*. Those who adopt this species of reasoning look very imperfectly upon the course of real events in the moral world. It is permitted, for inscrutable purposes, that the innocent should sometimes fall before the wicked, and the noble be subjected to the base. In the same way, it is sometimes in the course of events that the pure and the gentle should triumph over deceit and outrage. The perishing of Desdemona is as *true* as the safety of Imogen; and the poetical truth involves as high a moral in the one case as in the other. That Shakspere's notion of poetical justice was not the hackneyed notion of an intolerant age, reflected even by a Boccaccio, is shown by the difference in the lot of the offender in the Italian tale and the lot of Iachimo. The Ambrogiolo of the novelist, who slanders a virtuous lady for the gain of a wager, is fastened to a stake, smeared with honey, and left to be devoured by flies and locusts. The close of our dramatist's story is perfect Shakspere :—

> " *Post.* Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
> Have made you finish.
> *Iach.* I am down again;
> But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
> As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
> Which I so often owe: but, your ring first.
> And here the bracelet of the truest princess
> That ever swore her faith.
> *Post.* Kneel not to me;
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you: Live,
> And deal with others better.
> *Cym.* Nobly doom'd:
> We learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
> Pardon's the word to all."

OTHELLO.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Othello.

On the 6th of October, 1621, Thomas Walkley entered at Stationers' Hall "The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice." In 1622 Walkley published the edition for which he had thus claimed the copy. It is, as was usual with the separate plays, a small quarto, and it bears the following title:—"The Tragœdy of Othello, the Moore of Venice. As it hath beene diverse times acted at the Globe, and at the Black-Friars, by his Majesties Servants. Written by William Shakespeare." It contains, also, a prefatory address, which is curious:—"The Stationer to the Reader. To set forth a book without an Epistle were like to the old English proverb, *a blue coat without a badge;* and the author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of work upon me: to commend it I will not: for that which is good, I hope every man will commend, without entreaty: and I am the bolder, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave it to the general censure. Yours, Thomas Walkley."

"The Tragedie of Othello, the Moore of Venice," commences on page 310 of the Tragedies in the first folio collection. It extends to page 339; and after it follow Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline. It is not entered at Stationers' Hall by the proprietors of the folio edition, which affords some presumption that Walkley was legally entitled to his copy. But it is by no means certain to our minds that Walkley's edition was published before the folio. The usual date of that edition is, as our readers know, 1623; but there is a copy in existence bearing the date of 1622. We have, however, no doubt that the copy of Othello in the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, without reference to the quarto; for there are typographical errors in the folio, arising, no doubt, from illegibility in the manuscript, which would certainly have been avoided had the copy been compared with an edition printed from another manuscript. The fair inference, therefore, is, that the Othello of the folio was printed off before the quarto of 1622 appeared. Had it been the last play in the book, we should have retained the same opinion from internal evidence. As two plays succeed it in the volume, we are strengthened in the belief that the original quarto and folio editions were printing at one and the same time.

Steevens and Malone, without regard to these circumstances, speak of the quarto edition of Othello as the first edition—the more ancient copy—and make it the basis of their text instead of the folio. They have, in our opinion, not allowed sufficient importance to the fact that the editors of the folio explicitly declare that those plays which have been printed before the folio are in that edition offered to the reader's view "cured, and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their numbers as he (Shakspere) conceived them;" and, further, they have resolved to overlook their affirmation that they printed from manuscript:—"What he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." The stationer who publishes the quarto copy tells us that the author is dead, and that he has ventured to print the play; but he does not tell from what copy he printed it, nor how he obtained the copy. In some cases, such as The Merchant of Venice and The Midsummer Night's Dream, the quarto and the folio editions vary so slightly, that we can scarcely doubt that each was printed from the author's unaltered copy. In the case before us the differences are most startling. The folio edition is regularly divided into acts and scenes; the quarto edition has not a single indication of any subdivision in the acts, and omits the division between Acts II. and III. The folio edition contains 163 lines which are not found in the quarto, and these some of the most striking in the play, namely, 35 in Act I.; 6 in Act II.; 20 in Act III.; 75 in Act IV.; and 27 in Act V.: the number of lines found in the quarto which are not in the folio do not amount to ten. After the most careful examination, but without the slightest doubt, we have adopted the text of the folio, setting forth in our foot-notes every deviation from the current text. We venture to think that in some remarkable instances we have restored Shakspere to what he really was. With an old author it sometimes happens as with an old picture—what is genuine lies beneath dirt and varnish. There is a quarto edition of 1630, which differs in some readings from both of the previous editions, but which is generally held as of no value.

The date of the first production of Othello is settled as nearly as we can desire it to be. The play certainly belongs to the most vigorous period of Shakspere's intellect—"at its very point of culmination." Chalmers, upon the very questionable belief that the expression *new heraldry* refers to the creation by James I. of the order of baronets, gave it to 1614; Malone, in the early editions of his "Essay," to 1611; Drake, to 1612. In the later edition of Malone's "Essay," published by Boswell in 1821, Malone says, without any explanation, "*We know* it was acted in 1604, and I have therefore placed it in that year." Mr. Peter Cunningham confirms this, by having found an entry in the Revels at Court of a performance of Othello in 1604. Mr. Collier has attempted to place it two years earlier, upon the authority of detailed accounts preserved at Bridgewater House, in the handwriting of Sir Arthur Mainwaring, of the expenses incurred by Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards Lord Ellesmere, in entertaining Queen Elizabeth and her court three days at Harefield. Amongst the entries in these accounts is the following:—

"6 Aug. 1602. Rewardes to the Vaulters Players and Dauncers.
Of this £10 to Burbidge's players of Othello 64 18

Without venturing an opinion ourselves, we are bound to observe that Mr. Grant White says, "This document, which will be found reprinted in full at p. 342 of 'The Egerton Papers,' edited by Mr. Collier, and published by the Camden Society, is one of those, his discovery of which at Bridgewater House, Mr. Collier announced in 1835; and all of which, with one exception, have been pronounced forgeries by various competent authorities." Mr. Staunton also decides that "the extract in question is of no historical value."

Supposed Source of the Plot.

Of the novel of Cinthio, "Il Moro di Venezia," from which the general notion of Othello was unquestionably derived, we give an extract in our Supplementary Notice. It is not improbable that the tale is of Oriental origin; for the revenge of the Moor, as described by Cinthio, is of that fierce and barbarous character which is akin to the savage manner in which supposed incontinence is

revenged amongst the Arabs. The painfully affecting tale of the "Three Apples," in "The Thousand and One Nights," is an example of this; and, further, there is a similarity between the stolen apple and the stolen handkerchief. The malignity of the slave in the Arabian tale, too, is almost as motiveless as that of Iago. We extract the main incidents of the tale from the beautiful translation of Mr. Lane:—

"Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that this damsel was my wife, and the daughter of my uncle; this sheykh was her father, and is my uncle. I married her when she was a virgin, and God blessed me with three male children by her; and she loved me and served me, and I saw in her no evil. At the commencement of this month she was attacked by a severe illness, and I brought to her the physicians, who attended her until her health returned to her; and I desired them to send her to the bath; but she said to me, I want something before I enter the bath, for I have a longing for it. What is it? said I. She answered, I have a longing for an apple, to smell it, and take a bite from it. So I went out immediately into the city, and searched for the apple, and would have bought it had its price been a piece of gold; but I could find not one. I passed the next night full of thought, and when the morning came I quitted my house again, and went about to all the gardens, one after another, yet I found none in them. There met me, however, an old gardener, of whom I inquired for the apple, and he said to me, O my son, this is a rare thing, and not to be found here, nor anywhere excepting in the garden of the Prince of the Faithful at El-Basrah, and preserved there for the Khaleefeh. I returned therefore to my wife, and my love for her so constrained me that I prepared myself and journeyed fifteen days, by night and day, in going and returning, and brought her three apples, which I purchased of the gardener at El-Basrah for three pieces of gold; and, going in, I handed them to her; but she was not pleased by them, and left them by her side. She was then suffering from a violent fever, and she continued ill during a period of ten days.

"After this she recovered her health, and I went out and repaired to my shop, and sat there to sell and buy; and while I was thus occupied, at mid-day there passed by me a black slave, having in his hand an apple, with which he was playing; so I said to him, Whence didst thou get this apple, for I would procure one like it?—upon which he laughed, and answered, I got it from my sweetheart: I had been absent, and came and found her ill, and she had three apples; and she said to me, My unsuspecting husband journeyed to El-Basrah for them, and bought them for three pieces of gold; and I took this apple from her. When I heard the words of the slave, O Prince of the Faithful, the world became black before my face, and I shut up my shop, and returned to my house, deprived of my reason by excessive rage. I found not the third apple, and said to her, Where is the apple? she answered, I know not whither it is gone. I was convinced thus that the slave had spoken the truth, and I arose, and took a knife, and, throwing myself upon her bosom, plunged the knife into her; I then cut off her head and limbs, and put them in the basket in haste, and covered them with the izár, over which I laid a piece of carpet; then I put the basket in the chest, and, having locked this, conveyed it on my mule, and threw it with my own hands into the Tigris."

Period of the Action, and Locality.

The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus in 1471, when the state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III., of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first act must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakspere must have known, when in the second scene of the third act he says—

"I will be walking on the *works*."

Costume.

The general costume of Venice, both male and female, as well as the official habits of the Doge and senators, at the close of the sixteenth century, having been described in the prefatory notice to The Merchant of Venice, we have now but to speak of the military costume of the republic at that period, to which also belongs the tragedy of Othello.

To commence with its dusky hero. To decide on the habit proper to this character it must first be ascertained whether Othello is a *Christian* or a *Mohammedan*. His marriage with a lady of the former persuasion would be alone sufficient to prove that he had renounced the creed of his ancestors, had we not the express testimony of Iago as to the fact:—

> "And then for her,
> To win the Moor—were 't to renounce *his baptism*,
> *All seals and symbols of redeemed sin*—
> His soul is so enfetter'd to her love," &c.—Act II. Sc. III.

The convert would indubitably put off his turban with his faith, and assume the dress of that republic whose religion he had adopted, and whose officer he had become, and from the commencement of the second act there can be neither doubt nor choice allowed on the subject, as the general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace his birth (and it was always a *foreigner* who was selected for that office, "lest," as Paulus Jovius says, "any one of their own countrymen might be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious"), assumed, on the day of his election, a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massy gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet, and the baton of office was of silver,* ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark. In Vecellio's often-quoted work there is a representation of the identical dress worn by Prince Veniero when he was raised to that dignity on the very occasion which Shakspere has selected for the like appointment of his "valiant Moor," namely, the Turkish war, A.D. 1570.

Another portrait of Prince Veniero is engraved in a work entitled "Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane," 4to. Ven. 1609, representing him in armour, but still wearing the mantle and bearing the baton aforesaid. In one part of the play, it may be remembered, Othello speaks of "his helm," and the last-mentioned portrait shows that *in absolute action* he would have worn the armour of the period, which was nearly the same all over Christian Europe. Howell states that "the ordinary garrison of the island (of Cyprus) was about 2,000 Italian foot, and some thousand recruits sent from the firm land with Martinenjo, &c. For *cavalry* there were but 500 Stradiots, which were upon the pay of the republic."† Of the "Italian foot" Vecellio gives us a specimen. His defensive armour consists of a back and breast plate, mail sleeves, and that peculiar species of head-piece called a morion.

The Stradiots (Estradiots, or Stratigari), mentioned by Howell, were Greek troops, first employed by the Venetians, and afterwards by Charles VIII. of France. Philip de Comines thus speaks of them:—"Estradiots sont gens comme Genetaires, vestus à pied et à cheval comme Turcs, sauf la teste, où ils ne portent cette toile qu'ils appellent turban, et sont durs gens, et couchent dehors tout l'an, et leurs chevaux; ils étoient tous Grecs," &c.—Liv. 8, c. 5.

"The lads of Cyprus"—"the very elements of that warlike isle"—may with great probability be supposed to have belonged to their body of Greek cavalry. Vecellio presents us with the costume of a "soldato disarmato," which would be that of Cassio and Iago when off guard. Its characteristics are the buff jerkin and the scarf of company. To the first it is that Cassio alludes when he says—

> "That thrust had been my enemy indeed,
> But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
> I will make proof of thine"—

and not to any "secret armour." The second was the only uniform then known amongst officers, who wore a silken scarf of the colours of the captain under whom they served,‡ the origin of the modern sash.

* "Portando in mano il baston d'argente."—*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590.

† Howell's Survey of the Signory of Venice. London, 1651.

‡ "A traverso del petto una banda di ormesino di diversa colori, secondo la divisa del suo capitano."—(*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590.) In a later edition, 1598, the hat is said to have been usually *white*—"la maggior parte di color argentino."

OTHELLO.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a senator; father to* Desdemona.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, *brother to* Brabantio.
LODOVICO, *kinsman to* Brabantio.
OTHELLO, *the Moor;*
CASSIO, *his lieutenant;*
IAGO, *his ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian gentleman.*

MONTANO, Othello's *predecessor in the government of Cyprus.*
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, *wife to* Othello.
EMILIA, *wife to* Iago.
BIANCA, *a courtezan.*

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*For the First Act in* VENICE; *during the rest of the Play at a seaport in* CYPRUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO *and* IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly[1]
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.
Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.[2]
Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd[3] to him: and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them; with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators. For, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer.[4]
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,[5]
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,

[1] The differences of the readings of the folio of 1623, which we adopt, with few exceptions, as our text, and those of the quarto of 1622, are so numerous, that it would be out of our power, without crowding our pages beyond all reasonable limits, to indicate every slight variation. The more important we shall, of course, point out; and the reader may rely that we have followed the folio in all minute deviations from the more commonly received text. The line to which this note belongs is an example of one, out of many, of these slight changes. It is ordinarily written—

"*Tush*, never tell me, I take it much unkindly."

The folio omits *tush*. Was this accidental? We think not. The reading,—

"Never tell *me*, I take it much unkindly,"—

is somewhat more in Roderigo's vein.

[2] Steevens writes these lines thus, after the quarto of 1622:—

"'Sblood, but you will not hear me;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me."

Steevens adds, "The folio suppresses this oath *'sblood;*" but he does not tell us what the folio does besides. It accommodates the rhythmical arrangement of the sentence to the suppression of the oath, giving the lines as we print them. This is certainly not the work of some botcher coming after the author. Such instances of right feeling and good taste, in the omission of offensive expressions, constantly occur throughout this play in the folio edition. In the quarto such offensive expressions are as constantly found. The modern editions cling to the quarto in this particular, upon the supposition that in the folio the passages were struck out of the copy by the Master of the Revels. The Master of the Revels must have been an exceedingly capricious person if he thus exercised his office in 1623 (the date of the folio), and thus neglected it in 1622 (the date of the quarto). We have not a doubt, seeing that the structure of the verse is always accommodated to the alteration, that every such change was made by the author of the play. It was not that the Master of the Revels was scrupulous in the use of his authority with the folio, and negligent with the quarto, but that both the quarto and the folio were printed at a period when the statute of 1604, for restraining the profane use of the sacred name in stage-plays, had fallen into neglect. But the quarto was printed from an early copy of the play, which existed before the statute came into operation. The folio contains the author's additions and corrections. This would be a sufficient reason, we think, if there were no other reason, for preferring the text of the folio in this as well as in other matters.

[3] *Off-capp'd.* So the folio; the quarto, "*oft* capp'd." The reading of the quarto was adopted by the variorum editors, and was used as an example of the antiquity of the academical phrase *to-cap*, meaning to take off the cap. We admit that the word *cap* is used in this sense by other early English authors; we have it in "Drant's Horace" (1567). But, we would ask, is *oft* capp'd supported by the context? As we read the whole passage, three great ones of the city wait upon Othello; they *off-capp'd*—they took cap-in-hand—in personal suit that he should make Iago his lieutenant; but he evades them, &c. He has already chosen his officer. Here is a scene painted in a manner well befitting both the dignity of the great ones of the city and of Othello himself. The audience was given, the solicitation was humbly made, the reasons for refusing it courteously assigned. But take the other reading, *oft* capp'd; and then we have Othello perpetually haunted by the three great ones of the city, capping to him and repeating to him the same prayer, and he perpetually denying them with the same bombast circumstance. Surely this is not what Shakspere meant to represent.

[4] These lines, following the quarto, are ordinarily printed thus:—

"But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;
And in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; for, certes, says he,
I have already chose my officer."

Circumstance is circumlocution. The passage, as it appears to us, has been entirely mistaken. Iago does not mean to say that Othello made a long rigmarole speech to the three great ones, and then in conclusion nonsuited the mediators by telling them he had already chosen his officer. But, in the spirit of calumny, he imputes to Othello that, having chosen his officer before the personal suit was made to him for Iago, he suppressed the fact; evaded the mediators; and nonsuited them with a bombast circumstance. We follow the punctuation of the folio, which distinctly separates *for, certes, says he*, from *nonsuits my mediators*. Othello, according to Iago's calumnious assertion, says the truth only to himself.

[5] *A Florentine.* "It appears," says Hanmer, "from many passages of this play, rightly understood, that Cassio was a Florentine, and Iago a Venetian." We may as well dispose of this question at once, to avoid the repetition in subsequent notes. Iago here calls Cassio a Florentine. But there are some who maintain that Cassio was not therefore a Florentine. It is not to be forgotten that Iago, throughout the whole course of his extraordinary character, is represented as utterly regardless of the differences between truth and falsehood. The most absolute lie,—the half-lie,—the truth in the way of telling it distorted into a lie, are the instruments with which Iago constantly works. This ought to be borne in mind with reference to his assertion that Cassio was a Florentine. But in the second act we find, in the modern editions, the following lines spoken by a gentleman of Cyprus:—

"The ship is here put in.
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore."

Here the ship is the Veronesé. But, although the text looks plausible, the editors stumble at it because *Verona is an inland city*. They settle it, however, in the usual way, by saying that Shakspere knew nothing of the topography of Italy. But the original quarto and folio each agree in the punctuation of the passage:—

"The ship is here put in
A Veronessa, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come ashore."

Here Cassio is the Veronesé. But we retain the word *Veronessa*, because we apprehend that it must be taken as a feminine, and as such applicable to the ship, and we alter the punctuation accordingly. The city of Verona, subject to Venice, might furnish ships to the Republic. In the third act Cassio, when Iago is proffering his services to him, says—

"I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest."

One meaning of his words is, that Iago being a Florentine, Cassio never knew one of that country more kind and honest. The other meaning is, that Cassio never knew even a Florentine, even one of his own countrymen, more kind and honest.

Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,
Wherein the tongued[1] consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election.
And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christen'd[2] and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd[3]
By debitor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I,—bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancient.
Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For naught but provender; and when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor I would not be Iago.
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In complement extern,[4] 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune does the Thick-lips[a] owe,
If he can carry 't thus![5]
Iago. Call up her father,
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such chances[6] of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.
Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.
Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by night and negligence[7]) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.
Rod. What, hoa! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, hoa!
Iago. Awake; what, hoa! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, *above.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are your doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, you are robb'd; for shame[8] put on your gown;
Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.
Bra. What, have you lost your wits?
Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is Roderigo.
Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
(Being full of supper and distempering draughts,)
Upon malicious knavery,[9] dost thou come
To start my quiet.[b]
Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—
Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good sir.
Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[10]
Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.
Iago. Sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter

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This is Malone's interpretation; and "Iago," he adds, "is a Venetian," because he says, speaking of Desdemona,—

"I know our country disposition well;"

and again, calls Roderigo, of *Venice*, his *countryman*. These assertions, be it again observed, rest upon the authority of Iago, the liar. We do not, however, think that it is proved, as Tieck maintains, that Iago is the Florentine, and Cassio the Veronese; but we distinctly agree with him that Iago meant to speak disparagingly of Cassio when he called him a Florentine. He was an "arithmetician," a "countercaster," a native of a state whose inhabitants, pursuing the peaceful and gainful occupations of commerce, had armies of mercenaries. Cassio, for this reason, upon the showing of Iago, was one "that never set a squadron in the field." According to Tieck, this imputation of being a Florentine must solve the enigma of the next line—

"A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

But we are of opinion that it is not necessary to find any mystical meaning in these words, and that Iago distinctly refers to Bianca.

[1] *Tongued.* So the folio. The quarto gives us *toged.*

[2] *Christen'd.* In the quarto, *Christian.*

[3] *Be-lee'd and calm'd.* Iago uses terms of navigation to express that Cassio had out-sailed him.

[4] *In complement extern.* Johnson interprets this—"In that which I do only for an outward show of civility." Surely this interpretation, by adopting the secondary meaning of *complement* (compliment), destroys Iago's bold avowal, which is, that when his actions exhibit the real intentions and motives of his heart *in outward completeness*, he might as well wear it upon his sleeve.

[5] This is ordinarily printed, following the quarto—

"What a *full* fortune does the thick-lips owe."

This is simply, *how fortunate he is.* The reading of the folio, which we adopt, conveys a much more Shaksperian idea. If the Moor can carry it thus—appoint his own officer, in spite of the great ones of the city who capp'd to him, and, moreover, can secure Desdemona as his prize—he is so puffed up with his own pride and purposes, and is so successful, that *fortune owes him a heavy fall.* To *owe* is used by Shakspere not only in the ancient sense of to *own*, to *possess*, but in the modern sense of *to be indebted to, to hold or possess for another.* Fortune here owes the thick-lips a fall, in the same way that we say, "He owes him a good or an evil turn." The reading which we adopt is very much in Shakspere's manner of throwing out a hint of coming calamities. The commentators do not even notice this reading.

[6] *Chances.* The quarto reads *changes*, which most have adopted. When Roderigo suggests that fortune owes Othello a fall, Iago eagerly jumps at the *chances of vexation*, which the alarm of Desdemona's father may bring upon him.

[7] We adopt the parenthetical punctuation of the folio, which, if it had been followed, might have saved the discussion as to Shakspere's carelessness in making the fire *spied* "by night and negligence."

[8] *For shame.* This is not used as a reproach, but means—*for decency* put on your gown.

[9] *Knavery.* The quarto, *bravery.*

[10] *Grange.* Strictly speaking, the farmhouse of a monastery. But it is used by the old writers as a separate dwelling, as in Spenser:—

"Ne have the watery fowls a certain *grange*
Wherein to rest."

Shakspere, in Measure for Measure, gives the feeling of *loneliness* (which Brabantio here expresses) in a few words:—"At the moated *grange* resides this dejected Mariana." (See Illustrations to Measure for Measure, Act III., vol. i. p. 378.)

covered with a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews[1] neigh to you: you'll have coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer. I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer anything. But I beseech you,
If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent,
(As partly I find it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,[2]
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,[c]
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant[3] and wheeling stranger,
Of here and everywhere: Straight satisfy yourself
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, hoa
Give me a taper; call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already:
Light, I say! light! [*Exit from above.*

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,
(However this may gall him with some check,)
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act,) that for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittary[4] the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, *and* Servants, *with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time
Is naught but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me[5]
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most;—Get weapons, hoa!
And raise some special officers of night.[6]—
On, good Roderigo. I will deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Attendants *with torches.*

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff[7] o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.[8]

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour,
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,[9]
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As double as the duke's:[10] he will divorce you;
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law (with all his might to enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signiory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege;[11] and my demerits
May speak, unbonneted,[12] to as proud a fortune

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[1] *Nephews.* The word was formerly used to signify a grandson, or any lineal descendant. In Richard III. (Act IV. Sc. I.) the Duchess of York calls her grand-daughter *niece. Nephew* here is the Latin *nepos.*

[2] The seventeen lines beginning, "If 't be your pleasure," are not found in the quarto of 1622. We cannot, therefore, consult that quarto here, as in other instances, when a doubtful reading occurs. We have two difficulties here. First, what is the *odd-even* of the night? It is explained to be the interval between twelve at night and one in the morning. But then, secondly, an auxiliary verb is wanting to the proper construction of the sentence; and Capell would read, "*be* transported." We can only give the passage as we find it.

[3] In this passage conjecture has been busy. Some of the commentators propose to change *tying* to *laying*, and *In* to *On*. Mr. Collier, after the Corrector of his folio of 1632, alters *wheeling* to *wheedling*. We say *wrapped in him;* why not, then, *tied in him?* As to *wheedling*, it is wholly inappropriate as applied to Othello. Roderigo says she is gone off with a stranger—an erratic and shifting man, that will have no fit home for her.

[4] *The Sagittary.* This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspere had looked upon that sculpture.

[5] The quarto reads, *Thou deceiv'st me.*

[6] *Officers of night.* So the quarto. The folio reads "officers of *might*." Malone has given a quotation from the "Commonwealth of Venice," a translation from the Italian, printed in 1599, from which it appears that, the city being divided into six tribes, each tribe furnished an officer of the night, "to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and serjeants."

[7] *Stuff*—matter, material. The stuff of the conscience is the very substance of the conscience.

[8] Iago is preparing Othello for the appearance of Roderigo with Brabantio, which he does by representing that Roderigo has communicated to him his intention to apprise Desdemona's father of her flight, and that he resented his expressions towards Othello.

[9] The quarto reads, *for be sure of this.*

[10] *As double as the duke's.* Most of the editors give this a literal construction, supposing that Shakspere adopted the popular though incorrect notion, that the doge had two voices in the senate. Capell calls *as double* a Greecism, signifying *as large*, as extensive. It is clear that Shakspere did not take the phrase in a literal sense; for, if he had supposed that the duke had a double voice as duke, he would not have assigned the same privilege to the senator Brabantio.

[11] *Siege.* The quarto reads *height.* A *siege* royal was a throne, an elevated seat. We have in Spenser—

"A stately *siege* of sovereign majesty."

[12] *Unbonneted.* Theobald says to speak unbonneted is to speak with the cap off, which is directly opposed to the poet's meaning. Mr. Fuseli suggested an ingenious explanation, that as at Venice the cap or bonnet constituted an important distinction, so the demerits of Othello might speak for themselves without any extrinsic honours. *Demerits* is used in the sense of *merits*, *mereo* and *demereo* being synonymous in Latin. We have the same words in Coriolanus:—

"Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius."

As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused[1] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth.[2] But, look! what lights come yond?

Enter CASSIO, *at a distance, and certain* Officers *with torches.*

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends:
You were best go in.
Oth. Not I: I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By Janus, I think no.
Oth. The servants of the duke; and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat. The galleys
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls,[3] rais'd and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;[4]
If it prove lawful prize he's made for ever.
Cas. I do not understand.
Iago. He's married.
Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
Oth. Have with you.
Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers *with torches.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Hola! stand there!
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
Iago. You, Roderigo! Come, sir, I am for you.
Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
(If she in chains of magic were not bound,[5])
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled dearling[6] of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear,[7] not to delight.
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That weaken motion:[8]—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To answer this your charge?
Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.
Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?
Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure is sent for.
Bra. How! the duke in council?
In this time of the night?—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council Chamber.*

The DUKE, *and* Senators, *sitting;* Officers *attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.
Duke. And mine, a hundred forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases where the aim reports,[9]
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,

---

[1] Johnson explains *unhoused*, free from domestic cares. Whalley says that Othello, talking as a soldier, means that he has no settled habitation. Mr. Hunter ("Disquisition on the Tempest") points out that Shakspere "Italianates" in the use of the word *unhoused*, which, he adds, "to an English ear suggests nothing that a man would not willingly resign; but it would be different with an Italian." It appears to us that Othello had expressed no satisfaction at having been houseless, but that he simply uses *unhoused* for *unmarried*. The *husband* is the head or *band* of the *house*—the unmarried is the *unhouse-banded*, the *unhoused*.

[2] So in Henry V., Act I. Sc. II.:—

"As rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries."

[3] *Consuls.* In the first scene we have "the tongued consuls." Doubtless the senators are meant in both passages.

[4] *Carack*—a vessel of heavy burden.

[5] This line is wanting in the quarto.

[6] *Dearling.* So in the folio, using the old Saxon word *dearling* in a plural sense. The quarto has *darlings*.

[7] *To fear.* Brabantio calls Othello a thing to terrify, not to delight.

[8] So the folio. The passage in which the word *weaken* occurs, beginning at "Judge me the world," and ending at "palpable to thinking," is not found in the quarto. The commentators, therefore, change *weaken* to *waken*, which they elucidate by three pages of notes, which are neither satisfactory in a critical point of view, nor edifying in a moral one.

[9] *The aim reports. Aim* is used in the sense of *conjecture*, as in The Tw Gentlemen of Verona:—

"But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err."

But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
Sailor. [*Within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.
Duke. Now? the business?
Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;[d]
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.[1]
Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.
Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1 *Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?
Mess. Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.
Marcus Luccicos,[2] is not he in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from us to him, post—post-haste, despatch.[3]
1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior:
[*To* BRABANTIO.
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.
Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.
Duke. Why, what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! O, my daughter!

Sen. Dead?
Bra. Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,[4]
Sans witchcraft could not—
Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,[e]
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.
All. We are very sorry for 't.
Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
[*To* OTHELLO.
Bra. Nothing, but this is so.
Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft[5] phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted,[6] they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter.[7]
Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself: and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.
Duke. To vouch this is no proof;
Without more wider[8] and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.
1 *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?
Oth. I do beseech you,

---

[1] The preceding seven lines are only found in the folio.
[2] *Marcus Luccicos.* Both the folio and the quarto give this proper name thus. Capell changed it to *Marcus Lucchesé*, saying that such a termination as *Luccicos* is unknown in the Italian. But who is the duke inquiring after? Most probably a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information. Is it necessary that the Greek should bear an Italian name? And does not the termination in *cos* better convey the notion which we believe the poet to have had?
[3] This is ordinarily printed after the quarto—

"Write from us; *wish* him post-post-haste: despatch."

[4] This line is wanting in the quarto.
[5] *Soft.* The quarto, *set.* We have a similar use of the word *soft* in Coriolanus:—

"Say to them,
Thou art their *soldier*, and, being bred in broils,
Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use."

[6] He had been unemployed during nine months.
[7] See note in Cymbeline, Act V. Sc. V., p. 209.
[8] *Wider.* The quarto, *certain.*

T. VERT

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,[1]
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.
Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.
Oth. Ancient, conduct them: you best know the place.
[*Exeunt* Iago *and* Attendants.
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,[2]
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.
Duke. Say it, Othello.
Oth. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortune,[3]
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance. In my traveller's history,[4]
(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,[5]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,) such was my process;—
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow[6] beneath their shoulders.[f] These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively:[7] I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:[8]
She swore,[9]—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man:[10] she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, *and* Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
Des. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you, I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;—
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess,
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you!—I have done:—
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers.[11]
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear

[1] This line is wanting in the quarto.

[2] This line is also wanting in the quarto.

[3] The reading of the folio is—*battle, sieges, fortune.*

[4] *Traveller's history.* Othello modestly, and somewhat jocosely, calls his wonderful relations *a traveller's history*—a term by which the marvellous stories of the Lithgows and Coryats were wont to be designated in Shakspere's day. This is enfeebled by the quarto into *travel's history.* We have ventured to change the punctuation of the text, for the ordinary reading is certainly unintelligible. We subjoin that reading as it is found in the current editions:—

> "Of my redemption thence,
> And portance in my travel's history:
> Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
> It was my hint to speak, such was the process."

[5] *Idle*—sterile, barren. Pope reads *wild*, which he found in the second folio; and Gifford somewhat peevishly defends that reading in a note on Ben Jonson's "Sejanus."

[6] *Do grow*, as in the quarto; the folio, *grew.*

[7] *Intentively.* So the quarto; the folio reads *instinctively*—a decided typographical error. This and a few other errors of the same sort, which are corrected by reference to the text of the quarto, prove that the folio was printed from a manuscript copy, and printed most probably before the publication of the quarto; for had it been consulted, these mistakes would not have occurred.

[8] So in the quarto; the folio, *kisses.*

[9] *She swore.* Steevens has a most extraordinary note upon this expression. He discovered, in Whitaker's "Vindication of Mary Queen of Scotts," that to aver upon faith and honour was called swearing. He had previously considered that Desdemona had come out with a good round oath—a bold and masculine oath, as he calls it—and, having this impression, he had often condemned the passage "as one among many proofs of Shakspere's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female conversation!"

[10] Tieck says that Eschenburg has fallen into the mistake of translating this passage as if Desdemona had wished that heaven had made such a man *for* her, instead of wishing that heaven had created *her* as brave as the hero to whose story she had given "a world of sighs." We are not sure that Eschenburg is wrong.

[11] The quarto adds, *into your favour.*

That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.[1]
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you: And though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize[2]
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place, and exhibition;
With such accommodation, and besort,
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why; at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I. I would not there reside,[3]
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;[4]
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I love the Moor to live with him,[5]
My downright violence and storm[6] of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rights for why I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Let her have your voice.
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,[7]
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me defunct and proper satisfaction;)[8]
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant,
When she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument,[9]
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

1 *Sen.* You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.[10]

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
And such things else of quality and respect
As doth import you.

Oth. So please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
[*To* BRABANTIO.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;[11]
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, Senators, Officers, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith! Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I prithee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live when to live is torment: and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

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[1] *Pierced.* Steevens, accepting this literally, says, "The consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no ways be cured without *piercing*—letting it out." Warburton proposed to read *pieced.* Spenser has—

"Her words . . .
Which passing through the ears would *pierce the heart.*"
Fairy Queen, book iv. c. 8.

Pierced is not here used by Spenser in the sense of *wounded*, but simply *penetrated*, which is probably the meaning of the text.

[2] *Agnize*—confess, acknowledge.

[3] So the quarto; the folio, *Nor would I there reside.*

[4] *Your prosperous ear.* The quarto reads, *a gracious ear.*

[5] The quarto reads, "That I *did* love the Moor." But her love remains, and the word *did*, though it assists the rhythm, enfeebles the sense.

[6] *Storm* in the folio; *scorn* in the quarto, which Mr. Dyce thinks right.

[7] So the folio. The quarto reads—

"Your voices, lords, beseech you let her will
Have a free way, I therefore beg it not," &c.

The modern editions give us a made-up text of the folio and the quarto, altogether one of the worst modes of emendation.

[8] This passage, Steevens says, will prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy. In the original it stands thus:—

"Nor to comply with heats the young affects
In *my* defunct and proper satisfaction."

Upton suggested the change of *my* to *me*, and the parenthetical punctuation.

[9] The reading of the quarto is—

"No, when light-wing'd toys,
And feather'd Cupid *foils* with wanton dulness,
My speculative and *active instruments*."

The modern editors have made up a text between the quarto and the folio. They reject the *foils* of the quarto, and adopt the *seel* of the folio; while they substitute the *active* of the quarto for the *offic'd* of the folio. Having accomplished this hocus-pocus, they tell us that speculative instruments are the eyes, and active instruments the hands and feet; that to *seel* is to close the eyelids of a bird, which applies very probably to the speculative instruments, but that *foils* better suits the active. It is their own work that they are quarrelling with, and not that of the author. Either reading is good, if they had let it alone. The speculative and *active instruments*, which are *foiled*, are the thoughts and the senses; the speculative and *offic'd instrument*, which is *seeled*, is *the whole man* in meditation and in action. When the poet adopted the more expressive word *seel*, he did not leave the ugly anomaly which the commentators have made. He took the whole man as an instrument, spiritual and material, and metaphorically seeled the perceptions of that instrument.

[10] The reading of the quarto, which the variorum editors did not hesitate to follow, is—

"And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.
Des. To-night, my lord?
Duke. This night.
Oth. With all my heart."

It appears to us that the careful rejection of the speech of Desdemona was a great improvement in the folio.

[11] The quarto reads—*have a quick eye to see.*

Rod. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect[1] or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness. I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour[2] with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice. Therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring[3] barbarian and super-subtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money: I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

[*Rod.* What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.]

Rod. [I am changed.] I'll sell all my land.

Iago. [Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.][4] [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well:
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will;
In double knavery,—How? how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in* Cyprus.

Enter MONTANO *and Two* Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven[5] and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?[6] what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden[7] billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,[8]
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On th' enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

A sect—what we now call in horticulture a *cutting*.

Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance.

[3] *Erring*—used in the same sense as *extravagant* in a previous scene.

[4] The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

Heaven. The quarto reads *haven*, which Malone adopts, because he objects to "hyperbolical language in the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question." It is well when some reason is given for spoiling poetry. When Shakspere wrote this passage, and when he made the Clown in the Winter's Tale say, "Between the sea and the firmament, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point," the poetry of the image was equally preserved, though the expression was modified by the characters of the speakers.

[6] *Mortise*—the hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the tenon of another.

[7] *Chidden.* The quarto *chiding*, which the variorum editors adopted without noticing *chidden*. How weak is the *chiding* billow *pelting* the clouds! but the billow *chidden* by the blast is full of beauty.

[8] *Mane.* In the folio this word is spelt *maine;* in the quarto, *mayne*. In each the spelling of *main* in the third line of this scene is the same. But we have ventured to reject this consistency of orthography, and for the first time to print the word *mane*. For what is "high and monstrous *main?*" We use the word *main* elliptically for the main sea, the great sea, as Shakspere uses it in the passage "'twixt the heaven and the main." The main is the *ocean*. Substitute that word, and what can we make of the passage before us?—"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *ocean*." But adopt the word *mane*, and it appears to us that we have as fine an image as any in Shakspere. It is more striking even than the passage in Henry IV.—

> "In the visitation of the winds,
> Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
> *Curling* their monstrous heads."

In the *high and monstrous mane* we have a picture which was probably suggested by the noble passage in Job—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his *neck* with thunder?" One of the biblical commentators upon this passage remarks that Homer and Virgil mention the mane of the horse; but that the sacred author, by the bold figure of thunder, expresses the *shaking of the mane* and the *flakes of hair*, which suggest the idea of lightning. The horse of Job is the war-horse, "who swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage;" and when Shakspere pictured to himself his *mane* wildly streaming, "when the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield," he saw an image of the fury of "the wind-shak'd surge," and its very form; and he painted it "with high and monstrous *mane*." Our arguments have prevailed, and recent editors have thrown overboard the *main* of Steevens, Malone, and Company, and have quietly adopted our *mane*, without the slightest acknowledgment.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lads![1] our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wrack[2] and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.
Mon. How! is this true?
3 *Gent.* The ship is here put in,
A Veronessa: Michael Cassio,[3]
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3 *Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.
Mon. 'Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side,—hoa!
As well to see the vessel that's come in
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aërial blue,
An indistinct regard.
3 *Gent.* Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike isle,[4]
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!
Mon. Is he well shipp'd?
Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.[5]
[*Within.*] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?
4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.
Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.
2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
[*Guns heard.*
Our friends, at least.
Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
2 *Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*
Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.[6]—How now? who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.
Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd[7] to enclog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal[8] natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
Mon. What is she?
Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,[9]
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
[And bring all Cyprus comfort!][10]—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

The riches of the ship is[11] come on shore!
You men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!
Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
Des. O, but I fear—How lost you company?
Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But hark! a sail.
[*Cry within*, "A sail! a sail!" *Then guns heard.*
2 *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.—
[*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[*To* EMILIA.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*
Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.
Des. Alas, she has no speech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list[12] to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

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[1] *Lads.* The quarto, *lords.*

[2] *Wrack.* Mr. Hunter ("Disquisition on the Tempest") has with great propriety suggested the restoration of the old word *wrack* to Shakspere's text instead of *wreck.* He observes that we still use the familiar phrase "wrack and ruin;" and he asks, upon the principle of substituting *wreck*, what are we to do with this couplet of Lucrece?—

"O this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack!*"

[3] See note on Act I. Sc. I.

[4] The reading of the quarto is—

"Thanks *to* the valiant of *this worthy* isle."

[5] Dr. Johnson proposed to alter this passage, saying that he could not understand "how hope can be surfeited to death, that is, can be increased till it be destroyed." As "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," so hope upon hope, without realisation, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being "surfeited to death."

[6] So the folio, or rather, *ingeniuer.* The quarto reads, *Does bear all excellency.* Johnson says that the reading of the folio is the best reading, *and that which the author substituted in his revisal.* The text of the folio presents no difficulty when we understand the word *ingener.* The word *engine* is so called "because not made without great effort (*ingenii*) of genius, of ingenuity, of contrivance."—(Richardson.) The *ingener*, then, is the contriver by ingenuity—the designer—and here applied to a poet is almost literally the Greek ποιητής—*maker.* Daniell uses the word *ingeniate* in the sense of *to contrive;* Ben Jonson, *ingine* for understanding.

[7] *Ensteep'd.* Steevens here complains of the confusion of Shakspere's metaphorical expressions. But what confusion is here? Rocks and sands are *beneath the water*, as the critic might have learned from Gay's ballad; and what is beneath the water is *steep'd* in the water. The identical word thus applied is in Spenser ("Fairy Queen," b. i. c. 2):—

"Now 'gan the golden Phœbus for *to steep*
His fiery face in billows of the west."

[8] *Mortal*—deadly.

[9] The editors have for once adopted an improved line from the folio. The quarto has—

"And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms."

[10] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

[11] *Riches* is used as a singular noun in the Eighty-seventh Sonnet:—

"And for *that riches* where is my deserving?"

List in the quarto; *leave* in the folio.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.
Iago. Come on, come on: you are pictures out of door;
Bells in your parlours; wild cats in your kitchens;
Saints in your injuries; devils being offended;
Players in your huswifery; and huswives in your beds.[1]
Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!
Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.
Emil. You shall not write my praise.
Iago. No, let me not.
Des. What wouldst write of me if thou shouldst praise me?
Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing if not critical.
Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?
Iago. Ay, madam.
Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?
Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize,—
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.[2]
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?
Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
Des. Worse and worse.
Emil. How, if fair and foolish?
Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair:
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.
Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.
Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself.
Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud:
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—now I may;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;[3]
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, if ever such wights[4] were—
Des. To do what?
Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.
Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal[5] counsellor?
Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.[6] You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good! well kissed, and excellent courtesy![7] 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.
Cas. 'Tis truly so.
Des. Let 's meet him, and receive him.
Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and* Attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior![8]
Des. My dear Othello!
Oth. It gives me wonder great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs[9] that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*
Oth. Come; let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?[10]
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
[*Exeunt* Oth., Des., *and* Attend.
Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither.[11] If thou be'st valiant, (as they say, base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them,) list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

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[1] These lines are printed as prose in the folio, but are arranged as we give them in the quarto. The sentiments are an amplification of some proverbial slanders which were current in Shakspere's day.
[2] These lines are also printed as prose in the folio.
[3] "To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail" is to exchange the more delicate fare for the coarser. In the Household Book of Queen Elizabeth it is directed that "the master cooks shall have to fee all the salmon's tails."
[4] *Wights.* The quarto, *wight.*
[5] *Liberal*—licentious.
[6] The quarto reads, *I will catch you in your own courtesies. Courtship* is used for paying courtesies, as in Richard II.:—

"Observ'd his *courtship* to the common people."

[7] *Courtesy.* Johnson has an extraordinary note upon this:—"Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtsies." A *courtesy, courtsy, curtsy,* was anciently used for any courteous mode of demeanour, and not, as Johnson receives it, as exclusively a female action. But he was betrayed into this mistake by the reading of the quarto—"Well kiss'd! *an* excellent *courtesy.*"

[8] The term *warrior* applied to a lady is somewhat startling. In the third act Desdemona says of herself, "Unhandsome *warrior* that I am." Steevens says that it was a term of endearment which we derive from the old French poets, and that Ronsard, in his sonnets, frequently calls the ladies *guerrières.* But we cannot avoid thinking that Othello playfully salutes his wife as a *warrior,* in compliment to her resolution not to

"be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war."

When Desdemona repeats the word in the third act, the name which her husband has given her may, in the same manner, be floating in her memory. We have no parallel use of the word in Shakspere.
[9] *Set down.* In the variorum editions this is *let down,* which is certainly the meaning of *set down.*
[10] The quarto reads—

"How do, our old acquaintance of the isle?"

In the folio *acquaintance* is used in the singular as a noun of multitude.
[11] *Thither.* The quarto reads *hither.*

Rod. With him! why 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging and telling her fantastical lies: To love him still for prating,—let not thy discreet heart think it.[1] Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does;—a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slipper and subtle knave;[2] a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most bless'd condition.

Iago. Bless'd fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have loved the Moor: Bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! When these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply,[3] may strike at you: Provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.[4]

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul,
Till I am even'd[5] with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace[6]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the right[7] garb,—
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter a Herald, *with a proclamation; People following.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere[8] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph: some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:[9] So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let 's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your earliest,[10]
Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue:
[*To* DESDEMONA.
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH., DES., *and* Attend.

---

[1] The quarto reads, *And will she love him still for prating?*

[2] The quarto reads, *A subtle slippery knave*, which some editors change into *a slippery and subtle knave*. Why, when they followed the folio in the arrangement of the words, could they not have retained the fine old adjective *slipper?*

[3] We find in the quarto, "Haply *with his truncheon* may strike at you."

[4] The quarto reads, "If *I* can bring it to any opportunity." But Roderigo is not one of those who relies upon himself; and the reading of the folio, "If *you* can bring it to any opportunity," is far more characteristic. Iago replies to this expression of reliance upon him, "I warrant thee."

[5] *Even'd.* The quarto, *even.*

[6] The reading of the quarto is—

> "If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *crush*
> For his quick hunting."

Crush is evidently a corruption, and is properly rejected. But why do the commentators reject the *trace* of the folio, substituting *trash?* Because they say *trace* is a corruption of *trash.* Now, on the contrary, the noun *trash* and the verb *trace* are used with perfect propriety. The *trash* is the thing *traced, put in traces*—confined—as an untrained worthless dog is held, and hence the present meaning of *trash.* There is a letter on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1763, which satisfactorily establishes the propriety of the word *trace.*

[7] *Right.* The quarto, *rank.*

[8] *Mere*—entire.

[9] *Nuptial.* The quarto, *nuptials.* The modern editors, in adopting *nuptials*, have departed from the usual phrase of Shakspere, as in Much Ado about Nothing: "This looks not like *a* nuptial."

[10] *With your earliest.* The quarto and folio both read *your* earliest, yet in the editions previous to our Pictorial we find *our earliest.* It is scarcely worth while to trace where this corruption originated.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock: Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, whom let us not therefore blame: he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup; I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too,—and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'll do it; but it dislikes me. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,[1]
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads[2] of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, hoa!

And let me the canakin clink, clink, [*Sings.*
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man; O man's life's but a span;[3]
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

Cas. 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, hoa!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite[4] in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,[a]
His breeches cost him but a crown,
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.[5]

Some wine, hoa!

Cas. Why this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.[6]

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this: let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and I speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;—
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction: and do but see his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,[7]
It drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo! [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* RODERIGO.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:

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[1] *Out.* The quarto, *outward.*
Lads in the quarto; in the folio, *else.*
[3] The quarto reads, *A life's but a span.*
[4] *Exquisite.* The quarto, *expert.*

[5] The folio—
"*And* take *thy* auld cloak about thee."
[6] The quarto omits "And there be souls must not be saved."
[7] Shakspere here adopts the English division of time, in which the day is divided into two portions of twelve hours each, *the double set* of the horologe.

I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?[1]

Enter CASSIO, *pursuing* RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!
Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.[2]
Rod. Beat me!
Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue?
[*Striking* RODERIGO.
Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;
[*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.
Cas. Drunk! [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* ROD., *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, hoa!—Lieutenant,—sir Montano,[3]—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*
Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, hoa!
The town will rise: Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold;
You'll be asham'd for ever.[4]

Enter OTHELLO *and* Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mon. I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.—He dies—[5]
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, hoa! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, hoa! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast[6]
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;
And, 'would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night;
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[7]
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loose me.[8]—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety![9]
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?
Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—This it is, general.
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help;
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report:—
But men are men: the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—
Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

[1] We here find in the quarto, *help, help within!* as a stage direction.
[2] *Twiggen bottle.* The quarto reads *wicker* bottle, which gives the explanation.
[3] *Sir Montano.* So both the old editions, not only here, but in a subsequent line. In all modern texts it is given as *Sir! Montano!* Iago is pretending to separate the lieutenant and Montano, but he is not familiar with Montano, the ex-governor, and he gives him a title of courtesy.
[4] The quarto, *You will be sham'd for ever*—a very different meaning.
[5] *He dies.* These words are not found in the quarto, the line there being eked out with *zounds!* Malone supposed that they were absurdly inserted as a stage direction. *He faints* is found as a stage direction in the quarto of 1630. In the folio we have "he dies" as a part of the speech of Montano. It is evident that, although Montano fancies himself hurt to the death, he is still ready to attack Cassio, as his words express, *he dies!* If he were to *faint* when he says "I am hurt to the death," why should Iago say—

"Hold, hoa! Lieutenant,—sir Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot—?"

[6] *One at other's.* All the variorum editions give this phrase properly; but in the smaller editions of the text it used to be *one at another's.* Typographical mistakes were formerly multiplied in every common edition.
[7] *Collied*—blackened, discoloured. The quarto reads *cooled*, evidently a mistake.
[8] *Loose me.* So both the original editions. In the modern editions it is printed *lose me;* the same word, certainly, but differently applied. By the employment of *lose* we destroy the force of "Though he had *twinn'd* with me."
[9] Malone reads—

"In night, and on the *court of guard* and safety."

Steevens and he have a great controversy about it; Malone contending that *court of guard* is a proper technical expression.

Making it light to Cassio :—Cassio, I love thee ;
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up ;—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter, dear ?

Oth. All's well, sweeting.
Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts,
Myself will be your surgeon : Lead him off.
[*To* MONTANO, *who is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town ;
And silence those whom this vile broil distracted.
Come, Desdemona : 'tis the soldiers' life
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had received some bodily wound ; there is more sense [1] in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving : You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man ! there are ways to recover the general again : You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice ; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion : sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk ? and speak parrot ? and squabble ? swagger ? swear ? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow ? [2]—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil !

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword ? What had he done to you ?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is 't possible

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly ; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains ! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause,[3] transform ourselves into beasts !

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough : How came you thus recovered ?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness, to give place to the devil wrath : one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler : As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen ; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again ; he shall tell me I am a drunkard ! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast ! O strange ! —Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

[1] *Sense.* The quarto reads *offence.* The *sense* of a wound is its *sensibility.*
[2] This most expressive sentence, from *drunk* to *shadow,* is not found in the quarto.
[3] The quarto reads, *joy, revel, pleasure, and applause.* We are glad to "recover" *pleasance.*

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk !

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general :—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement [4] of her parts and graces :—confess yourself freely to her ; importune her help to put you in your place again : she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested : This broken joint,[5] between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely ; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me : I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit* CASSIO.

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain ?
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal [6] to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again ? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit ; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good ? Divinity of hell !
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now : For whiles this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
That she repeals him for her body's lust ;
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch ;
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent ; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled ; and, I think, the issue will be I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience !
What wound did ever heal but by degrees ?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft ;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does 't not go well ? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio :
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe :
Content thyself awhile.—In troth, 'tis morning ;
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.
Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :

[4] *Devotement.* Theobald changed this to *denotement.*
[5] *Broken joint.* The quarto, *broil.*
[6] *Probal*—probable—an abbreviation not found in any other writer, we believe.

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* RODERIGO.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress,
I'll set her on;
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO, *and some* Musicians.

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, Good morrow, general. [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

1 *Mus.* How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?[1]

1 *Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clo. O, thereby hangs a tail.

1 *Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music that he desires you, for love's sake,[2] to make no more noise with it.

1 *Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

1 *Mus.* We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air;[3] away. [*Exeunt* Musicians

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

Enter IAGO.

Cas. [Do, good my friend].[4]—In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.[5]

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but he protests he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
[To take the saf'st occasion by the front],[6]
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, *and* Gentlemen.

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:[7]
That done, I will be walking on the works,—
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do 't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

Des. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I warrant[8] it grieves my husband,
As if the cause[9] were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. I know 't,—I thank you:[10] You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame,[11] and talk him out of patience,
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;

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[1] The quarto reads, "*call'd* wind instruments."
[2] *For love's sake.* The quarto has the prettier phrase, *of all loves.*
[3] The quarto, *vanish away.*
[4] The words in brackets are not found in the folio.
[5] See note to Act I. Sc. I., p. 218.
[6] The words in brackets are not found in the folio.
[7] The quarto, *state.*
[8] The quarto, *know.*
[9] The quarto, *case.*
[10] The quarto, *O! sir, I thank you.*
[11] Hawks were tamed by being kept from sleep. Thus in Cartwright's "Lady Errant:"—

"We'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching, until you leave
Your wildness."

I'll intermingle everything he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO *at a distance.*

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.
Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.
Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
Des. Well; do your discretion. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Iago. Ha! I like not that.
Oth. What dost thou say?
Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing your coming.
Oth. I do believe 'twas he.
Des. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
Oth. Who is 't you mean?
Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face:
I prithee call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him.[1] Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon;[2] some other time.
Des. But shall 't be shortly?
Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.
Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?
Oth. No, not to-night.
Des. To-morrow dinner then?
Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
Des. Why then, to-morrow night; on Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; on[3] Wednesday morn;—
I prithee name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make example
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering[4] on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you; and so many a time,[5]
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—
Oth. Prithee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,[6]
And fearful to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
Des. Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.
Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.
Des. Emilia, come:—Be as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* EMILIA.
Oth. Excellent wretch![7] Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?
Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest?[8] Ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord? Alas! thou echoest me[9]
As if there were some monster in thy thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now,—Thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife: What didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, Indeed?
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me
Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

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[1] The quarto, *I suffer with him.*

Sweet Desdemon. In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemon.* The abbreviation was probably not a capricious one, nor was it introduced merely for the sake of rhythm. It is clearly used as an epithet of familiar tenderness. In the present instance Othello playfully evades his wife's solicitations with a rarely-used term of endearment. In the next case, Act IV. Sc. II., it comes out of the depth of conflicting love and jealousy:—

"Ah! *Desdemon*, away, away, away!"

In the next place where he employs it, Act V. Sc. II., it is used upon the last solemn occasion when he speaks to her:—

"Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemon?*"

And, lastly, it is spoken by him when he has discovered the full extent of his guilt and misery:—

"O *Desdemon!* dead *Desdemon*, dead."

The only other occasion in which it is employed is by her uncle Gratiano:—

"Poor *Desdemon!*"

[3] The repetition of the word *on*, instead of *or*, is the reading of the folio. It is much more emphatic.

[4] *Mammering.* The quarto, *muttering.* The word—having the meaning of *suspense, doubt*—is constantly used by our old writers, as in Lyly's "Euphues:"—"Neither stand in a *mammering*, whether it be best to depart or not."

[5] Steevens struck out *so* in the course of his hoodwinked pruning.

[6] The quarto reads—

"It shall be full of poise and *difficulty*."

This is adopted without any mention of the reading *difficult weight;* and then the editors tell us that *poise* is weight. Now, in the sense before us, poise is *balance*, and Desdemona means to say that, when she really prefers a suit that shall task the love of Othello, it shall be one difficult to determine, and, when determined, hard to be undertaken.

[7] *Wretch.* The playhouse copies, in their nicely critical phraseology, give us *wench* instead of *wretch.* Johnson properly explains *wretch* as expressing "the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection."

[8] This re-echo of Iago's echo is rejected by Steevens, because it violates the measure. He could only see two syllables beyond the ten, without any regard to the force and consistency of the passage.

[9] The quarto reads, *By heaven he echoes me;* the quarto of 1630, *Why dost thou echo me?* There is a quiet expression of dread—a solemn foreboding of evil—in the reading of the folio, which we give.

Oth. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just,
They're close delations,[1] working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.
Iago. For Michael Cassio,—
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
Oth. I think so too.
Iago. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not 'would they might seem none!
Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.
Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:
I prithee speak to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?—who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in sessions[2] sit
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As I confess it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and of my jealousy
Shape faults that are not,) that your wisdom
From one that so imperfectly conceits
Would take no notice;[3] nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What dost thou mean?
Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
Oth. I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
Oth. Ha!
Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on:[4] That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly[5] loves!
Oth. O misery!
Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless,[6] is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!
Oth. Why! why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate[7] and blow'd surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances;[8]
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.
Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eyes[9] thus,—not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave undone, but keep unknown.
Oth. Dost thou say so?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
Oth. And so she did.
Iago. Why, go to, then;
She that so young could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,

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[1] *Delations.* The quarto, *denotements*. The original word *dilations* is rejected by the editors, because they accept it either in the sense of *delays* or *dilatements*. We have adopted Johnson's ingenious suggestion, that the *dilations* of the folio was *delations*—secret accusations. Sir Henry Wotton uses *delations* in the same sense.

[2] The quarto, *session*. The reading of the folio, *sessions*, has a parallel in that exquisite gem, the Thirtieth Sonnet:—

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."

[3] The modern editors take the reading of the quarto:—

"I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and *oft* my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—*I entreat you, then*,
From one that so imperfectly *conjects*,
You'd take no notice."

They then enter into a long discussion about abruptness, and obscurity, and regulation of the pointing, without taking the slightest notice of the perfectly clear reading of the folio, which we give without the alteration of a point or letter.

[4] This passage has always been a stumbling-block. Hanmer reads, and Malone and Collier adopt the reading—

"It is the green-eyed monster which doth *make*
The meat it feeds on."

The commentators give us five pages for and against *mock*, leaving the matter exactly where they found it. *Mocke* is the reading both of the first quarto and the folio. The quarto of 1630 has "*a* green-ey'd monster," which reading has not been noticed. One of the difficulties would be got over by adopting the indefinite article; for then we should not be called upon to agree with Steevens that a tiger was meant, nor with Jennens that it was certainly a crocodile. *A* green-eyed monster leaves us the license of imagining that the poet had some *chimera* in his mind, to which he applied the epithet green-eyed. It has been suggested that Shakspere meant to say that the meat mocked the monster, instead of the monster mocking the meat.—(*Explanations*, &c., Edinburgh, 1814.) But the inverted construction which this implies was quite uncalled for, and is not in Shakspere's manner. We have no doubt that *mock* is the true word; and that it may be explained, which doth play with—half receive, half reject—the meat it feeds on. Farmer suggested that it was used for *mammock*, which appears not unlikely.

Fondly. The quarto, *strongly*.

[6] *Fineless*—endless.

[7] *Exsufflicate.* Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, says that *exsufflicate* may be traced to the low Latin *exsufflare*, to spit down upon, an ancient form of exorcising, and figuratively to spit out in abhorrence or contempt. *Exsufflicate* may thus signify contemptible. Richardson, in his admirable Dictionary, somewhat dissents from this, considering the word "not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate, i.e. efflate* or *efflated*, puffed out, and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant—to which *blowed* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first."

[8] *Dances.* The quarto adds *well*—a weak addition, as we think. Mr. Collier says, "Southerne's ear was so sensible of the deficiency, that he added the word in manuscript in his copy of the folio, 1685."

[9] *Eyes.* The quarto, *eye*.

He thought 'twas witchcraft :—But I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.
Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love :—But, I do see you are mov'd :—
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success [1]
Which my thoughts aim'd not.[2] Cassio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I see you are mov'd.
Oth. No, not much mov'd :—
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.
Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—
Iago. Ay, there's the point :—As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree ;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends :
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,—
But, pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her : though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, happily, repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell :
If more thou dost perceive let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : Leave me, Iago.
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry ?—This honest creature, doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would I might entreat your honour
To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means :
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity ;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*
Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities,[3] with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings : If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune,[4] Haply, for I am black ;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have : Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years ;—yet that's not much ;—
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For other's uses. Yet 'tis the plague of great ones ;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base ;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death ;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Look, where she comes : [5]

Enter Desdemona *and* Emilia.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself ![6]—
I'll not believe 't.
Des. How now, my dear Othello ?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Des. Why do you speak so faintly ?[7]
Are you not well ?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Des. Why, that's with watching ; 'twill away again :
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin [8] is too little ;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.
Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* Oth. *and* Des.
Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin ;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor :
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it : but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,[9]
And give 't Iago ; what he will do with it
Heaven knows, not I
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now ! what do you here alone ?
Emil. Do not you chide ; I have a thing for you.
Iago. A thing for me ?—it is a common thing—
Emil. Ha !
Iago. To have a foolish wife.
Emil. O, is that all ? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief ?
Iago. What handkerchief ?
Emil. What handkerchief ?
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona ;
That which so often you did bid me steal.
Iago. Hast stolen it from her ?
Emil. No ; but she let it drop by negligence :

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[1] *Success*—succession, consequence.

[2] The quarto, *As my thoughts aim not at.*

[3] *Qualities.* So the quarto ; the folio, *quantities.*

[4] The images in this sentence are derived from falconry. Some doubts exist whether *the haggard* was an unreclaimed hawk ; but there is no doubt that the old adjective *haggard* means wild. The *jesses* are the footstraps of a hawk. The remainder of the passage may be illustrated by a quotation from Dryden ("Annus Mirabilis") :—

> "Have you not seen, when *whistled* from the fist,
> Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
> And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
> Straight flies at check, and clips it *down the wind ?*"

[5] The quarto, *Desdemona comes.*

[6] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio reads—

> "If she be false, heaven mock'd itself !"

By the reading of the folio we may understand that, if Desdemona be false,—be not what she appears to be,—heaven at her creation, instead of giving an image of itself, mocked itself—gave a false image. The reading of the quarto is more forcible and natural.

[7] The quarto, *Why is your speech so faint ?*

[8] *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were synonymous. The expression was used as recently as the date of the Scotch proceedings in the Douglas cause, in which we find a lady described as constantly dressed in a hoop, with a large napkin on her breast.—(*Warner's Plan of a Glossary to Shakspeare*, 1768.) A pocket-handkerchief is still a *pocket-napkin* in Scotland.

[9] Emilia does not propose to obliterate the work, but *to copy the work*, and to restore the original to Desdemona. Iago's abrupt address frightens her from her purpose. That *ta'en out* means copied, we find in the subsequent scene, when Cassio says to Bianca, *take me this work out* *I'd have it copied.*

And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.
Iago. A good wench; give it me.
Emil. What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what's that to you?
[*Snatching it.*
Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
Iago. Be not acknown on 't:[1] I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so[2]—
Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,[3]
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?
Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.
Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.
Iago. How now, my lord?
Oth. What sense had I in[4] her stolen hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well,[5] was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am sorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops,[6] and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,[a]
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*Taking him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is 't come to this?
Oth. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;
On horror's head horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive[7] me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That lov'st[8] to make thine honesty a vice!—
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.
Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
Oth. [9]By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: My name,[10] that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: But how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you the supervision[11] grossly gape on?
Behold her topp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! O!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,

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[1] The quarto reads, *Be not you known of 't.* The more poetical word *acknown* is used in a similar manner in the "Life of Ariosto," subjoined to Sir John Harrington's Translation (1607):—"Some say he was married to her privily, but durst not be *acknown* of it."

[2] *I did say so.* These words are simply used in the common sense—*I said so—I was right.* Iago has been describing the effects of "dangerous conceits;" and when he sees Othello approaching with a perturbed demeanour, he exclaims triumphantly, "*I did say so*—look where he comes." In the old copies, and in the modern also, the stage direction, "Enter Othello," is placed before *look, where he comes;* we have removed it to the close of Iago's speech.

[3] *Mandragora.* The mandrake was used by the ancients as a powerful opiate. So in Antony and Cleopatra, Act I. Sc. VI.:—

"Give me to drink *mandragora*,
That I may sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away."

[4] *In.* The quarto, *of. Sense of* is the modern use of the term, *knowledge of; sense in* is the more proper and peculiarly Shaksperian use, which implies the impression upon the senses, and not upon the understanding. The difference is the same as between *a sensible man* and *a man sensible to pain.*

[5] *Fed well.* The quarto has not these words, and they are not found in some modern editions. Their rejection by the variorum editors can only be accounted for by the fact that they would make any sacrifice of sense or poetry, and prefer the feeblest to the strongest expression, if they could prevent the intrusion of a line exceeding ten syllables.

[6] *Troops.* The quarto, *troop.*
Forgive. The quarto, *defend.*

[8] *Lov'st.* The quarto, *liv'st*, which the modern editors adopt. Surely the man that *loves* to carry his honesty so far that it becomes a vice is what Iago means when he calls himself *a fool.*

[9] This fine speech of Othello is only found in the folio.

[10] *My name.* In all modern editions, except Rowe's, this has been changed into "*her* name." There is probably not a more fatal corruption of the meaning of the poet amongst the thousand corruptions for which his editors are answerable. It destroys the master-key to Othello's character. It is his intense feeling of *honour* that makes his wife's supposed fault so terrific to him. It is not that *Desdemona's* name is begrimed and black, but that *his own name* is degraded. This one thought, here for the first time exhibited, pervades all the rest of the play; and when we understand how the poison operates upon Othello's mind, we are quite prepared fully to believe him when he says, in conclusion—

"For naught I did in hate, but all in honour."

The thought that his own name is now tarnished drives him at once into a frenzy. He has said, "I'll have some proof;" but the moment that the idea of dishonour comes across his sensitive nature, he bursts into uncontrolled fury:—

"If there be cords or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it."

[11] *Supervision.* The quarto, *supervisor.*

Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might[1] have 't.
Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office:
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:
In sleep I heard him say,—Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry,—O sweet creature! then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; lay his leg o'er my thigh,
And sigh, and kiss; and then cry,—Cursed fate
That gave thee to the Moor!
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
Iago. I know not that: but such a handkerchief,
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that,—
Iago. If it be that or any, if 'twas[2] hers,
It speaks against her, with the other proofs.
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:
'Tis gone.—
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell![3]
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!
Iago. Yet, be content.
Oth. O, blood, blood, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind may change.[4]
Oth. Never, Iago.[5] Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er keeps[6] retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels.*
I here engage my words.
Iago. Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever[7]—
Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.
Iago. My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:
But let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?
Clo. I dare not say he lies anywhere.
Des. Why, man?
Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies 'tis stabbing.
Des. Go to 't. Where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.
Des. Can anything be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [*Exit.*
Des. Where should I lose the handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.

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1 *Might.* The quarto, *may.*

If 'twas hers. This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto and the first folio have, *it was hers*—clearly an error. Malone corrected it to *that was hers.*

3 *From the hollow hell.* The commentators were aware that this was the reading of the folio, yet they adopted *thy hollow cell* from the quarto. Warburton saw that *hollow*, as applied to *cell*, was "a poor unmeaning epithet;" and he therefore gives us *th' unhallow'd cell.* Johnson, Steevens, and Malone rejected the magnificent reading of *the hollow hell.* Capell is the only one who had the taste to adopt it. If the reading, *from the hollow hell*, had failed to impress the commentators by its power, the imitations of it by Milton ought to have rendered it sacred:—

> "He call'd so loud that all the *hollow* deep
> Of *hell* resounded."

And—

> "The universal host up sent
> A shout that tore *hell's concave.*"

But let us only mark the opposition of the two lines:—

> "All my fond love thus do *I blow to heaven.*
> Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow *hell.*"

Surely this alone should have been enough to have secured us what Shakspere wrote.

4 The reading of the quarto is—

> "*Iago. Pray*, be content.
> *Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!
> *Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, *perhaps*, may change."

5 The glorious passage from "Like to the Pontick sea" to "swallow them up," is not found in the quarto. Pope would also omit it, "as an unnatural excursion." Steevens supports the proposed rejection in his characteristic manner:—"Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspere *grew acquainted* with such particulars of knowledge, *he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered.* He found this in the second Book and 97th chapter of Pliny's 'Natural History,' as translated by Philemon Holland (1601):—'And the sea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth back again within Pontus.'" It is delightful to see how Shakspere's knowledge impresses itself, even in technicalities, upon practical men whose minds are not clouded by the low pedantry of such critics as Steevens. A gentleman who writes to us as "a sailor," begs us to notice this passage as exhibiting a proof of the poet's knowledge "of the continual flow of the tide through the Gut of Gibraltar."

6 *Keeps.* Pope changed this to *feels.* The repetition of the word *keeps* would not be objectionable if, in the first instance, it gave us a clear meaning—the same meaning as in the second instance; but it is not so. And yet *feels* does not seem to be the right word.

7 The quarto, *What bloody work soever.* In both texts it is quite clear that Othello interrupts the conclusion of Iago's speech. At the moment when he has said that obedience to Othello shall stand in the place of remorse (mercy)—"What bloody business ever" (Othello may command), Othello, jumping at his meaning, at once sets him upon the murder of Cassio.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of cruzadoes.[b] And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,
Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look where he comes.
Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady;—[*Aside.*] O, hardness, to dissemble!—
How do you, Desdemona?
Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts of old gave hands:
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.[c]
Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sorry[1] rheum offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Des. Here, my lord.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault:
That handkerchief[d]
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly,[2] and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is't possible?
Oth. 'Tis true: There's magic in the web of it:
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course[3] two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.
Des. Indeed! is't true?
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.
Oth. Ha! wherefore?

[1] *Sorry.* The quarto, *sullen.*
[2] *Loathly.* So the quarto; the folio, *loathed.*
[3] *Course.* The quarto, *make.*
[4] The lines in brackets are in the quarto only.

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is't out of the way?
Des. Bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost: But what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch't, let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my suit;
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind misgives.
Des. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief.—
Des. [I pray, talk me of Cassio.
Oth. The handkerchief,—][4]
Des. A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,
Shar'd dangers with you;—
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [*Exit* Othello.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I ne'er saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

Enter Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office[5] of my heart,
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my[6] service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit;
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut[7] myself up in some other course,
To fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best,
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.
Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?

[5] *Office.* The quarto, *duty.*
[6] *Nor my.* The quarto, *neither.*
[7] *Shut.* The quarto, *shoot.*

Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,
[*Exit* IAGO.
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to a sense[1]
Of pain: Nay, we must think men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am[2])
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.
Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous: It is a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep the monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen.
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
Indeed, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!
Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;
But I shall, in a more continuate[3] time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.[4]
Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause.
Is't come to this? Well, well.
Cas. Go to, woman!
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good truth, Bianca.
Bian. Why, whose is it?
Cas. I know not, neither:[5] I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you! wherefore?
Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you
Cas. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.
Cas. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.
Bian. 'Tis very good: I must be circumstanc'd.[6]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?
Oth. Think so, Iago?
Iago. What,
To kiss in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiss?
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
Oth. What then?
Iago. Why then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.
Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?
Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—
Thou saidst,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious[7] house,
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good, now.
Iago. What, if I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say, (as knaves be such abroad,
Who, having by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab,)—
Oth. Hath he said anything?
Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.
Oth. What hath he said?
Iago. Why, that he did,—I know not what he did.
Oth. What? what?
Iago. Lie—
Oth. With her?
Iago. With her;—on her;—what you will.
Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her!—that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some

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[1] *A sense.* The quarto, *that sense.*
[2] See note on Act II. Sc. I., p. 227.
[3] *Continuate.* The quarto, *convenient. Continuate time* is time uninterrupted.
[4] See note on Scene III. of this act, p. 235.
[5] *Neither.* The quarto, *sweet.*
[6] *I must be circumstanc'd*—I must yield to circumstances.
[7] *Infectious.* The quarto, *infected.*

instruction.[1] It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—
Noses, ears, and lips: Is 't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil! [*Falls, in a trance.*[2]
Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?
Cas. What is the matter?
Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. [No, forbear:[3]]
The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight: when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—
[*Exit* CASSIO.
How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Dost thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you? no, by heaven:
'Would you would bear your fortune[4] like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.
Oth. Did he confess it?
Iago. Good sir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow that's but yok'd
May draw with you: there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[5]
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelmed[6] with your grief,
(A passion most unsuiting[7] such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[OTHELLO *withdraws.*
Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that by selling her desires
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe[8]
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,[9] [*Speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed!
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*
Iago. I never knew woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think indeed she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
[*Aside.*
Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?
Cas. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?
[*Aside.*
Cas. I marry!—what? a customer! Prithee bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [*Aside.*
Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you marry her.
Cas. Prithee, say true.
Iago. I am a very villain else.
Oth. Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*
Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.
[*Aside.*
Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus[10] about my neck;—
Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*
Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so shakes[11] and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—
Oth. Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

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[1] *Instruction.* Warburton would read *induction.* Johnson thus explains *instruction:*—"There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a distance, notice is given of it to the sufferer by some dejection or perturbation of mind, of which he discovers no external cause. This is ascribed to that general communication of one part of the universe with another which is called sympathy and antipathy; or to the secret monition, *instruction*, and influence of a superior Being, which superintends the order of nature and of life. Othello says, 'Nature could not invest herself in such shadowing passion without *instruction*.' 'It is not words that shake me thus.' This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Instead of *shadowing passion*, Mr. Collier, upon the authority of his prosaic Corrector, would read *shuddering passion.*

[2] The stage direction of the folio is, "Falls in a trance." We have altered the punctuation to express what no doubt was meant, that Othello actually falls. The direction of the first quarto is, "He falls down." Iago's statement to Cassio, "My lord has fallen into an epilepsy," is not meant for a falsehood.

[3] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

[4] *Fortune.* The quarto, *fortunes.*

[5] *List*—bound, barrier, as in Henry V., Act V. Sc. II.:—"Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak *list* of a country's fashion."

[6] *O'erwhelmed.* The quarto, *ere-while mad.* This is one evidence, amongst many, that both the texts were printed from a manuscript.

[7] *Unsuiting.* So the quarto; the folio, *resulting.*

[8] *Construe.* There is an obvious association between the epithet *unbookish* and *construe.* The folio, however, reads *conserve.* The quarto has *conster*, which satisfies us that *construe* is the right reading, the word *conster* being used in this sense in Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems:—

"*Conster* what this is, and tel not,
For I am fast sworne I may not."

The little poem of Wyatt's is a riddle to be *conster'd.*

[9] *Power* in the quarto; the folio has *dower.*

[10] The quarto, *by this hand, she falls thus.*

[11] *Shakes.* The quarto, *hales.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.
Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?
Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work![1]—A likely piece of work that you should find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work! There,—give it your hobby horse: wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.
Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now, how now?
Oth. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief! [*Aside.*
Bian. If you'll come to supper to-night you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*
Iago. After her, after her.
Cas. I must; she'll rail in the streets else.
Iago. Will you sup there?
Cas. Yes, I intend so.
Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.
Cas. Prithee, come: Will you?
Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.
Oth. How shall I murther him, Iago?
Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?
Oth. O, Iago!
Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?
Oth. Was that mine?
Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.
Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!
Iago. Nay, you must forget that.
Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.
Iago. Nay, that's not your way.
Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!
Iago. She's the worse for all this.
Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!
Iago. Ay, too gentle.
Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!
Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.
Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!
Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.
Oth. With mine officer!
Iago. That's fouler.
Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.
Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.
Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.
Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker; You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

[1] The quarto, *the whole work.*
[2] The quarto reads thus:—
"Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico
Come from the duke."

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?
Iago. I warrant, something from Venice.
'Tis Lodovico. This comes from the duke;[2]
See, your wife's with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and* Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!
Oth. With all my heart, sir.
Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*
Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [*Opens the packet and reads.*
Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?
Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior;
Welcome to Cyprus.
Lod. I thank you: how does lieutenant Cassio?
Iago. Lives, sir.
Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.
Oth. Are you sure of that?
Des. My lord?
Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will— [*Reads.*
Lod. He did not call: he's busy in the paper.
Is there division 'twixt my lord[3] and Cassio?
Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
Oth. Fire and brimstone!
Des. My lord?
Oth. Are you wise?
Des. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
Des. Trust me, I am glad on 't.
Oth. Indeed?
Des. My lord?
Oth. I am glad to see you mad.
Des. Why, sweet Othello?
Oth. Devil! [*Striking her.*
Des. I have not deserv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't: 'Tis very much
Make her amends, she weeps.
Oth. O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls[4] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my sight!
Des. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.
Oth. Mistress—
Des. My lord?
Oth. What would you with her, sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn;
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—
I am commanded home:—Get you away;
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt! [*Exit* DESDEMONA.
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit.*

[3] *My lord.* The quarto, *thy lord.*
[4] *Falls*—used as a verb active.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature[1]
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?
Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.
Lod. What, strike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst.
Lod. Is it his use?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create his fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honesty in me, to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?
Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.
Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
Emil. But then I saw no harm: and then I heard
Each syllable that breath made up between them.
Oth. What, did they never whisper?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?
Emil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Emil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's strange.
Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives[2]
Is foul as slander.
Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—
[*Exit* EMILIA.
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Des. What is your pleasure?
Oth. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
Des. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [*To* EMILIA.
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry hem, if anybody come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
Des. Upon my knee what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
[But not the words.[3]]
Oth. Why, what art thou?
Des. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honest.
Des. Heaven doth truly know it.
Oth. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
Des. To whom, my lord with whom? How am I false?
Oth. Ah Desdemon!—away! away! away!
Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive[4] of these tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
I have lost him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some place[4] of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
The fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,[6]—
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;
Where either I must live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence[5]!
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in! turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!
Ay, there, look grim as hell![7]
Des. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.
Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

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[1] The quarto, *Is this the noble nature.*

The quarto, *of her sex.*

[3] The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

[4] *Motive.* The quarto, *occasion.*

[5] *Place.* The quarto, *part.*

[6] In this passage the quarto reads, *a fixed figure* instead of *the fixed figure*, and *unmoving* instead of *and moving*. Rowe altered *time* to *hand*. The commentators say that Othello takes his idea from a clock; and they support this opinion, as well as the epithet *unmoving*, by these lines from the One Hundred and Fourth Sonnet:—

"Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd."

They say, too, that the finger of the dial was a technical phrase, as is seen in a passage of one of D'Avenant's plays. The figure meant in the Sonnet was simply the Arabic numeral from which the dial-hand went on to *distant figures*. Steevens thus paraphrases the text:—"To make me a fixed figure on the dial of the world, for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at;" and then he adds, "In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts when he wrote the passage in the text." There certainly is a most extraordinary confusion here; for, if the figure be in the middle, the dial-hand points from it, and not at it, and there is nothing more remarkable in one numeral of a clock than in another. But why are we to have the notion of a clock at all? There is nothing whatever in the passage to warrant us in believing that the poet meant such a metaphor. By *the fixed figure* we understand, literally, a living man exposed to public shame; or, an effigy exhibited to a multitude, as Butler has it:—

"To punish in *effigie* criminals."

By *the time* we receive the same idea as in Hamlet:—

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of *time?*"

Time is by Hamlet distinctly used to express the *times*, the *age;* and it is used in the same way by Ben Jonson:—

"O how I hate the monstrousness of *time!*"

In the passage before us, then, *the time of scorn* is *the age of scorn.* Mr. Hunter proposed:—

"The fixed figure *of* the time *for* scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at."

This simple transposition removes the obscurity. But, in this revision of the Pictorial Shakspere, another transposition suggested itself to the editor:—

"The fixed figure for the *scorn of time*
To point his slow and moving finger at."

As Hamlet has *scorns of time*—by which he means contemporary scorn—the idea is repeated in Othello, where the word *scorn* is printed with a capital letter, and *time* with a small *t*. The *slow finger* is *the pausing* finger, pointed at the fixed figure; but, while it points, it *moves in mockery*. Shakspere was probably thinking of the *Digito Monstrari* of the ancients, and it may be, also, of the finger gesticulations of the Italians. In the quarto, after *finger at*, we find, *O! O!* which interjections do not occur in the folio.

[7] In all the old copies, *I here look grim as hell. Ay* is often printed *I.*

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'would thou hadst ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?[1]
Committed?—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed?

Des. By heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore!

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is 't possible?

Des. O, heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!

Re-enter EMILIA.

We have done our course; there's money for your pains;
I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.[2]

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Emil. Here's a change, indeed. [*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?[3]

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as she said my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; Alas the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for 't!
How comes this trick upon him?

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I will be hang'd else.

Iago. Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascals[4] naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them![5] some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.[6] Here I kneel;
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought,[7] or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
[And he does chide with you.[8]]

Des. If 'twere no other!

Iago. It is but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!

What committed? Desdemona has asked—

"Alas! what ignorant sin *have I committed?*"

Othello, indignant at the question, with a mocking fury repeats it four times—*what committed?* The commentators have changed this into an interjectional phrase, giving it the meaning of, What! thou art committed! telling us that *committed* had a peculiar signification. The plain and natural interpretation seems the true one. The quarto omits the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth lines of Othello's speech, adding, after the last question, "impudent strumpet!"

[2] Desdemona's question and this answer are omitted in the quarto.

[3] *On my least misuse.* The quarto reads, *on my great'st abuse.*

[4] *Rascals.* The quarto, *rascal.*

[5] *Them.* The quarto, *him.*

[6] The following lines to the end of the speech are not found in the quarto.

[7] *Discourse of thought.* In Hamlet we have *discourse of reason*—the discursion of reason. Sir John Davies has *the discoursing thought.* Pope changed the text before us to *discourse, or thought.*

[8] The line in brackets is not in the folio.

The messengers of Venice stay the meat.[1]
Go in, and weep not: all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dafts[2] me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance:[3] but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well. Nay, I think,[4] it is scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and taketh away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Desdemona, Emilia, *and* Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Oth. O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?
O, Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Des. I will, my lord.
[*Exeunt* Othello, Lodovico, *and* Attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me!

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu;
We must not now displease him.

Emil. Ay, would you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.[5]

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;[6]
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow,"[a]
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,
Will not go from my mind;[7] I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.

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[1] The quarto reads—
"And the great messengers of Venice stay."
Steevens calls the reading of the folio poor; but its precision and familiarity make it more dramatic and characteristic.

[2] *Dafts.* The Prince of Wales, in Henry IV., is described as one "that *daft* the world aside." The quarto reads *doffs*. The words are the same.

[3] *Acquaintance.* The quarto reads *acquittance*.

[4] *Nay, I think.* The quarto reads, *by this hand I say*.

[5] *In them.* The quarto reads, "Have grace and favour *in them*." The folio omits *in them*.

[6] *Barbara.* *Barbarie* is the reading of the quarto and first folio; it became *Barbara* in the second folio. *Barbarie* is a pretty word, and we would not willingly change it; but it would appear like an affectation of singularity to retain it.

[7] All that follows, to the end of the song, is not found in the quarto.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat singing[1] by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones.

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee: he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emil. It's the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, &c.
If I court mo women you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—
Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?[2]

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither by this heavenly light;
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world's a huge thing: 'Tis a great price for a small vice.

Des. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. In troth, I think I should; and undo 't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring;[b] nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for all the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage, as would store the world they played for.
[3] But, I do think it is their husbands' faults
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: And doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: Is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: And have not we affections?
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know
The ills we do their ills instruct us so.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such uses[4] send,
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk;[5] straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow;
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand.[6]
[*Retires to a little distance.*

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.
[*Goes to his stand.*

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat[7] almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he:—Villain, thou diest.
[*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* CASSIO.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;[8]
I will make proof of thine.[9]
[*Draws and wounds* RODERIGO.

Rod. O, I am slain!
[IAGO *rushes from his post, cuts* CASSIO *behind in the leg, and exit.*

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, hoa! murther! murther! [*Falls.*

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

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[1] *Singing.* The ordinary reading is *sighing*, which is supported by the copy of the old ballad given in Percy's "Reliques." But as that ballad is so materially departed from by Shakspere, it can scarcely be called an authority for the change of a word from the original text.

[2] This speech of Desdemona, and Emilia's answer, are not found in the quarto.

[3] The remainder of Emilia's speech, commencing at this line, is wanting in the quarto.

[4] *Uses.* The quarto, *usage.*

Bulk. So the quarto; the folio has *bark*. We prefer the more intelligible reading of *bulk*, although we have little doubt that *bark* was correctly used. A *bar*, in all its uses, is a defence—that by which anything is fortified, strengthened, or defended.—(*Tooke.*) A *bark*, as we ordinarily receive it, is a strong vessel; but Shakspere may have here used it as a projecting part of the fortification—a buttress.

[5] *Take thy stand.* The quarto, *take thy sword.*

[6] *Quat.* The quarto reads *gnat.* Johnson explains, that a *quat*, in the midland counties, is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense.

[7] *Thou know'st.* The quarto, *thou think'st*

[8] Malone explains that Cassio's speech implies that he wore some secret armour. The *coat* was, on the contrary, the *buff jerkin.* (See Introductory Notice.)

Oth. 'Tis even so.
Cas. O, help! hoa! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:[1]—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO, *at a distance.*

Cas. What, hoa! no watch? no passage?[2] murther! murther!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice[3] is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan;—'tis heavy night:[4]
These may be counterfeits; let 's think 't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO.

Lod. Hark!
Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this that cries on murther?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Do you not hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.
Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?
Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.
Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?
Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.
Rod. O, help me here!
Cas. That's one of them.
Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[IAGO *stabs* RODERIGO.
Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!— [*Dies.*[5]
Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—
How silent is this town! Hoa! murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.
Iago. Signior Lodovico.
Lod. He, sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
Gra. Cassio?
Iago. How is 't, brother?
Cas. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?
Iago. Who is 't that cried?
Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
Cas. No.
Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to seek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!
Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; yes, 'tis Roderigo.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ay.
Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry your gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
That so neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to see you.
Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!
Gra. Roderigo!
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the chair:—
[*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,
[*To* BIANCA.
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?
Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. [*To* BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O bear him o' the air.— [CASSIO *and* ROD. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlemen.[6]—Look you pale, mistress?
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye?—
Nay, if you stare we shall hear more anon:—
Behold her well: I pray you look upon her;
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Alas, what is the matter? what is the matter, husband?
Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;
He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.[7]
Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to night:—
What, do you shake at that?
Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.
Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.
Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!
Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
Emil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let 's go see poor Cassio dress'd:—
Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

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[1] *Your unbless'd fate hies.* The quarto, *your fate hies apace.*
[2] *No passage*—no one passing.
[3] *The voice.* The quarto, *the cry.*
[4] The quarto reads, and so in the modern editions, "Two or three *groans*—it is *a* heavy night." Lodovico does not merely say that there are two or three groans from one man, but that two or three men groan; and he adds, "These may be counterfeits." *'Tis heavy night* is, 'tis dark night.
[5] The quarto has, *O, O, O!* which seems to stand in the place of the stage direction "Dies."
[6] *Good gentlemen.* The quarto reads, *good gentlewoman*, which Malone adopts; but Lodovico and Gratiano are going away with Cassio, when Iago stops them, to hear his accusation of Bianca.
[7] *Quite dead.* The quarto omits *quite.*

Will you go on afore? This is the night, [*Aside.*
That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber* DESDEMONA *in bed asleep. A light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
[*Takes off his sword.*
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—— Put out the light?[1]
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell thee[2] on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and that's the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemon?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:—
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
No,—Heavens forfend.—I would not kill thy soul
Des. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.
Des. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.-
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy deathbed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. O, heaven have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither;
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago has ta'en order for 't.
Des. O, my fear interprets,[3]—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive.—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.[4]
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*
Emil. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord! what hoa! my lord! my lord!
Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, so.[5]
Emil. [*Within.*] What hoa, my lord! my lord!
Oth. Who's there?

[1] We have pointed this controverted passage according to a suggestion of Warburton. It is usually printed as it is found in the original copies:—

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

Warburton's explanation of his reading is as follows:—"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But, the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, —But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites." The reading of the folio in a subsequent line, "but once put out *thy light*," strengthens, we think, this interpretation of Warburton's. Instead of this, some editors have adopted the weaker reading of the quarto, *but once put out thine.*

[2] *I'll smell thee.* The quarto, "I'll smell *it.*"

[3] The quarto, *my fear interprets then.*

[4] A correspondent suggests that the reading should be, "*being down*, there is no pause." We cannot agree to receive Othello's meaning so literally. He certainly has already said, "Down, strumpet!" and has probably at that moment commenced the death-struggle; for he adds, "Nay, if you *strive.*" But the words *being done* appear to us to have a much greater depth of meaning. They are not addressed to Desdemona, but exhibit what is passing in Othello's mind. The conflict between his love and his wounded honour is over; he looks upon the act of retribution as *done* when he has lifted his murderous hand against his wife. It is done. For the mere completion of the violence, which will then be mercy, "there is no pause."

[5] There is no stage direction at this place in the original copies; but it is most probable that the poet intended Othello here to stab Desdemona, according to the practice of the modern stage. His previous resolution, "I'll not shed her blood," is forgotten in the agony and terror of the moment, when he says, "Not dead! not yet quite dead?"

Emil. [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word with you.
Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia;—by and by:—She's dead.
'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were 't good?
I think she stirs again:—No.—What's best to do?[1]
If she come in she'll sure speak to my wife:
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:
O, insupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
Did yawn at alteration.
Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you that I may speak with you,
O, good my lord!
Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Emilia.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murthers done.
Oth. What? now?
Emil. But now, my lord!
Oth. It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more nearer earth[2] than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Emil. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd Roderigo.
Oth. Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd!
Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.
Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. O falsely, falsely murther'd!
Emil. Alas; what cry is that?
Oth. That! what?
Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, hoa! help!—O lady, speak again!
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Emil. O, who hath done
This deed?
Des. Nobody; I myself; farewell.
Commend me to my kind lord. O, farewell. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murther'd?
Emil. Alas, who knows?
Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.
Emil. She said so: I must needs report the truth.
Oth. She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Emil. O, the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil!
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.
Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
Oth. She was false as water.
Emil. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!
Oth. Cassio did top her: ask thy husband else.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Thy husband.
Emil. That she was false to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with Cassio.
Had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me on her first;[3]
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
Emil. My husband?
Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband.
Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false?
Oth. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
Oth. Ha!
Emil. Do thy worst;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were best.
Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help! hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murther! murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, *and* Iago.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general
Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:
I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
Emil. But did you ever tell him she was false?
Iago. I did.
Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?
Iago. With Cassio, mistress: Go to, charm your tongue.
Emil. I will not charm my tongue, I am bound to speak;
My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed.
All. O heavens forfend!
Emil. And your reports have set the murther on.
Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.
Mon. O monstrous act!
Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy:—
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O villainy!—
I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! Oh! Oh! [*Falling on the bed.*
Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar:
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. O, she was foul!—
I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

[1] *What's best to do?* The quarto, *What's the best?*
[2] *More nearer earth.* The quarto, *more near the earth.*
[3] *That told me on her first.* The quarto, *that told me first.*

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:
I know this act shows horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobance.[1]
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out!—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;[2]
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
Iago. Be wise, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
[IAGO *offers to stab his wife.*
Gra. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune, and did give my husband,
For often with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.
Iago. Villainous whore!
Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did giv 't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou liest.
Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murtherous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
[IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *then runs out.*
Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; sure he has kill'd his wife.
Emil. Ay, ay: O, lay me by my mistress' side!
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.
[*Exit* MONTANO.[3]
Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.—
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.
Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—"Willow, willow, willow."—
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, alas, I die. [*Dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—[4]
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemon! dead Desdemon! dead. Oh, oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and* Officers, *with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was Othello; here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable
If that thou be'st a devil I cannot kill thee.
[OTHELLO *wounds* IAGO.
Lod. Wrench his sword from him.
Iago. I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murtherer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best.
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another; the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,

[1] *Reprobance.* The quarto, *reprobation.*
[2] *As liberal as the north.* The quarto, *as liberal as the air. Liberal* is used in the sense of unrestrained, uncontrolled.
[3] The ordinary stage direction is here, "Exeunt Montano and Gratiano;" and Gratiano is afterwards made to *re-enter.* (See Illustration to Act V.)
[4] *Ice-brook's temper.* Pope and others would read *Ebro's temper.* The practice of the Spaniards to *temper* their swords by plunging them, when hot from the forge, into waters of an icy coldness, is noticed by Martial and Justin.

Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O thou pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state: Come, bring away.[1]
Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian,[2] threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*Stabs himself.*
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that is spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this,
Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed; [*To* IAGO.
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.
[*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO OTHELLO.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—"*The Thick-lips.*"

THIS passage has been received as indicating the intention of Shakspere to make Othello a Negro. It is very probable that the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakspere's time, and that the descendants of the proud Arabs who had borne sovereign sway in Europe ("men of royal siege"), and, what is more, had filled an age of comparative darkness with the light of their poetry and their science, were confounded with the uncivilised African—the despised slave. We do not think, however, that Shakspere had any other intention than to paint Othello as one of the most noble and accomplished of the proud children of the *Ommiades* and the *Abbasides*. The expression, "Thick-lips," from the mouth of Roderigo, can only be received dramatically, as a nickname given to Othello by the folly and ill-nature of this coxcomb. Whatever may have been the practice of the stage even in Shakspere's time—and it is by no means improbable that Othello was represented as a Negro—the whole context of the play is against the notion. Coleridge has very acutely remarked, with reference to the present practice of making him a blackamoor—"Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspere himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it, would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages?"* Rymer, in his most amusingly absurd attack upon this tragedy, seems to confound the notion of Moor and Negro, without any reference to the stage:—"The character of that state (Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a Negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a black-a-moor might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakspere would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench: Shakspere would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord, or privy councillor; and all the town should reckon it a very suitable match. Yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as are the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from

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[1] *Bring away.* The quarto, *bring him away.*

[2] *Indian.* The first quarto reads distinctly, *Indian*—the first folio, *Iudean.* We might have thought that there was only a substitution in this reading of *u* for *n*, had we not turned to all the passages in that edition where Indian occurs, and found it invariably spelt *I-n-d-i-a-n.* The controversy as to reading *Indian* or *Judean*, and who was the *base Judean*, occupies six pages of the variorum editions. Theobald maintained that he was "Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away such a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him." Steevens brings forward an old story of a Jew, which he has read in some book, who threw a pearl into the Adriatic. This story looks excessively like a forgery, in which art Steevens dabbled. Steevens will not have the *Indian*, because he thinks *base* is an improper epithet. Malone rejects him, because the word *tribe* appears to have a peculiarly Hebrew signification. To show how far conjecture may be carried, we may mention that a correspondent wishes to impress upon us that the allusion was to Judas Iscariot. Boswell, in a very sensible note, shows that *tribe* meant in Shakspere's day *kindred;* that *base* is used in the sense of *ignorant;* and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspere have described the *Indians* as casting away jewels of which they knew not the value. Habbington, in his "Castara," has these lines:—

> "So the *unskilful Indian* those bright gems
> Which might add majesty to diadems
> *'Mong the waves scatters.*"

And Sir Edward Howard, in "The Woman's Conquest," has—

> "Behold my queen—
> Who with no more concern I'll cast away
> Than *Indians* do a pearl, that ne'er did know
> Its value."

The preference of Coleridge for *Indian* has great weight with us. He says, "Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word '*base*,' which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's."

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 257.

them. *Littora littoribus contraria.* Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lie; and certainly, never was any play fraught, like this of Othello, with improbabilities."* Rymer's accuracy is not more to be depended on than his taste. In a subsequent page he says, "This senator's daughter runs away to *a carrier's inn*, the Sagittary, with a black-a-moor." Shakspere's local knowledge was more to be depended upon than the guessing learning of the editor of the "Fœdera." The Sagittary was not an inn (see note on that passage, p. 220), nor were the Venetians in perpetual hostility with the Moors. Upon this subject we are favoured with the following observations from the friend who contributed some local illustrations to The Merchant of Venice :—

Every shade of complexion is even now familiar to Venetians, and was yet more so in former days. Groups of Greeks, Africans, and natives of both Indies, may be daily seen in the great squares of Venice, conversing in the arcades, or gathered about the cafés. In the ages of her splendour, Venice was thronged with foreigners from every climate of the earth; and nowhere else, perhaps, has prejudice of colour been so feeble. A more important fact, as regards Desdemona's attachment, is that it was the policy of the Republic to employ foreign mercenaries, and especially in offices of command, for the obvious purpose of lessening to the utmost the danger of cabal and intrigue at home. The families of senators, or other chief citizens, were in the habit of seeing, in their dark-complexioned guests, those only who were distinguished by ability, and by the official rank thereby gained: picked men, whose hue might be forgotten in their accomplishments.—(M.)

SCENE I.—"*To start my quiet.*"

The singular quiet of residences on the canals of Venice seems to have been, at all times, a temptation to "start" it by practical jokes. The houses may be approached and quitted so stealthily as to render it extremely easy to cause an alarm. We have seen great confusion occasioned by a single wag, who, late in the evening, kept up a succession of thundering knocks at the great palace doors on either side of the Grand Canal, approaching each by swimming, and diving the moment the trick was played. The starting the quiet of elderly citizens was an easy revenge for the disappointed lovers of their daughters, and an infliction with which old Brabantio seems to have been well acquainted.—(M.)

[c] SCENE I.—"*Transported with no worse nor better guard,*
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier."

The word "knave," with its answering terms in foreign languages, seems to be the most approved description of an ancient and modern gondolier. The reply in Venice to our question, whether gondoliers really were usually knaves, was, "O! oui,—naturellement." The explanation of "naturellement" is, that the gondoliers are the only conveyers of persons, and of a large proportion of property, in Venice; that they are thus cognisant of all intrigues, and the fittest agents in them, and are under perpetual and strong temptation to make profit of the secrets of society. Brabantio might well be in horror at his daughter having, in "the dull watch o' the night," "no worse nor better guard."—(M.)

[d] SCENE III.—"*The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.*"

Reed, in his edition of Shakspere, has the following observation —"We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus; that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570."

[e] SCENE III.—"*The bloody book of law*
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter."

We now know for a certainty, through the researches of Mr. Collier, that Othello was performed in 1602; and yet it would seem that this passage has a direct allusion to a statute of the first James. When Othello says—

> "I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
> Of my whole course of love; what *drugs*, what *charms*,
> What *conjuration*, and what mighty *magic*,
> (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
> I won his daughter,"—

he almost uses the very words of the statute, which enacts, That if any person or persons should take upon him or them, by *witchcraft*, *enchantment*, *charm*, or *sorcery*—to the intent to provoke any person to unlawful love, and being thereof lawfully convicted, he or they should, for the first offence, suffer imprisonment, &c. Might not this passage have been added to the original copy of the tragedy? This particular superstition was, however, much earlier than the period of our witch-hunting James. We find a curious story of this nature in Skelton, about the enchantment of Charlemagne, which he says he had from

> "Fraunces Petrarke,
> That much noble clerke."

[f] SCENE III.—"*The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads*
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

In the third act of The Tempest, Gonzalo says—

> "When we were boys,
> Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
> Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them
> Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
> Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find,
> Each putter-out of one for five will bring us
> Good warrant of."

A few lines before, Antonio, half sneeringly, remarks—

> "Travellers ne'er did lie,
> Though fools at home condemn them."

The *putter-out of one for five* was the travelling adventurer who effected an insurance on his own risk—the very opposite of the principle of life insurances. (See Illustrations of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act I. Sc. III., vol. i. p. 29. See also The Tempest, Act III. Sc. III., note 1, vol. i. p. 433.) As we have already mentioned in our Introductory Notice to that play, Mr. Hunter considers that the satire of The Tempest is most distinctly pointed at Raleigh's marvellous tales in his voyage to Guiana in 1595. The passage in Raleigh is certainly a singular proof of his credulity, for he only affirms his own belief upon the report of others :—"Next unto the Arvi" (a river, which he says falls into the Orenoque, or Oronoko), "are two rivers, Atoica and Caova; and on that branch which is called Caova are a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders; which, though it may be thought a mere fable, yet *for mine own part I am resolved it is true*, because every childe in the province of Arromaia and Canuri affirme the same. They are called Ewaipanoma; they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts, and that a long traine of haire groweth backward betweene their shoulders."† Hondius, the Dutch geographer, published in 1599 a Latin translation of the more remarkable passages of Raleigh's tract, with plates of Anthropophagi, Amazons, and headless men. But in Sir John Maundevile's "Travels" there is an almost literal translation of Pliny's account of these headless men :—"And in another yle, toward the southe, duellen folk of foule stature, and of cursed kynde, that han no hedes, and here eyen bin in here scholdres." If the passage in The Tempest is meant to be an attack upon Raleigh, how are we to account for the difference of tone in Othello? In the passage before us there is no ridicule—nothing in the slightest degree approaching to a sarcasm. Othello, perfectly simple and veracious, though enthusiastic, and it may be credulous, speaks precisely in the same spirit of his own

> "most disastrous chances;
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;"

and of

> "The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders."

In a passage which has always been misprinted "my travel's history," he certainly mentions his adventures as "my traveller's history,"

* Short View of Tragedy (1693), p. 91.

† Raleigh's Narrative, printed in Hakluyt's Voyages, 1600.

which we accept as a playful allusion to the somewhat licensed relations of travellers' marvels, and he may have had Raleigh in his mind. But there is nothing ill-natured in this; nothing, as Mr. Hunter contends for the passage in The Tempest, "to show Shakspeare bearing an effective testimony against public and mischievous delusions." Raleigh himself would certainly not have taken it as a rebuke that the valiant and high-minded Othello should be made to speak after his example.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE III.—"*King Stephen was a worthy peer.*"

Percy, in his "Reliques," has printed from a manuscript the exceedingly interesting ballad from which Shakspere adopted this verse. The reading in the manuscript of that verse is somewhat different, although Percy adopted Shakspere's reading, generally, in his printed ballad:—

"King Harry was a verry good king,
I trow his hose cost but a crown;
He thought them 12*d.* to deere,
Therefore he calld the taylor clowne.
He was king and wore the crowne,
And thouse but of a low degree;
Itts pride that putts this countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee."

Our readers will not be displeased to have the entire ballad here reprinted. Percy thinks that it was originally Scotch.

TAKE THY OLD CLOAK ABOUT THEE.

This winter's weather itt waxeth cold,
And frost doth freese on every hill,
And Boreas blowes his blasts soe bold,
That all our cattell are like to spill;*
Bell, my wiffe, who loves noe strife,
She sayd unto me quietlye,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbocke's liffe,
Man, put thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorne?
Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
Itt is soe bare and overworne,
A cricke† he theron cannot renn:‡
Then Ile noe longer borrowe nor lend,
For once Ile new appareld bee,
To-morrow Ile to towne and spend,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
Shee ha beene alwayes true to the payle,
She has helpt us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things shee will not fayle:
I wold be loth to see her pine,
Good husband, councell take of mee,
It is not for us to go soe fine,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

My cloake it was a verry good cloake,
Itt hath been alwayes true to the weare,
But now it is not worth a groat;
I have had it four-and-forty yeere.
Sometime itt was of cloth in graine,
'Tis now but a sigh-clout,§ as you may see,
It will neither hold out winde nor raine,
And Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

It is four-and-fortye yeeres agoe
Since the one of us did the other ken;
And we have had betwixt us twoe
Of children either nine or ten:
Wee have brought them up to women and men;
In the feare of God I trow they bee;
And why wilt thou thyselfe misken?‖
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, my wiffe, why dost thou floute?
Now is nowe, and then was then:
Seeke now all the world throughout,
Thou kenst not clownes from gentlemen.
They are cladd in blacke, greane, yellowe, or gray,
Soe far above their own degree:
Once in my life Ile doe as they,
For Ile have a new cloake about mee.

SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne;
He held them sixpence all too deere,
Therefore he calld the taylor lowne.
He was a wight of high renowne,
And thouse but of low degree;
Itts pride that putts the countrye downe,
Man, take thine old cloake about thee.

HE.

Bell, my wiffe, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me if she can;
And oft, to live a quiet life,
I am forced to yield, though Ime good-man.
Itts not for a man with a woman to threape,¶
Unlesse he first give oer the plea:
As wee began wee now will leave,
And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

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* *Spill.* To spoil, to come to harm.
† *Cricke.* A small insect.
‡ *Renn.* Run.
§ *Sigh-clout.* A clout, or cloth, to strain milk through. A *sythe-clout*, that which severs, divides the milk from impurities, or the curd from the whey. The word is still used in the midland counties.
‖ *Misken.* Mistake.
¶ *To threape.* To argue.

ACT III.

[a] SCENE III.—"*The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife.*"

Warton says that the fife accompanying the drum is of considerable antiquity in the European armies, particularly in the German. There is a picture in the Ashmolean Museum, painted in 1525, representing the siege of Pavia, in which we see fifes and drums; and, in a journal of the siege of Boulogne, 1544, which is printed in Rymer's "Fœdera," mention is made of *drummes* and *viffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. At a subsequent period, however, the fife was disused in the English armies; and was first revived, within the memory of man, says Warton, among our troops by the British guards, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maestricht, in 1747. Amongst the French regiments the fife is not found; and those who have witnessed this peculiarity must have observed how dull, and monotonous, and un-*spirit-stirring* is the *drum* without its *ear-piercing* companion. The fife is so completely unknown to the French in the present day, that M. Alfred de Vigny, in his translation of this passage of Othello, gives us only the drum:—

"Adieu, beaux bataillons aux panaches flottants;
Adieu, guerre, adieu, toi dont les jeux éclatants
Font de l'ambition une vertu sublime!
Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
L'étendard qu'on déploie avec des cris d'amour!"

[b] SCENE IV.—"*I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzadoes.*"

The cruzado was a Portuguese coin, so called from the cross being stamped on it. Douce says that it was of gold, of the value of nine shillings English, and that the sovereigns who struck this coin were Emanuel and his son John. Douce adds that "the cruzado was not current at Venice, though it certainly was in England in the time of Shakspere, who has here indulged his usual practice of departing from costume." It would have been an exceedingly difficult thing for any antiquary of the last generation not to have indulged his usual practice of girding at Shakspere, for some supposed violation of propriety. In this case we would ask, how could the cruzado be current in England, except as an instrument of commercial exchange; and how could the same instrument of exchange be kept out of Venice, whose foreign trade at that period was much greater than that of England?

[c] SCENE IV.—"*The hearts of old gave hands:*
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts."

James I., in 1611, created the order of baronets; and in 1612, to *ampliate* his favour towards the baronets, he granted them, by a second patent, "the arms of Ulster, that is, in a field argent, a hand *geules*, or a *bloudie hand*." Spenser tells us, in his "State of Ireland," that "*the bloody hand* is O'Neel's badge." This was a notable device of James to raise money for the alleged purpose of settling and improving the province of Ulster; and the sum of money paid for the patent upon each creation was £1,095, estimated as equivalent to the support of thirty infantry for three years. Warburton, with these facts before him, says, "We are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author, by which he insinuates that some then created had hands indeed, but not hearts; that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchase the honour." Johnson and Douce believe in the interpretation of Warburton. Steevens and Malone are opposed to it. In his "Chronology" of the plays Malone gives a passage from the "Essays" of Sir William Cornwallis (1601) which certainly has a considerable resemblance to the passage in the text:—"We of these later times, full of a nice curiosity, mislike all the performances of our forefathers; we say they were honest plain men, but they want the capering wits of this ripe age. They had wont to give their hands and their hearts together; but we think it a finer grace to look asquint, our hand looking one way, and our heart another." One thing is perfectly certain: if the passage be an allusion to the *new heraldry* of the baronets' arms, it must have been an interpolation at least ten years after the first production of the play, for we know that Othello was performed before Elizabeth in 1602. If, too, it were an interpolation, it must have displaced some other passage; for if we omit these two lines the context is destroyed. We do not think that Shakspere would have gone out of his way to introduce a covert sarcasm at a passing event, offensive as it must have been if understood, and perfectly useless if not understood. The obvious meaning of the words, without any allusion, is plain enough; and *our new heraldry*, if it be any more than a figurative expression, may be easily referred to the practice of quartering or joining the arms of the husband and wife.

[d] SCENE IV.—"*That handkerchief.*"

The description of this tremendous handkerchief in the original Italian novel is, "Lavorato alla morisco sottilissimamente." Mrs. Jameson thus explains this:—"Which, being interpreted into modern English, means, I believe, nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*." Shakspere has expanded this into one of the finest poetical passages in the play, in which the Moor crowds together some of the prevailing superstitions of his nation, for the purpose of disturbing the imagination of Desdemona, and thus, as he supposes, arriving at the truth through the influence of terror. This was a fatal mistake; for she loses her balance, and evades the question.

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE III.—"*She had a song of 'willow.'*"

In Percy's "Reliques" will be found an old ballad, from the black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love." Shakspere, in adopting a portion of this ballad, accommodated the words to the story of "poor Barbarie." We subjoin four stanzas of the original from which the song in the text has been formed:—

"A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee:
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
O willow, willow, willow!
The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones:
O willow, &c.
The salt tears fell from him, which softened the stones:
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
O willow, &c.
She was born to be fair; I, to die for her love.
O willow, &c.
Sing, O the greene willow," &c.

[b] SCENE III.—"*A joint-ring.*"

Dryden, in "Don Sebastian," has described such a ring with a minute particularity:—

"A curious artist wrought them,
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd;
Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
(You know those names are theirs,) and, in the midst,
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings enclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie:
But if they join, you must for ever part."

ACT V.

[a] SCENE II.—"*A bedchamber,*" &c.

The stage directions in the original copies of Shakspere are very scantily supplied; and we have no indications either of general or particular localities. In the scene before us the original direction is, "Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed." It appears to us that, to understand this scene properly, we must refer to the peculiar construction of the ancient theatres. In Romeo and Juliet (Illustrations of Act III., p. 115) we have described the *balcony* or upper stage, in explanation of the old direction, "Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft." We there gave Malone's description of the uses of this balcony. Mr. Collier has also thus described another arrangement of the old stage, independent of the balcony:—"Besides the curtain in front of the stage, which concealed it from the spectators until it was drawn on each side upon a rod, there were other curtains at the back of the stage, called *traverses*, which served, when drawn, to make another and an inner apartment, when such was required by the business of the play. They had this name at a very early date." The German commentators upon Shakspere have bestowed much attention upon this subject. Ulrici says, "In the midst of the stage, not far from the proscenium, was erected a sort of balcony or platform, supported by two pillars *which stood upon some broad steps*. These steps led up to *an interior and smaller stage*, which, *formed by the space under the platform and betwixt the pillars*, was applied to the most varied uses." Tieck, in his notes upon Lear, has shown, we think very satisfactorily, that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the *stage proper*. He says, "The chair in which Gloster is bound is that which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and from which Lear delivered his first speech. This little theatre in the midst was, when not in use, concealed by a curtain; when in use, the curtain was withdrawn. Shakspere, therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, has frequently two scenes at one and the same time. In Henry VIII. the nobles stand in the ante-chamber; the curtain of the smaller stage is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Again, while Cranmer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtains open to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that by the pillars which divided the little central theatre from the proscenium, or proper stage, not only could a double group be presented, but it could be partially concealed; and thus two scenes might be played, which could be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen." It appears to us not very material to determine whether Ulrici is right about the "broad steps." Certainly the elevation of the "little central theatre" was not considerable—it was "somewhat elevated," as Tieck observes. Now let us apply this principle to the scene before us, and we doubt not that we shall get rid of some anomalies which are presented to us in the modern representations. *Enter Othello*, to the proper stage; *Desdemona in her bed* is concealed from the audience

in the little central stage, whose curtains are drawn. After Othello has said, "I'll smell thee on the tree," he ascends the little elevated stage, and undraws its curtain. The dialogue between him and Desdemona then takes place. After the murder he remains upon the central stage, while Emilia is knocking at the door, and after—

"Soft, by and by:—let me the curtains draw,"—

he steps down. The dialogue between Emilia and Othello at first goes on without any apparent consciousness on the part of Emilia of Desdemona's presence. When Desdemona has spoken Emilia withdraws the curtain of the secondary stage. When Montano, Gratiano, and Iago enter, a long dialogue takes place between Iago and Emilia, without Montano and Gratiano perceiving "what is the matter." Had Desdemona been upon the stage proper, there would have been no time for this dialogue. Her murder would have been at once discovered. The actors now get over the difficulty by having a four-post bedstead, with curtains closely drawn. When, however, Emilia ascends the central stage, and exclaims—

"My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed"—

a double group is presented. Emilia is in the chamber with Desdemona; Othello and the others remain on the stage proper; Montano then follows Iago out, who had previously rushed to the central stage, and stabbed his wife. Gratiano remains upon the proper stage; but why then does Montano order Gratiano to guard the door without? Othello has entered into the secondary stage, and he speaks from within the curtain to Gratiano:—

"I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth."

Gratiano, still remaining upon the proper stage, answers, "If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear." But when Othello says, "Look in upon me then," the curtain is withdrawn, and Gratiano ascends to the secondary stage. It is the practice of the modern theatres to get over the difficulty by making Gratiano go out with Montano, contrary to the original text; and to make him enter again when Othello says, "Look in upon me." But how then shall we account for the speech of Lodovico, when he subsequently enters—"Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?"—without the secondary stage? From that stage Othello answers, "That's he that was Othello; here I am." The subsequent events take place upon the stage proper, although it was probably contrived that Othello should kill himself on the secondary stage. Those who complain, with Voltaire, of an exhibition where a woman is strangled upon the stage, may be relieved by finding that in the ancient theatre "two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although *not* everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

When Shakspere first became acquainted with the "Moor of Venice" of Giraldi Cinthio (whether in the original Italian, or the French translation, or in one of the little story-books that familiarised the people with the romance and the poetry of the south), he saw in that novel *the scaffolding* of Othello. There was formerly in Venice a valiant Moor, says the story. It came to pass that a virtuous lady of wonderful beauty, named Desdemona, became enamoured of his great qualities and noble virtues. The Moor loved her in return, and they were married in spite of the opposition of the lady's friends. It happened, too (says the story), that the senate of Venice appointed the Moor to the command of Cyprus, and that his lady determined to accompany him thither. Amongst the officers who attended upon the general was an ensign, of the most agreeable person, but of the most depraved nature. The wife of this man was the friend of Desdemona, and they spent much of their time together. The wicked ensign became violently enamoured of Desdemona; but she, whose thoughts were wholly engrossed by the Moor, was utterly regardless of the ensign's attentions. His love then became terrible hate, and he resolved to accuse Desdemona to her husband of infidelity, and to connect with the accusation a captain of Cyprus. That officer, having struck a sentinel, was discharged from his command by the Moor; and Desdemona, interested in his favour, endeavoured to reinstate him in her husband's good opinion. The Moor said one day to the ensign that his wife was so importunate for the restoration of the officer, that he must take him back. "If you would open your eyes, you would see plainer," said the ensign. The romance-writer continues to display the perfidious intrigues of the ensign against Desdemona. He steals a handkerchief which the Moor had given her, employing the agency of his own child. He contrives with the Moor to murder the captain of Cyprus, after he has made the credulous husband listen to a conversation to which he gives a false colour and direction; and, finally, the Moor and the guilty officer destroy Desdemona together, under circumstances of great brutality. The crime is, however, concealed, and the Moor is finally betrayed by his accomplice.

Mr. Dunlop, in his "History of Fiction," has pointed out the material differences between the novel and the tragedy. He adds, "In all these important variations, Shakspere has improved on his original. In a few other particulars he has deviated from it with less judgment; in most respects he has adhered with close imitation. The characters of Iago, Desdemona, and Cassio, are taken from Cinthio with scarcely a shade of difference. The obscure hints and various artifices of the villain to raise suspicion in the Moor are the same in the novel and the drama." M. Guizot, with the eye of real criticism, has seen somewhat further than Mr. Dunlop:—"There was wanting in the narrative of Cinthio the poetical genius which furnished the actors—which created the individuals—which imposed upon each a figure and a character—which made us see their actions, and listen to their words—which presented their thoughts and penetrated their sentiments:—that vivifying power which summons events to arise, to progress, to expand, to be completed:—that creative breath which, breathing over the past, calls it again into being, and fills it with a present and imperishable life:—this was the power which Shakspere alone possessed, and by which, out of a forgotten novel, he has made Othello."

Before we can be said to understand the idea of Shakspere in the composition of Othello, we must disabuse ourselves of some of the commonplace principles upon which he has been interpreted. It is with this object that we have here, instead of in our Introductory Notice, given a rapid sketch of the source from which he derived this tragedy. The novel, be it observed, is a very intelligible and consistent story of wedded happiness, of unlawful and unrequited attachment, of revenge growing out of disappointment, of jealousy too easily abused, of confederacy with the abuser, of most brutal and guilty violence, of equally base falsehood and concealment. This is a story in which we see nothing out of the common course of wickedness; nothing which licentious craft might not prompt, and frenzied passion adopt. The Iago of the tragedy, it is said, has not sufficient motives for his crimes. Mr. Skottowe tells us that in the novel, except as a means of vengeance on Desdemona, the infliction of pain upon the Moor forms no part of the treacherous officer's design. But, with regard to the play, he informs us that it is surely straining

the matter beyond the limits of probability to attribute Iago's detestation of Othello to causes so inadequate and vague as the dramatist has assigned. We have here the two principles upon which the novelist and the dramatist worked thoroughly at issue; and the one is to be called natural and the other unnatural. The one would have produced such an Othello as is cleverly described in the introduction to a French translation of the play,† in which the nature of jealousy and all its cruel effects would have been explained, with great pomp of language, by a confidante in an introductory monologue; and the same subject would have served for a continued theme, until the fatal conclusion, which was long foreseen, of an amiable wife becoming the victim of a cruel oppressor. This is the "Zaire" of Voltaire. Upon the other principle we have no explanations, no regular progress of what is most palpable in human action. We have the "motiveless malignity" of Iago—"a being next to devil, and only not quite devil, and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed without scandal," ‡ as the main-spring of all the fearful events which issue out of the unequal contest between the powers of grossness and purity, of falsehood and truth. This is the Othello of Shakspere.

If it had been within the compass of Shakspere's great scheme of the exposition of human actions and the springs of action to have made Iago a supernatural incarnation of the principle of evil, he would not have drawn him very differently from what he is. In all essentials he is "only not quite devil." He is very much less "than archangel ruined." Milton, when he paints his Satan as about to plunge our first parents in irretrievable misery, makes him exhibit "signs of remorse:"—

> "Should I at your harmless innocence
> Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,
> Honour and empire with revenge enlarg'd,
> By conquering this new world, compels me now
> To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.
> So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
> The tyrant's plea, excus'd his devilish deeds."

When Iago beholds a picture of happiness not much inferior to that upon which the Satan of Milton looked, he has no compunctious visitings at the prospect of destroying it:—

> "O, you are well tun'd now!
> But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
> As honest as I am."

But there is another great poetical creation to which Iago bears more resemblance—the Mephistophiles of Goethe. Take away the supernatural power in Mephistophiles, and the sense of the supernatural power in Faust, and the actions of the human fiend and of the real fiend are reduced to pretty much the same standard. It could not be otherwise. Goethe, to make the incarnation of the evil principle intelligible in its dealing with human affairs, could only paint what Shakspere has painted—a being passionless, self-possessed, unsympathising, sceptical of all truth and purity, intellectually gross and sensual—of a will uncontrolled by fear for himself or respect for others—the abstract of the reasoning power in the highest state of activity, but without love, without veneration, without hope, unspiritualised, earthy. Mephistophiles and Iago have this in common, also—that they each seek to destroy their victims through their affections, and each is successful in the attempt. If Shakspere had made Iago actually exhibit the vulgar attributes of the fiend when Othello exclaims—

> "I look down towards his feet"—

would the character have been a particle more real? Fiends painted by men are but reflections of the baser principles of humanity. Shakspere embodied those principles in Iago; and, it being granted that great talent, combined with an utter destitution of principle and a complete denudation of sympathy, has produced the monsters which history has described, who shall say that the character is exaggerated?

The list of "persons represented," affixed to the folio edition of Othello, and called "the names of the actors," is as little wanted for the information of the reader of this tragedy as any preparatory *scenic description* of the characters. In this list we have "Iago, a villain,"—"Roderigo, a gull'd gentleman." But Shakspere has given us very clear indications by which to know the gull from the rogue. We have not read a dozen sentences before we feel the intellectual vigour of Iago, and the utter want of honour which he is not ashamed to avow. He parries in an instant the complaint of Roderigo—

> "That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse,"—

and commands a sympathy with his own complaints against the Moor. He is not nice in the avowal of his principles of action:—

> "In following him, I follow but myself."

He lays bare, without the slightest apprehension, the selfish motives upon which he habitually acts. And is not this nature? Roderigo, blinded by his passion and vanity, overlooks, as all men do under similar circumstances, the risk which he himself runs from such a confederate; and Iago knows that he will overlook it. He never makes a similar exposition of himself directly to persons of nice honour and sensitive morality. To Othello he is the hypocrite:—

> "I lack iniquity,
> Sometimes to do me service."

And therefore, in Othello's opinion,

> "A man he is of honesty and trust."

And even to the "gull'd gentleman," while he is counselling the most abominable wickedness, he is a sort of moralist, up to the point of securing attention and belief: "our bodies are our gardens." When he is alone he revels in the pride of his intellect:—

> "Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
> For I mine own *gain'd knowledge* should profane,
> If I would time expend with such a snipe,
> But for my sport and profit."

To Desdemona, in the first scene at Cyprus, he is "nothing if not critical," according to his own account, but retailing "old fond paradoxes" to conceal his real opinions. When he tasks his understanding to meet Desdemona's demand of, "What praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed?" he exhibits the very perfection of satirical verse—the precise model of what used to be called poetry—the light without warmth of cleverness without feeling. To Cassio, a frank and generous soldier, somewhat easily tempted to folly, and with morals only just not loose enough to destroy his native love of truth and purity, he ventures to exhibit himself more openly. The dialogue in the third scene of the second act, where they discourse of Desdemona, is a key to the habitual grossness of his imagination. His sarcasm to Cassio after the anger of Othello—"As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation"—discloses the utter absence from his mind of the principle of honour. And then, again, he can accommodate himself to all the demands of the frankest joviality:—

> "And let me the cannakin clink, clink."

Other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose, but Shakspere knew that the boon companion, and the cheat and traitor, are not essentially distinct characters. In these lighter demonstrations of his real nature we have seen the clever scoundrel and the passionless sensualist tainted with impurity to the extremest depth of his will and his understanding. We have seen, too, at the very commencement of the play, his hatred to Othello exhibited in the rousing up of Desdemona's father. We have learned something, also, of the motive of this hatred—the preferment of Cassio:—

* The Life of Shakspeare, by Augustine Skottowe, vol. ii. p. 76.
† Chefs-d'œuvre de Shakspeare, tome ii. Paris, 1839.
‡ Coleridge.

" Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor."

But it remained for Iago himself, thinking aloud, or, as we call it, soliloquising, to disclose the entire scope of his villainy. He is to get Cassio's place, and " to abuse Othello's ear." To justify even to himself this second fiendish determination, he shows us, as Coleridge has beautifully expressed it, " the motive hunting of a motiveless malignity." We may well add with Coleridge, " How awful it is!" To understand the confidence with which Iago exclaims, " I have it, it is engender'd," we must examine the elements of Othello's character.

Iago paints the Moor with bitter satire, as one " loving his own pride and purposes." He exhibits him lofty and magniloquent, using " a bombast circumstance." This is the mode in which a cold, calculating man of the world looks upon the imaginative man. The practical men, as they are called, regard with dislike those who habitually bring high thoughts and forcible expressions into the commerce of life. And yet Iago is compelled to do justice to the Moor's high talent :—

" Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business."

The frankness and generosity of the Moor, on the contrary, are subjects for his utter scorn. Here he has no sympathy with him :—

" The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are."

Again—

" The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature."

It is his dependence upon this " constant, loving, noble nature "—it is upon Othello's freedom from all low suspicion, that Iago relies for his power to

" Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass;
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness."

But let Othello speak for himself. Not vain, but proud; relying upon himself, his birth, his actions, he is calm at the prospect of any injury that Brabantio can do him. He is bold when he has to confront those who come as his enemies :—

" I must be found;
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly."

When the old senator exclaims, " Down with him, thief!" how beautiful is his self-command !—

" Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them."

It was this forbearance and self-restraint, bottomed upon the most enthusiastic energy, that made him a hero. When he is wrought into frenzy, Iago himself is surprised at the storm which he has produced; and he looks upon the tempest of passion as a child does upon some machine which he has mischievously set in motion for damage and destruction, but which under guidance is a beautiful instrument of usefulness. " Can he be angry?" Lodovico, in the same way, does justice to his habitual equanimity :—

" Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake?"

The senate scene is the triumph of Othello's perfect simplicity and fearless enthusiasm :—

" I think this tale would win my daughter too."

And then his affection for Desdemona. Before the assembled senators he puts on no show of violence—no reality, and unquestionably no affectation, of warmth and tenderness :—

" She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them."

But when the meeting comes at Cyprus, after their separation and their danger, the depth of his affection bursts forth in irrepressible words :—

" If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."

Such are the materials upon which Iago has to work in Othello. But had Desdemona been otherwise than she was, his success would not have been so assured. Let us dwell for a moment upon the elementary character of this pure and gentle being.

Desdemona's father first describes her :—

" A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blush'd at herself."

Yet upon her very first appearance she does not shrink from avowing the strength of her affections :—

" That I love the Moor, to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world."

But she immediately adds the reason for this :—

" *My heart's subdued*
Even to the very quality of my lord."

The *impressibility* of Desdemona is her distinguishing characteristic. With this key, the tale of Othello's wooing is a most consistent one. The timid girl is brought into immediate contact with the earnest warrior. She hears of wonders most remote from her experience—caves and deserts, rocks and hills, in themselves marvels to an inhabitant of the city of the sea—

" Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

How exquisite is the domestic picture which follows !

" But still the house affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse."

But this impressibility, this exceeding sympathy arising out of the tenderness of her nature, is under the control of the most perfect purity. Iago does full justice to this purity, whilst he sees that her kindness of heart may be abused :—

" For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements."

Her confidence in the power which she possesses over Othello is the result of the perfect sympathy which she has bestowed and received. And her zeal in friendship, without a thought that she might be mistaken, has its root in the same confiding nature :—

" I give thee warrant of thy place; assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship I'll perform it
To the last article."

The equivocation about the handkerchief is the result of the same impressibility. She is terrified out of her habitual candour. The song of " Willow," and the subsequent dialogue with Emilia, are evidences of the same subjection of the mind to external impressions. But her unassailable purity is above all. " I do not think there is any such woman " is one of those minute touches which we in vain seek for in any other writer but Shakspere.

Understanding, then, the native characters of Othello and Desdemona, we shall appreciate the marvellous skill with which Shakspere has conducted the machinations of Iago. If the novel of Cinthio had fallen into common hands to be dramatized, and the dramatist had chosen to depart from the motive of revenge against Desdemona

wnich there actuates the villain, the plot would probably have taken this course :—The Desdemona would have been somewhat less pure than our Desdemona ; the Cassio would have been somewhat more presumptuous than our Cassio, and have not felt for Desdemona the religious veneration which he feels ; the Othello would have been "easily jealous," and would have done something "in hate," but not "all in honour," as our Othello. It is a part of the admirable knowledge of human nature possessed by Shakspere that Iago does not, even for a moment, entertain the thought of tampering with the virtue of Desdemona, either through Cassio, or Roderigo, or any other instrument. Coleridge has boldly and truly said that "Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning ; but, in considering the essence of the Shaksperian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances."

But Othello was not only betrayed by his reliance on "Iago's honesty," but also by his confidence in Iago's wisdom :—

> "This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
> And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
> Of human dealings."

Again—

> "O thou art wise ; 'tis certain."

When Othello thus bows his own lofty nature before the grovelling but most acute worldly intellect of Iago, his habitual view of "all qualities" had been clouded by the breath of the slanderer. His confidence in purity and innocence had been destroyed. The sensual judgment of "human dealings" had taken the place of the spiritual. The enthusiastic love and veneration of his wife had been painted to him as the result of gross passion :—

> "Not to affect many proposed matches," &c.

His belief in the general prevalence of virtuous motives and actions had been degraded to a reliance on the libertine's creed that all are impure :—

> "There's millions now alive," &c.

When the innocent and the high-minded submit themselves to the tutelage of the man of the world, as he is called, the process of mental change is precisely that produced in the mind of Othello. The poetry of life is gone. On them never more

> "The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

They abandon themselves to the betrayer, and they prostrate themselves before the energy of his "gain'd knowledge." They feel that in their own original powers of judgment they have no support against the dogmatism, and it may be the ridicule, of experience. This is the course with the young when they fall into the power of the tempter. But was not Othello in all essentials *young ?* Was he not of an enthusiastic temperament, confiding, loving—most sensitive to opinion—jealous of his honour—truly wise, had he trusted to his own pure impulses ? But he was most weak in adopting an evil opinion, against his own faith, and conviction, and proof, in his reliance upon the honesty and judgment of a man whom he really doubted and had never proved. Yet this is the course by which the highest and noblest intellects are too often subjected to the dominion of the subtle understanding and the unbridled will. It is an unequal contest between the principles that are struggling for the mastery in the individual man, when the attributes of the serpent and the dove are separated, and become conflicting. The wisdom which belonged to Othello's enthusiastic temperament was his confidence in the truth and purity of the being with whom his life was bound up, and his general reliance upon the better part of human nature in his judgment of his friend. When the confidence was destroyed by the craft of his deadly enemy, his sustaining power was also destroyed ; the balance of his sensitive temperament was lost ; his enthusiasm became wild passion ; his new belief in the dominion of grossness over the apparently pure and good, shaped itself into gross outrage ; his honour lent itself to schemes of cruelty and revenge. But even amidst the whirlwind of this passion we every now and then hear something which sounds as the softest echo of love and gentleness. Perhaps in the whole compass of the Shaksperian pathos there is nothing deeper than "But yet the pity of it, Iago !—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago !" It is the contemplated murder of Desdemona which thus tears his heart. But his "disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction," hurries on the catastrophe. We would ask, with Coleridge, "As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most ?"

TIMON OF ATHENS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Timon of Athens.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" was first published in the folio collection of 1623; and immediately previous to that publication it was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." The text, in this first edition, has no division into acts and scenes. We have reason to believe that, with a few exceptions, it is accurately printed from the copy which was in the possession of Heminge and Condell; and we have judged it important, for reasons which we shall feel it our duty to state in considerable detail, to follow that copy with very slight variations.

The text which, before our Pictorial Edition, was ordinarily printed, that of Steevens, underwent, in an almost unequalled extent, what the editors called "regulation." Steevens was a great master in this art of "regulation"—a process by which what was originally printed as prose is sometimes transformed into verse, with the aid of transposition, omission, and substitution; and what, on the contrary, stood in the original as verse, is changed into prose, because the ingenuity of the editor has been unable to render it strictly metrical. There are various other modes of "regulation," which have been most extensively employed in the play before us; and the consequence was that some very important characteristics were utterly destroyed in the variorum editions—the record was obliterated. The task, however, which Steevens undertook, was in some cases too difficult a one to be carried through consistently; and he has been compelled, therefore, to leave several passages, that invited his ambition to "regulate," even as he found them. For example, in that part of the first scene where Apemantus appears, we have a dialogue of which Steevens thus speaks:—"The very imperfect state in which the ancient copy of this play has reached us, leaves a doubt whether several short speeches in the present scene were designed for verse or prose; I have, therefore, made no attempt at 'regulation.'" Boswell upon this very sensibly asks, "Why should not the same doubt exist with regard to other scenes, in which Mr. Steevens has not acted with the same moderation?" It will be necessary that, in addition to the notices in our foot-notes, we should here call the attention of the reader to a few specimens of the difference between the ancient and the modern text.

The original presents to us in particular scenes a very considerable number of short lines, occurring in the most rapid succession. We have no parallel example in Shakspere of the frequency of their use. The hemistich is introduced with great effect in some of the finest passages in Lear. But in Timon of Athens its perpetual recurrence in some scenes is certainly not always a beauty. The "regulation," however, has not only concealed this peculiar feature, but has necessarily altered the structure of the verses preceding or following the hemistich. We print a few such passages:—

ANCIENT COPIES.

Act I. Sc. I.

"*Tim.* What trumpet's that?
Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Sc. II.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.

Act III. Sc. IV.

Stew. Ay, 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 could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their glutt'nous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly.

Act IV. Sc. III.

Tim. Had I a steward,
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
Let me behold thy face: Surely, this man
Was born of woman."

MODERN COPIES.

Act I. Sc. I.

"*Tim.* What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

Sc. II.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.

Act III. Sc. IV.

Flav. Ay,
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 could smile, and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but wrong,
To stir me up; let me pass quietly.

Act IV. Sc. III.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now
So comfortable? It almost turns
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold
Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman."

No one, we believe, having the passages thus exhibited, will consider that Steevens has improved the poet by his "regulation." But even if there should be differences of taste in this particular with reference to the passages before us, we maintain that in those passages, and in the examples we are about to give, the integrity of the text ought to have been preserved upon a principle.

The next examples which we shall take are those in which the prose of the original has been turned into verse:—

ANCIENT COPIES.

Act I. Sc. II.

"*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen I would be good to thee.
Apem. 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'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.

Act II. Sc. II.

Tim. I will despatch you severally.
You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you. I hunted with his honour to-day; you to Sempronius; commend me to their loves; and I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.

Act IV. Sc. III.

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 thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man."

MODERN COPIES.

ACT I. SC. II.

"*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.
Apem. No, I'll nothing; for
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left,
To rail upon thee; and thou wouldst sin the faster.
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly.

ACT II. SC. II.

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,—
To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—you, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

ACT IV. SC. III.

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
Thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee,
For thou'rt a man!"

The third and last series of examples which we shall furnish exhibits the metamorphosis of the verse of the original into prose:—

ANCIENT COPIES.

ACT V. SC. I.

"*Painter.* 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 of saying is quite out of use.
To promise is most courtly and fashionable;
Performance is a kind of will and testament
Which argues a great sickness in his judgement
That makes it.
* *
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 opulency."

MODERN COPIES.

ACT V. SC. I.

"*Painter.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the 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 of saying 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.

* * *

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 opulency."

We have thus prepared the reader who is familiar with the ordinary text, not to rely upon it as a transcript of the ancient copies; and we shall now endeavour to show that, by a careful examination of the original, we may arrive at some conclusions with regard to this drama which have been hitherto entirely overlooked. This will lead us to such an analysis of the play as we ordinarily give in a Supplementary Notice, and will therefore render such a notice unnecessary.

The disguises of the ancient text, which have been so long accepted without hesitation, have given to the Timon of Athens something of the semblance of uniformity in the structure of the verse, although in reality the successive scenes, even in the modern text, present the most startling contrarieties to the ear which is accustomed to the versification of Shakspere. The ordinary explanation of this very striking characteristic is, that the ancient text is corrupt. This is the belief of the English editors. Another theory, which has been received in Germany, is, that the Timon, being one of the latest of Shakspere's performances, has come down to us unfinished. The conviction to which we have ourselves arrived neither rests upon the probable corruption of the text, nor the possibility that the poet has left us only an unfinished draft of his performance; but upon the belief that the differences of style, as well as the more important differences in the cast of thought, which prevail in the successive scenes of this drama, are so remarkable as to justify the conclusion that it is not wholly the work of Shakspere. We think it will not be very difficult so to exhibit these differences in detail as to warrant us in requesting the reader's acquiescence in the principle which we seek to establish, namely, that the Timon of Athens was a play originally produced by an artist very inferior to Shakspere, and which probably retained possession of the stage for some time in its first form; that it has come down to us not wholly re-written, as in the instance of The Taming of the Shrew, and the King John, but so far remodelled that entire scenes of Shakspere have been substituted for entire scenes of the elder play; and lastly, that this substitution has been almost wholly confined to the character of Timon, and that in the development of that character alone, with the exception of some few occasional touches here and there, we must look for the unity of the Shaksperian conception of the Greek Misanthropos—the Timon of Aristophanes and Lucian and Plutarch—"the enemy to mankind" of the popular story books—of the "Pleasant Histories and excellent Novels," which were greedily devoured by the contemporaries of the boyish Shakspere.

The contrast of style which is to be traced throughout this drama is sufficiently striking in the two opening scenes which now constitute the first act. Nothing can be more free and flowing than the dialogue between the Poet and the Painter. It has all the equable graces of Shakspere's facility, with occasional examples of that condensation of poetical images which so distinguishes him from all other writers. For instance:—

"All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him,
Drink the free air."

The foreshadowing of the fate of Timon in the conclusion of this dialogue is part of the almost invariable system by which Shakspere very early infuses into his audience a dim notion of the catastrophe—most frequently, indeed, in the shape of some presentiment. When Timon enters we feel certain that he is the Timon of Shakspere's own conception. He is as graceful as he is generous; his prodigality is without the slightest particle of arrogance; he builds his munificence upon the necessity of gratifying without restraint the deep sympathies which he cherishes to all of the human family. He is the very model, too, of patrons, appearing to receive instead of to confer a favour in his reward of art—a complete gentleman even in the act of purchasing a jewel of a tradesman. That the Apemantus of this scene belongs wholly to Shakspere is not to our minds quite so certain. There is little of wit in any part of this dialogue; and the pelting volley of abuse between the Cynic, the Poet, and the Painter might have been produced by any writer who was not afraid of exhibiting the *tu quoque* style of repartee which distinguishes the angry rhetoric of fishwives and schoolboys. Shakspere, however, has touched upon the original canvas;—no one can doubt to whom these lines belong:—

"So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey."

These lines in the original are printed as prose; and they continued so to be printed by Theobald and the editors who succeeded him, probably from its not being considered that *aches* is a dissyllable. This circumstance is a confirmation to us that the dialogue with Apemantus is not entirely Shakspere's; for it is a most remarkable fact that in all those passages of which there cannot be a doubt that

* "The Palace of Pleasure," in which the story of Timon is found, was first published in 1575.

they were *wholly* written by our poet, there is no confusion of prose for verse—no difficulties whatever in the metrical arrangement—no opportunity presented for the exercise of any ingenuity in "regulation." It was this fact which first led us to perceive, and subsequently to trace, the differences between particular scenes and passages. Wherever the modern text follows the ancient text with very slight changes, there we could put our finger undoubtingly upon the work of Shakspere. Wherever the tinkering of Steevens had been at work, we could discover that he had been attempting to repair, not "the chinks which time had made," but something very different from the materials with which Shakspere constructed. The evidence of this is at hand.

If, in the first scene, it would be very difficult to say with certainty what is not Shakspere's, so in the second scene it appears to us equally difficult to point out what is Shakspere's. We believe that scarcely any part of this scene was written by him; we find ourselves at once amidst a different structure of verse from the foregoing. We encounter this difference remarkably in the first speech of Timon :—

"I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair."

In the first scene we do not find a single rhyming couplet; in the second scene their recurrence is more frequent than in any of Shakspere's plays, even the earliest. This scene alone gives us sixteen examples of this form of verse, which, in combination with prose or blank verse, had been almost entirely rejected by the mature Shakspere, except to render emphatic the close of a scene. In the instance before us we find the couplet introduced in the most arbitrary and inartificial manner—in itself neither impressive nor harmonious. But the contrast between the second scene and the first is equally remarkable in the poverty of the thought and the absence of poetical imagery. It will be sufficient, we think, to put in apposition the Cynic of this scene and of a subsequent scene, to show the impossibility of the character having been wholly minted from the same die:—

ACT I. SC. II.

"Hey day, 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 shows 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, those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done
Men shut their doors against a setting sun."

ACT IV. SC. III.

"Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'ernight's surfeit? call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find——"

Let us try the Steward of the first act and the Steward of the second act by the same test. We print the first speech as we find it in the original. With the exception of the two rhyming couplets, it is difficult to say whether it is prose or verse. It has been "regulated" into verse, as we shall show in our foot-notes; but no change can make it metrical—the feebleness of the thought is the same under every disguise. On the other hand, the harmony, the vigour, the poetical elevation of the second passage, like the greater part of the fourth and fifth acts, effectually prevent all substitution and transposition.

ACT I. SC. II.

"*Flav.* 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 show 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 every word;
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for't;
His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were
Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that hath no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord."

ACT II. SC. II.

"*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
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. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd."

The modern division of this play into acts and scenes has given us a remarkably short second act. The Senator of the first scene may be Shakspere's. The scene between the Servants, the Fool, and the Cynic has very little of his animation or his wit. But who is the fool's mistress? Johnson saw the want of connection between this dialogue and what had preceded it:—"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, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtezan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity." We shall have occasion to notice this want of connection in other scenes of the play. In that before us, if the Timon were an older drama remodelled by Shakspere, the reason for the retention of the scene, disjointed as it is, is obvious. The audience had been accustomed to the Fool; and it was of little consequence whether his speeches had any very strict connection with the more important scenes. The whole thing wants the spirit of Shakspere, and it wants also the play upon words which he almost invariably employed upon such occasions. The Fool, the Page, the Cynic, and the Servants are simply abusive.

The scene between Timon and the Steward, to the end of the act, is unquestionably from the master-hand of our poet. The character of Timon, as his ruin is approaching him, is beautifully developed. His reproach of his steward, slightly unjust as it is, is in a tone perfectly in accordance with the kindness of his nature; and his rising anger is forgotten in a moment in his complete conviction of the integrity of that honest servant. His entire reliance upon the gratitude of his friends is most touching. Thoroughly Shaksperian is the steward's description of the coldness of the senators; and Timon's answer is no less characteristic of the great interpreter of human feelings.

We venture to express a conviction that very little of the third act is Shakspere's. The ingratitude of Lucullus in the first scene, and of Lucius in the second, is amusingly displayed; but there is little power in the development of character—little discrimination. The passionate invective of Flaminius is forcible; but the force is not exactly that of Shakspere. The dialogue between the Strangers, at the end of the second scene, is unmetrical enough in the original;

Steevens has made it hobble still worse. The third scene has the same incurable defects. It seems to us perfectly impossible that Shakspere could have produced thoughts so commonplace, and verse so unmusical, as we find in the speech of Sempronius. The fourth scene, again, has little peculiarity. It might be Shakspere's, or it might be the work of an inferior writer. Of the fifth scene we venture to say most distinctly that it is not Shakspere's. Independently of the internal evidence of thought and style (which we shall come to presently), this scene of the banishment of Alcibiades, and the concluding scene of his return to Athens, appear to belong to a drama of which the story of this brave and profligate Athenian formed a much more important feature than in the present play. That story stands here strictly as an episode. The banishment of Alcibiades is perfectly unconnected with the misanthropy of Timon: the return of Alcibiades takes place after Timon's death. In Shakspere's hand the banishment of Alcibiades is only used in connection with the wonderful scene in the fourth act. In the older drama we have no doubt that it formed an integral portion of the action, and that Timon himself was only incidental to the catastrophe. The scene before us, and the concluding scene of the fifth act, present, we think, nearly every characteristic by which the early contemporaries of Shakspere are to be distinguished from him; and the negation, in the same degree, of all those qualities which render him so immeasurably superior to every other dramatic poet.

The scene between Alcibiades and the Senate consists of about a hundred and twenty lines. Of these lines twenty-six form rhyming couplets. This of itself is enough to make us look suspiciously upon the scene, when presented as the work of Shakspere. Could the poet have proposed any object to himself by this extraordinary departure from his usual principle of versification, presenting even in this play an especial contrast to the mighty rush and sustained grandeur of the blank verse in the speeches of Timon in the fourth and fifth acts? Is not the perpetual and offensive recurrence of the couplet an evidence that this and other scenes of the play were of the same school as "The History of King Lear and his Three Daughters," upon which Shakspere founded his own Lear?

The whole of the Senate scene in Timon is singularly unmetrical; but wherever the verse becomes regular it is certainly not the metre of Shakspere. Mark the pause, for example, that occurs at the end of every line of the first speech of Alcibiades. "The linked sweetness long drawn out" is utterly wanting. The last scene of the fifth act has the same peculiarity. But, in addition to the structure of the verse, the character of the thought is essentially different from that of the true Shaksperian drama. Where is our poet's imagery? From the first line of this scene to the last, the speeches, though cast into the form of verse, are in reality nothing but measured prose. The action of this scene admitted either of passion or reflection; and we know how Shakspere puts forth either power whenever the occasion demands it. The passion of Alcibiades is of the most vapid character:—

> "Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
> Only in bone, that none may look on you!"

Let us contrast for a moment the Shaksperian Coriolanus under somewhat similar circumstances:—

> "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."

In this scene between Alcibiades and the senate, the usually profound reflection of Shakspere, which plunges us into the depths of our own hearts, and the most unfathomable mysteries of the world around us and beyond us, is exchanged for such slight axioms as the following:—

> "For pity is the virtue of the law,
> And none but tyrants use it cruelly."
>
> "To revenge is no valour, but to bear."
>
> "To be in anger is impiety;
> But who is man that is not angry?"

The form of expression in these scenes with Alcibiades appears to us as remarkably un-Shaksperian as the character of the thought. By nothing is our poet more distinguished than by his conciseness—the quality that makes him so often apparently obscure. Shakspere would have dismissed the following idea in three words instead of three lines:—

> "By decimation, and a tithed death,
> (If thy revenges hunger for that food,
> Which nature loathes) take thou the destin'd tenth."

The original stage direction of the sixth scene of the fourth act is, "Enter divers Friends at several doors;" and there is a subsequent direction at the end of the scene—"Enter the Senators with other Lords." Ulrici, looking at the modern stage direction, "Enter divers lords," is surprised that Timon's most intimate friends (Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius) are omitted. We doubt whether the previous scenes in which these friends are introduced are those of Shakspere; and in the same way it appears to us that our poet took the scene before us as he found it, adding, perhaps, Timon's vehement imprecations against his

> "Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites."

The scene concludes with this line:—

> "One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones."

Steevens had seen a manuscript play, written or transcribed about 1600, entitled "Timon," which was in the possession of Mr. Strutt. Of this play he says, "There is a scene in it resembling Shakspere's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of warm water he sets before them stones painted like artichokes." This manuscript has passed into the possession of the Rev. A. Dyce; and the Shakespeare Society have printed the play, under Mr. Dyce's superintendence. We transcribe the passage (modernising the orthography) in which Timon, having invited his false friends to a banquet, resents their perfidy and ingratitude. Laches is the faithful steward of this old play. The guests are Gelasimus, Eutrapelus, Demeas, Philargurus, Hermogenes, and Stilpo.

> "*Timon.* O happy me, equal to Jove himself!
> I going touch the stars. Break out, O joy,
> And smother not thyself within my breast!
> So many friends, so many friends I see;
> Not one hath falsified his faith to me.
> What if I am oppress'd with poverty?
> And grief doth vex me? fortune left me poor?
> All this is nothing: they relieve my wants;
> This one doth promise help, another gold,
> A third a friendly welcome to his house,
> And entertainment; each man acts his part;
> All promise counsel and a faithful heart.
> *Gelas.* Timon, thou art forgetful of thy feast.
> *Tim.* Why do ye not fall to? I am at home:
> I'll standing sup, or walking, if I please.—
> Laches, bring here the artichokes with speed.—
> Eutrapelus, Demeas, Hermogenes,
> I'll drink this cup, a health to all your healths!
> *Lach.* Convert it into poison, O ye gods!
> Let it be ratsbane to them. [*Aside.*
> *Gelas.* What, wilt thou have the leg or else the wing?
> *Eutr.* Carve ye that capon.
> *Dem.* I will cut him up
> And make a beast of him.
> *Phil.* Timon, this health to thee.
> *Tim.* I'll pledge you, sir.
> These artichokes do no man's palate please.
> *Dem.* I love them well, by Jove!
> *Tim.* Here, take them then!
> [*Stones painted like to them, and throws them at them.*
> Nay, thou shalt have them, thou, and all of ye!
> Ye wicked, base, perfidious rascals,
> Think ye my hate's so soon extinguish'd?
> [TIM. *beats* HERM. *above all the rest.*
> *Dem.* O my head!
> *Herm.* O my cheeks!
> *Phil.* Is this a feast?
> *Gelas.* Truly, a stony one.
> *Stil.* Stones sublunary have the same matter with the heavenly.
> *Tim.* If I Jove's horrid thunderbolt did hold
> Within my hand, thus, thus would I dart it! [*He hits* HERM.
> *Herm.* Woe and alas, my brains are dashed out!

Gelas. Alas, alas, 'twill never be my hap
To travel now to the antipodes!
Oh! that I had my Pegasus but here!
I'd fly away, by Jove! [*Exeunt all except* TIM. *and* LACH.
Tim. Ye are a stony generation,
Or harder, if aught harder may be found;
Monsters of Scythia inhospital,
Nay, very devils, hateful to the gods.
Lach. Master, they are gone."

It is pretty clear that Shakspere owed no obligation to the writer of this scene. Mr. Dyce justly says, "I entertain considerable doubts of his having been acquainted with a drama which was certainly never performed in the metropolis, and which was likely to have been read only by a few of the author's particular friends, to whom transcripts of it had been presented." We have little doubt, however, that Timon was familiar to the stage before Shakspere took up the subject, although it is tolerably evident that the play which Mr. Dyce has given to the world was not the play which Shakspere, as we believe, partly made his own. Shakspere, according to our belief, did what he undertook to do, and perhaps he did more than he intended. He completely remodelled the character of Timon. He left it standing apart in its naked power and majesty, without much regard to what surrounded it. It might have been a hasty experiment to produce a new character for Burbage, the greatest of Elizabethan actors. That Timon is so all in all in the play is, to our minds, much better explained by the belief that Shakspere engrafted it upon the feebler Timon of a feeble drama that held possession of the stage, than by the common opinion that he, having written the play entirely, has left us only a corrupt text, or left it unfinished, with parts not only out of harmony with the drama as a whole, in action, in sentiment, in versification, but altogether different from anything he had himself produced in his early, his mature, or his later years.

It is scarcely necessary for us very minutely to follow the successive passages of the fourth and fifth acts in our endeavours to trace the hand of Shakspere. We may, however, briefly point out the passages which we believe *not* to be his. The second scene of the fourth act, between the Steward and the Servants, has some touches undoubtedly of the master's hand; the steward's speech, after the servants have left, again presents us the rhyming couplets and the unmetrical blank verse. The scene between the Poet and the Painter, at the commencement of the fifth act, is so unmetrical, that it has been printed as prose by all modern editors, and we scarcely know how to avoid following the example. Whether they speak in prose or verse, the Poet and the Painter of this scene are as unlike the Poet and the Painter of the first act, in the tone of their dialogues, as can be well imagined. Timon, in the lines which he speaks aside, has caught this infection of unmetrical blank verse, which reads like prose, and jingling couplets which want the spirit of poetry. The Soldier at Timon's tomb is marked by the same characteristics.

It is not by looking apart at the scenes and passages which we have endeavoured to separate from the undoubted scenes and passages of Shakspere in this play that we can rightly judge of their inferiority. They must be contrasted with the great scenes of the fourth act, and with Timon's portion of the fifth—the essentially tragic portions of this extraordinary drama. In power those scenes are almost unequalled. They are not pleasing—they are sometimes positively repulsive in the images which they present to us; but in the tremendous strength of passionate invective we know not what can be compared with them. In Lear the deep pity for the father is an ever-present feeling, mingling with the terror which he produces by his denunciations of his daughters; but in Timon the poet has not once sought to move our pity: by throwing him into an attitude of undiscriminating hostility to the human race, he scarcely claims any human sympathy. Properly to understand the scenes of the fourth and fifth acts, we must endeavour to form a general estimate of the character which Shakspere has here created.

The Timon of Shakspere is not the Timon of the popular stories of Shakspere's day. The twenty-eighth novel of "The Palace of Pleasure" has for its title, "Of the strange and *beastly* nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind." According to this authority, "he was a man but by shape only"—he lived "a beastly and churlish life." The story further tells us, "At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man." Neither was the Timon of Plutarch the Timon of Shakspere. The Greek biographer, indeed, tells us that he was angry with all men, and would trust no man, "for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends," but that he was represented as "a viper and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast and make much of and kissed him very gladly." Plutarch also adds, "This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much liked to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life." † The Timon, therefore, of Plutarch, and of the popular stories of Shakspere's time, was little different from the ordinary cynic, such as he is described by Lucian:—"But now, mind how you are to behave: you must be bold, saucy, and abusive to everybody, kings and beggars alike; this is the way to make them look upon you, and think you a great man. Your voice should be barbarous, and your speech dissonant, as like a dog as possible; your countenance rigid and inflexible, and your gait and demeanour suitable to it: everything you say savage and uncouth: modesty, equity, and moderation, you must have nothing to do with: never suffer a blush to come upon your cheek: seek the most public and frequented place; but when you are there, desire to be alone, and permit neither friend nor stranger to associate with you; for these things are the ruin and destruction of power and empire." ‡ The contrast in Shakspere between Timon and Apemantus, as developed in the fourth act, is one of the most remarkable proofs of our poet's wonderful sagacity in depicting the nicer shades of character. Johnson, speaking of the scene between the misanthrope and the cynic in the fourth act, says, "I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakspere distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble." The Timon of Shakspere is in many respects essentially different from any model with which we are acquainted, but it approaches nearer, as Mr. Skottowe first observed, to the Timon of Lucian than the commentators have chosen to point out:—"It has been deemed a satisfactory conclusion that he derived none of his materials from Lucian, because no translation of the dialogue of Timon is known to have existed in Shakspere's age. But it should rather have been inferred, from the many striking coincidences between the play and the dialogue, that Lucian had some influence over the composition of Timon, although the channel through which that influence was communicated is no longer to be traced." § Before we proceed to an analysis of the Shaksperian Timon, it may be well to take a rapid glance at the dialogue of Lucian, to which Mr. Skottowe refers.

"Timon, or the Misanthrope," opens with an address of Timon to Jupiter, the protector of friendship and of hospitality. The misanthrope asks what has become of the god's thunderbolt, that he no longer revenges the wickedness of men. He then describes his own calamities. After having enriched a crowd of Athenians that he had rescued from misery—after having profusely distributed his riches amongst his friends, those ungrateful men despise him because he has become poor. Timon speaks from the desert, where he is clothed with skins, and labours with a spade. Jupiter inquires of Mercury who it is cries so loud from the depth of the valley near Mount Hymettus; and Mercury answers that he is Timon—that rich man who so frequently offered whole hecatombs to the gods; and adds, that it was at first thought that he was the victim of his goodness, his

* We give this novel at length as an Illustration of Act V.
† See the quotation from North's Plutarch, as an Illustration of Act III.
‡ Lucian's Sale of Philosophers. Franklin's Translation.
§ Life of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 280.

philanthropy, and his compassion for the unfortunate, but that he ought to attribute his fall to the bad choice which he made of his friends, and to the want of discernment which prevented him seeing that he was heaping benefits upon wolves and ravens. "Whilst these vultures were preying upon his liver, he thought them his best friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure love and affection. After they had gnawed him all round, eaten his bones bare, and, if there was any marrow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left him, cut down to the roots and withered; and so far from relieving or assisting him in their turns, would not so much as know or look upon him. This has made him turn digger; and here, in his skin garment, he tills the earth for hire; ashamed to show himself in the city, and venting his rage against the ingratitude of those who, enriched as they had been by him, now proudly pass along, and know not whether his name is Timon." Jupiter resolves to dispatch Mercury and Plutus to bestow new wealth upon Timon, and the god of riches very reluctantly consents to go, because, if he return to Timon, he should again become the prey of parasites and courtezans. The subsequent dialogue between Mercury and Plutus, upon the use of riches, is exceedingly acute and amusing. The gods, upon approaching Timon, descry him working with his spade, in company with Labour, Poverty, Wisdom, Courage, and all the virtues that are in the train of indigence. Poverty thus addresses Plutus:—"You come to find Timon; and as to me who have received him enervated by luxury, he would forsake me when I have rendered him virtuous: you come to enrich him anew, which will render him as before, idle, effeminate, and besotted." Timon rejects the offers which Plutus makes him; and the gods leave him, desiring him to continue digging. He then finds gold, and thus apostrophizes it:—"It is, it must be, gold, fine, yellow, noble gold; heavy, sweet to behold.
Burning like fire, thou shinest day and night: come to me, thou dear, delightful treasure! now do I believe that Jove himself was once turned into gold: what virgin would not spread forth her bosom to receive so beautiful a lover?" But the Timon of Lucian has other uses for his riches than Plutus anticipated he will guard them without employing them; he will, as he says, "purchase some retired spot, there build a tower* to keep my gold in, and live for myself alone this shall be my habitation; and, when I am dead, my sepulchre also from this time forth it is my fixed resolution to have no commerce or connection with mankind, but to despise and avoid it. I will pay no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or compassion to pity the distressed or to relieve the indigent I shall consider as a weakness,—nay, as a crime; my life, like the beasts of the field, shall be spent in solitude, and Timon alone shall be Timon's friend. I will treat all beside as enemies and betrayers; to converse with them were profanation; to herd with them, impiety: accursed be the day that brings them to my sight!" The most agreeable name to me, he adds, shall be that of Misanthrope. A crowd approach who have heard of his good fortune; and first comes Gnathon, a parasite, who brings him a new poem—a dithyramb. Timon strikes him down with his spade. Another and another succeed; and one comes from the senate to hail him as the safeguard of the Athenians. Each in his turn is welcomed with blows. The dialogue concludes with Timon's determination to mount upon a rock, and to receive every man with a shower of stones.

There can be no doubt, we think, that a great resemblance may be traced between the Greek satirist and the English dramatist. The false friends of Timon are much more fully described by Lucian than by Plutarch. The finding the gold is the same—the rejection of it by the Timon of Shakspere is essentially the same; the poet of the play was perhaps suggested by the flatterer who came with the new ode; the senator with his gratulations is not very different from the senators in the drama; the blows and stones are found both in the ancient and the modern. There are minor similarities which might be readily traced, if we believed that Shakspere had gone direct to Lucian. But our opinion is that he found those similarities in the play which we are convinced he remodelled. It is in the conception and the execution of the character of Timon that the original power of Shakspere is to be traced.

The vices of Shakspere's Timon are not the vices of a sensualist. It is true that his offices have been oppressed with riotous feeders; that his vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine; that every room

> "Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;"

but he has nothing selfish in the enjoyment of his prodigality and his magnificence. He himself truly expresses the weakness, as well as the beauty, of his own character:—"Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits, and what better or properer 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!" Charles Lamb, in his contrast between Timon of Athens and Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," which we have quoted as an illustration to Act I., has scarcely done justice to Timon. Hogarth's Rake is all sensuality and selfishness; Timon is essentially high-minded and generous: he truly says, in the first chill of his fortunes—

> "No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart.
> Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given."

In his splendid speech to Apemantus, in the fourth act, he distinctly proclaims that in the weakness with which he had lavished his fortunes upon the unworthy, he had not pampered his own passions:—

> "Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
> The 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 follow'd
> The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
> Who had the world as my confectionary;
> The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
> At duty, more than I could frame employment;
> That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
> Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
> Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
> For every storm that blows."

The all-absorbing defect of Timon—the root of those generous vices which wear the garb of virtue—is the entire want of discrimination, by which he is also characterized in Lucian's dialogue. Shakspere has seized upon this point, and held firmly to it. He releases Ventidius from prison—he bestows an estate upon his servant—he lavishes jewels upon all the dependants who crowd his board:—

> "Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
> And ne'er be weary."

That universal philanthropy, of which the most selfish men sometimes talk, is in Timon an active principle; but let it be observed that he has no preferences. It appears to us a most remarkable example of the profound sagacity of Shakspere to exhibit Timon without any especial affections. It is thus that his philanthropy passes without any violence into the extreme of universal hatred to mankind. Had he loved a single human being with that intensity which constitutes affection in the relation of the sexes, and friendship in the relation of man to man, he would have been exempt from that unjudging lavishness which was necessary to satisfy his morbid craving for human sympathy. Shakspere, we think, has kept this most steadily in view. His surprise at the fidelity of his steward is exhibited, as if the love for any human being in preference to another came upon him like a new sensation:—

> "*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
> To 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 me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
> Was born of woman.—

* A building called the Tower of Timon is mentioned by Pausanias.

> Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
> You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
> One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
> No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
> How fain would I have hated all mankind,
> And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
> I fell with curses."

With this key to Timon's character, it appears to us that we may properly understand the "general and exceptless rashness" of his misanthropy. The only relations in which he stood to mankind are utterly destroyed. In lavishing his wealth as if it were a common property, he had believed that the same common property would flow back to him in his hour of adversity. "O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves." His false confidence is at once, and irreparably, destroyed. If Timon had possessed one friend with whom he could have interchanged confidence upon equal terms, he would have been saved from his fall, and certainly from his misanthropy. If he had even fallen by false confidence, he would have confined his hatred to his

> "Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
> Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears."

But his nature has sustained a complete revulsion, because his sympathies were forced, exaggerated, artificial. It is then that all social life becomes to him an object of abomination:—

> "Piety and fear,
> Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
> Domestic 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 sciatica,
> 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 bosoms; and their crop
> Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
> That their society, as their friendship, may
> Be merely poison!"

Nothing can be more tremendous than this imprecation,—nothing, under the circumstances, more true and natural.

It is observed by Ulrici that the misanthropy of Timon is as idealized as his philanthropy. "But as that idealized philanthropy was his life's element, the equally idealized misanthropy was a choke-damp in which he could not long breathe: his destroying rage against himself, and all human kind, must of course first destroy himself." Considering Timon's artificial love of mankind and his artificial hate as the results of the same ill-regulated temperament, we can appreciate the beautiful distinction which Shakspere has drawn between the intellectual cynicism of Apemantus and the passionate misanthropy of Timon. The misanthropy of Timon is not practical—it wastes itself in generalisations; the misanthropy of Apemantus is not imaginative—it gratifies itself in petty insults and unkindnesses:—

> "*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.
> *Tim.* I hate thee worse.
> *Apem.* Why?
> *Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery.
> *Apem.* I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.
> *Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?
> *Apem.* To vex thee.
> *Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's;
> Dost please thyself in 't?
> *Apem.* Ay.
> *Tim.* What! a knave too?"

The soldier, the courtezan, the thief, are equally included in Timon's fiery denunciations; but they are all equally gratified in essentials. The equanimity with which the fair companions of Alcibiades submit to his railings, when accompanied by his gifts, is profoundly satirical:—

> "More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon."

It tells, in a word, the impotence of his misanthropy. It is cherished for his own gratification alone. Deeper than this fancy of hatred to the human race lies the romantic feeling with which he cherishes images of tranquillity beyond this agitating life:—

> "Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
> Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
> Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
> Whom once a day with his embossed froth
> The turbulent surge shall cover."

The novelist of the "Palace of Pleasure" thus explains Timon's choice of "his everlasting mansion:"—"He ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcass." Shakspere has made Alcibiades furnish a more poetical solution of this choice, which is at the same time a key to Timon's general character:—

> "Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
> Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which
> From niggard nature fall, yet *rich conceit*
> Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
> On thy low grave, on faults forgiven."

We have endeavoured to prove that the Timon of Athens is not wholly a work of Shakspere, and thus the question of its chronology becomes a mixed one. The older play, which we believe Shakspere must have remodelled, belongs, we have little doubt, to the period when our poet began to write for the stage—a period when the public ear was not familiarised to the flowing harmony of his own verse, or the regular cadences of Marlowe's and Greene's. The parts of Timon which unquestionably belong to Shakspere bear the marks of his mature hand. We are aware that the belief which this necessarily implies, that Shakspere was an alterer of plays after he had produced some of his most splendid original works, is opposed to the prevailing theory; but it must be borne in mind that Shakspere's vocation as a poet was not an "idle trade" opposed to his proper "calling."* Whatever his duty as a manager would lead him to do, that he would naturally do without those scruples of self-importance which belong to smaller men. The author of Othello might, therefore, without any compromise of his dignity, become the remodeller of Timon. Malone places Coriolanus and Timon in 1610. Nothing, we think, can be idler than his reasons. Having attributed other plays to former years, he gives these two plays to 1610 because that year is vacant; and he thinks, also, that Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Timon, and Coriolanus, were written in succession, because the subjects are found in North's Plutarch. Chalmers thinks that the play was written in 1601, during the existence of Essex's rebellion. He says, "In persuading the return of Timon, the first senator observes:—

> 'So soon we shall drive back
> Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,
> Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
> His country's peace.'

Here is as exact a picture of Essex as, at that period, it was fit to draw." We need not repeat our opinion of such attempts to determine the date of any particular play of our poet.

Scenery and Costume.

It may be sufficient for the Costume of this play to refer our readers to the Midsummer Night's Dream. The Elgin marbles, in both cases, furnish the principal authorities. The age of Pericles, rich in art, as well as luxurious and magnificent, was the period which immediately preceded that of Timon; and it would, of course, suggest the employment, in the representation of this drama, of great scenic splendour.

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* "I left no calling for this idle trade."—Pope.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords, and flatterers of* Timon.
VENTIDIUS, *one of* Timon's *false friends.*
APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*
ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian general*
FLAVIUS, *steward to* Timon.
FLAMINIUS, LUCILIUS, SERVILIUS, } Timon's *servants.*
CAPHIS, PHILOTUS, TITUS, LUCIUS, HORTENSIUS, } *servants to* Timon's *creditors.*
Two Servants of Varro, *and the servant of* Isidore, *two of* Timon's *creditors.*
CUPID *and Maskers.*
Three Strangers.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
An old Athenian.
A Page.
A Fool.
PHRYNIA, TIMANDRA, } *mistresses to* Alcibiades.
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE,—ATHENS; *and the woods adjoining.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

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

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you are well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: How goes the world?
Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic 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 fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,[1] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He passes.[2]
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 recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."[3]
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look you.
Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd:[4] The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.[5] 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 his own standing![6] what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the 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: artificial strife[7]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, *and pass over.*

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!
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

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[1] *Breath'd.* When Hamlet says—

"It is the *breathing* time of day with me,"—

he refers to the time of habitual exercise, by which his animal strength was fitted for "untirable and continuate" exertion. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of "goodness" is obvious.

[2] *He passes*—he excels, he goes beyond common virtues. In The Merry Wives of Windsor we have, "Why this passes, master Ford."

[3] The poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

[4] The reading of the original is—

"Our poesie is as a *gowne* which *uses*
From whence 'tis nourisht:"

Pope changed this to—

"Our poesie is as a *gum* which *issues.*"

The reading *oozes* is that of Dr. Johnson. Tieck maintains that the passage should stand as in the original: he says, "The act, the flattery of this poet of occasions, which is useful to those who pay for it. The expression is hard, forced, and obscure, but yet to be understood." We cannot see how the construction of the sentence can support this interpretation, and we therefore retain the reading of Pope and Johnson.

[5] This passage has been considered difficult, but if we receive *bound* in the sense of boundary, obstacle, the image is tolerably clear. The "gentle flame" of poesy which provokes itself, runs the quicker even for obstruction, like the current which flies faster after it has chafed the obstacles to its equal flow.

[6] Monck Mason believes that the passage should be written—

"How this Grace
Speaks *its* own standing!"

saying the figure alluded to was a representation of one of the Graces. The commentators have not noticed, what appears to us tolerably obvious, that the flattering painter had brought with him a portrait of Timon, in which the grace of the attitude spoke "his own standing"—the habitual carriage of the original.

[7] *Artificial strife*—the contest of art with nature. So in the Venus and Adonis:—

"Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel."

Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax:[1] no levell'd malice
Infects 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[2] to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds,
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services 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 glass-fac'd flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o' the mount
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kinds of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory 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.[3]
Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on
All those which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,[4]
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.[4]
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 him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip[5] down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'Tis common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, *attended; the* Servant *of* Ventidius *talking with him.*[6]

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt and free him.
Ven. Serv. 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,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. 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 named 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 inclined 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' the 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 prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself,[7]
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* Lucilius.] 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 choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
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: Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!
[*Exeunt* Lucilius *and old* Athenian.

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[1] An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.
[2] *Unbolt*—unfold, explain.
[3] *Condition* is here used for art. The painter has here formed a picture in his mind according to the description of the poet, and he would say that it was a subject for the skill of each to be exercised upon.
[4] *Drink the free air*—live, breathe but through him.
[5] *Slip.* In the original, *sit.*
[6] The original stage direction is, "Trumpets sound, enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor."
[7] The following is Coleridge's explanation of this passage:—"The meaning of the first line the poet himself explains, or rather unfolds, in the second. 'The man is honest!'—'True;—and for that very cause, and with no additional or extrinsic motive, he will be so. No man can be justly called honest, who is not so for honesty's sake, itself including its own reward.'"

Poet. 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 traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even 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 you, 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 mere 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 sell would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe '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. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.
Mer. He'll spare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!
Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou 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 called 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 likest thou this picture, Apemantus?
Apem. The best, for the innocence.
Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it?
Apem. He wrought better that made the painter; and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.
Pain. You are a dog.
Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's she, if I be a dog?
Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?
Apem. No; I eat not lords.
Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.
Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.
Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.
Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.
Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?
Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.
Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?
Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?
Poet. How now, philosopher?
Apem. Thou liest.
Poet. Art not one?
Apem. Yes.
Poet. Then I lie not.
Apem. Art not a poet?
Poet. Yes.
Apem. 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.
Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!
Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?
Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.
Tim. What, thyself?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Wherefore?
Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art not thou a merchant?
Mer. Ay, Apemantus.
Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!
Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.
Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.
Tim. Pray entertain them; give them guide to us.—
[*Exeunt some* Attendants.
You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you; when dinner's done,
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with his company.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*
Apem. So, so; there!—
Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.[1]
Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.
Tim. Right welcome, sir.
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all but* APEMANTUS.

Enter Two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is 't, Apemantus?
Apem. Time to be honest.
1 *Lord.* That time serves still.
Apem. The most accursed thou that still omitt'st it.
2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.
Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.
2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well.
Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.
2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?
Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.
1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.
Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.
2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.
Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [*Exit.*
1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

[1] This is printed as prose in the original. (See Introductory Notice.)

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.
2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.
1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.
2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?
1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in* Timon's *House.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, *and other Athenian* Senators, *with* VENTIDIUS, *and* Attendants. *Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly.*[1]

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.[2]
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:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.
Ven. A noble spirit!
[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on* TIMON.
Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*
1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.
Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?
Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.
Apem. No, you shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.
Tim. Fie, thou'rt a churl; you have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—
They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est,*
But yond' man's very angry.[3]
Go, let him have a table by himself;
For he does neither affect company,
Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.
Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,[4] Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.
Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: prithee, let my meat make thee silent.
Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;[5]
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 the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.
If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.
Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.
2 *Lord.* 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' the mire:
This, and my food, are equals; 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 harlot, 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. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*

Much good dich[6] thy good heart, Apemantus!
Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.
Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.
Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.
Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.
Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.
1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.
Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall 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. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to

[1] The original stage direction is curious: "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, *like himself.*"

[2] This is one of the many instances in which we adhere to the metrical arrangement of the original, discarding the "regulation" of Steevens. It would be tedious to point out all these passages as they occur, but our readers, when they find a departure from the arrangement of the ordinary text, may be assured that we have ourselves made no capricious change of the ancient copy. We have explained the necessity for a general adherence to this copy in the Introductory Notice.

[3] *Very angry.* So the original. Rowe changed *very* to *ever*, marking an antithesis with the Latin sentence. The introduction of a scrap of Latin is not at all in Shakspere's manner, nor, indeed, is any part of the speech.

[4] *Apperil.* The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as in the "Tale of a Tub:"—

"As you will answer it at your *apperil.*"

[5] Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

[6] *Much good dich.* This word *dich* is considered by Johnson as a corruption of *do it.* In the sense in which it is here used it represents *may it do.* There is no other instance of its use, according to Nares.

have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks; to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* 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.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much![1] [*Tucket sounded.*

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a 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 forerunner, my lord, which bears that office to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—the five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:
The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.[2]

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.
Music, make their welcome. [*Exit* Cupid.

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample y' are belov'd.

Music. Re-enter Cupid, *with a masque of* Ladies *as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hey day, 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 shows 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 those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done:
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords *rise from table, with much adoring of* Timon; *and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.*[3]

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 have added worth unto 't, and lustre,[4]
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. '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 yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.
[*Exeunt* Cupid *and* Ladies.

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 his humour; [*Aside.*
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.
'Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[*Exit, and returns with the casket.*

1 *Lord.* Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 *Lord.* Our horses.

Tim. O my friends,
I have one word to say to you;—Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it, and wear it,
Kind my lord.

1 *Lord.* 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.

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 prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. [*Aside.*

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, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
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 show 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 every word;
He is so kind, that he now pays interest for 't;
His lands put to their books. Well, 'would I were
Gently put out of office, before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do yourselves

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[1] *Much*—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

[2] The reading of the original is—

"There taste, touch all, pleas'd from thy table rise."

The emendation of the text is by Warburton, and it is not only ingenious, but satisfactory. Four of the five best senses rise from Timon's table; the masque of ladies come to gratify the fifth.

[3] This is the ancient stage direction.

[4] *Lustre.* The ordinary reading was *lively lustre*, which epithet was derived from the second folio. We follow the original copy.

Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.
3 *Lord.* O, he is 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: it is yours, because you lik'd it!
2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.[1]
All Lords. None so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, 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: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defil'd 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.
1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.
Apem. What a coil's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen, I would be good to thee.
Apem. 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'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:[2] What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?
Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music. [*Exit.*
Apem. So;—Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then. I'll lock thy heaven from thee.
O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in a* Senator's *House.*

Enter a Senator, *with papers in his hand.*

Sen. And late, five thousand:[3] to Varro, and to Isidore,
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 twenty more
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight
And able horses: No porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.[4] It cannot hold; no reason
Can sound[5] his state in safety. Caphis, hoa!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,[6]
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Have smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most 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,
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. I go, sir.—Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[7]
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him; nor 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.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the* Servants *of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro:[8] What,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is 't not your business too?
Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

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[1] The variorum reading was, "I'll call *on* you." We have no doubt that the *to you* was the idiomatic phrase.
[2] Be ruin'd by the securities you give.
[3] This was ordinarily pointed thus:—

"And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand."

We follow the punctuation of the original. It appears to us that the senator is recapitulating what Timon owes himself—"and late, five thousand"—"besides my former sum, which makes it five-and twenty." The mention of what Timon owes to Varro and Isidore is parenthetical.
[4] The porter at a great man's gate was proverbially a repulsive person. The porter at Kenilworth, according to Laneham's description, was "tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance."
[5] *Sound.* This is ordinarily printed *found.* The original is clearly *sound;* and the meaning appears to be, that no reason which fathoms Timon's state can find it safe. Capell reads, "*found* his state *on.*"
[6] *Sirrah* is not in the original copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio.
[7] The original reads—

"And have the dates in. Come."

Theobald made the correction, alleging that the dates were *in* when the bonds were given.
[8] *Good even, Varro.* It is remarkable that the servants in this scene take the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke and Sir Charles of "High Life Below Stairs."

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and* Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. 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 prithee but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays your speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—
Var. Ser. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past,—
Isid. Serv. 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* ALCIBIADES *and* Lords.
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,
[*To* FLAVIUS.
How goes the world that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?[1]
Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.
Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertained. [*Exit* TIMON.
Flav. Pray draw near.
[*Exit* FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS *and* Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus; let's have some sport with 'em.
Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.
Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!
Var. Serv. How dost, fool?
Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.
Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away. [*To the* Fool.
Isid. Serv. [*To* VAR. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.
Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.
Caph. Where's the fool now?
Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!
All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?
Apem. Asses.
All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.
Fool. How do you, gentlemen?
All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?
Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.
Apem. Good! Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.
Page. [*To the* Fool.] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company? How dost thou, Apemantus?
Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.
Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.
Apem. Canst not read?
Page. No.
Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.
Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit* Page.
Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.
Fool. Will you leave me there?
Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?
All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!
Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.
Fool. Are you three usurers' men?
All Serv. Ay, fool.
Fool. I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?
Var. Serv. I could render one.
Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.
Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?
Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight, and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.
Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.
Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.
Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.
All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.
Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.
[*Exeunt* APEMANTUS *and* Fool.
Flav. 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.
[*Exeunt* Serv.
Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

[1] *Date-broken bonds.* So Malone reads. In the original we have—

"With clamorous demands of debt, broken bonds."

We adopt the change upon a due consideration of a passage in the preceding scene, upon which Malone builds his reading:—

"His days and times are past,
And my reliance on his *fracted dates*
Have smit my credit."

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,[1]
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 have shook my head, and wept:
Yea, 'gainst the 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 lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
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 goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedæmon 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 falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[2] have been oppress'd
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,[3]
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst 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 argument 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 am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius!—Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other* Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,—
Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You to lord Lucius,—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day; you, to Sempronius: Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use them toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.[4]
Flam. As you have said, my lord.
Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph! [*Aside.*
Tim. Go you, sir, [*to another* Serv.] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.
Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general 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'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.
Tim. You gods, reward them!
'Prithee, man, look cheerly! 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 toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.
Go to Ventidius,—[*to a* Serv.] 'Prithee, [*to* Flavius] be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to* Serv.] Ventidius lately
Buried 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, [*to* Flav.] give 't these fellows

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[1] The meaning of this construction is—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

[2] *Offices.* These are not the apartments for servants, in our present acceptation of the term, but rooms of hospitality, in the sense in which the word is used by Shirley:—

"Let all the offices of entertainment
Be free and open."

[3] Pope, by way of making this passage intelligible, substituted *a lonely room* for *a wasteful cock*. Upon this hint Hanmer tells us that a *cock* is a *cock-loft*, which signifies a garret lying in waste. Steevens, under the name of Collins, gives an explanation, the character of which is sufficiently designated by the signature. It appears to us that there is a slight typographical error in the passage. The "vaults have wept with drunken spilth of wine;" the steward has quitted the scene of extravagance to weep alone:—

"I have retir'd me *from* a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow."

The spilth of the wasteful cock, and the flow of the weeping eye, are here put in opposition. We do not venture to change the text, although we believe that *from*, or, as it was sometimes written, *fro*, might be readily mistaken for *to*.

[4] Steevens prints this speech metrically. (See Introductory Notice.) It may be said that the metre thus "regulated" is not worse than we find in other passages of the play. That is true; but those other passages occur in scenes which, taken as a whole, do not bear the marks of Shakspere's hand. This scene between Timon and the steward has not one of those characteristics which we have pointed out as distinguishing the work of an inferior author from the work of our poet. In the harmony of the blank verse, the vigour of the thought, and the fluency of the expression, this scene is essentially Shakspere's; and it becomes vitiated, therefore, when a prose speech is converted into unmetrical verse.

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.
Flav. I would I could not think it: That thought is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A Room in* Lucullus's *House.*

Flaminius *waiting.* *Enter a* Servant *to him.*

Serv. 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 bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively[1] welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[*Exit* Servant.] 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 assistance 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 ha' dined with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty[2] is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter 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 observed thee always for a towardly 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 know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.
Flam. Is 't possible, the world should so much differ:
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 master. [*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,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave unto his honour
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 nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A public Place.*

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, though 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. Fie, 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 so many talents; nay, urged extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belonged to 't, and yet was denied.
Luc. How?
2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.
Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am ashamed on 't. Denied that honourable man; there was very little honour showed in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured 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 has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?
Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord: requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.
Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.
Ser. But in the meantime 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 have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, 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 't, the more beast, I say;—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and

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[1] *Respectively*—respectfully.

[2] *Honesty* is here used in the sense of *liberality.*

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 afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[*Exit* SERVILIUS.

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that's once denied will hardly speed.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this is the world's soul;
And just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's sport: who can call him his friend
That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,
Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;[1]
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, (O, see the monstrousness 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 came any of his bounties over 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 dispense:
For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Sempronius's *House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a* Servant *of* Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't? Humph! 'bove all others?
He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these[2]
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal;
For they have all denied him!

Sem. How! have they denied him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?[3]
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him.
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrice[4] give him over: Must I take th' cure upon me?
H' has much disgrac'd me in 't, I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have woo'd 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 now,
That I'll requite it last? No.
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.[5]
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
H' had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I had 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 men politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.[6] How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire: Of such a nature is his politic 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.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Two Servants *of* Varro, *and the* Servant *of* Lucius, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other* Servants *to* Timon's *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?
What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business doth command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And sir
Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him:
You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;

---

[1] Steevens "regulates" these lines thus:—

"Why this
Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's *spirit*. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse."

The word *sport* of the original was changed into *spirit* by Theobald.

[2] The word *three*, which is not in the original, was usually inserted here, "to complete the measure."

[3] Steevens is here quite pathetic on the subject of metre:—"With this *mutilated*, and therefore rugged speech, no ear accustomed to harmony can be satisfied. But I can only point out metrical *dilapidations*, which I profess my inability to repair." It appears remarkable that it never occurred to Steevens and others that this ruggedness, which they put down to the account of mutilations and dilapidations, prevails through whole scenes, and that other scenes are perfectly harmonious. The rugged speeches are at the same time feeble speeches. The harmonious speeches are at the same time vigorous speeches. The instant that we encounter Shakspere's thoughts, we find them associated with Shakspere's music.

[4] *Thrice.* The original reads *thrive*. Johnson proposed *thrice*, which appears to us warranted by the previous line:—

"And does he send to me? *Three?* humph!"

[5] The pronoun *I* was not found in the first folio, but was inserted in the second.

[6] The commentators, with the exception of Ritson, have assumed that the villainies of man are to set the devil clear. Ritson says, "The devil's folly in making man politic, is to appear in this, that he will at the long-run be too many for his old master, and get free of his bonds. The villainies of man are to set himself clear, not the devil, to whom he is supposed to be in thraldom." Tieck adopts Ritson's explanation.

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 to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, 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 am 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.
1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns: What's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum,
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. 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. [*Exit* FLAMINIUS.

Enter FLAVIUS, *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
2 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
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 could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their gluttonous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:[1]
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 'twill not serve 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?
2 *Var. Serv.* 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 SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.
Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't: for, take 't 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.[2]
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.
Ser. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

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, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here's mine.
Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.[3]
Luc. Serv. Alas! my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.
What yours?—and yours?
1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—
Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman 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?
Flam. My 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:[4]
I'll once more feast the rascals.
Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee; invite them all; let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The* Senate House.

The Senate *sitting.* *Enter* ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it;
The fault's bloody;
'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

[1] This is a fine flowing passage of the original, which Steevens has "regulated" into a harsh stiffness. (See Introductory Notice.)
[2] This speech is printed here as prose, according to the old copy. Steevens has made verse of it, after a certain fashion.
[3] The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Dekker in his "Gull's Horn Book:"—"They durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*." The allusion is to *bills*, or battle-axes.
[4] This is the reading of the second folio. The first copy has—
"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius *Ullorxa:* all."

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.
Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!
1 *Sen.* Now, captain.
Alcib. 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 stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;
(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:
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.* 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 manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe;
And make his wrongs his outsides,
To wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!
Alcib. My lord,—
1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.
Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain.—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass, more captain than the lion;
The felon[1] loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
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.
Alcib. In vain? his service done
At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.
1 *Sen.* What's that?
Alcib. Why, I say,[2] my lords, h' as done fair service,
And slain in fight 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.
He's a sworn rioter: he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough[3]
To overcome him: in that beastly 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.
Alcib. 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,
Upon 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.
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
1 *Sen.* How?
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
3 *Sen.* What?
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base,
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ache at you,
1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me?
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt* Senators.
Alcib. Now the 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 those, for this?
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment?
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A magnificent Room in* Timon's *House.*

Music. Tables set out Servants *attending. Enter divers* Lords, *at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.
2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
1 *Lord.* 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.

[1] *Felon.* The original has *fellow.* Johnson adopted *felon*, which is clearly more accordant with the context.

[2] The folio of 1632 has, *Why, I say;* the first folio, *say.*

[3] *Alone* was generally inserted here "to complete the measure."

[4] We request the reader's attention to the passage in the Introductory Notice relating to this scene. It appears to us not to have a single mark upon it of Shakspere's hand.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* 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 conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* 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 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

2 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and* Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?

1 *Lord.* Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not summer more willing 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 music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord.* I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord.* My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Lord.* My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that when your lordship this other day sent to me I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord.* If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord.* All covered dishes!

1 *Lord.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord.* Doubt not that, if money, and the season, can yield it.

1 *Lord.* How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord.* Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord.* Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord.* 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord.* How? how?

2 *Lord.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Lord.* I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 *Lord.* This is the old man still.

3 *Lord.* Will't hold, will't hold?

2 *Lord.* It does: but time will—and so—

3 *Lord.* 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 praised: but reserve still to give lest your deities be despised. 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 be 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.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends, as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless 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 villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou;—

[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Stay, I will lend the 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.[a] [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, *with other* Lords, *and* Senators.

1 *Lord.* How now, my lords?

2 *Lord.* Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 *Lord.* Pish! did you see my cap?

4 *Lord.* I have lost my gown.

3 *Lord.* He's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel?

4 *Lord.* Did you see my cap?

2 *Lord.* Here 'tis.

4 *Lord.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Lord.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Lord.* Lord Timon's mad.

3 *Lord.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Lord.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of* Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens![1] Matrons, turn incontinent!
Obedience fail in children! Slaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! To general filths

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[1] This passage was pointed as follows in all modern editions:—

> "Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
> That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
> And fence not Athens!"

We follow the punctuation of the original. When Timon says, "Let me look back upon thee," he apostrophizes the city generally—the seat of his splendour and his misery. To say nothing of the metrical beauty of the pause after *thee*, there is much greater force and propriety, as it appears to us, in the arrangement which we adopt.

Convert,[1] o' the instant, green virginity—
Do 't in your parent's 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 o' the brothel! Son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! Piety and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And yet[2] confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—Thou cold sciatica,
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 bosoms; 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 bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)
The 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!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Athens. *A Room in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Flavius, *with Two or Three* Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, 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 fallen! 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 to 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-shunn'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 see I by 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 this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever 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.
[*Exeunt* Servants.
O, the fierce[3] 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? or 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,[4]
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,—bless'd 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 inquire him out:
I'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold I'll be his steward still.[5] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Woods.*

Enter Timon.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature:
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
The want that makes him lean.[6] Who dares, who dares,

[1] *Convert* is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself "green virginity." So in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels:"—

"O which way shall I first *convert* myself?"

Gifford, in a note on this passage, mentions that the word occurs in this sense in the old translation of the Bible:—"Howbeit, after this Jeroboam *converted* not from his wicked ways."

[2] *Yet.* Hanmer would read *let.* But the prayer of Timon is that, although all the bonds of social life be thrown into confusion, a dissolution of society should not ensue, but anarchy live on, with perpetual misery.

[3] *Fierce*—violent, excessive. Ben Jonson has "*fierce* credulity."

[4] *Blood*—natural disposition. (See note on Cymbeline, Act I. Sc. I.)

[5] What a remarkable contrast these twenty-two lines of the steward's speech offer to the preceding part of the scene! They contain four rhyming couplets, and four broken lines. Steevens, following Pope, changed three lines into two after the following fashion:—

"Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it."

This regulation, as it appears to us, has made the passage more unlike Shakspere even than it was in its original form.

[6] *The brother's sides.* There is considerable obscurity in all this passage, both in the progress of the thought and the form of expression. It appears to us that it may be simplified by bearing in mind that one idea runs through the whole from the commencement, "twinn'd brothers" down to "the want that makes him lean." Touch the twinned brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorns the lesser. The poet goes on to show that the difference of property is the sole cause of the difference of estimation. He puts this in the most contemptuous way, making the power of feeding and fattening constitute the great distinction between the brother whose pasture lards his sides, and *him*, the other brother, whose want produces leanness. It is scarcely necessary to point out all the emendations that have been proposed for the concluding lines of this passage. If we reject the original word, and adopt the reading of the Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio—

"It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,"—

much of the preceding note is superfluous. Phillips, in his "World of Words" (1696), says, "*Rother beasts*, a word used in old statutes, and still in the northern parts of England, for horned beasts, as cows, oxen, steers, heifers, &c." The street in which the cattle-market is held in Stratford is called Rother Street.

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man's a flatterer"? If one be,
So are they all; for every grize[1] 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 villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heavens! Thus much of this will make
Black white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, 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:[2]
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the 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 spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the April-day again.[3] Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st 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,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some gold.*

Enter Alcibiades, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alcib. What art thou there? Speak!
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. 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.
Alcib. 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 suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou'rt a man![4]
Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. 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 Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! They love thee not that use thee.
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. 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 have 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 prithee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep 't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest; and thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born to conquer my country.[5]
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's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
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-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse:[6] Swear against objects;
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests 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.

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[1] *Grize, greese, griece, gree,* are all words expressing a step—a degree.
[2] *Stout* means here, in health. There was a notion that the departure of the dying was rendered easier by removing the pillow from under their heads.
[3] *The April-day* is not the fool's day, as Johnson imagined, but simply the spring-time of life. Shakspere himself has in a sonnet—
"Calls back the lovely April of her prime."
[4] This speech, which, following the original, we print as prose, has been "regulated" into verse in modern editions. (See Introductory Notice.)
[5] It is not very clear whether the passage beginning, "The gods confound them," and ending "conquer my country," is meant in the original to be printed as verse or prose. Steevens has thus endeavoured to make it metrical:—
"*Tim.* The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; *and*
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country."
[6] An allusion to the "Tale of Œdipus," according to Johnson.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
Phry. & Timan. 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,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
The 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 turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!
Phry. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?
Believe't, that we'll do anything for gold.
Tim. Consumptions sow
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 sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians 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![1]
Phry. & Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.
Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.
Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell, Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.
Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him.—
Strike.
[*Drum beats. Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, PHRYNIA, *and* TIMANDRA.
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry:—Common mother, thou, [*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all the[2] human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marble mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

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: Consumption catch thee!
Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[3]
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer 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 wast told thus:
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade 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 likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee I'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd[4] trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's;
Dost please thyself in't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

[1] So in Chapman's Homer's Iliad:—
"The throats of dogs shall *grave*
His manly limbs."

[2] *The.* This is sometimes printed *thy*, after Pope.

[3] *Infected.* So the original. The word has been changed into *affected*, the modern signification of which is not exactly the phraseology of Shakspere. Rowe made the change; and he also, with greater propriety, altered "from change of future" to "from change of fortune."

[4] *Moss'd.* This was a change by Hanmer from *moyst* of the original. Mr. Dyce holds that *moist* is a printer's error for *mosst*. In As You Like It, as he points out, we have the boughs of a tree "moss'd with age."

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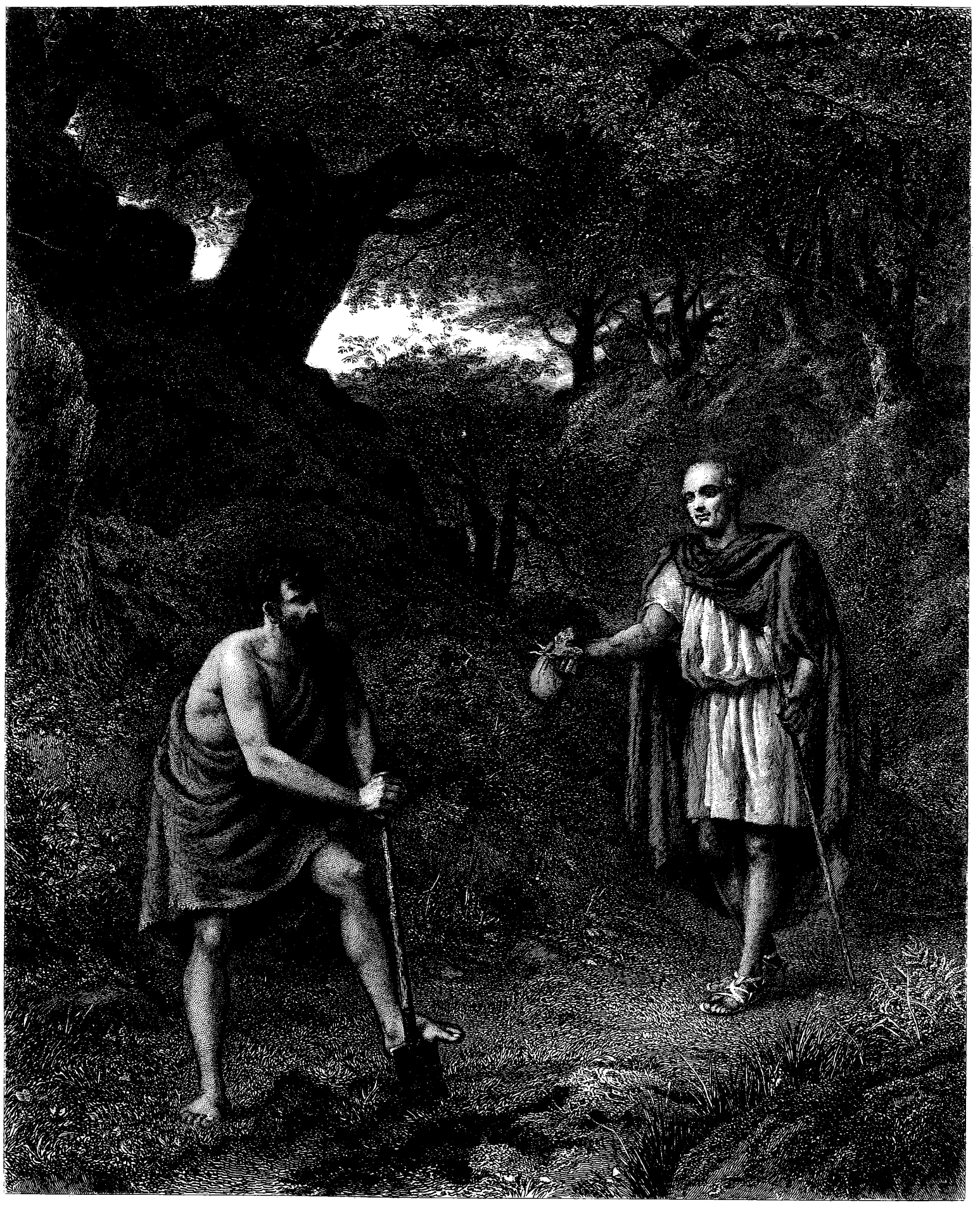

D PEL US

Stadt-
bücherei
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Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath 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 clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs[1] 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 follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell 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 sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou will curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, 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,
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

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. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[*Offering him something.*

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. 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.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best and truest:
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. 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 for too much curiosity;[2] in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

[1] *Drugs.* Mason conjectures *drudges.*

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. 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 Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: wert 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, that seest not thy loss 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 ass 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 else 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. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[APEMANTUS *retreats backward, as going.*
I am sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.

[2] *Curiosity*—niceness, delicacy.

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 me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch[1] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.
[*Exit* APEMANTUS.
More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

1 *Ban.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Ban.* It is noised he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Ban.* 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 *Ban.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 *Ban.* Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

2 *Ban.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Ban.* He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is you want much of meat.
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Ban.* 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 profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited[2] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives together;
Do villainy, do, since you protest[3] to do't,
Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
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 stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief,
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.[4] 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; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever:
Amen. [TIMON *retires to his cave.*

3 *Ban.* He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Ban.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Ban.* I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Ban.* Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable but a man may be true.
[*Exeunt* Banditti.

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has
Desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends:
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt 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; ay, all
I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.[5]
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,
To 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?

[1] *Touch*—touchstone.
Limited—legalised.
Protest. The ordinary reading was *profess*. There appears no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in the sense of, to declare openly.

[4] That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft unchecked.

[5] Steevens, following Pope, "regulates" this passage as follows:—
"Then
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,
To serve in meat to villains."

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.[1]
Let me behold thy face.—Surely this man
Was born of woman.—[2]
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;
For by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late;
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely 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
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: show 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 them,
Debts wither them to nothing:[3] 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 curses
Stay not; fly, whilst thou art bless'd and free;
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter Poet *and* Painter; Timon *behind, unseen.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it: Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for 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 supposed distress of his: it will show 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.[4]

Pain. Good as the best.
Promising is the very air o' the 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 of saying 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.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

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 opulency.

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;
When 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 worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Fit I meet them. [*Advancing.*

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 open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I'm 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,

Wild. Hanmer suggested *mild.*
The same art of "regulation" has been exercised upon this passage. (See Introductory Notice.)

[3] Steevens prints the line thus:—

"Debts wither them. Be men like blasted woods."

There is some difference, we think, between to wither, and to wither *to nothing;* but Steevens says, "I have omitted the redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because they are worthless."

[4] It is difficult to say whether this scene, which in the original is printed as verse, ought to retain that form. In all the modern editions it is given as prose. It is certainly impossible to render some of the speeches metrical; but yet lines occur in them which would appear to have as much claim to be considered metrical as many others in this play. For example:—

"Poor straggling soldiers, with great quantity."
"Therefore 'tis not amiss we tender our loves
To him, in this suppos'd distress of his."

We have no doubt that the speeches of the poet and the painter, beginning "Good as the best," are intended to be metrical, however rugged they may appear.

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you are honest men.
Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.
Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;
I am sure you have: speak truth: you're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I
Tim. Good honest men: Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. Even 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:
Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.
Tim. You'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep him 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 in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:—[1]
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.
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's payment: Hence![2]
You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

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 the 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: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'rising to the root o' the 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. 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,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
2 *Sen.* They confess,
Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public 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 send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs
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, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.
2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.
1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir: Thus,—

[1] Mason, in his usual literal and prosaic manner, proposed to read, "*not* two in company." The meaning is amplified in the subsequent lines—go apart, you that way, and you this; still there are two in company—yourself and the "made-up villain:"—

"Rid me these villains from your companies."

[2] The ordinary reading is, "You have *done* work for me." Malone says, "For the insertion of the word *done*, which it is manifest was omitted by the negligence of the compositor, I am answerable. Timon in this line addresses the Painter, whom he before called 'excellent *workman*;' in the next the Poet." It appears to us that this is a hasty correction. Timon has overheard both the poet and the painter declaring that they have nothing to present to him at that time but promises, and it is with bitter irony that he says "excellent workman." In the same sarcastic spirit he now says, "You have work for me—there's payment." For the *work* that they formerly did for him they were amply paid in the days of his first prosperity.

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. 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 wrack,
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 through 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 some kindness do 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,[a]
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover;[1] thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably
Coupled to 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 III.—*The Walls of* Athens.

Enter Two Senators, *and a* Messenger.

1 *Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least;
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.

2 *Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, 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 entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter Senators *from* Timon.

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 choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Woods.* Timon's *Cave, and a Tomb-stone seen.*

Enter a Soldier, *seeking* Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, hoa!—No answer?—What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span;
Some beast—Read this. There does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:[2]
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades *and Forces.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

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[1] *Whom.* The original reads *who.* Steevens corrected it to *which;* Malone, to *whom;* one maintaining that the turbulent surge was to cover the grave, the other the body in the grave.

[2] There is a good deal of difficulty about this scene. We will first give the doubtful part of it as it stands in the original:—

"*Enter a* Soldier *in the Woods, seeking* Timon.

Sol. By all description this should be the place.
Whose heere? Speake hoa. No answer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-stretcht his span,
Some Beast reade this; There do's not live a man.
Dead sure, and this his Grave, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read; the Character I'll take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in every Figure skill:
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes;
Before proud Athens hee's set downe by this,
Whose fall the marke of his Ambition is."

Mr. Staunton regards the two lines beginning, "Timon is dead," as the only part of the inscription which the soldier could read. We apprehend the passage differently. The soldier has found the place described to him as the Cave of Timon; he calls to him in vain; he ejaculates—

"Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span;
Some beast—

supposing that some beast had killed Timon; but going to the tomb, he calls to his companion, "Read this." What follows, "There does not live a man," is no part of the inscription, but means *there*—in that case. The soldier says, "I cannot read;" and when Alcibiades reads the inscription in wax which the soldier brought away, there is nothing corresponding with Mr. Staunton's supposed epitaph.

Enter Senators *on the walls.*

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 travers'd arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere 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 towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts. March, 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 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 the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

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,
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 seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend, 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 render'd[1] to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators *descend, and open the gates.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass and stay not here thy gait.

These will express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets 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 leech.
Let our drums strike. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance.*"

IN considering the character of Timon in our Introductory Notice, we have referred to Mr. Charles Lamb's parallel between Shakspere and Hogarth. We here reprint the passage:—

"One of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, 'The Harlot's and Rake's Progresses.' A set of severer satires, (for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires,) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in Timon of Athens.

"I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered, 'Shakspere:' being asked which he esteemed the next best, replied, 'Hogarth.' His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Others' pictures we look at,—his prints we read.

"In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the Timon of Athens of Shakspere (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress' together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of

[1] *Render'd.* The original has *remedied.* We agree with Mr. Dyce that this is a misprint.

riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The 'Levee of the Rake,' which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both. The concluding scene in the 'Rake's Progress' is perhaps superior to the last scenes of Timon."

This delightful writer has not observed that in another of Hogarth's admirable transcripts of human life, "The Marriage à la Mode," the painter has also exhibited an idea which is found in the Timon of Athens—the faithful steward vainly endeavouring to present a warning of the approach of debt and dishonour in his neglected accounts:—

> "O my good lord!
> At many times I brought in my accounts,
> Laid them before you; you would throw them off."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE VI.—"*Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be*
Of Timon, man, and all humanity."

Plutarch distinctly records the circumstance which converted the generous Timon into a misanthrope. We subjoin from North's translation the entire passage relating to Timon:—

"Antonius forsook the city (Alexandria) and company of his friends, and built him a house in the sea, by the Isle of Pharos, upon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there, as a man that banished himself from all men's company: saying that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was afore offered unto Timon; and that *for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he took to be his friends, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man.* This Timon was a citizen of Athens, that lived about the war of Peloponnesus, as appeareth by Plato, and Aristophanes' comedies: in the which they mocked him, calling him a viper, and malicious man unto mankind, to shun all other men's companies but the company of young Alcibiades, a bold and insolent youth, whom he would greatly feast, and make much of, and kissed him very gladly. Apemantus pondering at it, asked him the cause what he meant to make so much of that young man alone, and to hate all others: Timon answered him, 'I do it,' said he, 'because I know that one day he shall do great mischief unto the Athenians.' This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his company, because he was much like to his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life. On a time when they solemnly celebrated the feasts called Choœ at Athens, (to wit, the feasts of the dead, where they made sprinklings and sacrifices for the dead,) and that they two then seated together by themselves, Apemantus said unto the other: 'O, here is a trim banquet, Timon.' Timon answered again, 'Yea,' said he, 'so thou wert not here.' It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market-place about despatch of some affairs) got up into the pulpit for orations, where the orators commonly used to speak unto the people; and silence being made, every man listening to hear what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place; at length he began to speak in this manner: 'My lords of Athens, I have a little yard in my house where there groweth a fig-tree, on the which many citizens have hanged themselves; and because I mean to make some building upon that place, I thought good to let you all understand it, that before the fig-tree be cut down, if any of you be desperate, you may there in time go hang yourselves.' He died in the city of Thales, and was buried upon the sea-side. Now it chanced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tomb round about, that no man could come to it; and upon the same was written this epitaph:—

> 'Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft,
> Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches left.

It is reported that Timon himself when he lived made this epitaph; for that which was commonly rehearsed was not his, but made by the poet Callimachus:—

> 'Here lie I, Timon, who alive all living men did hate,
> Pass by and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gate.'"

ACT V.

[a] SCENE II.—"*I have a tree, which grows here in my close.*"

We have referred, in our Introductory Notice, to the twenty-eighth novel of "The Palace of Pleasure" as an example of the popular notion of the character of Timon of Athens. We subjoin the novel without abridgment:—

"Of the strange and beastly nature of Timon of Athens, enemy to mankind, with his death, burial, and epitaph.

"All the beasts of the world do apply themselves to other beasts of their kind, Timon of Athens only excepted of whose strange nature Plutarch is astonied, in the life of Marcus Antonius. Plato and Aristophanes do report his marvellous nature, because he was a man but by shape only, in qualities he was the capital enemy of mankind, which he confessed frankly utterly to abhor and hate. He dwelt alone in a little cabin in the fields not far from Athens, separated from all neighbours and company: he never went to the city, or to any other habitable place, except he was constrained: he could not abide any man's company and conversation he was never seen to go to any man's house, nor yet would suffer them to come to him. At the same time there was in Athens another of like quality, called Apemantus, of the very same nature, different from the natural kind of man, and lodged likewise in the middle of the fields. On a day they two being alone together at dinner, Apemantus said unto him, 'O, Timon, what a pleasant feast is this! and what a merry company are we, being no more but thou and I!' 'Nay, (quoth Timon,) it would be a merry banquet indeed, if there were none here but myself.

"Wherein he showed how like a beast (indeed) he was: for he could not abide any other man, being not able to suffer the company of him, which was of like nature. And if by chance he happened to go to Athens, it was only to speak with Alcibiades, who was then an excellent captain there, whereat many did marvel; and therefore Apemantus demanded of him, why he spake to no man, but to Alcibiades? 'I speak to him sometimes,' said Timon, 'because I know that by his occasion the Athenians shall receive great hurt and trouble.' Which words many times he told to Alcibiades himself. He had a garden adjoining to his house in the fields, wherein was a fig-tree, whereupon many desperate men ordinarily did hang themselves; in place whereof he proposed to set up a house, and therefore was forced to cut it down, for which cause he went to Athens, and in the market-place, he called the people about him, saying that he had news to tell them: when the people understood that he was about to make a discourse unto them, which was wont to speak to no man, they marvelled, and the citizens on every part of the city ran to hear him; to whom he said, that he proposed to cut down his fig-tree to build a house upon the place where it stood. 'Wherefore (quoth he) if there be any man among you all in this company that is disposed to hang himself, let him come betimes before it be cut down.' Having thus bestowed his charity among the people, he returned to his lodging, where he lived a certain time after without alteration of nature; and because that nature changed not in his life-time, he would not suffer that death should alter or vary the same: for like as he lived a beastly and churlish life, even so he required to have his funeral done after that manner. By his last will he ordained himself to be interred upon the sea-shore, that the waves and surges might beat and vex his dead carcase. Yea, and that if it were possible, his desire was to be buried in the depth of the sea; causing an epitaph to be made, wherein were described the qualities of his brutish life. Plutarch also reporteth another to be made by Callimachus, much like to that which Timon made himself, whose own soundeth to this effect in English verse:—

> "'My wretched catife days,
> Expired now and past:
> My carren corpse interred here,
> Is fast in ground:
> In waltring waves of swel-
> Ling sea, by surges cast,
> My name if thou desire,
> The gods thee do confound.'"

KING LEAR.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of King Lear.

The first edition of King Lear was published in 1608; its title was as follows:—"Mr. William Shake-speare his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear, and his three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of Edgar, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of Glocester, and his sullen and assumed Humour of Tom of Bedlam. As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies. By his Majesties Servants playing usually at the Globe on the Banck-side. Printed for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold at his Shop in Paul's Churchyard at the Signe of the Pied Bull neere St. Austins Gate, 1608." Two other editions were published by Butter in the same year; and there are found slight variations in each (besides the omission of the place of sale in the title-page), which indicate that they were not printed from the same types used in the first edition, and that they were not identical reprints. They were each collated by Steevens and Malone, and subsequent editors have pointed out minute differences between them. Upon the whole, these differences have not been found of importance in determining the text; we therefore, in referring to the original text, speak generally of *the quartos*. It is remarkable that a play of which three editions were demanded in one year should not have been reprinted till it was collected in the folio of 1623. Other of the plays, which were originally published in a separate form during the poet's lifetime, were frequently reprinted before the folio collection. For example: of Richard II. there were three editions published in years succeeding that in which it was first printed; of Richard III., four; of Romeo and Juliet, three; of Henry IV., Part I., five; of Henry V., two; of The Merry Wives of Windsor, one; of Hamlet, three. Whether Lear was piratical, or whether a limited publication was allowed, it is clear, we think, that by some interference the continued publication was stopped. Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," has expressed an opinion, founded upon the circumstance that Shakspere's less perfect efforts were often republished and this not, that Lear was not popular. This argument is worthless; for it must be remembered that other of Shakspere's most perfect efforts, such as Macbeth, were not published at all till they were collected in the folio. In the folio text of Lear, as compared with the text of the quarto, there are verbal corrections and additions and omissions; but in the quarto text of that play the metrical arrangement is one mass of confusion. Speech after speech, and scene after scene, which in the genuine copy of the folio are metrically correct, are, in the quarto, either printed as prose, or the lines are so mixed together without any apparent knowledge in the editor of the metrical laws by which they were constructed, that it would have been almost impossible, from this text alone, to have reduced them to anything like the form in which they were written by the author. This circumstance appears to us conclusive that these quarto copies could not have been printed from the author's manuscript; and yet they might have been printed from a genuine playhouse copy. It is to be remarked that in all the quarto editions, which it would appear from various collateral circumstances were not printed under the superintendence of the author, the metrical arrangement is, in the same way, more or less defective; and we may judge from this that in the stage copies the pauses of the blank verse were either disregarded as a guide for the actors, or that the printed copies were produced from a report made in some way or other by persons present at the representation, or by the repetition of the players themselves, who would not mark those pauses. It will be observed that there is a remarkable particularity in the title of the quartos of Lear:—"As it was plaid before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies." In the entry at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 26th, 1607, the same particularity occurs:—"As yt was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Christmas last." From the somewhat ostentatious precision with which Butter mentions this circumstance, may it not be conjectured that he obtained a copy, used upon that occasion, from some one of the players—perfect to a certain extent, but still not the author's copy?

These considerations may at first sight appear unimportant, but they are of some consequence in determining the value of a text. The modern text of King Lear is essentially that of the folio. There are passages, indeed, which the editors have restored from the quartos; and we admit the importance of preserving those passages, upon the principle that not a line which appears to have been written by Shakspere ought to be lost; but, in other respects, the text of the folio is infinitely superior to that of the quartos, and the editors for the most part have abided by it. But they have sometimes made up a text out of both copies, and sometimes, arbitrarily as we think, preferred the text of the quartos to that of the folio. Our copy is literally that of the folio, except that where a passage occurs in the quartos which is not in the folio, we introduce such a passage, printing it, however, in brackets. It would have been wearisome, and in a certain degree useless, to have noticed all the differences between the folio and the quartos; but we notice the very few instances in which we adopt the text of the quartos, and not that of the folio; and the instances also in which, adopting the text of the folio, we differ from the editors who have preferred that of the quarto.

The text of the folio, in one material respect, differs considerably from that of the quartos. Large passages which are found in the quartos are omitted in the folio there are, indeed, some lines found in the folio which are not in the quartos, amounting to about fifty. These are scattered passages, not very remarkable when detached, but for the most part essential to the progress of the action or to the development of character. On the other hand, the lines found in the quartos which are not in the folio amount to as many as two hundred and twenty-five; and they comprise one entire scene, and one or two of the most striking connected passages in the drama. It would be easy to account for these omissions by the assumption that in the folio edition the original play was cut down by the editors; for Lear, without the omissions, is one amongst the longest of Shakspere's plays. But this theory would require us to assume, also, that the additions to the folio were made by the editors. These comprise several such minute touches as none but the hand of the master could have superadded. One example will suffice. In the storm scene, when Lear and the Fool find the hovel, Lear says to him—

> "In, boy; go first.—You houseless pove·ty,—
> Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep."

Upon this passage Johnson has a note:—"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." But Johnson did not think so favourably of the omissions in the folio, although he has expressed an opinion that they were the omissions of the author. Of some lines in Act III. Sc. VI. he says, "The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspere's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes than of continuing the action." We cannot willingly yield to the belief that Shakspere "carelessly and hastily" performed any part of his work, and especially that he yielded to this carelessness and haste in the revision of a tragedy which, taken altogether, "may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." * Let us examine the matter, therefore, a little more in detail.

In the first and second acts the omissions are very slight. In the opening of the third act we lose a spirited description of Lear in the storm—"Tears his white hair," &c. But mark, it is *description;* and the judgment of Shakspere in omitting it is unquestionable, for he subsequently shows Lear in *action* under precisely the same circumstances. In the sixth scene of the same act is omitted the imaginary trial of Regan and Goneril, "I will arraign them straight." Was this a passage that an author would have thrust out "carelessly and hastily?" It is impossible, as it would be presumptuous were it possible, unhesitatingly to assign a motive for this omission. The physical exertion that would be necessary for any actor (even for Burbage, who we know played Lear) † to carry through the whole of the third act might have been so extreme as to render it expedient to make this abridgment; or, what is more probable, as Kent previous to this passage had said, "All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience," the imaginary arraignment might have been rejected by the poet, as exhibiting too much method in the madness. The rhyming soliloquy of Edgar, with which this scene closes, might have been spared by the poet without much compunction. The second scene of the fourth act, in which Albany so bitterly reproaches Goneril, is greatly abridged. In its amplified state it does not advance the progress of the action, nor contribute to the development of the characters. The whole of the third scene of that act is also omitted. It is one of the most beautifully written of the play; and we should indeed regret had it not been preserved to us in the quartos. But let it be borne in mind that the greater part of the scene is purely descriptive; and, exquisite as the description is, particularly in those parts which make us better understand the surpassing loveliness of Cordelia's character, we cannot avoid believing that the poet sternly resolved to let the effect of this wonderful drama entirely depend upon its action. Tieck puts the rejection of this scene upon another ground—that it introduced some complexity into the tragedy, and described events, such as the return of the French king, and the sojourn of Lear in Dover without seeing his daughter, which have no influence upon the future conduct of the poem. The subsequent omissions, to the end of the drama, are few and unimportant.

The period of the first production of Lear may be fixed with tolerable certainty. We do not mean to say that the precise year of its first performance can be ascertained, any more than the precise day. To Malone "it seems extremely probable that its first appearance was in March or April, 1605." To Dr. Drake "it appears more probable that its production is to be attributed to the close of the year 1604." Here Malone and Drake are at issue upon a question of three months, when the facts which we really know about the matter give us a range of three years. The first certain fact, which we collect from the registers of the Stationers' Company, is that Lear was played before King James, at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night, in the year 1606—that is, on the 26th of December. Here is the limit in one direction. In the other direction we have the publication, in 1603, of Harsnet's "Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures," from which book Shakspere undoubtedly derived some materials which he employed in the assumed madness of Edgar. It is pretty clear, also, from two passages in the text of the quarto editions, that the author, or the actors of the tragedy, "as it was played before the king's majesty," were careful to make two minute changes which would be agreeable to James. After the accession of James, when he was proclaimed king of *Great Britain,* it was usual to merge the name of England in that of *Britain.* Bacon thus explains the completion of the old prophecy, "When hempe is sponne, England's donne." We shall have occasion to revert to this in our Illustrations of Act III. The ancient metrical saying, "Fy, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an *English* man," becomes in Lear, "I smell the blood of a *British* man;" and in the quarto editions (Act IV. Sc. VI.) we have—

> "And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
> To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
> Upon the *British* party."

But the commentators have not noticed that in the folio edition of 1623 the latter passage is given, "Upon the *English* party." This slight difference proves one of two things—either that upon the publication of the folio the distinction between British and English, which was meant as a mark of compliment to James, had ceased to be regarded; or that the passage, having been written before his accession, had not been changed in the copy from which the folio was printed, as it was changed in the copy of the play acted before the king in 1606. The allusions derived from Harsnet's book fix the date of the tragedy as nearly as we can desire it to be fixed. All that we can hope for in these matters is an approximation to a date. It is sufficient for us to be confirmed, through such a fact, in the belief, derived from internal evidence, that Lear was produced at that period when the genius of Shakspere was "at its very point of culmination."

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The story of Lear belongs to the popular literature of Europe. It is a pretty episode in the fabulous chronicles of Britain; and whether invented by the monkish historians, or transplanted into our annals from some foreign source, is not very material. In the "Gesta Romanorum" the same story is told of Theodosius, "a wise emperor in the city of Rome." Douce has published this story from the manuscript in the Harleian Collection. It may be sufficient to give the beginning of this curious narrative, to show how clearly all the histories have been derived from a common source:—

"Theodosius regned, a wys emperour in the cite of Rome, and myghti he was of power; the whiche emperour had thre doughters. So hit liked to this emperour to knowe which of his doughters lovid him best. And tho he seid to the eldest doughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, more than I do myself, therefore, quod he, thou shalt be hily avaunsed, and maried her to a riche and myghti kyng. Tho he cam to the secund, and seid to her, doughter, how moche lovist thou me? As moche forsoth, she seid, as I do myself. So the emperour maried her to a duc. And tho he seid to the thrid doughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, as moche as ye beth worthi, and no more. Tho seid the emperour, doughter, sith thou lovist me no more, thou shalt not be maried so richely as thi susters beth. And tho he maried her to an erle."

The French have a famous romance entitled "La tres elegante delicieuse melliflue et tres plaisante hystoire du tres victorieux & excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la grant Bretaigne," of the veritable contents of which an account will be found in the "Censura Literaria," vol. viii. These chronicles, according to Sir Egerton Brydges, "begin with the foundation of Troy, which they affirm to have been in the third age of the world, and that it was taken while Abdon was judge over Israel. The travels of Brutus, and his wars in Great Britain and Aquitaine, follow, which took place while Saul reigned in Judea, and Aristeus in Lacedemon. His grandson, Rududribas, father of the celebrated Bladud, founded the ancient city of Canterbury, which occurred during the time in which Haggai, Amos, and Joel, prophesied. These curious circumstances are succeeded by the story of Lear (son to Bladud) and his three

* We shall have occasion subsequently to advert to this opinion of Lear from a great poet—Shelley.

† In an elegy on Burbage, printed by Mr. Collier, are these lines:—

> "And his whole action he could change with ease
> From ancient Lear to youthful Pericles."

daughters, which was in the time of Isaiah and Hosea, at which period also the city of Rome was founded." The exact chronology of the romancers and chroniclers is well worthy attention. Geoffrey of Monmouth is quite as precise as Pierceforest:—"At this time flourished the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, and Rome was built *upon the eleventh of the Calends of May*, by the two brothers Romulus and Remus." With such unquestionable authority for the date of the story of Lear, well may Malone have been shocked when Edgar says, "Nero was an angler in the lake of darkness;" and we ought to be grave when Malone informs us, with the most perfect gravity, "Nero is introduced into the present play above eight hundred years before he was born." Shakspere found the story in his favourite Holinshed; and he probably did not trouble himself to refer to Geoffrey of Monmouth, from whom Holinshed abridged it. We subjoin the legend as told by Holinshed:—

"Leir, the son of Baldud, was admitted ruler over the Britains in the year of the world 3105. At what time Joas reigned as yet in Juda. This Leir was a prince of noble demeanour, governing his land and subjects in great wealth. He made the town of Cairleir, now called Leicester, which standeth upon the river of Dore. It is writ that he had by his wife three daughters, without other issue, whose names were, Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordilla, which daughters he greatly loved, but especially the youngest, Cordilla, far above the two elder.

"When this Leir was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved to the succession of the kingdom; therefore, he first asked Gonorilla, the eldest, how well she loved him: the which, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her; with which answer the father, being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of her how well she loved him? which answered (confirming her sayings with great oaths) that she loved him more than tongue can express, and far above all other creatures in the world.

"Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordilla, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him: unto whom she made this answer as followeth:—Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal you have always borne towards me (for the which, that I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me), I protest to you that I have always loved you, and shall continually while I live, love you as my natural father; and if you would more understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself, that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you, and no more.

"The father, being nothing content with this answer, married the two eldest daughters, the one unto the duke of Cornwall, named Henninus, and the other unto the duke of Albania, called Maglanus; and betwixt them, after his death, he willed and ordained his land should be divided, and the one-half thereof should be immediately assigned unto them in hand; but for the third daughter, Cordilla, he reserved nothing.

"Yet it fortuned that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France), whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beauty, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordilla, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her to wife; to whom answer was made, that he might have his daughter, but for any dowry he could have none, for all was promised and assured to her other sisters already.

"Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer of denial to receive anything by way of dower with Cordilla, took her to wife, only moved thereto (I say) for respect of her person and amiable virtues. This Aganippus was one of the twelve kings that ruled Gallia in those days, as in the British history it is recorded. But to proceed; after that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the governance of the land, upon conditions to be continued for term of life: by the which he was put to his portion; that is, to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in process of time was diminished, as well by Maglanus as by Henninus.

"But the greatest grief that Leir took was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little, in so much that, going from the one to the other, he was brought to that misery that they would allow him only one servant to wait upon him. In the end, such was the unkindness, or, as I may say, the unnaturalness, which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that, being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seek some comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordilla, whom before he hated.

"The lady Cordilla, hearing he was arrived in poor estate, she first sent to him privately a sum of money to apparel himself withall, and to retain a certain number of servants, that might attend upon him in honourable wise, as apperteyned to the estate which he had borne. And then, so accompanyed, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honourably, and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordilla, that his heart was greatly comforted: for he was no less honoured than if he had been king of the whole country himself. Also, after that he had informed his son-in-law and his daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great navy of ships to be rigged to pass over into Britain, with Leir his father-in-law, to see him again restored to his kingdom.

"It was accorded that Cordilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her, as his rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grants made unto her sisters, or unto their husbands, in any manner of wise; hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Leir and his daughter Cordilla, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies, and discomfited them in battle, in the which Maglanus and Henninus were slain, and then was Leir restored to his kingdom, which he ruled after this by the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried at Leicester, in a vault under the channel of the river Dore, beneath the town."

The subsequent fate of Cordelia is also narrated by Holinshed. She became queen after her father's death; but her nephews "levied war against her, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally took her prisoner, and laid her fast in ward, wherewith she took such grief, being a woman of a manly courage, and despairing to recover liberty, there she slew herself." Spenser, in the second book of the "Fairy Queen," canto x., has told the story of Lear and his daughters in six stanzas, in which he has been content to put in verse, with very slight change or embellishment, the narrative of the chroniclers. The concluding stanza will be a sufficient specimen:—

> "So to his crown she him restor'd again,
> In which he dy'd, made ripe for death by eld,
> And after will'd it should to her remain;
> Who peaceably the same long time did weld,
> And all men's hearts in due obedience held;
> Till that her sister's children, woxen strong,
> Through proud ambition against her rebell'd,
> And overcomen, kept in prison long,
> Till weary of that wretched life, herself she hong."

The story of Lear had unquestionably been dramatized before Shakspere produced his tragedy. "The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted," was printed, probably for the first time, in 1605; but there can be no doubt that it belongs to a period some ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty years earlier. In 1594 an entry was made at Stationers' Hall of "The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire King of England, and his Three Daughters." Theobald calls this old play "an execrable performance;" Percy, "a very poor and dull performance;" and Capell, "a silly old play." It is certainly all these, when compared with the wonderful production of Shakspere; but we are by no means certain that it is not as good as half the pieces which occupied the stage, and not unsuccessfully, at the very time that Shakspere had produced some of his most glorious works. Theobald and Capell have selected some of the worst passages from this curious drama. We subjoin a scene which will enable our readers to compare it with the first scene of Shakspere's Lear:—

> "*Leir.* Deare Gonorill, kind Ragan, sweet Cordeila,
> Ye florishing branches of a kingly stocke,
> Sprung from a tree that once did flourish greene,
> Whose blossomes now are nipt with winter's frost,
> And pale grym death doth wayt upon my steps,
> And summons me unto his next assizes.
> Therefore, deare daughters, as ye tender the safety
> Of him that was the cause of your first being,
> Resolve a doubt which much molests my mind,
> Which of you three to me would prove most kind;
> Which loves me most, and which at my request
> Will soonest yeeld unto their father's hest.
> *Gonorill.* I hope, my gracious father makes no doubt
> Of any of his daughters love to him:
> Yet for my part, to shew my zeal to you,
> Which cannot be in windy words rehearst,
> I prize my love to you at such a rate,
> I thinke my life inferiour to my love.
> Should you injoine me for to tie a milstone
> About my neck, and leape into the sea,
> At your commaund I willingly would doe it:
> Yea, for to doe you good, I would ascend
> The highest turret in all Brittany,
> And from the top leape headlong to the ground:
> Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
> The meanest vassaile in the spacious world,
> Without reply I would accomplish it:
> In briefe, commaund whatever you desire,
> And if I faile, no favour I require.
> *Leir.* O, how thy words revive my dying soule!
> *Cordella.* O, how I doe abhorre this flattery!
> *Leir.* But what sayth Ragan to her father's will?
> *Ragan.* O, that my simple utterance could suffice

To tell the true intention of my heart,
Which burnes in zeale of duty to your grace,
And never can be quench'd, but by desire
To shew the same in outward forwardnesse.
Oh, that there were some other maid that durst
But make a challenge of her love with me;
Ide make her soone confesse she never loved
Her father halfe so well as I doe you.
I then my deeds should prove in plainer case,
How much my zeale aboundeth to your grace:
But for them all, let this one meane suffice
To ratify my love before your eyes:
I have right noble suters to my love,
No worse then kings, and happely I love one:
Yet, would you have me make my choice anew,
Ide bridle fancy, and be rulde by you.
Leir. Did never Philomel sing so sweet a note.
Cordella. Did never flatterer tell so false a tale.
Leir. Speak now, Cordella, make my joys at full,
And drop downe nectar from thy honey lips.
Cordella. I cannot paint my duty forth in words,
I hope my deeds shall make report for me:
But looke what love the child doth owe the father,
The same to you I beare, my gracious lord.
Gonorill. Here is an answere answerlesse indeed:
Were you my daughter, I should scarcely brooke it.
Ragan. Dost thou not blush, proud peacock as thou art,
To make our father such a slight reply?
Leir. Why how now, minion, are you growne so proud?
Doth our deare love make you thus peremptory?
What, is your love become so small to us,
As that you scorne to tell us what it is?
Do you love us, as every child doth love
Their father? True indeed, as some,
Who by disobedience short their father's dayes,
And so would you; some are so father-sick,
That they make meanes to rid them from the world;
And so would you: some are indifferent,
Whether their aged parents live or die;
And so are you. But, didst thou know, proud girle,
What care I had to foster thee to this,
Ah, then thou wouldst say as thy sisters do:
Our life is lesse, then love we owe to you.
Cordella. Deare father, do not so mistake my words,
Nor my plaine meaning be misconstrued;
My toung was never usde to flattery.
Gonorill. You were not best say I flatter: if you do,
My deeds shall shew, I flatter not with you.
I love my father better then thou canst.
Cordella. The praise were great, spoke from another's mouth:
But it should seeme your neighbours dwell far off.
Ragan. Nay, here is one, that will confirme as much
As she hath said, both for myselfe and her.
I say, thou dost not wish my father's good.
Cordella. Deare father——
Leir. Peace, bastard impe, no issue of king Leir,
I will not heare thee speake one tittle more.
Call not me father, if thou love thy life,
Nor these thy sisters once presume to name:
Looke for no helpe henceforth from me or mine;
Shift as thou wilt, and trust unto thyselfe:
My kingdome will I equally devide
'Twixt thy two sisters to their royal dowre,
And will bestow them worthy their deserts:
This done, because thou shalt not have the hope
To have a child's part in the time to come,
I presently will dispossesse myselfe,
And set up these upon my princely throne.
Gonorill. I ever thought that pride would have a fall.
Ragan. Plaine dealing sister: your beauty is so sheene,
You need no dowry, to make you be a queene.
[*Exeunt* LEIR, GONORILL, RAGAN."

Mr. Skottowe has, with great diligence and minuteness, attempted to trace Shakspere in what he is supposed to have borrowed from the old play, and also in the points of difference. Our readers will easily imagine, from the extract with which we have furnished them, that Shakspere had, at all events, to create the poetical diction of Lear, without any obligation to his lumbering predecessor. In the conduct of the plot he is equally original. It may be sufficient for us to state that of the madness of Lear we have no trace in the old play; and that, like the chronicle, it ends with the triumphant restoration of Lear to his kingdom. Knowing this, we think that our readers will agree with us that it would be a waste of time to trace such resemblances as Mr. Skottowe has described in the following passage:—"How noble is the burst of passion, agony, and remorse, that succeed the disappointment of Shakspeare's king!—

'Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.' * * * *

'* * * Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.'

"And—

'You think, I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause for weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or ere I'll weep.'

"To these passages the author of the old play derives some slight claim; for his Leir weeps after the vituperations of Gonorill, and Ragan observes—

'*He cannot speak for weeping.*'"

There is a ballad, printed in Percy's "Reliques," on the story of Lear. It is without a date, and Percy says, "Here is found the hint of Lear's madness, which the old chronicles do not mention, as also the extravagant cruelty exercised on him by his daughters. In the death of Lear they likewise very exactly coincide. The misfortune is, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the date of the ballad but what little evidence arises from within." We print the passages to which Percy alludes:—

"Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him:
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorell;
My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where when she hears his moan,
Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
That all his means were gone:
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

* * * * *
And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords:
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantic mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread;
To hills and woods and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

* * *
And so to England came with speed,
To re-possess king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:

Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
  Was in the battle slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
  Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
  Who dy'd indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
  She did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
  From whence he never parted:
But on her bosom left his life,
  That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
  The ends of these events,
The other sisters unto death
  They doomed by consents;
And being dead their crowns they left
  Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
  And disobedient sin."

In Sidney's "Arcadia" there is a chapter entitled "The pitiful state and story of the Paphlagonian unkind king, and his kind son, first related by the son, then by the blind father." This unquestionably furnished the dramatic foundation of Gloster and Edgar. It may be sufficient for us to give the relation of the "kind son:"—

"This old man, whom I lead, was lately rightful prince of Paphlagonia, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures; whereby and by other his unnatural dealings, he hath been driven to such griefs, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death; and so would have had me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction."

Period of the Action, and Manners.

The sagacious Mrs. Lennox informs us that "Shakspere has deviated widely from *History* in the catastrophe of his play;" whereat she is somewhat indignant, for "had Shakspere followed the *historian* he would not have violated the rules of poetical justice." The antiquarians are as sensitive as the moralists upon this point. Had Shakspere attended to the chronology of the days of King Bladud, and preserved a due regard to the manners of Britain, at the period when Romulus and Remus built Rome "upon the eleventh of the Calends of May," he would not have given us what Douce calls "a plentiful crop of blunders." He would have made no allusions, according to Douce's literal view of the matter, to Turks or Bedlam beggars, or Childe Roland, or the theatrical moralities, or to Nero. We confess, however, that this inexactitude of the poet does not shock us quite so much as it does the professional detectors of anachronisms—those who look upon such allusions as "blunders" that may disturb the empire of accuracy and dulness, and consider poetry as properly a sort of ornamental Appendix to a Cyclopædia. We have no desire to regard the symbols by which ideas may be most readily communicated as the exponents of the things themselves to which they refer. We are willing that a poet, describing events of a purely fabulous character, represented by the narrators of them as belonging to an age to which we cannot attach one precise notion of costume (we use the word in its large sense), should employ images that belong to a more recent period, and even to his own time. It is for the same reason that we do not object to see Lear painted with a diadem on his head, and his knights in armour. It is for this reason, also, that the gentleman to whom we are indebted for that part of our comment which relates to the dress of Shakspere's characters, has nothing to say on the subject of Lear. We should not much quarrel with any theatrical costume of the tragedy, excepting, perhaps, Garrick's laced coat and Quin's powdered periwig. We would leave these things to the imaginations of our readers (whatever stage-managers may do with their audiences), lest we should fall into some such mistake as that celebrated in the "Art of Sinking in Poetry:"—

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
  Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

KING LEAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL.
DUKE OF ALBANY.
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOSTER.
EDGAR, *son to* Gloster.
EDMUND, *bastard son to* Gloster.
CURAN, *a courtier.*
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.
Physician.
Fool.

OSWALD, *steward to* Goneril.
An Officer, employed by Edmund,
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, } *daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—BRITAIN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—King Lear's *Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, *and* EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom,[1] it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for qualities[2] are so weighed, that curiosity[3] in neither can make choice of either's moiety.[4]

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blushed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to 't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; 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 saucily to[5] the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

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

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming. [*Trumpets sound within.*

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and* Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Lear. Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided,
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl toward 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' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.[6]—Goneril,
Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,
Dearer than eyesight, 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 speak?[7] Love, and be silent. [*Aside.*

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issues
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short,—that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,

[1] Johnson says, "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." Coleridge has shown that there is no inaccuracy; but that the king, having determined upon the division of his kingdom, institutes the trial of professions in strict accordance with his complicated character. (See Supplementary Notice.)

[2] *Qualities.* In the quartos, *equalities.*

[3] *Curiosity*—exact scrutiny.

[4] *Moiety.* In the same way Hotspur calls his third share a moiety. In both these cases it is used for an assigned proportion. (See note on Henry IV., Part I. Act III. Sc. I.)

[5] *To.* The quartos, *into.*

[6] The quartos, *Where merit doth most challenge it.*

[7] *Speak.* The quartos read, "What shall Cordelia *do?*" This feebler reading destroys the force of the answer, "Love, and *be silent.*"

Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [*Aside.*
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More ponderous[1] than my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity,[2] and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd[3] on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although our last and least; to whose young love[4]
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd;[5] what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will 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,
Lest you[7] 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,
[To love my father all.[8]]
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?[9]
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be so:—Thy truth then be thy dower:
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.
Kent. Good my liege,—
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
[*To* CORDELIA.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
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 power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty falls[10] to folly. Reserve thy state;[11]
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.
Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; ne'er fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.
Lear. Out of my sight!
Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
Lear. Now, by Apollo,—
Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Alb., Corn. Dear sir, forbear.
Kent. Kill thy physician, and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.
Lear. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!—
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from disasters[12] of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,

---

[1] *Ponderous.* The quartos, *richer.*

Validity—value, worth.

[3] *Conferr'd.* The quartos read *confirm'd.* In the same way, in the beginning of the scene, when Lear, according to the folio, says, "*Conferring* them on younger strengths," the quarto reads *confirming.*

[4] We give the text as it stands in the folio, by which we lose the words which have passed into the household phrase, "Although the last, not least." But in truth this text is not to be found in any original edition of Shakspere. The quartos read—

"But now our joy,
Although the last, *not least in our dear love,*
What can you say to win a third, more opulent
Than your sisters?"

It will be seen that the poet has revised his text, rearranging the lines, and introducing a new member of the sentence, "to whose young love," &c. Johnson says, "The true reading is picked out of two copies;" but surely this mode of picking out is least likely to furnish us with the true reading.

[5] *Interess'd.* This verb, from the French *intéresser*, is used also by Ben Jonson and Massinger.

[6] The quartos read, "Nothing *can* come of nothing." The ancient saying, *Ex nihilo nihil fit*, is repeated in the fourth scene of this act even more literally "Nothing can be made out of nothing."

[7] *You.* The quartos, *it.*

[8] The line in brackets is not found in the folio.

[9] The quartos read, "But goes this with thy heart?" and Malone attributes the change in the folio to the editor of that edition, who, he says, did not understand this kind of phraseology. We have no doubt, speaking generally, that the minute changes of language in the folio are of the author, not of the editor.

[10] *Falls.* The quartos, *stoops.*

[11] *Reserve thy state.* The quartos, *reverse thy doom.*

[12] *Disasters.* The quartos, *diseases.*

The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,[1]
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 hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu:
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER; *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and* Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.
Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter: What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, 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,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir,
Election makes not up in such conditions.[2]
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[*To* FRANCE.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange!
That she, who even but now was your best object,[3]
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint:[4] 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, murther, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' 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[5] that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.
Bur. Royal king,[6]
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.
Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
Bur. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.
Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune[7] are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou losest here, a better where[8] to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again: Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOSTER, *and* Attendants.
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love[9] well our father:
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.[10]
Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you

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[1] *By Jupiter.* Johnson says, "Shakspere makes his Lear too much of a mythologist; he had Hecate and Apollo before." Our poet was perfectly justified by the example of the chroniclers in making Lear invoke the heathen deities. In Holinshed, where he found the story of Lear, is also given this account of Baldud, or Bladud, Lear's father:—"This Baldud took such pleasure in artificial practices and magic, that he taught this art throughout his realm; and to show his cunning in other points, upon a presumptuous pleasure which he had therein, he took upon him to fly in the air; but he fell upon the temple of Apollo, which stood in the city of Troinovant, and there was torn in pieces, after he had ruled the Britons by the space of twenty years."

[2] The quartos read, "*on* such conditions;" and M. Mason proposes to read—

"Election makes not, *upon* such conditions."

To *make up* is here, to decide, to conclude; the *choice* of Burgundy refuses to come to a decision *in* such circumstances, or *on* such terms.

[3] *Best* is omitted in the folio, but is found in the quartos.

[4] M. Mason interprets the passage thus:—Her offence must be monstrous, or the former affection which you professed for her must fall into taint—become the subject of reproach.

[5] *Regards*, the reading of the folio, means *considerations;* the quartos read *respects*, which has the same meaning.

[6] *Royal king* in the folio; the quartos, *Royal Lear.*

[7] *Respects of fortune.* So the quartos; the folio, *respect and fortunes.*

[8] *Here* and *where* are used as nouns. We have a similar use of *where* in The Comedy of Errors, Act. II. Sc. I.:—

"How if your husband start some other *where?*"

See note on that passage.

[9] *Love.* The quartos, *use.*

[10] In the quartos this speech is given to Goneril, and the next to Regan. The folio has *duty;* the quartos, *duties.*

At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted[1] cunning hides;
Who covers faults at last with shame derides.[2]
Well may you prosper!
France. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.
Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not[3] been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.
Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.
Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash: then must we look from his age to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.
Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.
Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit[4] together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.
Reg. We shall further think of it.
Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the* Earl of Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter EDMUND, *with a letter.*

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity[5] of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate.[6] I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! and France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd[7] his power!
Confin'd to exhibition![8] All this done
Upon the gad!——Edmund! How now; what news?
Edm. So please your lordship, none.
[*Putting up the letter.*
Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?
Edm. I know no news, my lord.
Glo. What paper were you reading?
Edm. Nothing, my lord.
Glo. No? what needed then that terrible despatch 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 perused, I find it not fit for your o'er-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[9] or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [*Reads.*] "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; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar."

Humph—Conspiracy!

"Sleep till I waked 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 you to this? Who brought it?
Edm. It was not brought me, my lord: there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.
Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?
Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.
Glo. It is his.
Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.
Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded 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 declined,[10] the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.
Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter! —Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?
Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please

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[1] *Plighted.* The quartos read *pleated.* In the variorum editions we have *plaited.* To *plight* and to *plait* equally mean to *fold.* In Milton's "History of England" Boadicea wears "a *plighted* garment of divers colours." In the exquisite passage in "Comus"—

> "I took it for a fairy vision
> Of some gay creatures of the element
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i' th' *plighted* clouds"—

the epithet has the same meaning.

[2] This line is ordinarily printed—

"Who cover faults, at last shame them derides."

But we have no doubt that the reading of the folio is right, and that *who* refers to *time.*

[3] *Not been little.* The *not* of the quartos is omitted in the folios.

[4] *Sit.* The quarto, *hit.*

[5] *Curiosity.* In the first scene this word is used in the sense of *exact scrutiny;* in the passage before us the meaning approaches more nearly to *fastidiousness.*

[6] *Top the legitimate.* In the folio we find *to' th' legitimate;* in the quarto, *tooth' legitimate. Top* was suggested by Edwards in the "Canons of Criticism." *Toe* is Hanmer's reading.

[7] *Prescrib'd.* The quarto reads *subscrib'd.*

[8] *Exhibition*—allowance.

[9] *Essay—assay—say*—signified such proof or examination as was made by the assayer of coin, or the taster at royal tables. In the latter sense we have the word in Chapman's Homer:—

"Atrides with his knife took *say* upon the part before."

We have the word *say* in a subsequent scene (Act V. Sc. III.):—

"And that thy tongue some *say* of breeding breathes."

[10] *Declined.* The quartos, *declining.*

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,[1] if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence[2] of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

[*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—[3]] Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.[4]

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey[5] the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked '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 lose thee nothing; do it carefully:—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—'Tis strange!

[*Exit.*

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars: as if we were villains on necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers,[6] by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: 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 that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.[a]

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; [as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;[7]] when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty forbear his presence, till 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 speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best.[8] 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?

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 III.—*A Room in the* Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me;[9] every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—

Where—in the sense of *whereas.*

Pretence—purpose.

[3] The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.

[4] There are several explanations of this passage. Steevens represents Gloster to say, he would unstate himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish Edgar—that is, he would give up his rank and his fortune; Mason, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; Johnson, I would unstate myself—it would in me be a departure from the paternal character—to be in a due resolution—to be settled and composed on such an occasion. Tieck inclines to Johnson's explanation.

[5] *Convey*—manage.

[6] *Treachers. Treacher* is the French *tricheur*, a trickster, a cheat. The word is used by Chaucer, by Spenser, and the dramatic contemporaries of Shakspere.

[7] The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

[8] We print the passages beginning "That's my fear" according to the text of the folio. The dialogue in the quartos is much briefer:—

"*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong.

Bast. That's my fear, brother; I advise you to the best, go arm'd."

The advice here is simply *go arm'd.* In the text of the folio Edmund also advises his brother to retire with him to his lodging. Some editors take all they can find in the folio, and all in the quartos, and upon this principle keep the *go arm'd* of the quartos after *Brother, I advise you to the best,* when, as the speech is altered in the folio, those words refer to other matters than *go arm'd.*

[9] This was formerly pointed—

"By day and night! he wrongs me."

We doubt, however, whether *by day and night* was meant as an adjuration. We have indeed in Hamlet—

"O day and night! but this is wondrous strange."

But we think with Steevens that, in the passage before us, *by day and night* means always—every way—constantly.

If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.
Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him. [*Horns within.*
Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he distaste it,[1] let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be overrul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen abus'd[2]]
Remember what I have said.
Stew. Well, madam.
Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you; what grows of it no matter; advise your fellows so: [I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall, that I may speak:]—I'll write straight to my sister, to hold my course:—Prepare for dinner.[3] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,[4]
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. [*Exit an* Attendant.] How now, what art thou?
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 says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; 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's for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?
Kent. Service.
Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?
Kent. You.
Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?
Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
Lear. What's that?
Kent. Authority.
Lear. What services canst thou do?
Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am qualified in: and the best of me is diligence.
Lear. How old art thou?
Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything: 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, hoa, dinner.—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither.

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?
Stew. So please you,— [*Exit.*
Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, hoa?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?
Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.
Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?
Knight. Sir, he answered 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 entertained 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 wronged.
Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.
Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.
Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you, 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 strucken, my lord.
Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*
Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.
Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so. [*Pushes the* Steward *out.*
Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service. [*Giving* KENT *money.*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him, too;—Here's my coxcomb.[b] [*Giving* KENT *his cap.*
Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?
Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

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[1] *Distaste.* The quartos, *dislike.*

[2] The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

[3] This speech has been arranged metrically by the modern editors; but so regulated it reads very harshly. In the distinction between prose and verse we have invariably followed the folio, which in this respect is most carefully printed. The quartos, on the contrary, not only confound the differences between prose and verse, but give us the verse in the most inexact and capricious manner, presenting every appearance of a *reported* text—a copy taken down as the dialogue was spoken—in which case it would be very difficult for a reporter to detect the beginnings and ends of lines, and to mark what was intended to be metrical and what not.

[4] We follow the punctuation of the original, by which we understand, So it may come that thy master, &c.

Kent. Why, fool?[1]

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that's out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banished 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 gave them all my living,[2] I'd 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 whipped out, when the lady brach[3] may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,[4]
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.[5]

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for 't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool. [*To* KENT.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool, and a sweet one?

Lear. No, lad; teach me.

Fool. [That lord that counsell'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. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

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

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't:[6] and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—[6]] Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

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

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

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers;[7] for when thou gav'st them the rod, and putt'st down thine 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 fool among."

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipp'd.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipped for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning: now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face [*to* GON.] bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod. [*Pointing to* LEAR.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your insolent retinue
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance; which, if you should, the fault
Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.[8]

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

Why, fool? So the quartos. The alteration of the folio to "Why, my boy?" might lead us to infer that the speech was intended for *Lear;* and that, however it might have been written originally, the poet in his amended copy would not permit Kent, in his character of serving-man, so soon to begin bandying questions with Lear's favourite.

[2] *Living*—estate, means of living.

[3] *Lady brach.* The quartos, *lady o' the brach.* The variorum editors read "Lady the brach." They have adopted this reading because Hotspur says—

"I would rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

According to Blount, in his "Ancient Tenures," a female harrier is a brach.

[4] *Owest*—ownest.

[5] In the quartos this speech is given to *Lear;* but it appears to us that the folio with great propriety assigns it to *Kent,* in reply to the Fool's address to him, "Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech."

[6] The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

[7] *Thy mothers.* The quartos, *thy mother.*

[8] Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a note upon this line, says that Shakspere's fools were copies of originals, who "had a custom of taking off the edge of too sharp a speech by covering it hastily with the end of an old song or any glib nonsense that came into the mind." He adds, "I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspere often finishes this Fool's speeches." But the words before us are not incoherent words. The expression, "So, out went the candle," &c., may have been proverbial to signify the desertion of a man by his mercenary friends when he is become a "sheal'd peascod." But Shakspere found the almost identical image applied to the story of Lear, as related by Spenser. (See Introductory Notice.)

"But true it is, that, *when the oil is spent,*
The light goes out and wick is thrown away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment
His daughter 'gan despise his drooping day."

These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.[1]

Fool. May not an ass 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 lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not so.
Who is that can tell me who I am?—[2]

Fool. Lear's shadow.—

[*Lear.* I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.]

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration, sir, is much o' the savour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows 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,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[O, sir, are you come?[3]]
Is it your will? [*To* ALB.] Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest: [*To* GONERIL.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know:
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature
From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord,—
Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful![4]
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 disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away! [*Exit.*

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know more of it;[5]
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

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

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
[*To* GONERIL.
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon thee!
The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again I'll pluck ye out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! Let it be so:—
I have another daughter,[6]
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.[7]
[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and* Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you content.—What, Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
[*To the* Fool.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; 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 every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,

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[1] This speech is printed as prose in the quartos. In them it begins with "Come, sir;" which being rejected, it is rendered strictly metrical, as in the folio.

[2] This speech again is printed as prose in the quartos. Several words have been rejected in the folio to render it metrical; and a more important change is that after Lear's question—

"Who is it that can tell me who I am?"

The Fool answers—"Lear's shadow." This most emphatic passage is destroyed in the quartos, and in the modern editions, by Lear replying to his own question. The passage in brackets which follows is not found in the folio. We point Lear's speech in that passage according to Tyrwhitt's suggestion. Lear is continuing to speak, without reference to the Fool's interposition; and the Fool, in the same way, continues the thread of his comment.

"*Which* they will make an obedient father"

refers to shadow.

[3] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

[4] We print these four lines according to the metrical arrangement of the folio. In the quartos they are given as prose. We cannot conceive of anything more destructive to the terrific beauty of the passage than the "regulation" by which it is distorted into the following lines:—

"It may be so, my lord,—Hear, nature, hear;
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!"

[5] *More of it.* In the quartos, *the cause.*

[6] We print this passage as in the folio. It is sometimes thus given:—

"Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so; yet have I left a daughter."

The passage in the quartos stands thus:—["Yea, is it come to this? yet have I left a daughter."] Johnson states, "The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, part from the second edition"—a mode of editing which appears to us little better than childish.

[7] In the quartos, "Thou shalt, I warrant thee," follows.

He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—
Alb. Well, you may fear too far.
Gon. Safer than trust too far.[1]
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 sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have show'd the unfitness——How now, Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;
And hasten your return. [*Exit* Stew.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.
Alb. How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then,—
Alb. Well, well; the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Court before the same.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *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 delivered your letter. [*Exit.*
Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were 't not in danger of kibes
Lear. Ay, boy.
Fool. Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.
Lear. Ha, ha, ha!
Fool. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee 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 canst tell, boy?
Fool. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle of one's face?
Lear. No.
Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side one's nose; that what a man cannot smell out he may spy into.
Lear. I did her wrong:—
Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?
Lear. No.
Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.
Lear. Why?
Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?
Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.
Lear. Because they are not eight?
Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good fool.
Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

[1] *Too far.* Steevens rejects these words, after his tasteless fashion of emendation.

Fool. If thou wert 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 wise.
Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now! are the horses ready?
Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.
Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Court within the Castle of the* Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *meeting.*

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, 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 whispered 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, best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother;
And I have one thing, of a queazy[2] question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O, sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him: Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.
Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.
Edm. I hear my father coming,—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield: come before my father;—Light, hoa, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell!—
[*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! no help?

Queazy. This is explained as delicate, uncertain. *Ticklish* perhaps gives the meaning more clearly.

Enter Gloster *and* Servants *with torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?
Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand 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, hoa!—Go after.—[*Exit* Servant.]—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 the thunder[1] bend;
Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to the father:—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, launch'd[2] mine arm:
And when he saw my best alarum'd spirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,
Or whether ghasted 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:
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;
He that conceals him, death.
Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight[3] to do it, with curst speech
I threaten'd to discover him: He replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny,
(As this I would; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character,[4]) I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice:
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs[5]
To make thee seek it."
Glo. O strange[6] and fasten'd villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he?—[I never got him.[7]]
[*Trumpets within.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not wher'[8] he comes:
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and* Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither,
(Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.[9]
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, 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 tended upon my father?
Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.[10]
Reg. No marvel then though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste[11] of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
Edm. It was my duty, sir.
Glo. He did bewray[12] his practice; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he pursued?
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 stength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
Glo. For him I thank your grace.
Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—
Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poize,
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 businesses,[13]
Which craves the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, madam;
Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Gloster's *Castle.*

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' the mire.
Stew. Prithee, 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 Lipsbury 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?

---

[1] *The thunder.* In the first quarto, *their thunders.*
[2] *Launch'd.* The folio has *latch'd*—the quarto *launcht*, meaning *lanced.* So Spenser—"Fairy Queen," book i. c. 4:—

> "For since my breast was *launcht* with lovely dart
> Of dear Sansfoy, I never joyed hour."

And Dryden—Virgil, Geor. iii.:—

> "Receipts abound; but searching all thy store
> The best is still at hand, to *launch* the sore."

[3] *Pight*—settled, pitched.
[4] *Character*—handwriting.
[5] *Spurs.* So the quartos; the folio, *spirits.*
[6] *Strange* in the folio; in the quartos, *strong.*
[7] The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.
[8] *Wher'*—wherefore.
[9] *Strange news.* So the quartos; the folio, *strangeness.*
[10] *Of that consort.* These words are not found in the quartos.
[11] *Expense and waste* in the folio; one of the quartos, *waste and spoil*, which is adopted by some editors. *Expense* is expenditure, a step before waste.
[12] *Bewray*—reveal.
[13] *Businesses.* The quartos, *business.*

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.[1]

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-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the 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 so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal: come your ways.

Stew. Help, hoa! murther! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, hoa! murther! murther!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

Kent. A tailor, sir; a stone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours[2] at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd,
At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread 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 smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain
Which are too intrinse[3] t' unloose: smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege,[4] affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks[5]
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.[a]

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?[6]

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your great[7] aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave: which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any.[8]
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact,[9] and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind: being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
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 reverent 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 respects, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

---

[1] The description of an individual in a legal document is called his *addition*. We agree with Tieck that the attempts of the commentators to explain the *additions* which Kent bestows upon the Steward are very unsatisfactory. Some are obvious enough; others were probably intelligible to Shakspere's contemporaries; but several, in all likelihood, belong to those figures of speech which we now call slang. It must be recollected that Kent has assumed the character of a serving-man.

[2] *Hours.* So the quartos; the folio, *years*.

[3] *Intrinse*—closely tied.

[4] *Renege.* So the quartos; the folio, *revenge*. To *renege* is to deny.

[5] *Halcyon beaks.* The halcyon is the kingfisher; and there was a popular opinion that the bird, if hung up, would indicate by the turning of its beak the point from which the wind blew. So in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta:"—

"But how now stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my *halcyon's bill?*"

[6] *What is his fault?* The quartos, *what's his offence?*

[7] *Great.* The quartos, *grand*. The change was not made without reason. Although Kent meant to go out of his dialect, the word *grand* sounded ironically, and was calculated to offend more than was needful.

[8] *I never gave him any.* So all the old copies. Some editions read *never any*.

[9] *Compact.* The quartos, *conjunct*. *Compact* is here used in the sense of *confederate*.

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 should not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.
[*Stocks brought out.*
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
[His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for 't: your purpos'd low correction
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with:[1]] 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.—[2]]
[KENT *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my lord; away.
[*Exeunt all except* GLOSTER *and* KENT.[3]
Glo. I am 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 entreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!
Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*
Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun![4]
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia;
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:[5]—All weary and o'erwatch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy wheel!
[*He sleeps.*

SCENE III.—*A part of the Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting[6] villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans,[7] sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity[b]—Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!
That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Before* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. 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'st thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha; he wears cruel[8] garters! Horses are tied by the heads; dogs and bears by the neck; monkeys by the loins; and men by the legs: when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[9]
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.* No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.[10]]
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 murther,
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 show'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,

---

[1] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio. It is clear that the omission was not accidental or capricious, for in that edition the subsequent passage is altered to—

"The king his master needs must take it ill."

[2] This line is also omitted in the folio.

[3] We insert the stage direction as Mr. Dyce suggests.

[4] The common *saw* alluded to is found in Heywood's "Dialogues and Proverbs:"—

"In your running from him to me,
Ye run out of God's blessing into the warm sun."

When Hamlet says, "I am too much i' the sun," he refers to the same proverb, which occurs in several books of Shakspere's time. (See note on Hamlet, Act I. Sc. II.)

[5] In the original copies there are no stage directions; but in the modern editions which preceded Johnson's we find several of these forms of explanation, which have been rejected of late years. When Kent says—

"Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,"—

there was formerly inserted in the margin *looking up to the moon.* It is now pretty well agreed that the beacon is the sun, and that Kent wishes for its rising that he may read the letter. But the early editors consider that upon Kent's invocation the moon appeared; and when he says "'tis from Cordelia," they add a direction—*opening the letter.* Some of the remaining portions of his speech they consider as parts of the letter, and give a direction accordingly. We agree with Malone that, although Kent has a letter from Cordelia, and knows that she has been informed of his "obscured course," he is unable to read it in the dim dawning. Tieck says, "The poet desires here to remind us again of Cordelia, and to give a distant intimation that wholly new events are about to be introduced."

[6] *Pelting*—petty, of little worth. (See note on Richard II., Act II. Sc. I.)
Bans—curses.

[8] *Cruel.* This is a play upon the double meaning of the word in one of its senses it was a loosely-woven, narrow woollen fabric, often used for garters The manufacture is not wholly obsolete, though but little used now.

[9] *Nether stocks*—stockings.

[10] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

Which presently they read: on those contents
They summon'd up their meiny,[1] straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;[2]
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 the poor.—
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours[3] for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio!—down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not;
Stay here. [*Exit.*

Gent. Made you no more offence but what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?[4]

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward,[5] let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.[6]

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter Lear, *with* Gloster.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick? they are weary?
They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service:[7]
Are they inform'd of this?——My breath and blood!—
Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore [*Looking on* Kent.
Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry sleep to death.[8]

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but, down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels,[c] when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down:" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, *and* Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!
[Kent *is set at liberty.*

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.[9]

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led

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[1] *Meiny*—retinue, attendants; hence the adjective *menial*. In the old translation of the Bible we find, "And Abraham saddled his ass, and took two of his *meyny* with him, and Isaac his son." In our present translation we have *young men* in the place of *meyny*.

Drew. The personal pronoun *I* is understood before *drew*.

Dolours. There is a quibble here between *dolours* and *dollars*.

[4] *Number.* The quartos, *train*.

Upward. The quartos, *up the hill*.

[6] Capell would read—

"The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,
The *fool* no *knave*, perdy."

Commands, tends, service. The quartos, *commands her service*.

[8] *Till it cry sleep to death.* We point this passage as in the original copies. It is given in modern editions, "Till it cry—*Sleep to death*"—as if the drum said, Sleep to death. Tieck suggested the true explanation—till the noise of the drum has been the death of sleep—has destroyed sleep—has forced them to awaken.

[9] The construction here is involved, but the meaning is evident. You less know how to value her desert than she knows to scant her duty.

By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return:
Say, you have wrong'd her.
Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house?[1]
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg, [*Kneeling.*[2]
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;
Look'd black upon me; strook me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—
All the stor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
Corn. Fie, sir, fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blister.[3]
Reg. O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.
Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse;
Thy tender-hefted[4] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[5]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.
[*Trumpets within.*
Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?
Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know 't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?
Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
Corn. What means your grace?
Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O, heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves[6] are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—
[*To* GONERIL.
O, Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.
Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement.
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 am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the* Steward.
Gon. At your choice, sir.
Lear. I prithee, 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 boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.
Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.
Lear. Is this well-spoken
Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanc'd to slack you,
We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat 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.

[1] *The house.* Theobald changed this fine expression to *the use.* Capell, who, in spite of his obscurities, often displays a fund of good sense which has been too much neglected, says, "This is one of the lines that mark Shakspere . . *the house* is an expression worthy his genius: fathers are not the heads only of a house or a family, but its representatives; they are *the house*, what affects them affects the rest of its body." Mr. Collier's corrected copy reads *the mouth* instead of *the house.*

[2] The stage direction, *kneeling*, is in accordance with the stage practice. But we have formerly omitted it, doubting whether Lear is addressing these words to Regan. If he were only rehearsing what he would say to Goneril if he should ask her forgiveness, the *kneeling* might still be the appropriate action. Mr. Dyce considers the words of Regan's next speech, "these are unsightly tricks," to refer to Lear's attempt to "suit the action to the word."

[3] *Blister.* The quartos read *blast her pride;* the folio *blister*, omitting *her pride.* All Lear's imprecations are on her personal qualities—her youth, her eyes, her beauty.

[4] *Tender-hefted.* The quartos read *tender-hested.* Steevens says, *hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved.* We doubt this. *Heft—haft*—is that which is *haved—held;* and thus the *tender-hefted* nature may be—Thy nature which may be held by tenderness.

[5] *Sizes*—allowances. A *sizar* in a college is one to whom certain *sizes* or portions are allowed.

[6] *You yourselves.* The quartos omit *you*, and most editors follow that omission.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?
Reg. And speak 't again, my lord; no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd!
When others are more wicked, not being the worst
Stands in some rank of praise:—I'll go with thee;
[*To* GONERIL.
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.
Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true need,—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a 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!
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,[1]
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!
[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, *and* Fool.
Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
[*Storm heard at a distance.*
Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself[2] from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my lord of Gloster?

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is return'd.
Glo. The king is in high rage.
Corn. Whither is he going?
Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high[3] 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 schoolmasters: Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.
Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Heath.*

A storm is heard, with thunder and lightning.

Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *meeting.*

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,[4]
That things might change, or cease: [tears his white hair;
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
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.[5]]
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the fool; who labours to outjest
His heart-strook injuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,[6]
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd 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 snuffs[7] and packings[8] 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;
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.[9]]
Gent. I will talk further with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall,) show her this ring;

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[1] *Flaw.* Douce conjectures that *flaw* might signify a *fragment* in Shakspere's time, as well as a *crack*.
[2] *Hath put himself.* The personal pronoun *he* is understood.
[3] *High.* The quartos, *bleak*.
[4] *The main* is here used for the main land.
[5] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.
[6] *Note.* The quartos, *art*. *Note* is knowledge.
[7] *Snuffs*—dislikes.
[8] *Packings*—intrigues.
[9] The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, (in which your pain
That way; I'll this:) he that first lights on him,
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Heath. Storm continues.*

Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds,[1] and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens[2] spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!
Fool. O, nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain water out o' door. Good nuncle, in; ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise men nor fools.
Lear. Rumble thy bellyfull! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
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 ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join[3]
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!
Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has a good head-piece.

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;—
So beggars marry many.

The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

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 wise man and a fool.
Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[4] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.
Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder[5] o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular[6] of virtue
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More harder than the stones whereof 'tis rais'd
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return and force
Their scanted courtesy.
Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
And can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. [*Singing.*] He that has and a little tiny wit,—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.[7]

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this hovel.
[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KENT.
Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be us'd with feet.[a]
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

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[1] *Winds.* The quartos, *wind.*
[2] *Germens*—seeds of matter. So in Macbeth:—
"The sum
Of nature's *germens* tumble altogether."
[3] The quartos—
"That have with two pernicious daughters join'd."
[4] *Gallow*—scare.
Pudder. This is always modernised into *pother;* the same word, doubtless, but somewhat vulgarised by the change.

[6] *Simular*—counterfeit. The quartos read, *simular man;* but *simular* is used as a noun by writers before Shakspere.
[7] This snatch of a song is an adaptation of the concluding song in Twelfth Night:—
"When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day."
The quartos omit *and* in the first line, and have *for* instead of *though* in the fourth.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will look[1] him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

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

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own: Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring[2] sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—
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. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In, boy; go first.—[*To the* Fool.] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.
[Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd[3] 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 show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The* Fool *runs out from the hovel*

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.—
Humph! go to thy bed and warm thee.[4]

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters?[5]
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives anything to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew;[6] set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking![6] Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There could I have him now,—and there,—and there again, and there.
[*Storm continues.*

Lear. Have his daughters brought him to this pass?—
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved 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.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

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

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents; keep thy word's justice;[7] 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,[8] proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I dearly; dice dearly; and in woman out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn

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[1] *Look.* The quartos, *seek.*
Roaring. Two of the quartos read *raging.*

[3] *Loop'd* is the reading of the quartos; the folio has *lopp'd.*

[4] The quartos give this speech thus:—"Away, the foul fiend follows me, through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind, go to thy cold bed and warm thee."

[5] The quartos read—
"*Hast* thou given all to thy *two* daughters?"

[6] *Taking*—malignant influence.

[7] *Word's justice.* The quartos read, *word justly.*

[8] *A serving-man.* This is not a menial, but a *servant* in the sense in which it is used in The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—
"Too low a mistress for so high a servant."—

blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sesey;[1] let him trot by. [*Storm still continues.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come; unbutton here.—

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Prithee, 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, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin,[2] squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;[3]
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold:
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee![c]

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, *with a torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and the water;[4] that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing-pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned;[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.[5]

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.[e]

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

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands;
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;
Go into the 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 me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death:—Ah! that good Kent!
He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—
Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself: I had a son,
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:
Hush.

Edg. Childe Rowland to the dark tower came;
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.[6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter Cornwall *and* Edmund.

Corn. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured 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 reproveable badness in himself.

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

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

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

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

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Sesey.* The quartos read *cease.* It is probably the same word as *sessa*, which is used by Christopher Sly in The Taming of the Shrew. We give the whole of this passage, which is probably meant to be unintelligible, according to the reading of the folio. The quartos have, after *cold wind*, "hay no on ny, dolphin my boy, my boy, cease, let him trot by." Capell has a theory that Edgar feigns himself to be one who is talking of his horses; but we are inclined to think, if there be any meaning, some of the words are meant as an imitation of the sound of the rushing wind, and that "let him trot by" has the same reference.

[2] *The web and the pin.* Florio, in his "New World of Words" (1611), interprets the Italian *catarátta* "a dimness of sight occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or *a pin and a web.*"

[3] *The old*—the *wold.* Spelman writes, Burton upon *Olds. Swithold*, the reading of all the old editions, is an abbreviation of *Saint Withold.*

[4] *The wall-newt and the water*—that is, the wall-newt and the water-newt. It is the same form of construction as "a wise man and a merry."

[5] These lines are printed as a triplet in the folio; but the old metrical romance of Sir Bevis supplied the distich—

"Rats and mice, and such small deer,
Was his meat that seven year."

[6] Capell has an ingenious note to show that Childe Rowland was the Knight Orlando; that the lines are part of an old ballad, of which one line has been accidentally omitted; and that we should read—

"Childe Rowland to the dark tower come,
The giant roar'd, and out he ran;
His word was still—Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

SCENE VI.—*A Chamber in Out-building adjoining the Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER *and* KENT.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

[*Exit* GLOSTER.

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, *and* Fool.[1]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Prithee, 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
Come hissing[2] in upon them:—

[*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;— [*To* EDGAR.
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the* Fool.]—Now, ye she foxes!—

Edg. Look where she stands and glares!—
Wantonest thou eyes at trial, madam?[3]
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:[4]—[f]

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. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—
Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;— [*To* EDGAR.
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the* Fool.
Bench by his side:—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To* KENT.

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.
Pur! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?[5]]

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. *Aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach[6] or lym;[7]
Or bobtail tike,[8] or trundle-tail;[9]
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. Sesey. 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 fashion of your garments: you will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

[*To* EDGAR.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains: So, so: We'll go to supper i' the morning.

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

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend: Where is the king, my master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master;
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss: Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind. [*To the* Fool.

Glo. Come, come away.

[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOSTER, *and the* Fool, *bearing off the* KING.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth 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 childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises: and thyself bewray,

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[1] We print the direction for the entrances of the characters as in the folio.

[2] *Hissing.* This is ordinarily printed *whizzing;* in the folio it is *hizzing;* in one of the quartos, *hiszing.*

[3] The original quartos have, "Look where he stands and glares, wantest thou eyes," &c. Theobald altered *he* to *she*, and Seward happily suggested *wantonest* for *wantest.* The text of the quartos is so exceedingly corrupt that, in those passages which do not occur in the folio, some license of emendation seems warranted.

[4] *Come over the bourn, Bessy*, was a song entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1564.

[5] This wonderful passage, beginning with the speech of Edgar, "The foul fiend bites my back," and ending here, is not given in the folio. (See Introductory Notice.)

[6] *Brach*—a female harrier. (See note on Act I. Sc. IV.)

[7] *Lym*—limmer—leamer—a hunting dog, so called from the *leme* or *leash* in which he was held till he was let slip.

[8] *Tike*, according to Steevens, was the Runic word for a worthless dog. (See note on Henry V., Act II. Sc. I.)

[9] *Trundle-tail.* In the tragedy of "A Woman killed with Kindness" (1617) we have, "Your dogs are trundle-tails and curs."

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the king!
Lurk, lurk.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, *and* Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—Seek out the traitor Gloster.[2] [*Exeunt some of the* Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund, keep you our sister company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six-and-thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him toward Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt* Goneril *and* Edmund.

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other* Servants.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Servants, *with* Gloster.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky 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. [Servants *bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

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

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

[Regan *plucks his beard.*

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

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
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 have you sent the lunatic king?
Speak.

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

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key;"
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See 't shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.[3]

Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help: O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord;
I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight.* Cornwall *is wounded.*

Reg. Give me thy sword.—[*To another* Servant.] A peasant stand up thus!

[*Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.*

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now?[g]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abus'd.—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[*Exit* Cornwall, *led by* Regan;—Servants *unbind* Gloster, *and lead him out.*

[1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,

[1] The lines in brackets are not in the folio. In the folio, after "quick conduct," Gloster ends his speech with "Come, come away." Those words are introduced in the quarto after the speech of Kent.

[2] *Traitor.* The quartos, *villain.*

[3] We omit the usual stage direction at this place, as well as a subsequent stage direction, for reasons given in Illustration *g*, p. 328.

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.
1 *Serv.* Let 's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to anything.
2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help him!][1]
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*An open Country.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!
The wretch that thou hast blown unto the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter Gloster, *led by an* Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
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.[2] You cannot see your way.
Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen
Our means secure us;[3] 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 am at the worst?"
I am worse than e'er I was.
Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst is not
So long as we can say, "This is the worst."
Old Man. Fellow, where goest?
Glo. Is it a beggar-man?
Old Man. Madman and beggar too.
Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm: my son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:
As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.
Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee, master!
Glo. Is that the naked fellow?
Old Man. Ay, my lord.
Glo. Get thee away: If, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way towards Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.
Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel 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.*
Glo. Come hither, fellow.
Edg. [*Aside.*] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son,[4] from the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut; Hobbididence*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master![5]]
Glo. Here, take this purse, you whom the heaven's 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.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:[a]
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before the* Duke of Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Goneril *and* Edmund; Steward *meeting them.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way;—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 informed him, then he call'd me sot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

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[1] The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio, in which edition the scene concludes with the line of Cornwall's speech—

"Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm."

[2] The quarto here introduces "Alack, sir!"

[3] *Our means secure us.* So all the old editions. Pope changed it to "our *mean* secures us." *Mean* is moderate condition, of which *means* might have been used as the plural. Jennens thinks that by *means* may perhaps be understood mean things. We believe that *means* is here used only in the common sense of resources, powers, capacities. The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and further, our mere defects prove advantages.

[4] The quartos, *Bless the good man.*

[5] The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

Gon. 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 names[1] at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;
[*Giving a favour.*
Decline your head this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.
Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.
Gon. My most dear Gloster! [*Exit* EDMUND.
O, the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.[2]
Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.
[*Exit* Steward.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.[3]
Alb. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—[I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.
Gon. No more; the text is foolish.
Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come:
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.[4]]
Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; [that not know'st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sitt'st still, and cry'st
"Alack! why does he so?"]
Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!
[*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones:—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—]

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?
Mess. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's dead
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.
Alb. Gloster's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke which since
Hath pluck'd him after.
Alb. This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O, poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?
Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer. [*Exit.*
Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?
Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou know'st. [*Exeunt.*

[[5] SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near* 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 imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required, and necessary.[6]
Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?
Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur La Far.[7]
Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
Gent. Ay, sir, she took them, read them in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek; it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
Kent. O, then it mov'd her.
Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears

[1] *Names.* The quartos, *arms.*
[2] So the folio. One of the quartos, *A fool usurps my bed;* another, *My foot usurps my head.*
[3] In one of Heywood's Dialogues we have the proverbial expression, "It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."
[4] The passage in brackets is not in the folio; and the subsequent passages in brackets are also omitted in that edition.
[5] The whole of this scene is wanting in the folio. (See Introductory Notice.)
[6] This speech is printed as prose in the original. The modern editors have regulated it into hobbling metre.
[7] *Monsieur La Far.* So the original copies. In some editions we have *Monsieur le Fer.* Shakspere has a similar name in Henry V.

Were like a better day:[1] Those happy smilets,[2]
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 dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.
Kent. Made she no verbal question?
Gent. 'Faith, once, or twice, she heav'd the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cried, "Sisters; sisters!—shame of ladies! sisters!
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm? i' the night?
Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd:—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. You spoke not with her since?
Gent. No.
Kent. Was this before the king return'd?
Gent. No, since.
Kent. Well, sir: The poor distress'd Lear is i' the town:
Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.
Gent. Why, good sir?
Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own unkindness,
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!
Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?
Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.
Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master, Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause[3]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wisdom
[*Exit an* Officer.
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

[1] *Better day.* This is the modern reading; the original is "better *way*." Tieck translates the passage, *were like a spring day.* In the French translation of Letourneur we have, "Vous avez vu le soleil au milieu de la pluie: son sourire et ses pleurs offraient l'image d'un jour plus doux encore."

[2] *Smilets.* This beautiful diminutive is found in the original, and we know not why it should not hold its place in the text.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress![4]—Seek, seek for him:
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and 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.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in* Gloster's *Castle.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?
Stew. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself
In person there?
Stew. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Stew. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.
It was great ignorance, 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 despatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.
Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us;
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by words? Belike,
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know you are of her bosom.
Stew. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know it:
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

[3] *Dear cause*—important business. So in Romeo and Juliet—"dear employment."

[4] *Distress.* So the quartos; the folio has *desires.*

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Country near* Dover.

Enter Gloster, *and* Edgar *dressed like a peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now: look how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible steep:
Hark, do you hear the sea?
Glo. No, truly.
Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.
Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.
Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.
Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place!—stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low![b]
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade![c]
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock;[1] her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is 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 opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone, sir.[2] Farewell.—
[Gloster *leaps, and falls along.*
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer,[d] feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shivered like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art sound.
Ten masts at each[3] make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fallen, or no?
Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:[4]
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm:
Up:—so;—How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all strangeness:
Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the enridged[5] sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
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.—But who comes here?

Enter Lear, *fantastically dressed up with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;[6]
I am the king himself.
Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!
Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:[7] draw me a clothier's yard.[8]—Look, look, a

[1] *The cock-boat.* The "anchoring bark" has a small boat towing, and, as the bark was diminished to a cock, the cock was a buoy "almost too small for sight."
[2] *Gone, sir.* This was formerly printed, *Gone, sir?* as if Edgar asked Gloster if he had gone; whereas Gloster has previously told him, "Go thou further off;" and, when Gloster again speaks to him, he says, "Gone, sir."
[3] *At each.* So all the old editions. *Ten masts at each* may signify each placed at the end of the other. Some think, however, that there is a slight typographical error, and that we should read *ten masts at reach.* We can find no example of a similar use of *at each;* and yet the phrase conveys the meaning.
[4] *Bourn.* In a previous passage, "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me," bourn signifies a river; and so in the "Fairy Queen" (book ii. canto vi. stanza 10)—

"My little boat can safely pass this perilous *bourne.*"

In Milton's "Comus" we have—

"And every bosky *bourn* from side to side."

Here, as Warton well explains the word, *bourn* is a winding, deep, and narrow valley, with a rivulet at the bottom. Such a spot is a bourn because it is a boundary—a natural division; and this is the sense in which a river is called a bourn. The "chalky bourn," in the passage before us, is, in the same way, the chalky boundary of England towards France.
[5] *Enridged.* This is the reading of the quartos; the folio, *enraged.* Enridged is the more poetical word, and Shakspere has the idea in his Venus and Adonis:—

"Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend."

[6] *For coining.* So the quartos; the folio, *crying.* Tieck, to our surprise, considers the reading of the folio right. If we follow the course of Lear's thoughts, we shall see that he fancies himself a king at the head of his army. It is his prerogative to coin money—"they cannot touch me for coining." New levies are brought to him—"There's your press-*money.*"
[7] *The crow-keeper* was the rustic who kept crows from corn—one unpractised in the proper use of the bow. Ascham, in his "Toxophilus," thus describes one who "handles his bow like a crow-keeper:"—"Another cowereth down, and laveth out his buttocks as though he should shoot at crows."
[8] *Draw me a clothier's yard*—draw like a famous English archer—the archer of Chevy Chase:—

"An arrow of a *cloth yard* long
Up to the head drew he."

mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.[1]—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had the white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to everything 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 them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

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 thy cause?—
Adultery?—
Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.[2]
Down from the waist they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothecary, sweeten[3] my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.[4]

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine own back;
Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate[5] sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now:
Pull off my boots:—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!
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 wawl, 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!—[6]
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.[7]

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 the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
[Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—[8]]

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug[9] 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, sa, sa, sa.

[*Exit running;* Attendants *follow.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast a daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

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[1] *The brown bills*—bills for billmen—the infantry. Marlowe uses the phrase in the same way in his "Edward II.:"—

> "Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
> Brown *bills*, and targetiers."

[2] These words, beginning, "Behold yon' simpering dame," are printed as prose in the folio. The previous lines of Lear's speech are metrically arranged. In the quarto the whole speech is given as prose.

[3] The quartos, *to sweeten.*

[4] So the folio; the quartos—

> "Were all *the* letters suns, I could not see *one.*"

[5] *Plate.* The old copies read *place.* The correction, which is ingenious and valuable, was made by Pope.

[6] *This a good block!* Steevens conjectures that when Lear says, "I will preach to thee," and begins his sermon, "When we are born, we cry," he takes his hat in his hand, and, turning it round, dislikes the fashion or shape of it, which was then called *the block.* He then starts off, by association with the hat, to the delicate stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with felt. Lord Herbert, in his "Life of Henry VIII.," describes a joust at which Henry was present in France, where horses shod with felt were brought into a marble hall.

[7] *Kill* was the ancient word of onset in the English army.

[8] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

[9] *Smug.* This epithet is not found in the quartos.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favour,
How near 's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.
Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit* Gent.
Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;[1]
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benizon of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.
Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar *opposes.*
Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.
Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.
Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.
Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. An ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow[2] be the harder: Ch'ill be plain with you.
Stew. Out, dunghill!
Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins. [*They fight; and* Edgar *knocks him down.*
Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the English[3] party:—O, untimely death. [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—
Let 's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He is dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads.*] "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 offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,[4]

"Goneril."

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!—
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murtherous lechers; and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.
[*Exit* Edgar, *dragging out the body.*
Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
And woes, by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Tent in the French Camp.* Lear *on a bed, asleep;* Physician, Gentlemen, *and others, attending.*

Enter Cordelia *and* Kent.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.
Cor. Be better suited;[5]
These weeds are memories of those worser hours;
I prithee 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.
Phys. Madam, sleeps still.
Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up,
Of this child-changed father!
Phys. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
[*Cor.* Very well.
Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.[6]]
Cor. O my dear father! Restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

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[1] *To fortune's blows.* The quarto, *by.*
[2] *Ballow.* The quartos, *bat.* Grose, in his "Provincial Glossary," gives *ballow* as a north-country word for *pole.* Edgar is speaking the Somersetshire dialect.
[3] *English.* So the folio; the quartos, *British.* (See Introductory Notice.)
[4] We print this subscription as in the folio. It was ordinarily given thus:—
"Your wife (so I would say), and your
affectionate servant."
[5] *Suited*—clothed.
[6] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

PINX. W DGWAY.

LEAR AND CORDELIA.

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the jarring[1] winds?
[To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder;
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm?][2] Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.
Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.
Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?
Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in 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?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should e'en 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,[3] you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less:[4]
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is kill'd[5] in him: [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.[6]]
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.
Cor. Will 't please your highness walk?
Lear. You must bear with me.
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, *and* Attendants.
[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,
That the duke of Cornwall was so slain
Kent. Most certain, sir.
Gent. Who is the conductor of his people?
Kent. As 'tis said,
The bastard son of Gloster.
Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.
Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.
Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought. [*Exit.*][7]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near* Dover.

Enter, with drums and colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Officers, Soldiers, *and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold;
Or whether, since, he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*
Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister?
Edm. In honour'd love.
Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?
Edm. [That thought abuses you
Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.[8]]
Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.
Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
Edm. Fear me not:—
She, and the duke her husband,——

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and* Soldiers.

[*Gon.* I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*]
Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I heard,—The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,

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[1] *Oppos'd against the jarring.* The quartos, *expos'd against the warring.*
[2] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.
[3] *No, sir.* These words are not in the folio.
[4] Every reader of Shakspere, who became familiar with this most exquisite scene through the editions of half a century ago, has read it thus:—

"Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind."

That most Shaksperian touch of nature—

"Fourscore and upward; not an hour more nor less"—

has been mutilated by the variorum editors. The breaking a limb off an ancient statue would, to our minds, not be a greater sacrilege. They found the words "not an hour more nor less" only in the folio, and they therefore rejected them. Malone says, "The folio *absurdly* adds, 'not an hour more nor less,' *i.e.*, not an hour more nor less than an indeterminate number, for such is fourscore and upwards." Why, who is speaking? One who speaks logically and collectedly? No! one who immediately after says, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind." It was the half-consciousness of the "foolish, fond old man" which Shakspere meant to express by the mixture of a determinate and an indeterminate idea—a depth of poetical truth which Steevens and Ritson call "the interpolation of some foolish player."
[5] *Kill'd.* The quartos, *cured.*
[6] The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.
[7] The scene in the folio concludes with Lear's speech—"I am old and foolish."
[8] The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio, as well as the subsequent passages in the same scene so marked, as spoken by Goneril, Albany, and Edmund.

I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king; with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]
Reg. Why is this reason'd?
Gon. Combine together gainst the enemy:
For these domestic, and particular broils
Are not the question[1] here.
Alb. Let's then determine with the ancient of war
On our proceeding.[2]
[*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.]
Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you go with us.
Gon. O, ho, I know the riddle: [*Aside.*] I will go.

As they are going out, enter Edgar, *disguised.*

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.
[*Exeunt* Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove
What is avouched there: if you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here 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. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I 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. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, *and their Forces; 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 go with you, sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

Alarums; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand, away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.
Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near* Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as prisoners;* Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,—
Who loses, and who wins: who's in, who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years[3] shall devour them, flesh and fell,[4]
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Cordelia, *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [*giving a paper*] 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.
Off. I'll do 't, my lord.
Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.
Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so
As I have set it down.
[*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work I will do it.[5]] [*Exit* Officer.

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[1] *The question.* The quartos, "*to* question."
[2] *Proceeding.* The quartos, *proceedings.*
[3] *Good years.* So the folio; the quartos, "*the good* shall devour them." The ordinary reading is *goujeers.* We subjoin a note from Tieck:—"The '*good yeares*' of the folio is used ironically for the bad year—the year of pestilence; and, like *il mal anno* of the Italians, had been long used as a curse in England. And yet the editors, who understand the poet as little as their own language, made out of this—*the goujeers—morbus gallicus.* Why, even old Florio, who might have known pretty well, is tutored that, when he translates *il mal anno* by *good year*, he ought to have written *goujeers.*"
[4] *Fell*—skin.
[5] These lines are omitted in the folio; and so also the subsequent words and lines in Edmund's speech, each of which is marked in brackets.

Flourish. Enter Albany, Goneril, Regan, Officers, *and* Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
I 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 bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd 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, to 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 curs'd
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 but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person;
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 addition.[1]
Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most if he should husband you.
Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.
Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
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 let-alone lies not in your good-will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
[*To* Edmund.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: [*Pointing to* Gon.]—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 bans.
If you will marry make your loves to me,
My lady is bespoke.
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; [*Throwing down a glove.*] I'll make[2] it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O, sick!
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.[3] [*Aside.*
Edm. There's my exchange: [*Throwing down a glove.*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:
Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.
Alb. A herald, hoa!
[*Edm.* A herald, hoa, a herald![4]
Alb.] Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
Reg. My sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.
[*Exit* Regan, *led.*
Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
[*Off.* Sound, trumpet!] [*A trumpet sounds.*

Herald *reads.*

If any man of quality or degree, within the lists of the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.

[*Edm.* Sound!] [1 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [2 *Trumpet.*
Her. Again. [3 *Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed, preceded by a trumpet.*

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare gnawn, and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.
Alb. Which is that adversary?
Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund earl of Gloster?
Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy sword;
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession;[5] I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart,—Thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

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[1] *Addition.* The quartos, *advancement.*

[2] *Make.* The quartos, *prove.*

[3] *Medicine.* The quartos, *poison.*

[4] This speech is not found in the folio, nor the two subsequent exclamations of "Sound, trumpet!" and "Sound!"

[5] We print as in the folio. The quartos read—
"Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
My oath and profession."
A modern reading is—
"Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession."

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say[1] of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.
[*Alarums. They fight.* Edmund *falls.*
Alb. Save him, save him!
Gon. This is practice,[2] Gloster:
By the law of war,[3] thou wast 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[4] arraign me for 't? [*Exit* Goneril.
Alb. Most monstrous!
Know'st thou this paper?
Edm. Ask me not what I know.[5]
Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
[*To an* Officer, *who goes out.*
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that have I done,
And more, much more: the time will bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let 's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague[6] us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true:
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;—
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly die,[7]
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd;
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage: but his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.
Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.
[*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
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 tranc'd.
Alb. But who was this?
Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.[8]]

Enter a Gentleman *hastily, with a bloody knife.*

Gent. Help! help! O help!
Edg. What kind of help?
Alb. Speak, man.
Edg. What means this bloody knife?
Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead.
Alb. Who dead? speak, man.[9]
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.
Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—
This judgment of the heavens that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. [*Exit* Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

O, is this he?[10]
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.
Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?
Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king; and where's Cordelia?—
Seest thou this object, Kent?
[*The bodies of* Goneril *and* Regan *are brought in.*
Kent. Alack, why thus?

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[1] *Say*—assay. (See note on Act I. Sc. II.)
[2] *Practice.* The quartos, *mere practice.*
[3] *War.* The quartos, *arms.*
[4] *Can.* The quartos, *shall.*
[5] We place the exit of Goneril as in the folio. The exclamation of Albany—"Most monstrous!"—is the natural result of her unyielding haughtiness. The question of Albany—"Know'st thou this paper?"—is, in the folio, answered by Edmund—"Ask me not what I know." In the quartos, however, which have been followed by the variorum editors, this reply is given to Goneril. But why should Albany address this question to Goneril, when he has previously said to her, "No tearing, lady; *I perceive you know it?*"

[6] *Plague.* The quartos, *scourge.*
[7] We print this line as in the folio. The quarto reading is—
"That with the pain of death we'd hourly die."
[8] The lines in brackets beginning, "This would have seem'd a period," are omitted in the folio.
[9] We give the passage as in the folio. The quarto reads—
"It came from the heart of——
Alb. Who, man? speak!"
[10] The quartos, *O! it is he.*

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.
Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.
Edm. I pant for life: Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run—
Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee, for thy life. [*Exit* EDGAR.
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 for-did herself.
Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[EDMUND *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—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 mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?[1]
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murtherers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-done[2] themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. 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 applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
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![3] 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, my lord,—
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, 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[4] world
Stretch him out longer.
Edg. He is gone, indeed.
Kent. The wonder is he hath endur'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain
[*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.
Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.
Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me,[5]—I must not say, no.
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.*[6]

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[1] *The promis'd end*—the end of the world foretold in the Scriptures. The "image of that horror" is the same as "the great doom's image" of Macbeth.

[2] *Fore-done.* The quartos, *fore-doom'd.* We have previously had *for-did* used in the same sense of *destroy.*

[3] *And my poor fool is hang'd!* Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose taste in one branch of art entitles him to the greatest consideration when he offers an opinion upon another branch, believes that Lear applies the expression *literally* to his Fool, and not to Cordelia. Malone, with great gravity, says, in controverting this opinion, "Lear has just seen his daughter hanged, having unfortunately been admitted too late to preserve her life, though time enough to punish the perpetrator of the act; but we have no authority whatsoever for supposing his Fool hanged also." Malone has also shown that the expression was used by Shakspere in other places as a word of tenderness. It might, indeed, be here employed something like the "excellent wretch" of Othello; but we cannot avoid thinking that Shakspere, in this place, meant to express a peculiar tenderness, derived from Lear's confused recollection of his regard for his poor follower, the Fool, whom we have lost after the third act. In the depth of his distress, during the storm, Lear says, "Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee." And now, when the last and deepest calamity has fallen upon him, his expressions shape themselves out of the indistinctness with which he views the present and the past, and Cordelia is his "poor fool."

[4] *Rough.* The original reads *tough.* Pope made the correction.

[5] *My master calls me.* The quarto has the line thus—

"My master calls, and I must not say no."

[6] This is the original stage direction.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO KING LEAR.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE II.—"*O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.*"

DR. BURNEY, the historian of music, has a note upon this passage, which is certainly ingenious:—"The commentators not being musicians, have regarded this passage perhaps as unintelligible nonsense, and therefore left it as they found it, without bestowing a single conjecture on its meaning and import. Shakspere, however, shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmisation, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural, that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say, *mi contra fa est diabolus* the interval *fa, mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semi-tone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F, G, A, B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the dislocation of events, the *times being out of joint*, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi.*"

We cannot avoid expressing an opinion that Dr. Burney has somewhat overstated this matter. It is not, we think, that Edmund *compares* the dislocation of events to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi*, but that in his affectation of humming the gamut as Edgar enters, he employs unnatural and offensive sounds. The poet, we readily believe, had a purpose in this; but we do not quite see that the discordant arrangement of the gamut has any reference to the words which Edmund has just uttered in the way of comparison. He pretends to be thinking aloud, and the simulated thoughts which he expresses are connected with ideas of what is unnatural and dissonant. In the same way the musical notes which he utters are also unnatural and dissonant. They are a pretended accompaniment to his thoughts, but they are not an interpretation of them.

[b] SCENE IV.—"*Here's my coxcomb.*"

The Fool of Lear, with reference to the purposes of the drama, has been thus described by Coleridge:—"The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspere's genius to the taste of his audience. Accordingly, the poet prepares for his introduction, which he never does with any of his common clowns and fools, by bringing him into living connexion with the pathos of the play. He is as wonderful a creation as Caliban." But the prominent part which the Fool takes in the most passionate scenes of Lear—"his wild babblings and inspired idiocy"—were not in the slightest degree opposed to the knowledge of Shakspere's audience. The domestic fools with which they were familiar were, for the most part, like the fool which Sir Thomas More describes in his "Utopia:"—"He so studied with words and sayings, brought forth so out of time and place, to make sport and more laughter, that he himself was oftener laughed at than his jests were. Yet the foolish fellow brought out now and then such indifferent and reasonable stuff, that he made the proverb true which saith, 'He that shooteth oft at the last shall hit the mark.'" But it must not be imagined that such fools as those who were admitted to familiarity with the irascible Henry VIII., the haughty Wolsey, and the philosophic and learned More, were vulgar and licentious jesters, or incapable of affection and dislike. They were grateful, no doubt, to those who treated them with kindness,—they were bitter and revengeful, "all-licensed" as they were, to those who repulsed and teased them. Antony Stafford, in his "Guide of Honour," says he "had known a great and competently wise man, who would much respect any man who was good to his fool." When Sir Thomas More resigned the Chancellorship, he gave his fool, Pattison, to the Lord Mayor of London, "upon this condition, that he should every year wait upon him that should have that office." It is difficult to believe that poor Pattison, transferred year after year to a new master, was as happy with the Lord Mayor of London as with the heavenly-tempered Chancellor, who, speaking of fools in general, says, "It is a great reproach to do any of them hurt or injury."*

* Utopia, book ii. ch. viii.

Who knows but Pattison would have clung to his master in his misfortunes, like the Fool of Lear—

> "who labours to outjest
> His heart-struck injuries?"

When Wolsey was disgraced, he cherished his fool, Patch, as one of the few comforts that were left to him; and at last sent him to his capricious master as the most valuable present he could bestow. We can easily imagine that, in the separation, Wolsey's fool "much pin'd away," as Lear's did "since my young lady's going into France." Will Sommers, Henry VIII.'s jester, on the other hand, according to tradition, hated Cardinal Wolsey. He was the "sweet and bitter fool." There is a very curious story in a tract entitled "The Nest of Ninnies," by Robert Armin (1608), which exhibits not only the license of the domestic fools, but their indifference to the consequences of their freedoms. It was in a later period that Laud revenged himself upon Archie Armstrong. We copy the story from "The Nest of Ninnies," without abridgment:—

"On a time appointed, the king (Henry the Eighth) dined at Windsor, in the chapel-yard, at Cardinal Wolsey's, at the time when he was building that admirable work of his tomb; at whose gate stood a number of poor people to be served of alms when dinner was done within and as Will Sommers (the jester) passed by, they saluted him; taking him for a worthy personage, which pleased him. In he comes: and, finding the king at dinner, and the cardinal by, attending; to disgrace him that he never loved—'Harry (says he), lend me ten pound.' 'What to do?' says the king. 'To pay three or four of the cardinal's creditors (quoth he), to whom my word is passed, and they are come now for the money.' 'That thou shalt, Will,' quoth he. 'Creditors of mine!' (says the cardinal) 'I'll give your grace my head, if any man can justly ask me a penny.' 'No! (says Will) lend me ten pounds if I pay it not where thou owest it, I'll give thee twenty for it.' 'Do so,' says the king. 'That I will, my liege (says the cardinal), though I know I owe none.'—With that he lends Will ten pounds. Will goes to the gate, and distributes it to the poor, and brought the empty bag. 'There is thy bag again (says he), thy creditors are satisfied, and my word out of danger.' 'Who received it (says the king), the brewer or the baker?' 'Neither, Harry (says Will Sommers); but, cardinal, answer me one thing:—to whom dost thou owe thy soul?' 'To God!' quoth he. 'To whom, thy wealth?' 'To the poor,' says he. 'Take thy forfeit, Harry (says the fool); open confession, open penance. His head is thine; for to the poor at the gate I paid his debt, which he yields is due: or, if thy stony heart will not yield it so, save thy head by denying thy word, and lend it me. Thou knowest I am poor, and have neither wealth nor wit; and what thou lendest to the poor, God will pay thee tenfold. He is my surety, arrest him; for, by my troth, hang me when I pay thee.' The king laughed at the jest, and so did the cardinal, for a show: but it grieved him to jest away ten pound so. Yet worse tricks than this Will Sommers served him after: for, indeed, he could never abide him; and the forfeiture of his head had like to have been paid, had he not poisoned himself."

The action of Lear's fool in offering the king his coxcomb appears, if we may rely upon a story in Perrinchief's "Life and Death of King Charles I.," to have furnished an example to Archie Armstrong:—"He told the king, (James the First,) he came to change caps with him. 'Why?' said the king. 'Because (replied Archee) thou hast sent the Prince into Spain, from whence he is never like to return.' 'But,' said the king, 'what wilt thou say if thou seest him come back again?' 'Marry,' says the jester, 'I will take off the fool's cap, which I set on thy head for sending him thither, and set it upon the king of Spain's for letting him come home again.'"

We have already had occasion, in Twelfth Night and As You Like It, to make some observations on the subject of Shakspere's fools, particularly in connection with their stage office; and we will here merely copy from Douce that part of his description of their costume which relates to the coxcomb:—"A hood resembling a monk's cowl, which, at a very early period, it was certainly designed to imitate, covered the head entirely, and fell down over part of the breast and shoulders. It was sometimes decorated with ass's ears, or else

terminated in the neck and head of a cock, a fashion as old as the fourteenth century. It often had the comb or crest only of the animal, whence the term cockscomb or coxcomb was afterwards used to denote any silly upstart. The hood was not always surmounted with the cock's comb, in lieu of which a single bell, and occasionally more, appeared. Sometimes a feather was added to the comb."

SCENE IV.—"*If I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't.*"

This satire upon "lords and great men" was a bold thing in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the reign of Elizabeth almost every article of necessity—iron, skins, leather, wool, yarn, coal, beer, glass, paper, saltpetre, potash—was consigned by the prerogative of the crown to the monopoly of some patentee. Mr. Hackwell, a member of the House of Commons, expressed his surprise that bread was not of the number. By the 21st of James I. this most injurious prerogative of the crown was got rid of, and all commissions and letters patent for the sole buying, selling, making, working, or using of anything are declared contrary to the laws of the realm. Patents for new inventions to be granted for a limited time were excepted by this statute. It is curious that this passage of the text is not found in the folio edition of 1623, at which time the struggle for the abolition of monopolies, and the resistance on the part of the monopolists, were no doubt carried to extremes that would have rendered such a direct allusion offensive to the court, which had an interest in supporting the corruption.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,*
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot."

Drayton, in his "Poly-Olbion," has the following reference to the Camelot of the old romances:—

> "Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
> Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table round,
> Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
> From whence all knightly deeds and brave achievements sprung."

Capell has a mistaken theory that Camelot is a name for Winchester, one of the places where Arthur held his Round Table. But the context of Drayton's poem shows us that Camelot is in Somersetshire; and the original illustrator of Drayton thus describes it:—"By South-Cadbury is that Camelot; a hill of a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling it, and betwixt every of them an earthen wall, the contents of it, within, about twenty acres, full of ruins and relics of old buildings. . Antique report makes this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, as the muse here sings." Hanmer tells us that in the moors near Camelot large quantities of geese are bred; but it may be doubted whether the line, "I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot," has reference to this fact. Warburton supposes that some proverbial speech in the old romances of Arthur has supplied the allusion, of which we think there is little doubt.

SCENE III.—"*The country gives me proof and precedent*
Of Bedlam beggars," &c.

Harrison, in his description of England, published with Holinshed's Chronicle, gives, upon the whole, the most minute and satisfactory account of the state of society in England in Shakspere's early years. Shakspere probably wrote from his own observation when he described the

> "beggars, who, with roaring voices,
> Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
> Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary."

But there are some very remarkable similarities in Harrison's description:—

"Such as are idle beggars, through their own default, are of two sorts, and continue their estates either by casual or mere voluntary means: those that are such by casual means, are in the beginning justly to be referred either to the first or second sort of poor afore mentioned (the poor by impotency, and the poor by casualty); but, degenerating into the thriftless sort, they do what they can to continue their misery, and, with such impediments as they have, to stray and wander about, as creatures abhorring all labour and every honest exercise. Certes, I call these casual means, not in respect of the original of their poverty, but of the continuance of the same, from whence they will not be delivered, such is their own ungracious lewdness and froward disposition. The voluntary means proceed from outward causes, as by making of corrosives, and applying the same to the most fleshy parts of their bodies; and also laying of ratsbane, spearwort, crowfoot, and such like, into their whole members, thereby to raise pitiful and odious sores, and move the hearts of the goers by such places where they lie to yearn at their misery, and thereupon bestow large alms upon them. How artificially they beg, what forcible speech, and how they select and choose out words of vehemency, whereby they do in manner conjure or adjure the goer-by to pity their cases, I pass over to remember, as judging the name of God and Christ to be more conversant in the mouths of none; and yet the presence of the Heavenly Majesty further off from no men than from this ungracious company.

"Unto this nest is another sort to be referred, more sturdy than the rest, which, having sound and perfect limbs, do yet, notwithstanding, sometimes counterfeit the possession of all sorts of diseases. Divers times, in their apparel also, they will be like serving men or labourers: oftentimes they can play the mariners, and seek for ships which they never lost. But, in fine, they are all thieves and caterpillars in the commonwealth, and by the word of God not permitted to eat, sith they do but lick the sweat from the true labourers' brows, and bereave the godly poor of that which is due unto them, to maintain their excess, consuming the charity of well-disposed people bestowed upon them, after a most wicked and detestable manner.

"It is not yet full threescore years since this trade began; but how it hath prospered since that time it is easy to judge, for they are now supposed, of one sex and another, to amount unto above 10,000 persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian-rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they name canting, but others pedlar's French, a speech compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odd words of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet, such is it as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck—a just reward no doubt for his deserts, and a common end to all of that profession. A gentleman also of late hath taken great pains to search out the secret practices of this ungracious rabble; and, among other things, he setteth down and describeth three-and-twenty sorts of them, whose names it shall not be amiss to remember, whereby each one may take occasion to read and know, as also by his industry, what wicked people they are, and what villainy remaineth in them.

"The several disorders and degrees amongst our idle vagabonds:—

1. Rufflers.
2. Uprightmen.
3. Hookers, or Anglers.
4. Rogues.
5. Wild Rogues.
6. Priggers, or Prancers.
7. Palliards.
8. Fraters.
9. Abrams.
10. Freshwater Mariners, or Whipjacks.
11. Dummerers.
12. Drunken Tinkers.
13. Swaddlers, or Pedlers.
14. Jacksmen, or Patricoes.

Of womenkind:—

1. Demanders for glimmer, or fire.
2. Baudy-baskets.
3. Mortes.
4. Autem Mortes.
5. Walking Mortes.
6. Dores.
7. Delles.
8. Kinching Mortes.
9. Kinching Coves."

The "Bedlam beggars" of Shakspere were sometimes real lunatics, and sometimes vagabonds affecting their pitiable condition. Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has collected some interesting particulars regarding this singular race of mendicants. The real Bedlam beggars were probably out-pensioners of the hospital, never dangerous, and seldom mischievous. Their costume is described by Randle Holme in his "Academy of Armoury;" and Dekker, in his "English Villainies," has noticed the impostors personating the proper Bedlams, who were known by the name of Abraham-men. In one of Aubrey's manuscript papers* we have the following minute description:—"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, Tom o' Bedlams did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i.e.* they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works. They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put

* MS. Lansdowne, 226.

the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them." The great horn of an ox, into which the Tom o' Bedlams put their drink, explains a passage in one of Edgar's speeches—"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry." (Act III. Sc. VI.)

After the description of the Bedlam beggars, Edgar exclaims, "Poor Turlygod!" We give an interesting note on this subject from Douce:—"Warburton would read Turlupin, and Hanmer Turluru; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that Turlygood is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlupins were a fanatical sect that over-ran France, Italy, and Germany, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. They were at first known by the names of Beghards or Beghins, and brethren and sisters of the free spirit. Their manners and appearance exhibited the strongest indications of lunacy and distraction. The common people alone called them Turlupins; a name which, though it has excited much doubt and controversy, seems obviously to be connected with the wolfish howlings which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their subsequent appellation of the fraternity of poor men might have been the cause why the wandering rogues called Bedlam beggars, and one of whom Edgar personates, assumed or obtained the title of Turlupins or Turlygoods, especially if their mode of asking alms was accompanied by the gesticulations of madmen. Turlupino and Turluru are old Italian terms for a fool or madman; and the Flemings had a proverb, '*as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.*'"

[c] SCENE IV.—"*Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels.*"

In the ancient ballad of "The Turnament of Tottenham," printed by Percy in his "Reliques," we have these lines:—

> "At that fest they wer servyd with a ryche aray,
> Every fyve and fyve had a cokenay."

Percy, in his Glossary, says, "Cokenay seems to be a diminutive for cook; from the Latin coquinator, or coquinarius. The meaning seems to be, that Every five and five had a cook or scullion to attend them." Tyrwhitt (note on "Canterbury Tales," verse 4206) cites, in confirmation of this opinion, a line from "Pierce Plowman's Visions:"—

> "And yet I say by my soule, I have no salt bacon,
> Ne no cokeney by Christe coloppes to make."

If Percy and Tyrwhitt were unquestionably right, we should have no difficulty in explaining that the *cockney* in Shakspere who put the eels "i' the paste alive" was a cook; and this indeed seems the natural interpretation of the term from the context. But Douce maintains that the *cokenay* of "Pierce Plowman" and the "Turnament of Tottenham" was a little cock. The cockney, then, of Lear's fool may be the Londoner, who bore that name of contempt before the time of Shakspere. In Twelfth Night the clown says, "I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney;" and Chaucer, in his "Reve's Tale," appears to employ it with a similar meaning:—

> "And when this jape is tald another day,
> I shall be halden a daffe or a cokenay."

Fuller, in his "Worthies," gives us two explanations of the term:—

"1. One coaks'd or cocker'd, made a wanton or nestle-cock of, delicately bred and brought up, so that, when grown men or women, they can endure no hardship, nor comport with pains-taking.

"2. One utterly ignorant of husbandry and huswifery, such as is practised in the country, so that they may be persuaded anything about rural commodities; and the original thereof, and the tale of the citizen's son, who knew not the language of the cock, but called it neighing, is commonly known."

The tale of the cock neighing is gravely given by Minshieu in his "Guide into the Tongues," and is repeated in succeeding dictionaries. Whatever be the origin, there can be no doubt that London was anciently known by the name of Cockney. Fuller says, "It is more than four hundred years old; for, when Hugh Bigot added artificial fortifications to the natural strength of his castle at Bungay, in Suffolk, he gave out this rhyme, therein vaunting it for impregnable:—

> 'Were I in my castle of Bungey,
> Upon the river of Waveney,
> I would ne care for the King of Cockeney'—

meaning thereby King Henry the Second, then peaceably possessed of London, whilst some other places did resist him; though afterwards he so humbled this Hugh, that he was fain, with large sums of money and pledges for his loyalty, to redeem this his castle from being razed to the ground." Tyrwhitt ingeniously suggests that the author of these rhymes, "in calling London Cockeney, might possibly allude to that imaginary country of idleness and luxury which was anciently known by the name of Cokaigne, or Cocagne; a name which Hicks has shown to be derived from Coquina. He has there published an excellent description of the country of Cokaigne, in old English verse, but probably translated from the French. At least, the French have had the same fable among them, for Boileau plainly alludes to it:—

> 'Paris est pour un riche un pais de Cocagne.'

The festival of Cocagna at Naples, described by Keysler, appears to have the same foundation. It probably commenced under the Norman government."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE II.—"*When priests are more in word than matter,*" &c.

This prophecy is not found in the quartos, and it was therefore somewhat hastily concluded that it was an interpolation of the players. It is founded upon a prophecy in Chaucer, which is thus quoted in Puttenham's "Art of Poetry" (1589):—

> "When faith fails in priestes saws,
> And lords' hests are holden for laws,
> And robbery is tane for purchase,
> And lechery for solace,
> Then shall the realm of Albion
> Be brought to great confusion."

Warburton had a theory that the lines spoken by the Fool contain two separate prophecies: that the first four lines are a satirical description of the present manners as future, and the subsequent six lines a description of future manners, which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening. He then recommends a separation of the concluding two couplets to mark this distinction. Capell thinks also that they were separate prophecies, not spoken at the same time, but on different nights of the play's performance. All this appears to us to pass by the real object of the passage, which, by the jumble of ideas—the confusion between manners that existed, and manners that might exist in an improved state of society—were calculated to bring such predictions into ridicule. The conclusion—

> "Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,
> That going shall be used with feet"—

leaves no doubt of this. Nor was the introduction of such a mock prophecy mere idle buffoonery. There can be no question, from the statutes that were directed against these stimulants to popular credulity, that they were considered of importance in Shakspere's day. Bacon's essay "Of Prophecies" shows that the philosopher gravely denounced what our poet pleasantly ridiculed. Bacon did not scruple to explain a prophecy of this nature in a way that might disarm public apprehension. "The trivial prophecy which I heard when I was a child, and Queen Elizabeth was in the flower of her years, was,—

> 'When hempe is sponne,
> England 's done;'

whereby it was generally conceived that, after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word hempe (which were Henry, Edward, Mary, Philip, and Elizabeth), England should come to utter confusion; which, thanks be to God, is verified only in the change of the name; for that the king's style is now no more of England but of Britain." Bacon adds, "My judgment is that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter talk by the fireside: though, when I say despised, I mean it as for belief, for otherwise, the spreading or publishing of them is in no sort to be despised, for they have done much mischief; and I see many severe laws made to suppress them."

[b] SCENE IV.—"*That hath laid knives under his pillow,*" &c.

The feigned madness of Edgar assumes throughout that he represented a demoniac. His first expression is, "Away! the foul fiend follows me;" and in this and the subsequent scenes the same idea is constantly repeated. "Who gives anything to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame?"—"This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet;"—"Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou foul fiend;"—"The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale." Shakspere has, with wonderful judgment, put language in the mouth of Edgar that was in some degree familiar to his audience. In the year 1603,

Dr. Samuel Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, published a very extraordinary book, entitled "A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures, to withdraw the hearts of Her Majesty's subjects from their allegiance, under the pretence of casting out devils, practised by Edmunds, *alias* Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish priests, his wicked associates." Warburton thus describes the circumstance to which this work refers:—"While the Spaniards were preparing their armada against England, the Jesuits were here busy at work to promote it by making converts. One method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacs, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman Catholic, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, three chambermaids in that family, came into the priests' hands for cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished." When Edgar says that the foul fiend "hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew," Shakspere repeats one of the circumstances of the imposture described by Harsnet:—"This examinant further saith, that one Alexander, an apothecary, having brought with him from London to Denham on a time a new halter and two blades of knives, did leave the same upon the gallery floor in her master's house. A great search was made in the house to know how the said halter and knife-blades came thither, till Ma. Mainy, in his next fit, said that it was reported that the devil laid them in the gallery, that some of those that were possessed might either hang themselves with the halter, or kill themselves with the blades." In Harsnet we find that "Fratiretto, Fliberdigibbit, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round or morrice. These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves do confess." The names of three of these fiends are used by Mad Tom, and so is that of a fourth, Smallkin, also mentioned by Harsnet. When he says—

> "The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
> Modo he's call'd, and Mahu"—

he uses names which are also found in Harsnet, where Modo was called the prince of all other devils. (See Illustration *e*, p. 328.)

[c] SCENE IV.—"*Arcint thee, witch, arcint thee!*"

We have been favoured with the following note, which illustrates this passage, and that in Macbeth—

> "'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries"—

by Mr. T. Rodd. Our readers will be gratified by the very happy explanation of a matter which has hitherto been perplexed and uncertain.

"The word *aroint* occurs twice in Shakspeare, and is not found in the work of any other old English author, nor is it contained in any ancient dictionary. It has been supposed that it is printed by mistake for *avaunt*, and some commentators propose to read *a rowan-tree*, that tree being held as a charm against the power of witches, against whom the word is used. Whoever is conversant with the details of seeing a work through the printing-press will be satisfied that the word is *aroint*, and that it was well understood at the time. Whenever a word occurs in writing which is not understood by the compositor, he is in the habit of printing in its place some word nearest in appearance, no matter whether it makes sense of the passage or not. Now, as this word is printed the same in all the four folios, it is fair to presume that it was not altogether fallen into disuse, even in 1685, the date of the latest of these editions. Richardson, in his Dictionary, derives it from *ronger*, and says that it means *be thou gnawed;* but the word as used in Shakspeare will not bear this interpretation.

"Under this uncertainty, the following new etymology of the word is proposed:—

"It is conjectured that it is a compound of *ar*, or *aer*, and *hynt:* the first a very ancient word, common to the Greek and Gothic languages, in the sense of to *go;* the second derived from the Gothic, and still in common use under the same form and with the same meaning, *hind*, be*hind*, &c., in English, and *hint*, or *hynt*, in German.

"In support of this derivation of the word, it must be borne in mind that it is used as a charm against witches, and appears to have had a powerful effect, since one of the witches in Macbeth, against whom it is used, acknowledges, by her threats of vengeance, its efficacy; and this use of it is probably derived from the remarkable words used by Christ on two occasions (Mark viii. 33, Luke iv. 8), 'Get thee behind me, Satan;' apparently a common phrase among the Jews. In the German version of the Testament by Luther, Luke iv. 8 is rendered *hynt ar me thu Sathanas.* It is not unlikely that this text may have been adopted into the forms for exorcising persons supposed to be possessed, and thus it came into common use.

"Dr. Johnson imagined he had found the word used in an old print copied by Hearne from an ancient illumination representing the harrowing of hell. The devil is represented as blowing a horn, from which proceeds the word *arongt.* This may be intended merely to express by letters the sounds from the horn: if it really be a word, it is probably *arougt, go out,*—the print representing the delivery of the damned from hell by Christ,—and will thus strengthen our conjecture. The word *aroint* appears to be still used in Cheshire, in the same sense as by Shakspeare. In Wilbraham's 'Glossary of Cheshire Words' we find *rynt* used by the milkmaid when the cow will not stand still—'*rynt* thee'—the cow evidently being supposed to be bewitched. In this instance the *a* is either dropped, or is expressed by giving the *r* its full rough sound, by compressing the tongue against the palate when sounding it.

"Another Shakspearian word, *baccare,* appears to be a compound apparently derived in part from the same root. The commentators derive it from the Italian, but without giving the parent word; and, on searching the dictionary of that language, no such word has been found. The word was in common use before the time of Shakspeare; it occurs in Heywood's 'Proverbs,' and also in the old interlude of 'Ralf Roister Doister,' by Udall, under the form of a proverbial expression, '*Baccare,* quoth Mortimer to his sow.' It is long ere imported words get into such common use, as to become adopted by the common people into their proverbial and familiar phrases; and it is much to be doubted whether, at the time when Heywood wrote, any Italian words had been introduced, except such as related to commerce. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the word is pure Saxon —*back-are, go back*—in which sense it is used by Heywood, Udall, and Shakspeare."

The word *baccare* has been previously noticed, with this explanation, in The Taming of the Shrew, Act II. Sc. I., vol. i. p. 142. A reference is made there to Macbeth, but we have found it convenient to give the "more complete exposition" here.

[d] SCENE IV.—"*Whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.*"

Shakspere, with that unvarying kindness which he exhibits towards wretched and oppressed humanity, in however low a shape, makes us here feel the cruelty of the laws which in his days were enforced, however vainly, for the suppression of mendicancy. By the statutes of the 39th Elizabeth (1597), and the 1st of James I. (1604), the severe penalties of former acts were somewhat modified; but the rogue, vagabond, or sturdy beggar was still by these statutes to be "stripped naked, from the middle upwards, and to be whipped until his body was bloody, and to be sent from parish to parish, the next straight way to the place of his birth." Harrison has described the previous state of the law with his characteristic force and simplicity, but with small leaning to the merciful side:—"The punishment that is ordained for this kind of people is very sharp, and yet it cannot refrain them from their gadding: wherefore the end must needs be martial law to be exercised upon them, as upon thieves, robbers, despisers of all laws, and enemies to the common-wealth and welfare of the land. What notable robberies, pilferies, murders, rapes, and stealings of young children, burning, breaking and disfiguring their limbs to make them pitiful in the sight of the people, I need not to rehearse: but for their idle rogueing about the country, the law ordaineth this manner of correction. The rogue being apprehended, committed to prison, and tried in the next assizes, (whether they be of gaol delivery or sessions of the peace,) if he happen to be convicted for a vagabond either by inquest of office or the testimony of two honest and credible witnesses upon their oaths, he is then immediately adjudged to be grievously whipped, and burned through the gristle of the right ear with a hot iron of the compass of an inch about, as a manifestation of his wicked life, and due punishment received for the same. And this judgment is to be executed upon him, except some honest person worth five pounds in the queen's books in goods, or twenty shillings in lands, or some rich householder to be allowed by the justices, will be bound in recognizance to retain him in his service for one whole year. If he be taken the

second time, and proved to have forsaken his said service, he shall then be whipped again, bored likewise through the other ear, and set to service; from whence if he depart before a year be expired, and happen afterwards to be attached again, he is condemned to suffer pains of death as a felon (except before excepted), without benefit of clergy or sanctuary, as by the statute doth appear."

[c] SCENE IV.—"*The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*"

In a previous Illustration (p. 327) we have shown that Modo and Mahu, as the names of fiends, occur in Harsnet's "Declaration of Popish Impostures." There can be no doubt, we think, that Shakspere derived these names, as well as others which Edgar uses, from this book, which, from its nature, must have attracted considerable popular attention. But it is difficult to say where the Jesuits, whose impostures Harsnet describes, found the strange names which they bestow upon their pretended fiends. Latimer, however, mentions Flibbertigibbet in his Sermons. A learned and ingenious friend, not being aware of the direct source from which the names of Modo and Mahu were derived by Shakspere, has pointed our attention to a remarkable similarity between these names and the Hebrew words signifying *chaos* used in the first chapter of Genesis:—

"I think that the source from which they sprung is the second verse of the Bible—'And the earth was Tohu and Bohu' (as we translate it, 'without form and void'). These words were in the seventeenth century used proverbially: thus Cudworth's 'Intellectual System,' ch. ii. sec. ii.:—'With Democritus he made the world, not the offspring of mind and understanding, but of dark senseless matter, of *Tohu and Bohu*, or confused chaos;' and again, sec. xvii.:—'Here it is plain that all is *Tohu and Bohu*—chaos and confusion.' It is worth attention that, in that strange wild philosophy of Manichæism, the evil principle is the same as chaos—the Tohu and Bohu of the Bible. Take the following remarkable passage:—'On the side of that bright and holy land was the deep and immense land of *darkness*, wherein dwelt fiery bodies, pestilent races. There were boundless darknesses, emanating from the same nature, countless with their progeny; beyond which were muddy and turbid waters, with their inhabitants, within which were horrible and vehement winds, with their *princes* and producers.'—*St. Augustin. Pusey's Translation.*"

[f] SCENE VI.—"*Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*"

This is the first line of a "songe betwene the Queene's Majestie and Englande," or a dialogue in verse, consisting of twenty-two stanzas of six lines each, the interlocutors being England personified and the Queen Elizabeth. The original is part of an exceedingly rare, if not unique, collection, in black letter, in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. x. p. 260.

In a volume of MS. music in the British Museum is a three-part song (a *canon*), supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VIII., beginning as the above, and which seems to be a version—or possibly the source—of it. The music is in the old notation, each part separate, and *not* "in score," as erroneously stated in the index to the volume.

[g] SCENE VII.—"*Where is thy lustre now?*"

Of the scene of tearing out Gloster's eyes Coleridge thus speaks:—"I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic." He subsequently says, "What can I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakspere wrong, and yet——" As the scene stands in all modern editions, it is impossible not to agree with Coleridge. The editors, by their stage directions, have led us to think that this horrid act was manifested to the sight of the audience. They say, "Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it." Again, "Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground." Nothing of these directions occurs in the original editions, and we have therefore rejected them from the text. But if it can be shown that the act was to be imagined and not seen by the spectators, some part of the loathing which we feel must be diminished. In an Illustration of Othello, Act V. (p. 253), we have shown the uses of the "secondary stage," by which contrivance "two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although *not* every-

thing in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen." From this Tieck argues that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper.

"Thus Gloster sat, probably concealed, and Cornwall, near him, is visible. Regan stands below, on the fore-stage, but close to Cornwall; and on this fore-stage also stand the servants. Cornwall, horribly enough, tears Gloster's eye out with his hand; but we do not directly see it, for some of the servants who hold the chair stand around, and the curtain is only half-withdrawn (for it divided on each side). The expression which Cornwall uses is only figurative, and it is certainly not meant that the act of treading on the eye is actually done. During the scornful speeches of Cornwall and Regan, one of the servants runs up to the upper stage and wounds Cornwall. Regan, who is below, seizes a sword from another of the vassals, and stabs him from behind while he is yet fighting. The groups are all in motion, and become more concealed; and, while the attention is strongly attracted to the bloody scene, Gloster loses his second eye. We hear Gloster's complainings, but we see him no more. Thus he goes off; for this inner stage had also its place of exit. Cornwall and Regan come again upon the proscenium, and go off on the side. The servants conclude the scene with some reflections. This I imagine to be the course of the action, and through this the horrors of the scene become somewhat softened. The poet, to be sure, trusted much to the strong minds of his friends, who would be too much affected by the fearfulness of the entire representation of this tragedy to be interrupted by single events, bloody as they were; or, through them, to be frightened back from their conception of the whole."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—"*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep.*"

A correspondent, who lives in the neighbourhood of Dover, sent us, before the publication of our "Pictorial Shakspere," the following particulars regarding Shakspere's Cliff:—"It stands about a mile west of Dover Pier, and, by a trigonometrical observation taken by myself, is 313 feet above high-water mark. Though, perhaps, somewhat sunken, I consider it to be of the same shape as it was in the days of our great dramatist; and though it has been said that the word 'in' means that it overhung the sea, I imagine differently; and that the bays on each side of it, which make it a small promontory, are sufficient to account for the use of the word. You must perceive that the 'half way down' must have projected beyond the summit to enable the samphire-gatherer to procure the plant." (See Illustration *c*.) The solitariness of the cliff has gone; though its "high and bending head" still "looks fearfully" where it projects into the deep. The side of the promontory towards Dover is cut down, and the tunnels of a railway there emerge from its heart.

[b] SCENE VI.—"*How fearful And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!*" &c.

Dr. Johnson has the following criticism on this celebrated passage:—"This description has been much admired since the time of Addison, who has remarked, with a poor attempt at pleasantry, that—'He who can read it without being giddy has a very good head, or a very bad one.' The description is certainly not mean, but I am far from thinking it wrought to the utmost excellence of poetry. He that looks from a precipice finds himself assailed by one great and dreadful image of irresistible destruction. But this overwhelming idea is dissipated and enfeebled from the instant that the mind can restore itself to the observation of particulars, and diffuse its attention to distinct objects. The enumeration of the choughs and crows, the samphire-man, and the fishers, counteracts the great effect of the prospect, as it peoples the desert of intermediate vacuity, and stops the mind in the rapidity of its descent through emptiness and horror."

In this criticism we detect much of the peculiar character of Johnson's mind, as well as of the poetical taste of the age in which he lived. Wordsworth, in his preface to the second edition of his poems, has shown clearly upon what false foundations that criticism is built which would prefer high-sounding words, conveying only indeterminate ideas, and call these the only proper language of poetry, in opposition to the simple and distinct language, "however

naturally arranged, and according to the strict laws of metre," which by such criticism is denominated prosaic. Johnson was thoroughly consistent in his dislike of the "observation of particulars," and the "attention to distinct objects." In Boswell's "Life" we have a more detailed account of his poetical creed, with reference to this very description of Dover cliff:—"Johnson said that the description of the temple, in 'The Mourning Bride,' was the finest poetical passage he had ever read: he recollected none in Shakspeare equal to it,—

> ('How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
> Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
> To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof;
> By its own weight made steadfast and unmoveable,
> Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
> And terror on my aching sight. The tombs
> And monumental caves of death look cold,
> And shoot a chilliness to my trembling heart!')

'But,' said Garrick, all alarmed for the god of his idolatry, 'we know not the extent and variety of his powers. We are to suppose there are such passages in his works Shakspere must not suffer from the badness of our memories.' Johnson, diverted by this enthusiastic jealousy, went on with great ardour—'No, sir; Congreve has *nature*' (smiling on the tragic eagerness of Garrick); but, composing himself, he added, 'Sir, this is not comparing Congreve on the whole with Shakspeare on the whole, but only maintaining that Congreve has one finer passage than any that can be found in Shakspeare.
What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.' Mr. Murphy mentioned Shakspeare's description of the night before the battle of Agincourt; but it was observed it had men in it. Mr. Davies suggested the speech of Juliet, in which she figures herself awaking in the tomb of her ancestors. Some one mentioned the description of Dover cliff. Johnson—'No, sir; it should be all precipice—all vacuum. The crows impede your fall. The diminished appearance of the boats, and other circumstances, are all very good description, but do not impress the mind at once with the horrible idea of immense height. The impression is divided; you pass on, by computation, from one stage of the tremendous space to another. Had the girl in 'The Mourning Bride' said she could not cast her shoe to the top of one of the pillars in the temple, it would not have aided the idea, but weakened it.'"

Taken as pieces of pure description, there is only one way of testing the different value of the passages in Shakspere and Congreve—that is, by considering what ideas the mind receives from the different modes adopted to convey ideas. But the criticism of Johnson, even if it could have established that the passage of Congreve, taken apart, was "finer" than that of Shakspere, utterly overlooks the *dramatic* propriety of each passage. The "girl" in "The Mourning Bride" is soliloquising—uttering a piece of versification, harmonious enough, indeed, but without any dramatic purpose. The mode in which Edgar describes the cliff is for the special information of the blind Gloster—one who could not look from a precipice. The crows and choughs, the samphire-gatherer, the fisherman, the bark, the surge that is seen but not heard—each of these, incidental to the place, is selected as a standard by which Gloster can measure the altitude of the cliff. Transpose the description into the generalities of Congreve's description of the cathedral, and the dramatic propriety at least is utterly destroyed. The height of the cliff is then only presented as an image to Gloster's mind upon the vague assertion of his conductor. Let the description begin, for example, something after the fashion of Congreve,—

> "How fearful is the edge of this high cliff!"

and continue with a proper assortment of chalky crags and gulfs below. Of what worth then would be Edgar's concluding lines—

> "I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong?"

The mind of Gloster might have thus received some "idea of immense height," but not an idea that he could appreciate "by computation." The very defects which Johnson imputes to Shakspere's description constitute its dramatic merit. We have no hesitation in saying, further, that they constitute its surpassing poetical beauty, apart from its dramatic propriety.

SCENE VI.—"*Half way down*
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!"

There can be little doubt that Shakspere was locally acquainted with the neighbourhood of Dover. The cliffs in his time, as adjacent portions of the coast are now, were celebrated for the production of samphire. Drayton, in his "Poly-Olbion," has these lines:—

> "Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
> Rob Dover's neighbouring cleeves of sampyre, to excite
> His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite."

The last line shows us the uses of samphire. It was and is prepared as a pickle; and it was in such demand that it was mentioned by Heywood in a song enumerating the cries of London:—

> "I ha' rock-samphier, rock-samphier."

SCENE VI.—"*Hadst thou been aught but gossamer.*"

There is a beautiful description of the gossamer in Romeo and Juliet:—

> "A lover may bestride the gossamer,
> That idles in the wanton summer air,
> And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

It is needless to inquire whether Shakspere was aware that the filmy threads were the production of spiders. Spenser mentions them as "scorched dew." Without entering into any detail of the controversy between naturalists as to the causes of the phenomenon, in connection with the spider, we may quote Gilbert White's remarks, attached to his interesting description of a shower of gossamers:—

"The remark that I shall make on these cobweb-like appearances, called gossamer, is, that, strange and superstitious as the notions about them were formerly, nobody in these days doubts but that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of shooting out webs from their tails, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than air. Every day in fine weather, in autumn chiefly, do I see those spiders shooting out their webs and mounting aloft: they will go off from your finger if you will take them into your hand. Last summer one alighted on my book, as I was reading in the parlour, and, running to the top of the page, and shooting out a web, took its departure from thence. But what I most wondered at was, that it went off with considerable velocity in a place where no air was stirring, and I am sure that I did not assist it with my breath. So that these little crawlers seem to have, while mounting, some locomotive power, without the use of wings, and to move in the air faster than the air itself."—*History of Selborne.*

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

CRITICISM, as far as regards the *very* highest works of art, must always be a failure. What criticism (and in that term we include description and analysis) ever helped us to an adequate notion of the Belvedere Apollo or the Cartoons of Raffaelle? We may try to apply general principles to the particular instances, as far as regards the ideal of such productions; or, what is more common, we may seize upon the salient points of their material and mechanical excellences. If we adopt this comparatively easy, and therefore common course, criticism puts on that technical and pedantic form which is the besetting sin of all who attempt to make the great works of painting or sculpture comprehensible by the medium of words. If we take the more difficult path, we are quickly involved in the vague and obscure, and end in explanations without explanation. "The Correggiescity of Correggio," after all, and in sober truth, tells as much

as the critics have told us. And is it different with poetry of the very highest order? What criticism, for example, can make the harmony of a very great poem comprehensible to those who have not studied such a poem again and again, till all its scattered lights, and all its broad masses of shadow, are blended into one pervading tint upon which the mind reposes, through the influence of that mighty power by which the force of contrast is subjected to the higher force of unity? Criticism may, to a certain extent, stimulate us to the appreciation of the great parts of the highest creations of poetical genius; but in the exact degree in which it is successful in leading to a comprehension of details is it injurious to the higher purpose of its vocation—that of illuminating a whole. It is precisely the same with regard to the modes in which even the most tasteful minds attempt to convey impressions to others of the effects of real scenery. There are probably recollections lingering around most of us of some combination of natural grandeur or beauty which can never be forgotten—which has moved us even to tears. What can we describe of such scenes? Take a common instance—a calm river sleeping in the moonlight—familiar hills, in their massy outlines looking mountain-like—the well-known village on the river's bank, giving forth its cottage lights, each shining as a star in the depth of the transparent stream. The description of such a scene becomes merely picturesque. It is the *harmony* which cannot be described—the harmony which results from some happy combinations not always, and indeed rarely, present—which has thus invested the commonest things with life-lasting impressions. The "prevailing poet," in his great productions, converts what is accidental in nature into a principle in art. But the workings of the principle must, to a great extent, be felt and understood rather than analyzed and described.

Hazlitt, applying himself to write a set criticism upon Lear, says—"We wish that we could pass this play over, and say nothing about it. All that we can say must fall far short of the subject, or even of what we ourselves conceive of it. To attempt to give a description of the play itself, or of its effect upon the mind, is mere impertinence." This is not affectation. The "effect upon the mind" which Lear produces is the result of combinations too subtle to be described—almost too subtle to be defined to ourselves; and yet, to continue the sentence of Hazlitt, "we must say something."

There is an English word-joiner—author we will not call him—who has had the temerity to accomplish two things, either of which would have been enough to have conferred upon him a bad immortality. Nahum Tate has succeeded, to an extent which defies all competition, in degrading the Psalms of David and the Lear of Shakspere to the condition of being tolerated, and perhaps even admired, by the most dull, gross, and anti-poetical capacity. These were not easy tasks; and for Nahum Tate to have enjoyed so extensive and lasting a popularity, he must have possessed more than ordinary power in the reduction of the highest things to the vulgar standard. He set about the metamorphosis of Lear with a bold hand, nothing doubting that he had an especial vocation to the office of tumbling that barbaric pile into ruins, for the purpose of building up something compact, and pretty, and modern, after the fashion of the architecture of his own age. He talks, indeed, of his feat in the way in which the court jeweller talks at the beginning of a new reign, when he pulls the crown to pieces, and rearranges the emeralds and rubies of our Edwards and Henrys according to the newest taste. "It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure." We are grateful, however, to Tate for what he has done; for he has enabled us to say something about Shakspere's Lear, when, without him, we might have shrunk into "expressive silence." We propose to show what the Lear is, in some of its highest attributes, by an investigation of the process by which one of the feeblest and most prosaic of verse-makers has turned it into something essentially different. Tate thus becomes a standard by which to measure Shakspere; and we are relieved from the oppressive sense of the vast by the juxtaposition of the minute. We judge of the height of the pyramids by the scale of the human atoms at their base.

Shelley, in his eloquent "Defence of Poetry," published in his "Posthumous Essays," &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the Lear of Shakspere may sustain a comparison with the masterpieces of the Greek tragedy. "The modern practice of blending comedy with tragedy, though liable to great abuse in point of practice, is undoubtedly an extension of the dramatic circle; but the comedy should be as in King Lear, universal, ideal, and sublime. It is, perhaps, the intervention of this principle which determines the balance in favour of King Lear against the Œdipus Tyrannus or the Agamemnon, or, if you will, the trilogies with which they are connected; unless the intense power of the choral poetry, especially that of the latter, should be considered as restoring the equilibrium. King Lear, if it can sustain that comparison, may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world." We can understand this now. But if any writer before the commencement of the present century, and indeed long after, had talked of the comedy of Lear as being "universal, ideal, and sublime," and had chosen *that* as the excellence to balance against "the intense power of the choral poetry" of Æschylus and Sophocles, he would have been referred to the authority of Voltaire, who, in his letter to the Academy, describes such works of Shakspere as forming "an obscure chaos, composed of murders and buffooneries, of heroism and meanness, of the language of the Halles and of the highest interests."

In France are now scarcely heard the feeble echoes of the contest between the disciples of the romantic and the classic schools. M. Guizot has stated, with his usual acuteness and good sense, some of the mistakes into which the opponents of the romantic school had fallen, from not perceiving that the productions of that school contained within themselves a principle of art:—"This intellectual ferment can never cease, as long as the question shall be mooted as a contest between science and barbarism—the beauties of order and the irregular influences of disorder; as long as we shall obstinately refuse to see, in the system of which Shakspere has traced the first outlines, nothing more than a liberty without restraint—an indefinite latitude, which lies open as much to the freaks of the imagination as to the course of genius. If the romantic system has its beauties, it has necessarily its art and its rules. Nothing is beautiful for man which does not owe its effect to certain combinations, of which our judgment may always disclose to us the secret when our emotions have borne witness to their power. The employment of these combinations constitutes art. Shakspere had his own art. To discover it in his works we must examine the means which he used, and the results to which he aspired."* These combinations, of which Guizot speaks, were as unknown to what has been called the Augustan age of English literature as the properties of electro-magnetism; and poor Nahum Tate did not unfitly represent his age when he said of Lear, "It is a heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolished, yet so dazzling in their disorder that I soon perceived I had seized a treasure." The principle of appropriation here is exquisite. But, after all, we fancy that Tate was something like the cock in the fable, who, having found the jewel, in his secret heart wished it had been a grain of barley. Be this as it may, he set to work in good earnest in the stringing and polishing process. Let us proceed to examine the character of his workmanship.

Coleridge has remarked emphatically, what every diligent student of Shakspere must have been impressed with, the striking judgment which he displays in the management of his first scenes. The first scene of Lear is very short, perfectly simple, has no elaborate descriptions of character, and contains only a slight and incidental notice of the events upon which the drama is to turn. Of course Tate rejected this scene; and without the necessary preparation of the dialogue between Kent and Gloster, he brings at once Edmund

* Vie de Shakspeare.

before us in the soliloquy, "Thou, nature, art my goddess." Shakspere, in his soliloquies, makes his characters pursue a certain train of ideas to a conclusion; and by causing them to think aloud, he is enabled, without the slightest violation of propriety, to give the audience a due impression of their latent motives. He very rarely employs this expedient, but he never employs it in vain, or goes beyond its legitimate use. We have an example in the soliloquy of Iago at the end of the first act of Othello; and the soliloquy of Edmund in the second scene of Lear has precisely the same object in view. Tate, not understanding the art of Shakspere, and having no dramatic art in himself, makes the soliloquy an instrument for telling the audience what has happened; and instead of exhibiting the management by which Gloster is made to distrust and hate Edgar, he gives us a *narrative* of the affair, which Edmund tells to the audience under the pretence of talking to himself:—

> "With success
> I've practis'd yet on both their easy natures.
> Here comes the old man, chaf'd with the information
> Which last I forg'd against my brother Edgar;
> A tale so plausible, so boldly utter'd,
> And heighten'd by such lucky accidents,
> That now the slightest circumstance confirms him,
> And base-born Edmund, spite of law, inherits."

It is no part of the plan of this notice to point out the differences between the language of Tate and the language of Shakspere. It is with the conduct of the drama only that we wish to deal. Gloster, of course, after this preparation, enters in a furious passion.

The main business of the tragedy, by Tate's arrangement, has been thus made subordinate to the secondary plot. But Lear is not quite forgotten: Gloster says to Kent—

> "My lord, you wait the king, who comes resolv'd
> To quit the toils of empire, and divide
> His realms amongst his daughters. Heav'n succeed it,
> But much I fear the change."

To which Kent replies—

> "I grieve to see him,
> With such wild starts of passion hourly seiz'd
> As render majesty beneath itself."

We may be sure that if a dramatic purpose would have been served by a *description* of the temper of Lear, instead of an exhibition of it, Shakspere would have introduced such a description. But that was not *his* art; it was for the jewel-stringer to convey impressions by such clumsy and commonplace means. We have one more new combination to notice in Tate's introductory scene—Edgar and Cordelia in love. Of the results of this combination we shall have presently to speak. In the meantime, let the lovers explain themselves through the nine lines in the preparation of which Tate has put out his poetical strength:—

> "*Edgar.* Cordelia, royal fair, turn yet once more,
> And ere successful Burgundy receive
> The treasure of thy beauties from the king,
> Ere happy Burgundy for ever fold thee,
> Cast back one pitying look on wretched Edgar.
> *Cord.* Alas! what would the wretched Edgar with
> The more unfortunate Cordelia?
> Who, in obedience to a father's will,
> Flies from her Edgar's arms to Burgundy's."

The second scene of Tate, like the second scene of Shakspere, exhibits the trial by Lear of his daughters' affections, and the subsequent division of the kingdom. It was perfectly clear that in changing the dramatic situation of Cordelia, Tate would destroy her character. But it is not within the range of human ingenuity to conjecture how effectually he has contrived to render one of the loveliest of Shakspere's creations not only uninteresting, but positively repulsive—he has produced a selfish and dissimulating Cordelia. These are the first words which she utters:—

> "Now comes my trial. How am I distress'd
> That must with cold speech tempt the choleric king
> Rather to leave me dowerless, than condemn me
> To Burgundy's embraces!"

"Of the heavenly beauty of soul of Cordelia, pronounced in so few words, I will not venture to speak." This was the impression which Shakspere's Cordelia produced upon Schlegel. In the whole range of the Shaksperian drama there is nothing more extraordinary than the effect upon the mind of the character of Cordelia. Mrs. Jameson has truly said, "Everything in her seems to lie beyond our view, and affects us in a manner which we feel rather than perceive." In the first act she has only forty-three lines assigned to her: she does not appear again till the fourth act, in the fourth scene of which she has twenty-four lines, and, in the seventh, thirty-seven. In the fifth act she has five lines. Yet during the whole progress of the play we can never forget her; and, after its melancholy close, she lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and purer than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words. And yet she is no mere abstraction; she is nothing more nor less than a personification of the holiness of womanhood. She is a creature formed for all sympathies, moved by all tenderness, prompt for all duty, prepared for all suffering; but she cannot talk of what she is, and what she purposes. The King of France describes the apparent reserve of her character as

> "A tardiness in nature,
> Which often leaves the history unspoke
> That it intends to do."

She herself says—

> "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."

But the conception of a character that should fill our minds without much talk, and withal magniloquent talk, was something too ethereal for Tate, the jewel-polisher: so Cordelia is turned into a French intrigante. She does not profess as her sisters professed, not because she wanted the "glib and oily art," but because she desired to accomplish a secret purpose, that was to be carried by silence better than by words—she would lose her dower that she might marry Edgar. One more specimen of the Tatification of Cordelia, and we have done. The love scenes, be it understood, go forward; and in the third act Cordelia, herself wandering about, encounters Edgar in his mad disguise. The "tardiness in nature" of Shakspere is thus interpreted in the production which "Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene," have inflicted upon us almost up to the present hour, under the sanction of Dr. Johnson:—

> "*Cord.* Come to my arms, thou dearest, best of men,
> And take the kindest vows that e'er were spoke
> By a protesting maid.
> *Edg.* Is't possible?
> *Cord.* By the dear vital stream that bathes my heart,
> These hallow'd rags of thine and naked virtue,
> These abject tassels, these fantastic shreds,
> To me are dearer than the richest pomp
> Of purpled monarchs."

Need we exhibit more of the Cordelia which is not Shakspere's?

The mixed character of Shakspere's Lear has been admirably dissected by Coleridge:—"The strange, yet by no means unnatural, mixture of selfishness, sensibility, and habit of feeling, derived from, and fostered by, the particular rank and usages of the individual; the intense desire of being intensely beloved,—selfish, and yet characteristic of the selfishness of a loving and kindly nature alone;—the self-supportless leaning for all pleasure on another's breast;—the craving after sympathy with a prodigal disinterestedness, frustrated by its own ostentation, and the mode and nature of its claims;—the anxiety, the distrust, the jealousy, which more or less accompany all selfish affections, and are amongst the surest contradistinctions of mere fondness from true love, and which originate Lear's eager wish to enjoy his daughters' violent professions, whilst the inveterate habits of sovereignty convert the wish into claim and positive right, and an incompliance with it into crime and treason;—these facts, these passions, these moral verities, on which the whole tragedy is founded, are all prepared for, and will to the retrospect be found implied, in the first four or five lines of the play." They are implied, certainly, but the character which they make up is not

described by Shakspere. When Regan and Goneril speak slightingly of their father, immediately after he has been lavishing his kingdom upon them, it is not the object of the poet to make us understand Lear, but to make us understand Regan and Goneril. This, again, was Shakspere's art. Tate, the representative of the vulgar notion of art, must have a defined character—something positive, something generic—a bad man, a good man—a mild man, a passionate man—a good son, a cruel son. Upon this principle the Lear of Tate is *the choleric king*. Because Goneril characteristically speaks of "the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them," Gloster, in Tate, is made to say of Lear—

> "Yet has his temper ever been unfix'd,
> Chol'ric and sudden;"

and, as if this were not enough to disturb an audience in the proper comprehenison of the real Lear, we must have Cordelia call him "the choleric king," and, last of all, Lear himself must exclaim, in the trial scene, "'Tis said that I am choleric." And now, then, that we have got a choleric king—a simple, unmixed, ranting, roaring, choleric king—he is in a fit condition to be stirred up by "the showmen of the scene." Charles Lamb would be immortal as a critic if he had only written these words:—"Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily." All the wonderful gradations of his character are utterly destroyed; all the thin partitions which separate passion from wildness, and wildness from insanity, and insanity from a partial restoration to the most intense of human feelings,—a father's concentrated love;—all these traces of what Shakspere only could effect, are utterly destroyed by the stage conception of Lear, such as was endured amongst us for more than a century. When the "showmen" banished the Fool, they rendered it impossible that the original nature of Lear should be understood. It is the Fool who interprets to us the old man's sensitive tenderness lying at the bottom of his impatience. He cannot bear to hear that "the Fool hath much pined away." "No more of that, I have noted it well." From the Fool, Lear can bear to hear truth; his jealous pride is not alarmed: he indeed calls him "a pestilent gall," "a bitter fool;" but the

> "Poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man,"

in the depths of his misery, having scarcely anything in the world to love but the Fool, thus clings to him:—

> "My wits begin to turn.—
> Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
> I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
> The art of our necessities is strange,
> That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
> Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
> That's sorry yet for thee."

And all this is gone in the stage Lear. The "universal, ideal, and sublime" comedy, of which the Fool is the principal exponent, would have been incomprehensible to the Augustan age. We are quite sure that Tate would have got rid of the assumed madness of Edgar, if he had not found it convenient for the purpose of tacking a love scene to it. As it is, he has brought the mad Tom and the mad king into juxtaposition. We do not suspect Tate of comprehending the metaphysical principle upon which Shakspere worked, and which Coleridge has so well expounded:—"Edgar's assumed madness serves the great purpose of taking off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of Lear, and further displays the profound difference between the two. In every attempt at representing madness throughout the whole range of dramatic literature, with the single exception of Lear, it is mere light-headedness, as especially in Otway. In Edgar's ravings, Shakspeare all the while lets you see a fixed purpose, a practical end in view; in Lear's there is only the brooding of the one anguish, an eddy without progression." Tate has left us this contrast; but he has taken away the Fool, which completes the wonderful power of the third act of Shakspere's Lear. The Fool, as well as Edgar, takes off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the madness of Lear, whilst he yet contributes to the completeness of that moral chaos which Shakspere has represented—"all external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed." A writer of very rare depth and discrimination has thus described these scenes of which Edgar and the Fool make up such important accessories:—"The two characters, father and king, so high to our imagination and love, blended in the reverend image of Lear—*both* in their destitution, yet *both* in their height of greatness—the spirit blighted, and yet undepressed—the wits gone, and yet the moral wisdom of a good heart left unstained, almost unobscured—the wild raging of the elements, joined with human outrage and violence to persecute the helpless, unresisting, almost unoffending sufferer—and he himself in the midst of all imaginable misery and desolation, descanting upon himself, on the whirlwinds that drive around him, and then turning in tenderness to some of the wild motley associations of sufferers among whom he stands—all this is not like what has been seen on any stage, perhaps in any reality; but it has made a world to our imagination about one single imaginary individual, such as draws the reverence and sympathy which would seem to belong properly only to living men. It is like the remembrance of some wild perturbed scene of real life. Everything is perfectly woeful in this world of woe. The very assumed madness of Edgar, which, if the story of Edgar stood alone, would be insufferable, and would utterly degrade him to us, seems, associated as he is with Lear, to come within the consecration of Lear's madness. It agrees with all that is brought together;—the night—the storms—the houselessness—Gloster with his eyes put out—the Fool—the semblance of a madman, and Lear in his madness,—are all bound together by a strange kind of sympathy, confusion in the elements of nature, of human society, and the human soul! Throughout all the play is there not sublimity felt amidst the continual presence of all kinds of disorder and confusion in the natural and moral world;—a continual consciousness of eternal order, law, and good? This it is that so exalts it in our eyes."

The love scene between Edgar and Cordelia, in the first scene of the first act of Tate's Lear, was an assurance, under the hand and seal of Tate, that the play would end happily. He might be constrained, in the impossibility of wholly destroying Shakspere, to exhibit to us some of the most terrific conflicts of human passion, and the most striking displays of human suffering. He could not utterly conceal the terrible workings of the mind of Lear, which had been laid bare by the "explosions of his passion." But he takes care to let it be understood that there is nothing real in this; that all will be right in the end; that, though the flames rage, the house is insured; that a wedding and a dance will terminate the play much better than the "dead march" of Shakspere.

Carrying the principle to the end with which we set out, we venture to print the last scene of each writer; and we ask our readers to apply the scale of Tate, in the manner which we have indicated, to the admeasurement of Shakspere:—

[TATE.]

Enter ALBANY, KENT, *and* Knights *to* LEAR *and* CORDELIA *in Prison.*

> *Lear.* Who are you?
> My eyes are none o' th' best, I'll tell you straight:
> Oh, Albany! Well, sir, we are your captives,
> And you are come to see death pass upon us.
> Why this delay?—Or, is 't your highness' pleasure
> To give us first the torture? Say you so?
> Why here's old Kent, and I, as tough a pair
> As e'er bore tyrant stroke;—but my Cordelia,
> My poor Cordelia here, O pity——
> *Alb.* Thou injur'd majesty,
> The wheel of fortune now has made her circle,
> And blessings yet stand 'twixt thy grave and thee.
> *Lear.* Com'st thou, inhuman lord, to sooth us back
> To a fool's paradise of hope, to make
> Our doom more wretched? Go to; we are too well
> Acquainted with misfortune, to be gull'd
> With lying hope; no, we will hope no more.
> * * * *

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. v.

Alb. Since then my injuries, Lear, fall in with thine,
I have resolv'd the same redress for both.
Kent. What says my lord?
Cord. Speak; for methought I heard
The charming voice of a descending god.
Alb. The troops by Edmund rais'd, I have disbanded:
Those that remain are under my command.
What comfort may be brought to cheer your age,
And heal your savage wrongs, shall be apply'd;
For to your majesty we do resign
Your kingdom, save what part yourself conferr'd
On us in marriage.
Kent. Hear you that, my liege?
Cord. Then there are gods, and virtue is their care.
Lear. Is 't possible?
Let the spheres stop their course, the sun make halt,
The winds be hush'd, the seas and fountains rest,
All nature pause, and listen to the change!
Where is my Kent, my Caius?
Kent. Here, my liege.
Lear. Why, I have news that will recall thy youth;
Ha! didst thou hear 't?—or did th' inspiring gods
Whisper to me alone?—Old Lear shall be
A king again.
Kent. The prince, that like a god has pow'r, has said it.
Lear. Cordelia then shall be a queen, mark that;
Cordelia shall be queen: winds, catch the sound,
And bear it on your rosy wings to heav'n,
Cordelia is a queen.
Alb. Look, sir, where pious Edgar comes,
Leading his eyeless father. O my liege,
His wond'rous story well deserves your leisure:
What he has done and suffer'd for your sake,
What for the fair Cordelia's.

Re-enter EDGAR *with* GLOSTER, L.H.

Glost. Where's my liege? Conduct me to his knees, to hail
His second birth of empire: My dear Edgar
Has, with himself, reveal'd the king's blest restoration.
Lear. My poor dark Gloster.
Glost. O let me kiss that once more scepter'd hand!
Lear. Hold, thou mistak'st the majesty; kneel here;
Cordelia has our pow'r, Cordelia's queen.
Speak, is not that the noble, suff'ring Edgar?
Glost. My pious son, more dear than my lost eyes.
Lear. I wrong'd him too; but here's the fair amends.

* * * * *

Edg. Divine Cordelia, all the gods can witness
How much thy love to empire I prefer.
Thy bright example shall convince the world,
Whatever storms of fortune are decreed,
That truth and virtue shall at last succeed.
(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

[SHAKSPERE.]

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, Officer, *and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—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 mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
Alb. Fall, and cease!
Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Prithee, away.
Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murtherers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.
Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
Kent. The same;
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?
Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—
Lear. I'll see that straight.
Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.
Lear. You are welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.
Lear. Ay, so I think.
Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.
Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. 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 applied: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights:
[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.
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, my lord,—
Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!
Edg. Look up, my lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

* * *

[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

And why do we ask any one of our readers to compare what cannot be compared? Why do we put one of the most divine conceptions of poetry side by side with the meanest interpretation of the most unimaginative feelings—equally remote from the verisimilitude of common life, as from the truth of ideal beauty? It is, as we have said before, because we feel unable to impart to others our own conceptions of the marvellous power of the Lear of Shakspere, without employing some agency that may give distinctness to ideas which must be otherwise vague. There is only one mode in which such a production as the Lear of Shakspere can be understood—by study, and by reverential reflection. The age which produced the miserable parody of Lear that till recently has banished the Lear of Shakspere from the stage, was, as far as regards the knowledge of the highest efforts of intellect, a presumptuous, artificial, and therefore empty age. Tate was tolerated because Shakspere was not read. We have arrived, in some degree, to a better judgment, because we have learnt to judge more humbly. We have learnt to compare the highest works of the highest masters of poetry, not by the pedantic principle of considering a modern great only to the extent in which he is an imitator of an ancient, but by endeavouring to comprehend the idea in which the modern and the ancient each worked. The Cordelia of Shakspere and the Antigone of Sophocles have many points of similarity; but they each belong to a different system of art. It is for the highest minds only to carry their several systems to an approach to the perfection to which Shakspere and Sophocles have carried them. It was for the feeblest of imitators, in a feeble age, to produce such parodies as we have exhibited, under the pretence of substituting order for irregularity, but in utter ignorance of the principle of order which was too skilfully framed to be visible to the grossness of their taste.

MACBETH.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Macbeth.

"The Tragedie of Macbeth" was first published in the folio collection of 1623. Its place in that edition is between Julius Cæsar and Hamlet. In the entry on the Stationers' register, immediately previous to the publication of the edition of 1623, it is also classed amongst the Tragedies. And yet, in many modern reprints of the text of Shakspere, Macbeth is placed the first amongst the Histories. This is to convey a wrong notion of the character of this great drama. Shakspere's Chronicle-histories are essentially conducted upon a different principle. The interest of Macbeth is not an historical interest. It matters not whether the action is true, or has been related as true: it belongs to the realms of poetry altogether. We might as well call Lear or Hamlet historical plays, because the outlines of the story of each are to be found in old records of the past. Our text is, with very few exceptions, a restoration of the text of the original folio.

Malone and Chalmers agree in assigning this tragedy to the year 1606. Their proofs, as we apprehend, are entirely frivolous and unsatisfactory. The Porter says, "Here's a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:" the year 1606 was a year of plenty, and therefore Macbeth was written in 1606. Again, the same character says, "Here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales, against either scale." This passage, Malone most solemnly tells us, "without doubt, had a direct reference to the doctrine of equivocation avowed and maintained by Henry Garnet, superior of the order of the Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, on the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable perjury." There is more of this sort of reasoning, in the examination of which it appears to us quite unnecessary to occupy the time of our readers. We have two facts as to the chronology of this play which are indisputable: the first is, that it must have been written after the crowns of England and Scotland were united in one monarch, who was a descendant of Banquo:—

> "Some I see
> That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The second is, that Dr. Forman has most minutely described the representation of this tragedy in the year 1610. The following extract from his "Book of Plays, and Notes thereof, for common Policy," is copied by Mr. Collier from the manuscript in the Bodleian Library:—

> "In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies, or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, King of Coudor, for thou shalt be a king, but shalt beget no kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo; thou shalt beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the court of Scotland, to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.
>
> "And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.
>
> "The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves: they, being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.
>
> "Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he, for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast (to the which also Banquo should have come), he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.
>
> "Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army, and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth.
>
> "Observe, also, how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the doctor noted her words."

Here, then, the date of this tragedy must be fixed after the accession of James I. in 1603, and before the representation at which Forman was present in 1610. Mr. Collier is inclined to believe that the play was a new one when Forman saw it acted. Be that as it may, we can have no doubt that it belonged to the last ten years of Shakspere's life.

Supposed Sources of the Plot.

Shakspere found sufficient materials for this great drama in Holinshed's "History of Scotland." Better authorities than Holinshed had access to have shown that the contest for the crown of Scotland between Duncan and Macbeth was a contest of factions, and that Macbeth was raised to the throne by his Norwegian allies after a battle in which Duncan fell: in the same way, after a long rule, was he vanquished and killed by the son of Duncan, supported by his English allies. But with the differences between the real and the apocryphal history it is manifest that we can here have no concern. In the Illustrations of the several acts we have reprinted the passages in Holinshed with which Shakspere was manifestly familiar. His deviations from the chronicler will be readily traced. There is another story, however, told also in the same narrative, which Shakspere with consummate skill has blended with the story of Macbeth. It is that of the murder of King Duff by Donwald and his wife in Donwald's castle of Forres:—

> "The king got him into his privy chamber, only with two of his chamberlains, who, having brought him to bed, came forth again, and then fell to banqueting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared divers delicate dishes and sundry sorts of drinks for their rear-supper or collation, whereat they sat up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow but asleep they were so fast that a man might have removed the chamber over them sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleep.
>
> "Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatly in heart, yet through instigation of his wife he called four of his servants unto him (whom he had made privy to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts), and now declaring unto them after what sort they should work the feat, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and, speedily going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a little before cock's crow, where they secretly cut his throat as he lay sleeping, without any bustling at all: and immediately by a postern gate they carried forth the dead body into the fields. . . Donwald, about the time that the murder was in doing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in company with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning, when the noise was raised in the king's chamber how the king was slain, his body conveyed away, and the bed all beraid with blood, he with the

* See Skene's Highlanders of Scotland, vol. i. p. 116.

watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed and on the floor about the sides of it, he forthwith slew the chamberlains as guilty of that heinous murder.

For the space of six months together, after this heinous murder thus committed, there appeared no sun by day, nor moon by night, in any part of the realm, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds, and sometimes such outrageous winds arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction."

It was originally the opinion of Steevens and Malone that a play by Thomas Middleton, entitled "The Witch," had preceded Macbeth, and that Shakspere was consequently indebted to Middleton for the general idea of the witch incantations. Malone subsequently changed his opinion; for, in a posthumous edition of his "Essay on the Chronological Order," he has maintained that "The Witch" was a later production than Macbeth.

For the Local Illustrations of each act we have the gratification of acknowledging our obligation to Miss Martineau, who in 1838 visited all the localities to which this tragedy refers.

Costume.

Our own opinion, formed long ago, respecting the dress and arms of the Scotch Highlanders in the eleventh century, has been confirmed by that of a most intelligent modern historian,* who says, "It would be too much perhaps to affirm that the dress, as at present worn, in all its minute details, is ancient; but it is very certain that it is compounded of three varieties in the form of dress which were separately worn by the Highlanders in the seventeenth century, and that each of these may be traced back to the remotest antiquity." These are:—1st, the belted plaid; 2nd, the short coat or jacket; 3rd, the truis. With each of these, or at any rate with the first two, was worn, from the earliest periods to the seventeenth century, the long-sleeved, saffron-stained shirt, of Irish origin, called the Leni-croich.† Pitscottie, in 1573, says, "They (the Scotch Highlanders) be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane schirt, saffroned after the Irish manner, going bare-legged to the knee." And Nicolay d'Arfeville, cosmographer to the King of France, who published at Paris, in 1583, a volume entitled "La Navigation du Roy d'Escosse Jacques, cinquiesme du nom, autour de son Royaume et Isles Hebrides et Orchades, soutz la conduite d'Alexandre Lindsay, excellent Pilote Escossois," says, "They wear, like the Irish, a large full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock (soutane). They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins (botines) made in a very old fashion, which come as high as the knees." Lesley, in 1578, says, "All, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of different colours); these were long and flowing, but capable of being gathered up at pleasure into folds. They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day. The rest of their garments consisted of *a short woollen jacket*, with the sleeves open below, for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and very large sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely on their knees. These the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some grease to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, &c."‡ Here we have the second variety—that of the short woollen jacket with the open sleeves; and this confirms most curiously the identity of the ancient Scottish with the ancient Irish dress, as the Irish chieftains who appeared at court in the reign of Elizabeth were clad in these long shirts, short open-sleeved jackets, and long shaggy mantles. The third variety is the truis, or trowse, "the breeches and stockings of one piece," of the Irish in the time of Giraldus Cambrensis, and the bracchæ of the Belgic Gauls and Southern Britons in that of Cæsar. The truis has hitherto been traced in Scotland only as far back as the year 1538, and there are many who deny its having formed a portion of the more ancient Scottish dress; but the incontrovertible fact of a similar article of apparel having been worn by all the chiefs of the other tribes of the great Celtic or Gaelic family is sufficient, in our minds, to give probability to the belief that it was also worn by those of the ancient Scotch Highlanders. With regard to another hotly disputed point of Scottish costume, the colours of the chequered cloth, commonly called *tartan* and *plaid* (neither of which names, however, originally signified its variegated appearance, the former being merely the name of the woollen stuff of which it was made, and the latter that of the garment into which it was shaped), the most general belief is, that the distinction of the clans by a peculiar pattern is of comparatively a recent date; but those who deny "a coat of many colours" to the ancient Scottish Highlanders altogether must as unceremoniously strip the Celtic Briton or Belgic Gaul of his tunic, "flowered with various colours in divisions," in which he has been specifically arrayed by Diodorus Siculus. The chequered cloth was termed in Celtic *breacan*, and the Highlanders, we are informed by Mr. Logan,§ give it also the poetical appellation of *cath-dath*, signifying "the strife" or "war of colours." In Major's time (1512) the plaids or cloaks of the higher classes alone were variegated. The common people appear to have worn them generally of a brown colour, "most near," says Moniepennie, "to the colour of the hadder" (heather). The plain black and white stuff, now generally known in London by the name of "Shepherd's plaid," is evidently, from its simplicity, of great antiquity, and could have been most easily manufactured, as it required no process of dyeing, being composed of the two natural colours of the fleece. Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," describes the plaid worn in 1639 as "striped across, red and yellow;" and the portrait of Lacy the actor, painted in Charles II.'s time, represents him dressed for Sawney the Scot in a red, yellow, and black truis and belted plaid, or, at any rate, in stuff of the natural yellowish tint of the wool, striped across with black and red.

For the armour and weapons of the Scotch of the eleventh century we have rather more distinct authority. The sovereign and his Lowland chiefs appear early to have assumed the shirt of ring mail of the Saxon, or perhaps the quilted *panzar* of their Norwegian and Danish invaders; but that some of the Highland chieftains disdained such defence must be admitted from the well-known boast of the Earl Strathearne, as late as 1138, at the Battle of the Standard:—"I wear no armour," exclaimed the heroic Gael, "yet those who do will not advance beyond me this day." It was indeed the old Celtic fashion for soldiers to divest themselves of almost every portion of covering on the eve of combat, and to rush into battle nearly, if not entirely, naked.

The ancient Scottish weapons were the bow, the spear, the claymore (*cledheamh-mòre*), the battle-axe, and the dirk, or bidag, with round targets, covered with bull's hide, and studded with nails and bosses of brass or iron. For the dress and arms of the Anglo-Saxon auxiliaries of Malcolm the Bayeux tapestry furnishes perhaps the nearest authority.

The Scottish female habit seems to have consisted, like that of the Saxon, Norman, and Danish women—nay, we may even add the ancient British—of a long robe, girdled round the waist, and a full and flowing mantle, fastened on the breast by a large buckle or brooch of brass, silver, or gold, and set with common crystals or precious gems, according to the rank of the wearer. Dio describes Boadicea as wearing a variegated robe; and the ancient mantle worn by Scotchwomen, denominated the arisad, is described by Martin as chequered.

* The Highlanders of Scotland, by W. F. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols. 12mo. London, Murray, 1837. Mr. Skene in this excellent work has also thrown great light upon the real history of Macbeth, from a careful investigation and comparison of the Irish annals and the Norse Sagas.

† "From the Irish words *leni*, *shirt*, and *croich*, *saffron*."—Martin's *Western Isles of Scotland*.

‡ Jean de Beaugne, who accompanied the French auxiliaries to Scotland in 1548, in like manner describes "les sauvages," as he calls the Highlanders, naked except their stained shirts (*chemises taintes*) and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours, carrying large bows and similar swords and bucklers to the others, *i.e.* the Lowlanders.

§ History of the Gael. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

MACBETH.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*
MALCOLM, } *his sons.*
DONALBAIN, }
MACBETH, } *generals of the* King's *army.*
BANQUO, }
MACDUFF, }
LENOX, }
ROSSE, } *noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS, }
CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *son to* Banquo.
SIWARD, *Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.*
Young SIWARD, *his son.*
SEYTON, *an officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Soldier.
A Porter.
An Old Man.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE, *and Three Witches.*
Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.
The Ghost of Banquo, *and other Apparitions.*

SCENE,—*in the end of the Fourth Act, lies in* ENGLAND; *through the rest of the Play, in* SCOTLAND, *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Castle.*

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?[1]
2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's[2] done,
When the battle's lost and won:
3 *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.[3]
1 *Witch.* Where the place?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath
3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.
1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin![4]
All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—
Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish.*

SCENE II.—*A Camp near* Forres. *Alarum within.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Sold. Doubtful[5] it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of[6] kernes and gallowglasses is supplied;[a]
And fortune, on his damned quarry[7] smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he faced the slave;[8]
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

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[1] Hanmer proposed to read "*and* in rain," to prevent that misconception of the question which might arise from the use of *or*. The Witches invariably meet under a disturbance of the elements; and this is clear enough without any change of the original text.

[2] *Hurlyburly.* In Peacham's "Garden of Eloquence" (1577) this word is given as an example of that ornament of language which consists in "a name intimating the sound of that it signifieth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uproar* and *tumultuous stir*." Todd finds the word in a collection of Scottish proverbs, and therefore decides upon the propriety of its use by the Scottish witch. This is unnecessary; for, although it might belong to both languages, Spenser had used it in our own; and it had the peculiar recommendation of the quality described by Peacham for its introduction in a lyrical composition.

[3] We have here the commencement of that system of tampering with the metre of Shakspere in this great tragedy, which universally prevailed till the reign of the variorum critics had ceased to be considered as firmly established and beyond the reach of assault. When we saw an edition of Shakspere bearing the name of Thomas Campbell as editor, and found that the text of that edition was a literal reprint from the text of Steevens, and that consequently the loppings-off and patchings-on, the transpositions, the substitutions, of a man without an ear were circulated with the imprimatur of one of the most elegant of our poets, we could not but see what a fearful weed bad taste is—how prolific in its growth, how difficult to be eradicated. These remarks apply not so much to the particular instance before us as to the whole principle upon which the metre of this play has been regulated. We admit that it will not do servilely to follow the original in every instance where the commencement and close of a line are so arranged that it becomes prosaic; but, on the other hand, we contend that the desire to get rid of hemistichs, without regard to the nature of the dialogue, and so to alter the metrical arrangement of a series of lines, is to disfigure, instead of to amend, the poet. It is a matter of sincere gratification to the present editor that there has been of late years a marked alteration in the principles of criticism applied to the text of Shakspere. The line before us reads in the original—

"That will be ere *the* set of sun."

Steevens strikes out *the* as harsh and unnecessary. Any one who has an ear for the fine lyrical movement of the whole scene will see what an exquisite variety of pause there is in the ten lines of which it consists. Take, for example, the line—

"There to meet with Macbeth;"

and contrast its solemn movement with what has preceded it. But tampering editors must have *seven* syllables; and so some read—

"There I *go* to meet Macbeth;"

others—

"There to meet with *great* Macbeth;"

and others—

"There to meet with—*Whom?*—Macbeth."

Malone has, however, here succeeded in retaining the original line, by persuading himself and others that *there* is a dissyllable.

[4] *Graymalkin* is a cat; *Paddock*, a toad.

[5] *Doubtful.* So the original. The common reading, *doubtfully*. "My addition," says Steevens, "consists but of a single letter."

[6] *Of* is here used in the sense of *with*.

[7] *Quarry.* So the original. The common reading, on the emendation of Hanmer, is *quarrel*. We conceive that the original word is that used by Shakspere. In Coriolanus we have—

"I'd make a *quarry*
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance."

It is in the same sense, we believe, that the soldier uses the word *quarry;* the "damned quarry" being the doomed army of kernes and gallowglasses, who, although fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth, and became his *quarry*—his prey.

[8] We follow the metrical arrangement of the original. Steevens changes the hemistich thus:—

"Like valour's minion,
Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the slave."

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
Dun. O, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break;[1]
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.
Dun. Dismay'd not this our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?[2]
Sold. Yes: As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell:
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.
[*Exit* Soldier, *attended.*

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.
Len. What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.
Rosse. God save the king!
Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.
Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom,[3] lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point, rebellious arm 'gainst arm,[4]
Curbing his lavish spirit: And, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—
Dun. Great happiness!
Rosse. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go, pronounce his present[5] death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Rosse. I'll see it done.
Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Heath. Thunder.*

Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?
2 *Witch.* Killing swine.
3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—"Give me," quoth I:
"Aroint thee,[6] witch!" the rump-fed ronyon[7] cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,[b]
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.* Th' art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay:[8]
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.
Witch. Show me, show me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd, as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weird[9] sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
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.

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[1] The word *break* is not in the original. The second folio adds *breaking*. Some verb is wanting; and the reading of the second folio is some sort of authority for the introduction of *break*, which word was added by Pope.

[2] We print this line according to the original as an Alexandrine—a verse constantly introduced by Shakspere for the production of variety.

[3] *Bellona's bridegroom* is here undoubtedly Macbeth; but Henley and Steevens, fancying that the God of War was meant, chuckle over Shakspere's ignorance in not knowing that Mars was not the husband of Bellona.

[4] This is the original punctuation, which we think, with Tieck, is better than—

"Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm."

[5] Without the slightest ceremony Steevens omits the emphatic word *present*, as "injurious to metre."

[6] *Aroint thee.* See King Lear, Illustration of Act III. Sc. IV.

[7] *Ronyon.* See As You Like It, note 8, vol. i. p. 329.

[8] Steevens says, "As I cannot help supposing this scene to have been uniformly metrical when our author wrote it, in its present state I suspect it to be clogged with interpolations, or mutilated by omissions." There really appears no foundation for the supposition that the scene was *uniformly* metrical. It is a mixture of blank verse with the seven-syllable rhyme, producing, from its variety, a wild and solemn effect which no regularity could have achieved.

"Where hast thou been, sister?
Killing swine;"

is a line of blank verse:

"Sister, where thou?"

a dramatic hemistich. We have then four lines of blank verse before the lyrical movement, "But in a sieve," &c.

"I'll give thee a wind.
Th' art kind.
And I another,"

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following octo-syllabic line. So, in the same manner,

"I' the shipman's card.
I'll drain him dry as hay,"

is a ten-syllable line, rhyming with the following one of seven syllables. Some editors have destroyed this metrical arrangement by changing "*Th' art* kind" into "*Thou art* kind;" and "*I'll* drain him dry as hay" into "*I will* drain him dry as hay." Capell's *thou'rt* is an improvement.

Weird. There can be no doubt that this term is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wyrd*, word spoken; and in the same way that the word *fate* is anything spoken, *weird* and *fatal* are synonymous, and equally applicable to such mysterious beings as Macbeth's witches. We cannot, therefore, agree with Tieck that the word is *wayward*—wilful. He says that it is written *wayward* in the original; but this is not so: it is written *weyward*, which Steevens says is a blunder of the transcriber or printer. We doubt this; for the word is thus written *weyward*, to mark that it consists of *two* syllables. For example, in the second act, Banquo says—

"I dreamt last night of the three *weyward* sisters."

But it is also written *weyard*:—

"As the *weyard* women promis'd, and I fear."

Here the word is *one* syllable by elision. When the poet uses the word *wayward* in the sense of wilful, the editors of the original do not confound the words. Thus, in the third act, Hecate says—

"And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a *wayward* son."

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is 't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
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 sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical,[1] or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? 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.
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!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches *vanish.*
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had stay'd!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on[2] the insane root,[3]
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 the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

[1] *Fantastical*—belonging to fantasy, imaginary.

[2] *On.* The modern editors substitute *of;* but why should we reject an ancient idiom in our rage for modernising?

[3] *Henbane* is called *insana* in an old book of medicine, which Shakspere might have consulted.

Enter ROSSE *and* ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post;[4] and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.
Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Ban. What, can the devil speak true?
Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet:
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose.
Whether he was combin'd with those of Norway;
Or did line the rebel with hidden help
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his country's wrack, I know not;[5]
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so 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.
Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.
Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

[4] The passage stands thus in the original:—

> "He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
> Nothing afraid of what thyself did make,
> Strange images of death, as thick as Tale
> Can post with post."

We venture to adopt the reading of Rowe, principally because the expression "as thick as hail" was rendered familiar by poetical use. Spenser has—

> "As thick as hail forth poured from the sky."

And Drayton—

> "Out of the town come quarries thick as hail."

[5] We follow the metrical arrangement of the original—not a perfect one certainly.

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:—
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.—
Let us toward the king.—[1]
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,
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.*

SCENE IV.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, *and* Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
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 died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.[2]
Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd;
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macb. 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 everything
Safe toward your love and honour.[3]
Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.
Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Dun. 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, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for you:
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.
Dun. My worthy Cawdor!
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!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Inverness. *A Room in* Macbeth's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady M. "They 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 burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me, 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred 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 mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst 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 wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical[4] aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.
Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Atten. 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 M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse
[*Exit* Attendant.
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan

[1] To get rid of the two hemistichs, these five lines are made four in modern editions.

[2] The metrical arrangement of this speech is decidedly improved in the modern text; but the improvement is not, as in the cases where we have rejected changes, produced by the determination to effect an absurd uniformity. The same remark applies to Macbeth's answer to the king.

[3] Sir William Blackstone interprets the word *safe* as *saved*, conceiving that the whole speech is an allusion to feudal homage:—"The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king, was absolute, and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. 'Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy,' as it is in Littleton." According to this interpretation, then, Macbeth only professes a qualified homage to the king's throne and state, as if the king's love and honour were something higher than his power and dignity. We cannot understand this. Surely it is easier to receive the words in their plain acceptation—our duties are called upon to do everything which they can do *safely*, as regards the love and honour we bear you.

[4] *Metaphysical*—supernatural.

Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murthering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,[1]
To cry, "Hold, hold!" [c]——Great Glamis, worthy Cawdor!

Enter Macbeth.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady M. And when goes hence?
Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes.
Lady M. O, 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 it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macb. We will speak further.
Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.*

Hautboys. Servants *of* Macbeth *attending.*

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, *and* Attendants.

Dun. 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 martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.[2]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.[3]
Lady M. 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.[4]
Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.
Lady M. 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.
Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service. Then enter* Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal[5] 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 the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips.[6] 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 murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

[1] The "*blanket* of the dark" has become a familiar phrase, and we are now to change it, under the authority of Mr. Collier's corrected folio, to "*blackness* of the dark." The phrase in Cymbeline, "If Cæsar could hide the sun from us with *a blanket*," gives the key to Lady Macbeth's metaphor. The light of "heaven" was to be shut out by the "blanket of the dark." So Drayton:—

"The sullen night in misty *rug* is wrapt."

[2] We request our readers to repeat these celebrated lines as we have printed them. Our text is a literal copy of the original. Is not the harmony perfect? Would they venture to displace a syllable? And yet it was thus remodelled by the master-hand of Steevens, without the slightest explanation or apology:—

"This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze, buttress,
Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: where they
Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the air
Is delicate."

[3] We have restored the old familiar expression, *God-eyld*, as suiting better with the playfulness of Duncan's speech than the *God yield us* of Johnson's text. Malone and Steevens each give a very long paraphrase of the passage. There is great refinement in the sentiment, but the meaning is tolerably clear. The love which follows us is sometimes troublesome; so we give you trouble, but look you only at the love we bear to you, and so bless us and thank us.

[4] *Hermits*—beadsmen, bound to pray for a benefactor.

Shoal. In the original, *schoole.* Theobald corrected the word to *shoal.*

[6] The entire passage, from the beginning of the speech to this point, is obscure. Without venturing to alter the common punctuation, we would recommend an attentive consideration of the reading of the first line, as given by Mr. Macready, and then carry on the soliloquy as suggested by that alteration:—

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success, that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all. Here,—
But here, upon this bank and 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 the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips."

So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,[1]
And falls on the other[2]—How now, what news

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?
Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?
Lady M. Know you not he has?
Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Nor cast aside so soon.
Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd 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 afeard
To be the same 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;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?[3]
Macb. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.
Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise 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 adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
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 so sworn,
As you have done to this.
Macb. If we should fail,—
Lady M. We fail.[4]
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,[5]
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck[6] only: When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?[7]
Macb. Bring forth men-children only,
For thy undaunted mettle 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 used their very daggers,
That they have done't?
Lady M. 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.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.*

Enter BANQUO *and* FLEANCE *with a torch.*

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.
Ban. Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry[8] in heaven,
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Who's there?
Macb. A friend.
Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices:[9]
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 weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.
Macb. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

---

[1] It has been proposed (by Singleton, say the Cambridge editors) to read, instead of *itself, its sell*, its saddle. However clever may be the notion, we can scarcely admit the necessity for the change of the original. A person (and "vaulting ambition" is personified) might be said to *overleap* himself, as well as overbalance himself, or overcharge himself, or overlabour himself, or overmeasure himself, or overreach himself. There is a parallel use of the word *over* in Beaumont and Fletcher:—"Prove it again, sir; it may be your sense was set too high, and so *overwrought itself*." The word *over* in all these cases is used in the sense of *too much*.

[2] After *other* Hanmer introduced *side*. The addition is held to be unnecessary, inasmuch as the plural noun, *sides*, occurs just before. But surely this notion is to produce a jumble of the metaphor. Macbeth compares his *intent* to a courser: I have no spur to urge him on. Unprepared I am about to vault into my seat, but I overleap myself and fall. It appears to us that the sentence is broken by the entrance of Lady Macbeth; that it is not complete in itself; and would not have been completed with *side*.

[3] We find the adage in Heywood's "Proverbs" (1566):—"The cat would eat fish and would not wet her feet."

[4] *We fail.* This is generally pointed *We fail!*—The quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted appears preferable to the original *We fail?*

Convince—overpower.

[6] *Limbeck*—alembic. Shakspere understood the construction of a still, in this happy comparison of the brain with that part of a vessel through which a distilled liquor passes.

[7] *Quell*—murder.

[8] *Husbandry*—frugality.

[9] *Offices.* This is the original word. Malone would read *officers;* but it is of little consequence whether the largess was sent to the servants or the servants' hall.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.
Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,[1]—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 counsell'd.
Macb. Good repose, the while!
Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you!
[*Exeunt* BANQUO *and* FLEANCE.
Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward 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' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon[2] 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 the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep:[3] witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides,[4] towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure[5] and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk,[6] for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. 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 bellman which gives the stern'st good night.
He is about it:[7] The doors are open;
And the surfeited grooms do mock their charge with snores:
I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.
Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?—what, hoa![a]
Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept I had done't.—My husband!

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies i' the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*
Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep,
And one cried, "murther!" that they did wake each other;
I stood and heard them: but they did say their prayers,
And address'd them again to sleep.[8]
Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, "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 M. 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 M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep,"—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleave[9] of care,
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.[10]
Lady M. What do you mean?
Macb. Still it cried, "Sleep no more!" to all the house:

---

[1] *Consent*—union. Macbeth covertly says, If you will unite yourself to my fortunes. Malone proposes to read *content*. Tieck says that Macbeth here purposely uses an obscure form of words.

[2] *Dudgeon*—the handle of the dagger.

[3] After *sleep* we find *now* in several editions. D'Avenant, in his alteration of the play, added the word, which subsequent editors adopted. We have no doubt that Shakspere introduced the long pause to add to the solemnity of the description.

[4] *Strides. Sides* is the word of the old copies; but Pope changed it to *strides*. A doubt then arises whether this word is compatible with "stealthy pace." Johnson says that a ravishing *stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult. This is denied; and we have examples given of a "leisurable stride" and "an easy stride." The word, in its usual acceptation, and looking at its etymology, does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement. We receive it as Milton uses it:—

> "Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
> The monster moving onward came as fast
> With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode."

Can we reconcile, then, the word *sides* with the context? Tieck contends that *sides* has been received as the seat of the passions, and is so here poetically used. We have some doubt of this, although we do not reject the opinion. Might we not receive *sides* as a verb, and read the passage thus?—

> "Wither'd murther,
> Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
> Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace
> (Which Tarquin's ravishing *sides*) towards his design,
> Moves like a ghost."

To *side* is to match, to balance, to be in collateral position. Thus in Ben Jonson's "Sejanus:"—

> "Whom he, upon our low and suffering necks,
> Hath rais'd from excrement to *side* the gods."

In the passage before us, "murther" "with his stealthy pace," which pace *sides*, matches, "Tarquin's ravishing," (*ravishing* a noun,) moves like a ghost towards his design. This conjecture has been noticed by the Cambridge editors, but they adopt *strides*, as do most other recent commentators. Although a conjectural emendation, *strides* gives a clear meaning, however imperfect.

[5] *Sure.* The original has *sowre*.

[6] The original has, "which they may walk." Tieck defends the original reading, as ungrammatical, singular, and perfectly dream-like. Is not this to refine somewhat overmuch?

[7] Here we follow the metrical arrangement of the original, with a slight deviation in the subsequent lines.

[8] Here again we follow the original regulation of the lines.

[9] *Sleave*—unwrought silk, the *sfilezza* of the Italians.

[10] There are differences of opinion as to where the "voice" ends. Hanmer carried it to the end of Macbeth's speech. Johnson made it stop at "murther sleep," the remainder of the speech being Macbeth's comment.

C W SHARPE SCULPT

MACBETH

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

"Glamis hath murther'd sleep: and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady M. 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. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green, one red.[1]

Re-enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
[*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking; I[2] would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. [*Knocking within.*

Porter. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty: Come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' the 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 heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?
Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.
Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?
Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.
Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.
Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.
Macd. Is thy master stirring?—
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir!
Macb. Good morrow, both!
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd 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 physics pain.
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited[3] service. [*Exit* Macduff.
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.[4]
Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death:
And, prophesying with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time,
The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night:
Some say the earth was feverous and did shake.[5]
Macb. 'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee!
Macb., Len. What's the matter?

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[1] Heywood has this passage:—
"The *multitudes* of seas dyed *red* with blood."
This gives us, we think, the meaning of *multitudinous*. Upon the mode of reading the following line the commentators are at variance. In the original it stands—
"Making the green one, red."
This Malone adopts. The reading—
"Making the green, one red"—
was suggested by Murphy in the *Gray's Inn Journal*, and adopted by Steevens. There can be little doubt, we apprehend, of the propriety of the alteration. We have a similar expression in Milton's "Comus:"—
"And makes *one* blot of all the air."
Steevens reads, "*Ay*, would thou couldst." He is probably right, for *ay* is invariably written *I* in the old copy. Yet the pronoun appears to us more emphatic.

[3] *Limited*—appointed.

[4] Steevens writes the passage thus:—
"Goes the king
From hence to-day?
Macb. He does:—he did appoint so."
We reject such forced attempts to get rid of the hemistich and the Alexandrine.

[5] We here follow the regulation of the original. But we have adopted a punctuation suggested by a friend, which connects "the obscure bird" with "prophesying."

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macb. What is 't you say? the life?
Len. Mean you his majesty?
Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—
[*Exeunt* MACBETH *and* LENOX.
Ring the alarum-bell:—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 rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.[1]
[*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macd. O, gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.——

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo! Banquo! our royal master's murther'd!
Lady M. Woe, alas! what, in our house?
Ban. Too cruel, anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died 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 stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. O, by whom?
Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done '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.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you so?
Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murtherers,
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
Courage, to make his love known?
Lady M. Help me hence, hoa!
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 in an auger-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let 's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Ban. Look to the lady:—
[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 the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macd. And so do I.[2]
All. So all.
Macb. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but* MAL. *and* DON.
Mal. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.
Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Mal. This murtherous 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.*

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE *and an Old* Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is '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, tow'ring 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 stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

[1] The words "Ring the bell" form part of the original text; and the stage direction, *Bell rings*, immediately follows. Theobald and other commentators strike out "ring the bell," contending that these words also were a stage direction. But how natural is it that Macduff, having previously cried, "Ring the alarum-bell," should repeat the order!

[2] This speech in the original belongs to *Macduff;* but, without any explanation, it is given by the variorum editors to *Macbeth*.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.
Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff:——

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macd. Why, see you not?
Rosse. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Rosse. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?[1]
Macd. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Rosse. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty 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 Colme-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!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Rosse. Farewell, father.
Old M. God's benizon go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(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.

Sennet sounded. Enter Macbeth, *as King;* Lady Macbeth, *as Queen;* Lenox, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing[2] unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.
Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
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 and prosperous,)
In this day's council; but we'll take[3] to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt* Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.
Sirrah, a word with you: Attend those men our pleasure?
Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit* Attend.] To be
thus, is nothing;
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark[4] Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd[5] 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
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance![6]—Who's there?—

Re-enter Attendant, *with Two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.
[*Exit* Attendant.
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 *Mur.* It was, so please your highness.
Macb. Well then, now

---

[1] *Pretend*—propose.

[2] *All-thing.* So the original—not *all things*, as sometimes printed.

[3] *Take.* This is the word of the original, which Steevens has very properly retained, although Malone changes it to *talk*. It is difficult to imagine a more unnecessary change. Who could doubt our meaning if we were to say, "Well, sir, if you cannot come this afternoon, we will *take* to-morrow?"

[4] Steevens proposed to omit *Mark*, "for the sake of metre." Johnson would have gone farther, and would have omitted the whole allusion to Mark Antony, writing the passage thus:—

"My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters."

[5] *Fil'd*—defiled.

[6] *Utterance.* The French *combat à outrance.* See Cymbeline, Act III. Sc. I.

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand;[1] how cross'd; the instruments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? 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, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not in the worst rank[2] 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, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
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.

2 *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For[3] 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. Within this hour, at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,[4]
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 absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 *Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all[5] remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace,[6] have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

---

[1] *Borne in hand*—encouraged by false hopes.

[2] In the preceding part of this speech a distinction is drawn between the *catalogue* and the *valued file*. The catalogue contains the names of all; the valued file select names. So in these lines there may be a "station in the file" above that of the "worst rank." The *rank*, then, is the row; the *file*, those set apart from the row, for superior qualities. Is not this the meaning of the military term, rank and file, which is still in use?

[3] *For*—on account of, because of.

[4] We understand this passage as follows. Macbeth has said—

"I will advise you where to plant yourselves:"

he then adds, "Acquaint you"—inform yourselves—"with the perfect spy"—with a most careful inquiry—"o' the time"—the expected time of Banquo's return:—

"The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night."

[5] Steevens omits *all*.

[6] *Peace*. For this word of the original the editor of the second folio substituted *place*. The repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in Shakspere's manner; and as every one who commits a crime such as that of Macbeth proposes to himself, in the result, happiness, which is another word for peace—as the very promptings to the crime disturb his peace—we think there is something much higher in the sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo, Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object that makes him eat his meal in fear, and sleep in terrible dreams. His death, therefore, is determined; and then comes the fearful lesson—

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy."

There is no peace with the wicked.

Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.
Lady M. You must leave this.
Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.
Lady M. But in them nature's copy's[1] not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons,
The shard-borne beetle,[2] with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal,
There shall be done a deed of dreadful note.[3]
Lady M. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling[4] 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 the rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter Three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur.* Macbeth.
2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.
1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [*Within.*] Give us a light there, hoa!
2 *Mur.* Then 'tis he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.
1 *Mur.* His horses go about.
3 *Mur.* Almost a mile; but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

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.
[*Assaults* BANQUO.
Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave! [*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 have lost best half of our affair.
1 *Mur.* Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE, 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. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.
Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter First Murderer, *to the door.*

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks:
Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he despatch'd?
Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.
Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped.
Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock:
As broad and general as the casing air:
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Macb. Thanks for that:
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit* Murderer.
Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome:[5] To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.
Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!
Len. May it please your highness sit?

Enter the Ghost *of* BANQUO, *and sits in* MACBETH'S *place.*[a]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

[1] *Nature's copy.* Johnson explains this as *the copy*, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature: and Ritson says it is the *copy of court roll.* Is not this very forced? Although the expression may be somewhat obscure, does not every one feel that the *copy* means the individual—the particular cast from nature's mould—a perishable copy of the prototype of man?

[2] *Shard-borne beetle*—the beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases. See Cymbeline, Illustration of Act III. Sc. III.

[3] We print these lines as in the original. In modern editions they are "regulated" thus:—

"Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note."

[4] *Seeling*—blinding. The expression is taken from the practice of closing the eyelids of hawks.

[5] We understand, *that* 'tis given with welcome.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!
Rossc. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?
Macb. The table's full.
Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
Macb. Where?
Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?
Macb. Which of you have done this?
Lords. What, my good lord?
Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.
Rossc. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.
Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
Lady M. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [Ghost *disappears.*
Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady M. Fie, for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange
Than such a murther is.
Lady M. 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:—

Re-enter Ghost.

I drink to the 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.
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 M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then,[1] protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
[Ghost *disappears.*
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.
Rossc. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him; at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[*Exeunt* Lords *and* Attendants.
Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stepp'd 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 M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.
Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, *meeting the Three* Witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.
Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, and over-bold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;

[1] *Inhabit then.* This is the original reading, which has been changed into *inhibit thee.* Horne Tooke was the first to denounce this alteration; contending that the true meaning is, that if he were dared to the desert he would not skulk within his house.

And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done,
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful, 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' the morning; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and everything beside:
I am for the air; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.[1]
Great business must be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
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.

SONG. [*Within.*] "Come away, come away," &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste: she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Forres. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, *and another* Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: 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
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,
(As, an 't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?
Lord. 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 holy 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, and receive free honours;—
All which we pine for now: And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.
Len. Sent he to Macduff?
Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I,"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."
Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England, and unfold
His message ere he come; that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!
Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Caldron boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the Three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch.* Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the caldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold[2] stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the 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,

---

[1] So the original. This noble line, by which the metre is so beautifully varied, has been changed to—

"Unto a dismal—fatal end."

[2] This is the reading of the original—*cold*. The line is certainly defective in rhythm, for a pause here cannot take the place of a syllable, unless we pronounce *cold* co-old. There is no natural retardation. We do not, however, alter the text. The emendation of Steevens is—

"Toad, that under *coldest* stone."

Rowe has—

"Toad, that under *the cold* stone."

Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,[1]
For the ingredients of our caldron.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains,
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.
[*Music and a Song*, "Black Spirits," &c.[2a]
2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches: though the yesty 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[3] tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch.* Speak.
2 *Witch.* Demand.
3 *Witch.* We'll answer.
1 *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast 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. An 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 power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.[4] [*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 spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his Hand, rises.

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 to 't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane 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 bodements! good!
Rebellious head,[5] rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know:—
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise[6] is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his hand; BANQUO *following.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—And thy hair,[7]
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;

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[1] *Chaudron*—entrails.

[2] This is the original stage direction. The variorum editors inserted four lines of a song, which they found in Middleton's "Witch," but without any authority for their introduction here, beyond the stage direction. In the Witch scene of Act III. we have mention of a song, "Come away." These words are also in Middleton. If the song of the fourth act should be inserted in the text, why not that of the third act? (See Illustration *a*, p. 359.)

[3] *Germins.* The original is *germaine*, which Tieck would retain. *Germins* are seeds; *germaine*, kindred, something closely related to another. We cannot see whence he derives his opinion that "natures germaine" means the sun and moon.

[4] In the desire to make their own metrical arrangement, the variorum editors shut their eyes to the fact that we have here a rhyming couplet. They write—

"Be bloody, bold,
And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth."

[5] *Head.* The old copy has *dead.* The correction of *head*, which is evidently required, was made by Theobald. Hanmer reads *Rebellion's head.*

[6] *Noise.* This is the *music* of the hautboys, the word *noise* being synonymous with the sound of instruments. It was so little understood, even by John Kemble, that under his management a *shriek* was here heard.

[7] *Hair.* This is the original word, which Warburton changed to *air.* Monck Mason acutely defends the old reading:—"It implies that their *hair* was of the same colour, which is more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends on habit."

For the blood-bolter'd[1] Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The* Witches *dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weird 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 horse: Who was 't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless 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 it thought and done
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in[2] his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Fife. *A Room in* Macduff's *Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and ROSSE.

Lady Macd. What had he done to make him fly the land?
Rosse. You must have patience, madam.
L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.
Rosse. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.
L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.
Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. 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.
Rosse. 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* ROSSE.
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, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.
Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.
L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?
L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?
L. Macd. Ay, that he was.
Son. What is a traitor?
L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.
Son. And be all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.
Son. And must they all be hanged 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. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?
Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.
L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talkest.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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:
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. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit* Messenger.
L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why, then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm? What are these faces?

[1] *Blood-bolter'd. Bolter'd* is a word of the midland counties, meaning *begrimed, besmeared.*

[2] Steevens omits *him in.*

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd[1] villain.
Mur. What, you egg! [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [*Dies.*
[*Exit* LADY MACDUFF, *crying* "Murder," *and pursued by the* Murderers.

SCENE III.—England. *A Room in the* King'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-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.
Mal. What I believe I'll wail;
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 am young, but something
You may deserve[2] of him through me; and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge. But I shall[3] crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macd. I have lost my hopes.
Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd.[4]—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds: and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet, my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.
Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.
Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.
Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every 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'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.
Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.
Mal. With this there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.
Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; 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[5] to fill up your will
Of your mere own: All these are portable,[6]
With other graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

[1] *Shag-ear'd.* This should be probably *shag-hair'd*, a form of abuse found in old plays, and even in law reports.
[2] *Deserve.* The original reads *discerne.*
[3] *I shall.* Steevens omits these words, for the old reason.
[4] The original reads, "the Title is affear'd." A modern reading is—"thy Title is affeer'd." We have first to consider how Shakspere uses the word *title.* In a subsequent passage of this play, Angus, speaking of Macbeth, says—

"Now does he feel his *title*
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwafish thief."

In each of these passages *title* is printed with a capital *T.* Does Macduff then mean to say, hurt and indignant at the doubts of Malcolm, the *title* (personifying the regal title) is *afear'd*—frighted; and therefore, "poor country," "wear thou thy wrongs:" or, continuing to apostrophise "great tyranny," "wear thou thy wrongs"—enjoy thy usurpation; *wrongs* being here opposed to *rights:* the title is *affeer'd*—confirmed—admitted—as affeerors decide upon a claim, and terminate a dispute? We hold to the latter interpretation.

[5] *Foysons*—abundant provision.
[6] *Portable.* The word is used in the same sense in Lear:—

"How light and *portable* my pain seems now."

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. O 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-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!
Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my 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,
Already at a point,[1] was setting forth:
Now we'll together: And the chance of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?
Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.
Mal. I thank you, doctor.
[*Exit* Doctor.
Macd. What's the disease he means?
Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil;
A most miraculous work in this good king:
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,[b]
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. 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.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that 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 who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. 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 them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be 't their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.[2]
Macd. What concern they?
The general 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,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,

[1] So the original. Some read *all ready;* and it is held that *at a point* means fully equipped, as in Hamlet, "armed at point." This we know is point-device; but we have no example of the use of the word with the article. Is it not that the "ten thousand warlike men" were already assembled "at a point"—at a particular spot where they had collected—a point of space?

[2] *Latch them*—lay hold of them.

Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.[1]—All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This time[2] 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.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor *of Physic, and a waiting* Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field,[3] I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon 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.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. 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 M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. 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 afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. 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 MACBETH.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural 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:

---

[1] One would imagine that there could be no doubt of whom Macduff was thinking when he says, "*He* has no children;" but variorum commentators enter into a discussion whether Macbeth had any children, or not; and upon the whole they consider that Macduff points at Malcolm, reproaching him for saying "Be comforted." Look at the whole course of the heart-stricken man's sorrow. He is first speechless; he then ejaculates, "My children too?" then, "My wife kill'd too?" and then, utterly insensible to the words addressed to him—

"He has no children.—All my pretty ones?"

[2] *Time.* Rowe changed this to *tune.* Gifford has shown, in a note on Massinger, that the two words were once synonymous in a musical acceptation, and that *time* was the more ancient and common term.

[3] Steevens says, "This is one of Shakspere's oversights: he forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers." We may reply, this is one of Steevens's presumptuous assertions. In the next scene the Scotchmen say, "The English power is *near*." When an enemy is advancing from another country is it not likely that the commander about to be attacked would first go "into the field" before he finally resolved to trust to his "castle's strength?"

My mind she has mated,[1] and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good doctor.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Country near* Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, *and* Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.[2]
Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?
Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.
Ment. What does the tyrant?
Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.
Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.
Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
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 medicine 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 we our march towards Birnam.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg[3] with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon;
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—
Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.
Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.
Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer[4] me ever, or dis-seat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life[5]
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
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's your gracious pleasure?
Macb. What news more?
Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.
Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skir[6] the country round
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour:—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd:
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch:—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna,[7] or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

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[1] *Mated*—amated, dismayed.

[2] *Mortified man.* We think, with Warburton, that the poet here means a hermit or religious ascetic—one indifferent to the concerns of the world, but who would be excited to fight by such "causes" of revenge as Macduff comes with.

[3] *Sagg* is to *droop* or *sink down;* probably from *ic sige*, the first person present of the irregular Anglo-Saxon verb. *sigan*, to fall, or sink down; to fail.

[4] *Cheer* is the word of the original folio, but Percy suggested *chair*, which is also the reading of Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector.

[5] Dr. Johnson proposed to read "*May* of life." If the poet intended to represent Macbeth as a young man,—one in the

"*May* of youth, and bloom of lustyhood,"—

who had by his crimes and their consequent anxieties

"Fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,"—

the emendation would be just and beautiful. But we doubt if the poet had any such intention. The expression "way of life" appears to us equivalent with "time of year" in the Seventy-third Sonnet:—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

Gifford says, "*Way of life* is neither more nor less than a simple periphrasis for *life*."

[6] *Skir*—scur, scour.

[7] *Senna.* This is the reading of the fourth folio. The original reads *cyme.*

Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*
Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Country near* Dunsinane. *A Wood in view.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD *and his* Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.
Ment. We doubt it nothing.
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The wood of Birnam.
Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.
Sold. It shall be done.
Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.
Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less[1] 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.
Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
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.*

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. *Within the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come:" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within, of women.*
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 fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in 't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.
Macb. She should have died hereafter;
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[2] 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
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.
Mess. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb. Well, say, sir.
Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and, anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb. Liar, and slave!
[*Striking him.*
Mess. Let me endure your wrath if 't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution;[3] and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood
Comes towards Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell:—Blow wind! come wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c., *and their Army, with boughs.*

Mal. Now, near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siw. Fare you well.—
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.
[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the Plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he

[1] *More and less.* Shakspere uses these words, as Chaucer and Spenser use them, for *greater and less.*

[2] *Dusty.* Warburton would read *dusky.* In Troilus and Cressida we have "dusty nothing." Douce has the following valuable illustration of the passage:—"Perhaps no quotation can be better calculated to show the propriety of this epithet than the following grand lines in 'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a work which Shakspere might have seen:—

'*Death* came drivynge after, and all to *dust* pashed
Kynges and kaysers, knightes and popes.'"

[3] Monck Mason gives an illustration from Fletcher, which explains the use of *pull in*:—

"All my spirits,
As if they had heard my passing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers, and give me up to destiny."

That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.[1]

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.
Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macb. My name's Macbeth.
Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macb. No, nor more fearful.
Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and Young* SIWARD *is 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, show 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; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheathe 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 Old* 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 itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macb. Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."
Macb. I will not yield,[2]
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough."
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *Old* SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, *and* Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Rosse. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
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 expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,

[1] We have again the small critics discovering oversights in Shakspere. Mrs. Lennox, the queen of fault-finders, says, "Shakspeare seems to have committed a great oversight in making Macbeth, after he found himself deceived in the prophecy relating to Birnam wood, so absolutely rely on the other, which he had good reason to fear might be equally fallacious." If Mrs. Lennox had known as much of human nature as Shakspere knew, she would have understood that one hope destroyed does not necessarily banish all hope; that the gambler who has lost thousands still believes that his last guinea will redeem them; and that the last of a long series of perishing delusions is as firmly trusted as if the great teacher, Time, had taught nothing.

[2] *I will not yield.* This is sometimes minced into "*I'll* not yield.

Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO MACBETH.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied.*"

IN the Second Part of Henry VI. we have this passage:—

> "The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
> And with a puissant and a mighty power,
> Of gallowglasses and stout kernes,
> Is marching hitherward in proud array."

Barnaby Rich describes the *gallowglass* as a foot-soldier armed with a skull, a shirt of mail, and a gallowglass axe. The *kernes* he denounces as the very dross and scum of the country, ready to run out with every rebel.

SCENE III.—"*But in a sieve I'll thither sail.*"

In a pamphlet called "News from Scotland" (1591) it is shown how certain witches, who pretended to bewitch and drown his Majesty (our James I.) in the sea coming from Denmark, "together went to sea, each one in a *riddle* or *cive*, and went in the same very substantially with flagons of wine, making merry and drinking by the way in the same *riddles* or *cives*."

[c] SCENE V.—"*Come, thick night,*" &c.

This celebrated passage has given rise to much discussion, particularly with reference to the word *blanket*. This, Malone says, was certainly the poet's word, and "perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was yet but half lighted, he had himself often *peeped*." But Whiter has very ingeniously illustrated the passage by another view of the subject. The internal roof of the stage was anciently called *the heavens*. This was its known and familiar name, as we have previously had occasion to mention. (See Henry VI., Part I., Illustration of Act I.) But when tragedies were represented, the back of the stage, according to Malone, was hung with black. Whiter is persuaded that, on these occasions, the decorations about the roof, which were designed to represent the appearance of the heavens, were also covered with black. This, then, was the "blanket of the dark" through which "heaven" was not to "peep." This is certainly ingenious; but is it necessary to the understanding of the passage? Drayton, without any stage associations, has this line in an early poem:—

> "The sullen *night* in misty *rug* is wrapp'd."

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Who's there?—what, hoa!*"

After "That summons thee to heaven, or to hell," Tieck inserts—"*he ascends,*"—and says, "We learn afterwards that he descends. I have inserted this stage direction that the reader may the better understand the construction of the old theatre." Again, when Macbeth calls out "Who's there?" he inserts, before the exclamation, "*he appears above,*" and after it, "*he again withdraws.*" Tieck says, "I have also added these directions for the sake of perspicuity. The editors make him say this without being seen—'*within*,'—which is an impossibility. To whom should he make this inquiry *within* the chambers, where all are sleeping? The king, besides, does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber; how loud then must be the call to be heard from within the second chamber in the courtyard below. The original at this passage has '*Enter Macbeth.*' I explain this peculiar direction thus:—Macbeth lingers yet a moment within: his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered, and crazed, he rushes back to the *balcony*, and calls beneath, 'Who's there?' in his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder. Had Fleance, or Banquo, or even any of the servants of the house, whom he had but just sent away, been beneath, the whole secret deed would have been betrayed. I consider this return, which appears but a mere trifle, as a striking beauty in Shakspere's drama. He delights (because he always sets tragedy in activity through passion as well as through intrigue) in suspending success and failure on a needle's point."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE IV.—"*Enter the Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place.*"

This is the stage direction of the original; and nothing can be more precise. It presents the strongest evidence that, in the representation of this tragedy within sixteen years of its original production, and only seven years after the death of its author, the Ghost of Banquo was exhibited to the audience. It has been maintained, however, and the opinion was acted upon by John Kemble, that the Ghost of Banquo ought not to be visible to the audience; and that, as it was visible only to Macbeth of all the company assembled at the solemn supper, it can only be regarded as

> "a false creation
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,"

like the dagger which he saw previous to the murder of Duncan. This opinion is, of course, supported by the argument that the visible introduction of the Ghost is to be ascribed to an injudicious stage direction of the players, and was not intended by the poet. Tieck, in his translation of this tragedy, receives, though unwillingly, the stage direction; and he explains that the banquet takes place on the secondary stage (see Othello, Illustration of Act V.), and that the Ghost enters from behind the curtain of that stage. There cannot, we think, be any hesitation about the acceptance of the stage direction as evidence how the play was acted by Shakspere's "fellows;" and this is the best evidence we can have of Shakspere's own conception of the thing. But there is another point, to which, before the publication of our "Pictorial Shakspere," our attention was drawn by the communication of a gentleman personally unknown to us, which cannot be dismissed with such certainty. This gentleman stated that, having recently attended a meeting of a Society for Literary Discussion, one, who called himself an actor, "among other dramatic criticisms boldly propounded the following, some-

* Forman's account confirms this. (See Introductory Notice.)

what to the astonishment of the audience, viz. that the first apparition which Macbeth beholds in the celebrated banquet scene is that of Duncan—the *second only* that of Banquo." Our correspondent favoured us with some of the arguments by which this proposition was supported at the literary meeting; and he added some of his own, which appeared to us equally ingenious. But we are met on the threshold of the argument by the original stage direction. We should be inclined, with Kemble, and Capell Lofft, and Tieck, to reject any visible Ghost *altogether*, but for this stage direction; and it equally compels us to admit in this place *the Ghost of Banquo*. Is there anything, then, in the text inconsistent with the stage direction? When Macbeth has hypocritically said, in his consciousness of the murder—

> " Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present,"

it is a piece of consummate art that he should see the table full, and his own chair occupied by the vision of him whose presence he has just affected to desire. His first exclamation is—

> " Thou canst not say *I* did it."

The hired murderers had done it—the common evasion of one perpetrating a crime through the instrumentality of another. If it be *Duncan's* Ghost we must read—

> " Thou canst not *say* I did it."

But we have afterwards the expression—

> " If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
> Those that we bury, back, our monuments
> Shall be the maws of kites."

This must apply, it is said, to Duncan:—" Duncan is in his grave." Of Banquo, Macbeth has just heard, " safe in a ditch he bides." But the same species of argument is equally strong against the proposed change. If the second Ghost is to be the Ghost of Banquo, how can it be said of him—" Thy bones are *marrowless?*" There can be no doubt that these terms, *throughout the scene*, must be received as general expressions of the condition of death as opposed to that of life, and have no more direct reference to Duncan than to Banquo. There is a coincidence of passages pointed out by our correspondent which strongly makes, as admitted by him, against the opinion which he communicates to us. The murderer has said—

> " Safe in a ditch he bides,
> With *twenty trenched gashes on his head;*
> The least a death to nature."

The idea seized upon Macbeth's mind, and it embodied itself in this echo:—

> " 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."

We have no doubt of the correctness of the original stage direction.

But there is *no* direction in the original copy for the disappearance of the Ghost before Macbeth exclaims, " If I stand here, I saw him." The direction which we find is modern; but the Ghost is unquestionably gone, as far as Macbeth is conscious of its presence. Macbeth recovers his self-possession. After " Give me some wine, fill full," we have in the original the stage direction—

> *Enter Ghost.*

Now, then, arises the question, Is this the Ghost of Banquo? To make the Ghost of Banquo return a second time at the moment when Macbeth wishes for the presence of Banquo is not in the highest style of art. The stage direction does not prevent us arguing that here it may be the Ghost of Duncan. The terror of Macbeth is now more intense than on the first appearance; it becomes desperate and defying. In the presence of the Ghost of Banquo, when he is asked, " Are you a man?" he replies—

> " Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
> Which might appal the devil."

Upon the second apparition it is, " Avaunt! and quit my sight,"—" Take any shape but *that*,"—" Hence, horrible shadow!" Are not these words applied to some object of *greater* terror than the former? Have there not been *two* spectral appearances, as implied in the expressions—

> " Can such *things* be?"

and—

> " You make me strange
> Even to the disposition that I owe,
> When now I think you can behold such *sights?*"

We of course place little confidence in this opinion, though we confess to a strong inclination towards it. At any rate, we discharged a duty which we owed to our kind correspondent, in examining the question somewhat fully.

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE I.—" *Black spirits*," &c.

In Act III. Sc. V. we have the stage direction, " Song within, ' Come away, come away,' &c." In the same manner we have in this scene " Music and a Song, ' Black spirits,' &c." In Middleton's " Witch " we find two songs, each of which begins according to the stage direction. The first is—

> " Come away, come away;
> Hecate, Hecate, come away. } *in the air.*
> *Hec.* I come, I come, I come,
> With all the speed I may,
> With all the speed I may."

The second is called " A Charm Song about a Vessel:"—

> " Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray;
> Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
> Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
> Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
> Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
> Round, around, around, about, about;
> All ill come running in, all good keep out!"

[b] SCENE III.—" *Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.*"

Holinshed thus describes the gift of curing the evil which was alleged to exist in the person of Edward the Confessor:—" As it has been thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophecy, and also to have the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to help those that were vexed with the disease commonly called the king's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realm." The golden stamp is stated to be the coin called *an angel;* for the origin of which name, as given by Verstegan, see The Merchant of Venice, Illustrations of Act II.

HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

It is not our intention to conduct our readers through the obscure and contradictory traditions that belong to the history of Macbeth. Shakspere found this history, apocryphal as it may be, graphically told in Holinshed; and it will be sufficient for us to select such passages as must necessarily have passed under the poet's eye in the construction of this great tragedy.

"It fortuned as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Forres, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together, without other company save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when suddenly, in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resembling creatures of elder world, whom when they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said, All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glammis! (for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said, Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawder! But the third said, All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!

"Then Banquo: What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seem so little favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them), we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all; but of thee shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of continual descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediately out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vain fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, insomuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest King of Scotland; and Macbeth again would call him in sport likewise the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, endued with knowledge of prophecy by their necromantical science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken. For, shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forres of treason against the king committed, his lands, livings, and offices were given of the king's liberality to Macbeth.

"The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him, and said, Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass. Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom; but yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, which should advance him thereto (by the Divine Providence) as it had come to pass in his former preferment. But shortly after it chanced that King Duncan, having two sons by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them, called Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom immediately after his decease. Macbeth, sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realm, the ordinance was, that, if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force, having a just quarrel so to do (as he took the matter), for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

"The words of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him hereunto, but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of a queen. At length, therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid he slew the king at Enverns, or (as some say) at Botgosvane, in the first year of his reign. Then, having a company about him of such as he had made privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone, where (by common content) he received the investure of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner"

ACT III.

The murder of Banquo is thus told by Holinshed:—

"These and the like commendable laws Macbeth caused to be put as then in use, governing the realm for the space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him, partly against his natural inclination, to purchase thereby the favour of the people. Shortly after, he began to show what he was,—instead of equity, practising cruelty: for the prick of conscience (as it chanceth ever in tyrants, and such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means) caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which, as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo. He willed therefore the same Banquo, with his son, named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death at the hands of certain murderers whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with the same Banquo and his son without the palace as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any suspicion that might arise.

"It chanced yet by the benefit of the dark night that, though the father were slain, the son, yet by the help of Almighty God, reserving him to better fortune, escaped that danger; and afterwards having some inkling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no less than his father's, who was slain not by chance-medley (as by the handling of the matter Macbeth would have had it to appear), but even upon a devise; whereupon, to avoid further peril, he fled into Wales."

ACT IV.

We continue our extracts from Holinshed:—

"Neither could he afterwards abide to look upon the said Macduff, either for that he thought his puissance over great; either else for that he had learned of certain wizards, in whose words he put great confidence, (for that the prophecy had happened so right which the three fairies or weird sisters had declared unto him,) how that he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

"And surely hereupon had he put Macduff to death, but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told that he should never be slain with man born of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear to be punished for the same; for by the one prophecy he believed it was impossible for any man to vanquish him, and by the other impossible to slay him. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things, to the grievous oppression of his subjects. At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England, to procure Malcolm Cammore to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof; for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto Lynx, and long ears like unto Midas: for Macbeth had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in fee with him, to reveal all that was said or done within the same, by which flight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realm.

"Immediately then, being advertised whereabout Macduff went,

* A plain amongst trees.

he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelled, trusting to have found him therein. They that kept the house, without any resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all other whom he found in that castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all the parts of his realm; but Macduff was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England unto Malcolm Cammore, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends.

"Though Malcolm was very sorrowful for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Macduff had declared; yet, doubting whether he were come as one that came unfeignedly as he spake, or else as sent from Macbeth to betray him, he thought to have some further trial; and thereupon, dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:—

"I am truly very sorry for the misery chanced to my country of Scotland, but, though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certain incurable vices which reign in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abominable fountain of all vices) followeth me, that, if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to destroy your maids and matrons, in such wise that mine intemperancy should be more importable unto you than the bloody tyranny of Macbeth now is. Hereunto Macduff answered, This surely is a very evil fault, for many noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdoms for the same; nevertheless there are women enough in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsel: make thyself king, and I shall con the matter so wisely, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolm, I am also the most avaricious creature on the earth, so that if I were king I should seek so many ways to get lands and goods that I would slay the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods, and possessions; and, therefore, to show you what mischief may ensue on you through my unsatiable covetousness, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on him overset with a swarm of flies that continually sucked out his blood and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered, No; for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof suck not very eagerly, should be chased away, other that are empty and an hungered should light in their places, and suck out the residue of my blood, far more to my grievance than these, which now being satisfied, do not much annoy me. Therefore, said Malcolm, suffer me to remain where I am, lest, if I attain to the regiment of your realm, mine unquenchable avarice may prove such that ye would think the displeasures which now grieve you should seem easy in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might ensue through my coming amongst you.

"Macduff to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other; for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slain and brought to their final end. Yet, notwithstanding, follow my counsel, and take upon thee the crown. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfy thy greedy desire. Then said Malcolm again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kind of deceit, so that I naturally rejoice in nothing so much as to betray and deceive such as put any trust and confidence in my words. Then, sith there is nothing that more becometh a prince than constancy, verity, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those fair and noble virtues which are comprehended only in soothfastness, and that lying utterly overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to govern any province or regiment; and, therefore, sith you have remedies to cloak and hide all the rest of my other vices, I pray you find shift to cloak this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Macduff, This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore say, Oh ye unhappy and miserable Scotchmen, which are thus scourged with so many and sundry calamities, each one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you without any right or title, oppressing you with his most bloody cruelty. This other, that hath the right to the crown, is so replete with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthy to enjoy it; for, by his own confession, he is not only avaricious and given to unsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withal, that no trust is to be had unto any word he speaketh. Adieu, Scotland! for now I account myself a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation. And with those words the brackish tears trickled down his cheeks very abundantly.

"At the last, when he was ready to depart, Malcolm took him by the sleeve, and said, Be of good comfort, Macduff, for I have none of these vices before remembered, but have jested with thee in this manner only to prove thy mind: for diverse times heretofore hath Macbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands; but the more slow I have showed myself to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I use in accomplishing the same. Incontinently hereupon they embraced each other, and, promising to be faithful the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best provide for all their business, to bring the same to good effect."

ACT V.

Holinshed thus narrates the catastrophe:—

"He had such confidence in his prophecies, that he believed he should never be vanquished till Bernane wood were brought to Dunsinane; nor yet to be slain with any man that should be or was born of any woman.

"Malcolm, following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and, when his army had rested awhile there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the next morrow they might come closely and without sight in this manner within view of his enemies. On the morrow, when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marvelled what the matter meant, but in the end remembered himself that the prophecy which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane wood to Dunsinane Castle, was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly; howbeit, his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs when Macbeth, perceiving their numbers, betook him straight to flight, whom Macduff pursued with great hatred, even till he came unto Lunfannaine, where Macbeth, perceiving that Macduff was hard at his back, leaped beside his horse, saying, Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldst thus in vain follow me, that am not appointed to be slain by any creature that is born of a woman? Come on, therefore, and receive thy reward, which thou hast deserved for thy pains: and therewithal he lifted up his sword, thinking to have slain him.

"But Macduff, quickly avoiding from his horse ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hand), saying, It is true, Macbeth, and now shall thine insatiable cruelty have an end, for I am even he that thy wizards have told thee of; who was never born of my mother, but ripped out of her womb: therewithal he stepped unto him, and slew him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm. This was the end of Macbeth, after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth (as ye have heard); but afterwards, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelty. He was slain in the year of the Incarnation 1057, and in the sixteenth year of King Edward's reign over the Englishmen."

LOCAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—"*A Camp near Forres.*"

PROBABLY situated in the moors to the south of the town, so as to intercept the march of the invaders from Fife to the royal residences of the north. Wide and almost level tracts of heath extend southwards from Forres, amidst which the march of an army might be discerned from a great distance. It must be mentioned that the stage direction, "Camp near Forres," does not occur in the original, although it is clear in the third scene that Macbeth and Banquo are on their way thither :—

"How far is 't call'd to Forres ?"

SCENE II.—"*St. Colmes' inch.*"

Inch, Island; St. Colmes', St. Columba's.—This island of St. Columba lies in the Firth of Forth, off the coast of Fife, a little to the east of North Queensferry. Alexander I. was wrecked on this island, and entertained by a hermit. In memory of his preservation Alexander founded a monastery, to which great sanctity attached for many centuries, and the remains of which are still conspicuous. It was often plundered by English marauders; but it was so generally believed that the saint invariably avenged himself on the pirates, that the sacredness of the place, as the scene of conferences and contracts, remained unimpaired. The "Norweyan king" was probably compelled to disburse his "ten thousand dollars" on this spot before burying his men on the soil of Fife, in order to make his humiliation as solemn and emphatic as possible.

SCENE III.—"*A Heath.*"

Common superstition assigns the Harmuir, on the borders of Elgin and Nairn, as the place of the interview between Macbeth and the weird sisters. A more dreary piece of moorland is not to be found in all Scotland. Its eastern limit is about six miles from Forres, and its western four from Nairn, and the high-road from these places intersects it. This "blasted heath" is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog-water, white stones and bushes of furze. Sand-hills and a line of blue sea, beyond which are the distant hills of Ross and Caithness, bound it to the north; a farmstead or two may be seen afar off; and the ruins of a castle rise from amidst a few trees on the estate of Brodie of Brodie on the north-west. There is something startling to a stranger in seeing the solitary figure of the peat-digger or rush-gatherer moving amidst the waste in the sunshine of a calm autumn day; but the desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable.

Boece narrates the interview of Macbeth and Banquo with the weird sisters as an actual occurrence; and he is repeated by Holinshed. Buchanan, whose mind was averse from admitting more superstitions than were necessary to historical fidelity, relates the whole scene as a dream of Macbeth's. It is now scarcely possible even for the imagination of the historical student to make its choice between the scene of the generals, mounted and attended by their troops, meeting the witches in actual presence on the waste of the Harmuir, and the encounter of the aspiring spirit of Macbeth with the prophets of its fate amid the wilder scenery of the land of dreams. As far as the superstition is concerned with the real history, the poet has bound us in his mightier spells. The Witches of Shakspere have become realities.

SCENE III.—"*Thane of Glamis.*"

Glamis Castle, five miles from Forfar, is one of the four or five castles in which the murder of Duncan is erroneously declared to have been perpetrated. Previous to 1372 a small castle, two stories high, stood on this spot, commanding a wide extent of level country, bounded in one direction by the range of Dunsinane Hills, and within view of Birnam Hill. Tradition assigns this old stronghold as the occasional residence of Macbeth; who, however, as will be seen elsewhere, could never have dwelt within stone walls. The present magnificent edifice is above a hundred feet in height, and contains a hundred rooms; and the walls of the oldest part of the building are fifteen feet thick. An ancient bedstead is preserved in it, on which it is pretended that Duncan was murdered. Glamis Castle is made by tradition the scene of another murder—that of Malcolm II., in 1034. The property passed into the hands of the Strathmore family (to whom it still belongs) in 1372, on occasion of the marriage of John Lyon, ancestor of the family, with a daughter of Robert II., from whom the estate was received as a gift.

SCENE III.—"*Thane of Cawdor.*"

Cawdor Castle is another supposed scene of the murder of Duncan. A portion of Duncan's coat-of-mail is pretended to be shown there; and also the chamber in which he was murdered, with the recess, cut out of the thickness of the walls, in which the king's valet hid himself during the perpetration of the deed. Cawdor Castle is about six miles from Nairn, and stands on a rising ground above the windings of the Calder, overlooking a wide tract of woodland, bounded on the north by the Moray Firth. It has a moat and drawbridge; and a part of it, without date, shows marks of very high antiquity. The more modern part bears the date of 1510. Tradition says that the original builder of this castle was desired to load an ass with the gold he could afford for his edifice, to follow where the ass should lead, and build where it should stop. The ass stopped at a hawthorn in the wood, and this hawthorn was built into the centre chamber of the ground-floor of the castle. There it is still, worn and cut away till it is a slender wooden pillar in the midst of the antique apartment. Beside it stands the chest which contained the gold; and here, it is supposed, did the train of Duncan mingle in revel with the servants of Macbeth on the night of the murder. The stranger who stands in the low, dim vault regrets that history and tradition cannot be made to agree.

SCENE IV.—"*Forres. A Room in the Palace.*"

Forres is a town of great antiquity. At its western extremity there is an eminence commanding the river, the level country to the coast of Moray Firth, and the town. On this spot, advantageous for strength and survey, stand the ruins of an ancient castle, the walls of which are very massive, and the architecture Saxon. Tradition declares that before this castle was built the fort stood there in which King Duffus was murdered in 965 or 966. It is probable that this fort was the residence of Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court or royal army was at Forres. The imagination of the student of the chroniclers or of Shakspere fixes on this green mound as the spot where Macbeth bent the knee to his sovereign, while internally occupied with the greetings which had just met him on the Harmuir.

SCENE V.—"*Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*"

Boece declares that Macbeth's castle, in which Duncan was murdered, was that which stood on an eminence to the south-east of the town of Inverness. It is certain that the building called a castle, which stood there, was razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, who built another on a different part of the hill. It was this last, dismantled in the war of 1745, which Dr. Johnson and Boswell entered in 1773, apparently without any suspicion that it was not the identical place in which Duncan was received by Lady Macbeth. Boswell not only recognises the "pleasant seat" of the building, but looks up with veneration to the battlements on which the raven croaked. He declares—"I had a romantic satisfaction in seeing Dr. Johnson actually in it." It appears, however, from the researches of antiquarians, that the castles of Macbeth's days were not built of stone and mortar at all. The "vitrified forts," whose vestiges are found scattered over Scotland, and which are conjectured to be the work of the primitive Celtic inhabitants, remain a mystery,

both as to their construction and purposes; but, with the exception of these, there are no traces of erections of stone of so early a date as the reign of Duncan. The forts and castles of those days appear to have been composed of timber and sods, which crumbled and dissolved away ages ago, leaving only a faint circle upon the soil, to mark the place where they stood. It is thus that the site of Lunfanan Fort (the supposed scene of Macbeth's death) has been ascertained. This fact about the method of building in that age settles the question of Duncan's murder at Cawdor Castle, or Glamis, or any other to which that event has been assigned. It could not have taken place in any building now in existence.

It is now believed by some that Duncan was not assassinated at all, but slain in battle. Later historians follow Boece in his declaration that the king was murdered in Macbeth's castle at Inverness; but the register of the Priory of St. Andrew's says, "Doncath interfectus est in *Bothgonanan*." Fordun says that, being wounded, he was conveyed to Elgin, and died there. The meaning of *Bothgonanan* being "the smith's dwelling," it has been conjectured that the king was murdered by ambushed assassins, at or near a smith's dwelling, in the neighbourhood of Elgin.

Supposing the murder to have taken place, however, at Macbeth's castle at Inverness, the abode might well be said to have "a pleasant seat." The hill overhangs the river Ness, and commands a fine view of the town, the surrounding levels, and the mountains which enclose Loch Ness to the west. The eminence is at present crowned with the new castle, which contains the courts and the offices connected with them. No vestiges remain of Malcolm's castle, visited by Dr. Johnson and Boswell as the Macbeth's castle of Boece and Shakspere.

ACT II.

SCENE IV.—"*And gone to Scone,*
To be invested."

The ancient royal city of Scone, supposed to have been the capital of the Pictish kingdom, lay two miles northward from the present town of Perth. It was the residence of the Scottish monarchs as early as the reign of Kenneth M'Alpin, and there was a long series of kings crowned on the celebrated stone enclosed in a chair, now used as the seat of our sovereigns at coronations in Westminster Abbey. This stone was removed to Scone from Dunstaffnage, the yet earlier residence of the Scottish kings, by Kenneth II., soon after the founding of the abbey of Scone by the Culdees in 838, and was transferred by Edward I. to Westminster Abbey in 1296. This remarkable stone is reported to have found its way to Dunstaffnage from the plain of Luz, where it was the pillow of the patriarch Jacob while he dreamed his dream.

An aisle of the abbey of Scone remains. A few poor habitations alone exist on the site of the ancient royal city.

SCENE IV.—"*Where is Duncan's body?*
Carried to Colme-kill."

Colme-kill, St. Columba's Cell; Icolm-kill, Hyona, Iona.—The island of Iona, separated only by a narrow channel from the island of Mull, off the western coast of Argyll, was the place of sepulture of many Scottish kings; and, according to tradition, of several Irish and Norwegian monarchs. This little island, only three miles long and one and a half broad, was once the most important spot of the whole cluster of British Isles. It was inhabited by Druids previous to the year 563, when Colum M'Felim M'Fergus, afterwards called St. Columba, landed with twelve companions, and began to preach Christianity. A monastery was soon established on the spot, and others afterwards arose in the neighbouring isles, and on the mainland. A noble cathedral was built, and a nunnery at a short distance from it, the ruins of both of which still remain. The reputation of the learning, doctrine, and discipline of these establishments extended over the whole Christian world for some centuries; devotees of rank or other eminence strove for admission into them; missionaries of the highest qualifications issued from them; the records of royal deeds were preserved there; and there the bones of kings reposed. Historians seem to agree that all the monarchs of Scotland, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth inclusive—that is, from 973 to 1040—were buried at Iona; and some suppose that the cathedral was a place of royal sepulture from the time of its erection. The island was several times laid waste by the Danes and by pirates; and the records which were saved were removed to Ireland in consequence of the perpetual peril; but the monastic establishments survived every such attack, and remained in honour till the year 1561, when the act of the Convention of Estates was passed, by which all monasteries were doomed to demolition. Such books and records as could be found in Iona were burnt, the tombs were broken open, and the greater number of its host of crosses thrown down or carried away.

The cathedral of Iona, as seen afar off from the outside of Fingal's Cave in Staffa, standing out against the western sky, is a singular object in the midst of some of the wildest scenery of the ocean,—the only token of high civilisation—the solitary record of an intellectual world which has passed away. It presides over a wide extent of stormy waters, with their scattered isles; and the stone crosses of its cemetery, and the lofty walls and Saxon and Gothic arches of its venerable buildings, form a strange contrast with the hovels of the fishermen which stand upon the shore.

In the cemetery, among the monuments of the founders and of many subsequent abbots, are three rows of tombs, said to be those of the Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings, in number reported to be forty-eight. For statements like these, however, there is no authority but tradition. Tradition itself does not pretend to individualise these tombs, so that the stranger must be satisfied with the knowledge that within the enclosure where he stands lie Duncan and Macbeth.

Corpach, two miles from Fort William, retains some distinction from being the place whence the bodies of the Scottish monarchs were embarked for the sacred island. While traversing the stormy waters which surround these gloomy western isles, the imagination naturally reverts to the ancient days when the funeral train of barks was tossing amidst the waves, and the chant of the monks might be heard from afar welcoming the remains of the monarch to their consecrated soil.

Some of the Irish and Norwegian kings buried in Iona were pilgrims, who had abdicated their thrones and retired to the monastery of St. Columba.

ACT IV.

SCENE II.—"*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*"

On the Fifeshire coast, about three miles from Dysart, stand two quadrangular towers, supposed to be the ruins of Macduff's castle. These are not the only remains in Scotland, however, which claim to have been the abode of Macduff's wife and children when they were surprised and slaughtered by Macbeth.

ACT V.

SCENE IV.—"*What wood is this before us?*
The wood of Birnam."

Birnam Hill is distant about a mile from Dunkeld; and the two old trees, which are believed to be the last remains of Birnam Wood, grow by the river-side, half a mile from the foot of the hill. The hills of Birnam and Dunsinane must have been excellent posts of observation in time of war, both commanding the level country which lies between them, and various passes, lochs, roads, and rivers in other directions. Birnam Hill, no longer clothed with forest, but belted with plantations of young larch, rises to the height of ten hundred and forty feet, and exhibits, amidst the heath, ferns, and mosses which clothe its sides, distinct traces of an ancient fort, which is called Duncan's Court. Tradition says that Duncan held his court there. The Dunsinane Hills are visible, at the distance of twelve miles, from every part of its northern side. Birnam Hill is precisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause to survey the plain which he must cross; and from this spot would the "leavy screen" devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the amount of the hostile force from the watch on the Dunsinane heights:—

"Thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us."

SCENE V.—"*As I did stand my watch upon the hill.*"

It is not ascertained on which hill of the Dunsinane range, in Perthshire, Macbeth's forces were posted. Behind Dunsinane House there is a green hill, on the summit of which are vestiges of a vitrified fort, which tradition has declared to be the remains of Macbeth's castle.

The country between Birnam and Dunsinane is level and fertile, and from several parts of the Dunsinane range the outline of Birnam Hill is visible; but as the distance is twelve miles in a direct line, no sentinel on the Dunsinane Hills could see the wood at Birnam begin to move, or even that there was a wood. We must suppose either that the distance was contracted for the poet's purposes, or that the wood called Birnam extended from the hill for some miles into the plain:—

"Within this three mile may you see it coming."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

IN Coleridge's early sonnet "to the Author of the Robbers," his imagination is enchained to the most terrible scene of that play; disregarding, as it were, all the accessories by which its horrors are mitigated and rendered endurable:—

> "Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,
> If through the shuddering midnight I had sent
> From the dark dungeon of the tower time-rent
> That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry—
> Lest in some after-moment aught more mean
> Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout
> Black Horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout
> Diminish'd shrunk from the more withering scene!"

It was in a somewhat similar manner that Shakspere's representation of the murder of Duncan affected the imagination of Mrs. Siddons:—

"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that on which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of Lady Macbeth. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I can never forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapped my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting it out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes." *

This most interesting passage appears to us to involve the consideration of the principles upon which the examination of such a work of art as Macbeth can alone be attempted. To analyze the conduct of the plot, to exhibit the obvious and the latent features of the characters, to point out the proprieties and the splendours of the poetical language—these are duties which, however agreeable they may be to ourselves, are scarcely demanded by the nature of the subject: and they have been so often attempted that there is manifest danger of being trite and wearisome if we should enter into this wide field. We shall, therefore, apply ourselves as strictly as possible to an inquiry into the nature of that poetical art by which the horrors of this great tragedy are confined within the limits of pleasurable emotion.

If the drama of Macbeth were to produce the same effect upon the mind of an imaginative reader as that described by Mrs. Siddons, it would not be the great work of art which it really is. If our poet had resolved, using the words of his own Othello, to

> "abandon all remorse,
> On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

the midnight terrors, such as Mrs. Siddons has described, would have indeed been a tribute to *power*, but not to the power which has produced Macbeth. The paroxysm of fear, the panic-struck fancy, the prostrated senses, so beautifully described by this impassioned actress, were the result of the intensity with which she had fixed her mind upon that part of the play which she was herself to act. In the endeavour to get the words into her head, her own fine genius was naturally kindled to behold a complete vision of the wonderful scene. Again and again were the words repeated, on that night which she could never forget—in the silence of that night when all about her were sleeping. And then she heard the owl shriek amidst the hurried steps in the fatal chamber,—and she saw the bloody hands of the assassin,—and, personifying the murderess, she rushed to dip her own hands in the gore of Duncan. It is perfectly evident that this intensity of conception has carried the horrors far beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion, and has produced all the terrors of a real murder. No reader of the play, and no spectator, can regard this play as Mrs. Siddons regarded it. On that night she, probably for the first time, had a strong though imperfect vision of the character of Lady Macbeth, such as she afterwards delineated it; and in that case, what to all of us must, under any circumstances, be a work of art, however glorious, was to her almost a reality. It was the isolation of the scene, demanded by her own attempt to conceive the character of Lady Macbeth, which made it so terrible to Mrs. Siddons. *We* have to regard it as a part of a great whole, which combines and harmonizes with all around it; for which we are adequately prepared by what has gone before; and which—even if we look at it as a picture which represents only that one portion of the action—has still its own repose, its own harmony of colouring, its own chiaroscuro—is to be seen under a natural light. There was a preternatural light upon it when Mrs. Siddons saw it as she has described.

The assassination scene of the second act is dimly shadowed out in the first lines of the drama, when those mysterious beings,—

> "So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
> That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
> And yet are on 't,"—

have resolved to go

> "upon the heath:
> There to meet with Macbeth."

We know there is to be evil. One of the critics of the last age has observed, "The Witches here seem to be introduced for no other purpose than to tell us they are to meet again." If the Witches had not been introduced in the first scene,—if we had not known that they were about "to meet with Macbeth,"—the narrative of Macbeth's prowess in the second scene, and the resolution of Duncan to create him Thane of Cawdor, would have been comparatively pointless. The ten lines of the first Witch scene give the key-note of the tragedy. They take us out of the course of ordinary life; they tell us there is to be a "supernatural soliciting;" they show us that we are entering into the empire of the unreal, and that the circle of the magician is to be drawn about us. When the Witches "meet again," their agency becomes more clear. There they are, again muttering of their uncouth spells, in language which sounds neither of earth nor heaven. Fortunate are those who have never seen the stage Witches

* Memoranda by Mrs. Siddons, inserted in her "Life" by Mr. Campbell.

of Macbeth, hag-like forms, with beards and brooms, singing D'Avenant's travestie of Shakspere's lyrics to music, fine and solemn indeed, but which is utterly inadequate to express the Shaksperian idea, as it does not follow the Shaksperian words. Fortunate are they; for, without the stage recollections, they may picture to themselves beings whose "character consists in the imaginative disconnected from the good; the shadowy obscure and fearfully anomalous of physical nature, the lawless of human nature,—elemental avengers without sex or kin." * The *stage* Witches of Macbeth are not much elevated above the "Witch of Edmonton," of Rowley and Dekker—"the plain traditional old-woman witch of our ancestors; poor, deformed, and ignorant; the terror of villages, herself amenable to a justice." Charles Lamb (from whom we quote these words) has, with his accustomed discrimination, also shown the essential differences between the Witches of Shakspere and the Witches of Middleton:—"These (Middleton's) are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first meet with Macbeth, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his destiny. He can never break the fascination. These witches hurt the body; those have power over the soul." † But the Witches of the stage Macbeth are Middleton's Witches, and not Shakspere's; and they sing Middleton's lyrics, as stolen by D'Avenant, but they are not Shakspere's lyrics. The witches of Shakspere essentially belong to the action. From the moment they exclaim—

> "A drum, a drum;
> Macbeth doth come,"—

all their powers are bent up to the accomplishment of his ruin. Shakspere gives us no choruses of—

> "We dance to the echoes of our feet;"

and—

> "We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits."

He makes the superstition tell upon the action of the tragedy, and not a jot farther; and thus he makes the superstition harmonize with the action, and prepare us for its fatal progress and consummation. It was an effect of his consummate skill to render the superstition essentially poetical. When we hear in imagination the drum upon that wild heath, and see the victorious generals in the "proper temperament for generating or receiving superstitious impressions," ‡ we connect with these poetical situations the lofty bearing of the "imperfect speakers," and the loftier words of the "prophetic greeting:"—

> "All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
> All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
> All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter."

It is the romance of this situation which throws its charm over the subsequent horrors of the realisation of the prophecy, and keeps the whole drama within the limits which separate tragedy from the "Newgate Calendar." If some Tate had laid his hand upon Macbeth, as upon Lear (for D'Avenant, who did manufacture it into something which up to the time of Quin was played as Shakspere's, had yet a smack of the poet in him)—if some matter-of-fact word-monger had thought it good service to "the rising generation" to get rid of the Witches, and had given the usurper and his wife only their ambition to stimulate their actions, he would have produced a George Barnwell instead of a Macbeth.

It is upon the different reception of the supernatural influence, proceeding out of the different constitution of their minds, by which we must appreciate the striking differences in the characters of Macbeth, Banquo, and Lady Macbeth. These are the three who are the sole recipients of the prophecy of the Witches; and this consideration, as it appears to us, must determine all that has been said upon the question whether Macbeth was or was not a brave man. There can be no doubt of his bravery when he was acting under the force of his own will. In the contest with "the merciless Macdonwald" he was "valour's minion." In that with "Norway himself" he was "Bellona's bridegroom." But when he encountered the Witches, and his will was laid prostrate under a belief in destiny, there was a new principle introduced into his mind. His self-possession and his self-reliance were gone:—

> "Good sir, why do you start; and seem to *fear*
> Things that do sound so fair?"

But he yet depended upon his reason. With marvellous art Shakspere at this moment throws on the straw which is to break the camel's back:—

> "The thane of Cawdor lives,
> A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
> Stands not within the prospect of belief,
> No more than to be Cawdor."

In a few minutes he knows he *is* Cawdor:—

> "Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
> The greatest is behind."

But Banquo receives the partial consummation of the prophecy with an unsubdued mind:—

> "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."

The will of Banquo refuses to be mixed up with the prophecy. The will of Macbeth becomes the accomplice of the "instruments of darkness," and is subdued to their purposes:—

> "Why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
> Against the use of nature?"

And then comes the refuge of every man of unfirm mind upon whom temptation is laid:—

> "If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me.
> Without my stir."

If he had opposed the chance he would have been safe; but his will was prostrate before the chance, and he perished. It is perfectly clear that the faint battle had been fought between his principle and his "black and deep desires" when he saw something to "o'erleap," even beyond the life of Duncan—"the prince of Cumberland." In the conflict of his mind it is evident that he communicates to his wife the promises of those who "have more in them than mortal knowledge," not only that she might not lose the "dues of rejoicing," but that he might have some power to rely upon stronger than his own will. He was not deceived there. It is clear that Lady Macbeth had no reliance upon the prophecy working out itself. She had no belief that chance would make him king without his stir:—

> "Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
> What thou art promis'd."

It was not that thou mayest be, or thou wilt be, but thou *shalt* be. The only fear she had was of his nature. She would "catch the nearest way." She instantly saw that way. The prophecy was to her nothing but as it regarded the effect to be produced upon him who would not play false, and yet would wrongly win. All that is coming is clear before her through the force of her will:—

> "The raven himself is hoarse
> That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
> Under *my* battlements."

Upon the arrival of Macbeth, the breathless rapidity with which she subjects him to her resolve is one of the most appalling things in the whole drama. Her tremendous will is the real destiny which subju-

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 238.
† Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, vol. i. p. 187.
‡ Coleridge.

gates his indecision. Not a word of question or explanation! She salutes him as Glamis and Cawdor, and

> " Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter."

This is the sole allusion to the weird sisters. "We will speak further," seals his fate.

Here then, up to this point, we have the supernatural influence determining the progress of the action with a precipitation which in itself appears almost supernatural; and yet it is in itself strictly consonant to nature. It works in and through human passions and feelings. It works through unbelief as well as through belief. It pervades the entire action, whether in its repose or in its tumult. When "the heavens' breath smells wooingly" in Macbeth's castle, we feel that it is as treacherous to the "gentle senses" of Duncan as the blandishments of his hostess; and that this calm is but the prelude to that "unruly" night which is to follow, with its "lamentings" and its "strange screams of death." But this is a part of the poetry of the action, which keeps the horror within the bounds prescribed by a high art. The beautiful adaptation of the characters to the action constitutes a higher essential of the poetry. The last scene of the first act, where Macbeth marshals before him the *secondary* consequences of the meditated crime, and the *secondary* arguments against its commission—all the while forgetting that the real question is that of the one step from innocence into guilt—and where all these prudential considerations are at once overwhelmed by a guilty energy which despises as well as renounces them—that scene is indeed more terrible to us than the assassination scene; for it shows us how men fall through their own weakness and the bad strength of others. But in all this we see the deep philosophy of the poet—his profound knowledge of the springs of human action, derived perhaps from his experience of every-day crime and folly, but lifted into the highest poetry by his marvellous imagination. We know that after this the scene of the murder must come. All the preparatory incidents are poetical. The moon is down; Banquo and Fleance walk by torch-light; the servants are moving to rest; Macbeth is alone. He sees "the air-drawn dagger" which leads him to Duncan; he is still under the influence of some power stronger than his will; he is beset with false creations; his imagination is excited; he moves to bloodshed amidst a crowd of poetical images, with which his mind dallies, as it were, in its agony. Half frantic, he has done the deed. His passion must now have vent. It rushes like a torrent over the calmness which his wife opposes to it. His terrors embody themselves in gushing descriptions of those fearful voices that rang in the murderer's ears. Reproaches and taunts have now no power over him:—

> " I'll go no more:
> I am afraid to think what I have done;
> Look on 't again I dare not."

It is impossible, we think, for the poet to have more clearly indicated the mode in which he meant to contrast the characters of Macbeth and his wife than in the scene before us. It is a mistake to characterize the intellect of Lady Macbeth as of a higher order than that of her husband. Her force of character was stronger, because her intellect was less. She wanted that higher power which he possessed —the power of imagination. She hears no noises in that terrible hour but the scream of the owl and the cry of the crickets. To her

> " the sleeping, and the dead,
> Are but as pictures."

In her view

> " A little water clears us of this deed."

We believe that, if it had not been for the necessities of a theatrical representation, Shakspere would never have allowed it to have been supposed that a visible Ghost was presented in the banquet scene. It is to him who saw the dagger, and heard the voices cry, "Sleep no more," and who exclaimed—

> " Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand?"—

it is to him alone that the spectral appearances of that "solemn supper" are visible. Are they not then the forms only of his imagination? The partner of his guilt, who looked upon the great crime only as a business of necessity—who would have committed it herself but for one touch of feeling confessed only to herself—

> " Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept, I had done 't,"—

who had before disclaimed even the tenderest feelings of a mother if they had stood between her and her purpose—she sees no spectre, because her obdurate will cannot coexist with the imagination which produces the terror and remorse of her husband. It is scarcely the "towering bravery of her mind," in the right sense of the word: it is something lower than courage; it is the absence of impressibility: the tenacious adherence to one dominant passion constitutes her force of character.

As Macbeth recedes from his original nature under the influence of his fears and his superstitions he becomes, of necessity, a lower creature. It is the natural course of guilt. The "brave Macbeth" changes to a counterfeiter of passions, a hypocrite:—

> " O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
> That I did kill them."

He descends not only to the hire of murderers, but to the slander of his friend to stimulate their revenge. But his temperament is still that of which poets are made. In his murderous purposes he is still imaginative:—

> " Ere the bat hath flown
> His cloister'd flight; ere to black Hecate's summons,
> The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
> Hath rung night's yawning peal,
> There shall be done a deed of dreadful note."

It is this condition of Macbeth's mind which, we must again repeat, limits and mitigates the horror of the tragedy. After the tumult of the banquet scene the imagination of Macbeth again overbears (as it did after the murder) the force of the will in Lady Macbeth. It appears to us that her taunts and reproaches are only ventured upon by her when his excitement is beginning. After it has run its terrific course, and the frightened guests have departed, and the guilty man mutters, "It will have blood," then is her intellectual energy utterly helpless before his higher passion. Mrs. Jameson says of this remarkable scene, "A few words of submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression." Is it submission? Is it tenderness? Is it not rather the lower energy in subjection to the higher? Her intellect has lost its anchorage; but his imagination is about to receive a new stimulant:—

> " I will to-morrow
> (And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters:
> More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
> By the worst means, the worst."

"He has by guilt torn himself live-asunder from nature, and is therefore himself in a preternatural state no wonder, then, that he is inclined to superstition, and faith in the unknown, of signs and tokens, and superhuman agencies." Coleridge thus notices the point of action of which we are speaking. But it must not be forgotten that Macbeth was inclined to superstition before the guilt, and that his faith in superhuman agencies went far to produce the guilt. From this moment, however, his guilt is bolder, and his will more obdurate; his supernatural knowledge stands in the place of reflection and caution. He believes in it, and yet he will do something beyond the belief. He is told to "beware Macduff;" but he is also told that "none of woman born shall harm Macbeth." How does he reconcile this contrary belief?—

> " 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 spite of thunder."

* Mrs. Jameson.

And then comes the other prophecy of safety :—

> " Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
> Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him."

Does it produce tranquillity? All beyond is desperation :—

> " *Macb.* Saw you the weird 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 horse: Who was 't came by?
> *Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
> Macduff is fled to England.
> *Macb.* Fled to England?
> *Len.* Ay, my good lord.
> *Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
> The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
> Unless 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 it thought and done:
> The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
> Seize upon Fife; give to the edge of the sword
> His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
> That trace him in his line."

The retribution which falls upon Lady Macbeth is precisely that which is fitted to her guilt. The powerful will is subjected to the domination of her own imperfect senses. We cannot dwell upon her terrible punishment. There can be nothing beyond the agony of—

> " Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

The vengeance falls more gently on Macbeth; for he is in activity; he is still confident in prophetic securities. The contemplative melancholy which, however, occasionally comes over him in the last struggle is still true to the poetry of his character :—

> " Seyton!—I am sick at heart,
> When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
> Will cheer me ever, or dis-seat me now.
> I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
> Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:
> 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."

This passage, and the subsequent one of—

> " 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,"—

tell us of something higher and better in his character than the assassin and the usurper. He was the victim of "the equivocation of the fiend;" and he has paid a fearful penalty for his belief. The final avenging is a compassionate one, for he dies a warrior's death :—

> " I will not yield,
> To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
> And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
> Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
> And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
> Yet I will try the last: Before my body
> I throw my warlike shield."

The principle which we have thus so imperfectly attempted to exhibit as the leading characteristic of this glorious tragedy is, without doubt, that which constitutes the essential difference between a work of the highest genius and a work of mediocrity. Without *power*—by which we here especially mean the ability to produce strong excitement by the display of scenes of horror—no poet of the highest order was ever made; but this alone does not make such a poet. If he is called upon to present such scenes, they must, even in their most striking forms, be associated with the beautiful. The pre-eminence of his art in this particular can alone prevent them affecting the imagination beyond the limits of pleasurable emotion. To keep within these limits, and yet to preserve all the energy which results from the power of dealing with the terrible apart from the beautiful, belongs to few that the world has seen: to Shakspere it belongs surpassingly.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Troilus and Cressida.

The original quarto edition of Troilus and Cressida, printed in 1609, bears the following title:—"The famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid. Excellently expressing the Beginning of their Loues, with the Conceited Wooing of Pandarus Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London, Imprinted by G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spred Eagle in Paules Churchyeard, ouer against the great North Doore, 1609." In the same year a second edition was put forth by the same publishers, in the title-page of which appears, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe." There was a preface to the first edition, which is omitted in the second, in which are these words:—"You have here a new play, never staled with the stage." We shall have occasion more fully to notice this preface. No other edition of the play was published until it appeared in the folio collection of 1623. Its position in this collection has given rise to a singular hypothesis. Steevens says, "Perhaps the drama before us was not entirely of his (Shakspere's) construction. It appears to have been unknown to his associates, Hemings and Condell, till after the first folio was almost printed off." If the play had been *unknown* to Hemings and Condell, the notion that, for this reason, it might not be entirely of Shakspere's construction, would be a most illogical inference. But how is it shown that the play was *unknown* to Shakspere's associates? Farmer tells us, "It was at first either *unknown* or *forgotten*. It does not, however, appear in the *list* of the plays, and is thrust in between the *Histories* and the *Tragedies*, without any enumeration of the pages; except, I think, on one leaf only." If these critics had carried their inquiries one step further, they would have found that Troilus and Cressida was neither unknown nor forgotten by the editors of the first folio. It is more probable that they were only doubtful how to classify it. In the first quarto edition it is called a famous *History* in the title-page; but in the preface it is repeatedly mentioned as a *Comedy*. In the folio edition it bears the title of "The *Tragedie* of Troylus and Cressida." In that edition the Tragedies begin with Coriolanus; and the paging goes on regularly from 1 to 76, that last page bringing us within a hundred lines of the close of Romeo and Juliet. We then skip pages 77 and 78, Romeo and Juliet concluding with 79. Now the leaf of Troilus and Cressida on which Farmer observed an enumeration of pages includes the second and third pages of the play, and those are marked 79, 80. If the last page of Romeo and Juliet had been marked 77, as it ought to have been, and the first page of Troilus and Cressida 78, we should have seen at once that this *Tragedy* was intended by the editors to follow Romeo and Juliet. But they found, or they were informed, that this extraordinary drama was neither a Comedy, nor a History, nor a Tragedy; and they therefore placed it between the Histories and the Tragedies, leaving to the reader to make his own classification. This is one solution of the matter which we have to offer; and it is a better one, we think, than the theory that so remarkable a production of Shakspere's later years should be unknown or forgotten by his "fellows." But there is another view of the matter, to be presently noticed, which involves a curious point in literary history.

The first quarto edition of 1609 contains the following very extraordinary preface:—

"A never writer to an ever reader.

"News.

"Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such flavoured salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem (for their height of pleasure) to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not (for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed), but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wit's healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

In 1609, then, the reader is told, "You have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar;" and he is further exhorted—"Refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The reader is also invited to spend a sixpence upon this play:—"Had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your *testern* well bestowed." Never was one of Shakspere's plays set forth during his life with such commendation as here abounds. His comedies "are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives." The passage towards the conclusion is the most remarkable:—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." We have here, then, first, a most distinct assertion that, in 1609, Troilus and Cressida was "a new play, never staled with the stage." This, one might think, would be decisive as to the chronology of this play; but in the Stationers' books is the following entry:—"Feb. 7, 1602. Mr. Roberts. The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlen's men." Malone assumes that the Troilus and Cressida thus acted by the Lord Chamberlain's men (the players at the Globe during the reign of Elizabeth) was the same as that published in 1609. Yet there were other authors at work upon the subject besides Shakspere. In Henslowe's manuscripts there are several entries of moneys lent, in 1599, to Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of a book called "Troilus and Cressida." This play, thus bargained for by Henslowe, appears to have been subsequently called "Agamemnon." The probability is, that the rival company at the Globe had, about the same period, brought out their own "Troilus and Cressida," and that this is the play referred to in the entry by Roberts in 1602; for if that entry had applied to the Troilus and Cressida of Shakspere, first published in 1609, how are we to account for the subsequent entry in the same registers made previously to the publication of that edition? "Jan. 28, 1608.

Richard Bonian and Hen. Walley. A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressuda." According to Malone's theory, the copyright in 1602 was in Roberts; but in 1608 a new entry claims it for Bonian and Walley. In that case there must have been an assignment from Roberts to Bonian and Walley. Roberts was a printer. His name appears as printer to the second edition of A Midsummer Night's Dream, to the second edition of The Merchant of Venice, and to two editions of Hamlet; but nowhere as a publisher. Altogether the evidence of the date of the play, derived from the entry of 1602, appears to us worth very little. Malone most gratuitously assumes that the statement in the preface to the edition of 1609, that it was "a new play, never staled by the stage," was altogether false:—

"Mr. Pope, in his 'Table of Editions of Shakspeare's Plays,' having mentioned one of Troilus and Cressida in 1609, subjoined a notice of a second copy—'as acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe;' not thinking it necessary to repeat the year. But in fact both these copies are one and the same edition. The truth is, that in that edition, where no mention is made of the theatre in which the play was represented, we find a preface, in which, to give an additional value to the piece, the booksellers assert that it never had been acted. That being found a notorious falsehood, they afterwards suppressed the preface, and printed a new title-page, in which it is stated to have been acted at the Globe Theatre by his Majesty's Servants. The date of this, as of the other title-page, is 1609." *

According to this theory, a preface is written which sets out with a lie, known to be such by every person who buys the book; and then, because the lie is found out, a new title-page is printed, acknowledging the truth that the play had been acted, and the lying preface is withdrawn. Is not all this the most forced interpretation of two very simple facts, which are perfectly consistent with each other? Troilus and Cressida was a new play, and it had not been publicly acted when the original edition appeared. The editor does not state this to give an "additional value to the piece," for he evidently thinks that the circumstance may be injurious to the sale of the book:—"Refuse not, nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." After the piece has thus been published, it is publicly acted; and then the preface which states that it has not been acted is naturally suppressed, in a new edition of which the title-page bears the additional recommendation of, "As it was acted by the King's Majesty's Servants at the Globe."

And here arises the question whether the expressions, "never staled with the stage,"—"never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar,"—"not sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude," mean that the play had not been acted at all, or that it had not been acted on the public stage. There is a good deal of probability in the conjecture of Tieck upon this subject:—

"In the palace of some great personage, for whom it was probably expressly written, it was first represented,—according to my belief for the King himself, who, weak as he was, contemptible as he sometimes showed himself, and pedantic as his wisdom and shortsighted as his politics were, yet must have had a certain fine sense of poetry, wit, and talent, beyond what his historians have ascribed to him. But whether the King, or some one else of whom we have not received the name, it is sufficient to know that for this person, and not for the public, Shakspere wrote this wonderful comedy."

We have already noticed the remarkable passage in the conclusion of the preface of 1609 in the Introductory Notice to Henry V. We there stated that the copy of Troilus and Cressida was acknowledged by the editor to have been obtained by some artifice; that we learn that the copy had an escape from some powerful possessors; and that those possessors were probably the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But another view of this matter may be taken without any glaring inconsistency. The proprietors of the Globe Theatre were clearly hostile to the publication of Shakspere's later plays; and, in fact, with the exception of Lear, and Troilus and Cressida, no play was published between 1603 and Shakspere's death. Now, in the title-page of the original Lear, published in 1608, there is the following minute particularity:—"As it was played before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's Servants playing usually at the Globe, on the Bank's side." From this statement it appears to us highly probable that in the instances both of Lear, and Troilus and Cressida, the plays were performed, for the first time, before the king; that the copies so used were out of the control of the players who represented these dramas; and that some one, authorised or not, printed each play from the copy used on these occasions. Let us look again at the passage in the preface to Troilus and Cressida under this impression:—"Thank Fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed." There is an obscurity in this passage which we cannot attempt to clear up if we receive "the grand possessors" as the proprietors of the Globe Theatre. But suppose "the grand possessors" to be, as Tieck has conjectured, some great personage, probably the king himself, for whom the play was expressly written, and a great deal of the obscurity of the preface vanishes. By the grand possessors' wills you should have prayed for them (as subjects publicly pray for their rulers) rather than been prayed (as you are by players who solicit your indulgence in prologues and epilogues).

We have bestowed more attention upon this inquiry than it may appear at first intrinsically to deserve; but it must be borne in mind that the original quarto edition, upon the credibility of which these questions have been raised, is not, like several of the early quartos, a mutilated and imperfect copy. From whatever secondary source it proceeded, there can be no doubt that it was printed from the genuine copy of the great poet. The slight variations between the text of the quarto and of the folio, which we have indicated in our foot-notes, sufficiently show that the original was most accurately printed. The alterations of the folio are not corrections of errors in the original, but, for the most part, slight changes of expression. We have no doubt that each text was printed from a different but a genuine copy. The consideration of the genuineness of the original edition brings us back to the point from which we started. Troilus and Cressida might, as we have shown, have been placed between the Histories and Tragedies of the folio collection on account of the difficulty of classification. But suppose another probable case. The proprietors of this first collected edition of Shakspere's works entered upon the Stationers' registers, in 1623, a claim to the copyright of sixteen plays, "not formerly entered to other men." The proprietors of that edition were four booksellers, in whom, for the most part, the copyright of the original quartos had merged by assignment. But it is not difficult to imagine that Bonian and Walley, or their representatives, the possessors of the copy of this single play, might have refused to come to terms with the proprietors of the folio, and that the printing of this play was necessarily suspended till the final settlement of the matter in dispute. In the meantime the printing of the volume had gone on to its completion; and Troilus and Cressida was finally inserted, out of its order, but having two pages numbered which show where it was intended to have been placed.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

"The original story," says Dryden, "was written by one Lollius, a Lombard, in Latin verse, and translated by Chaucer into English; intended, I suppose, a satire on the inconstancy of women. I find nothing of it among the ancients, not so much as the name Cressida once mentioned. Shakspeare (as I hinted), *in the apprenticeship of his writing*, modelled it into that play which is now called by the name of Troilus and Cressida." We shall have occasion to revert to Dryden's opinion of this play, and to his transmutation of it into what he considered his own fine gold. Chaucer himself speaks of "Myne Auctor Lollius;" and in his address to the Muse, in the beginning of the second book, he says—

"To every lover I me excuse
That of no sentiment I this endite,
But out of Latin in my tongue it write."

Without entering into the question who Lollius was, or believing more than that "Lollius, if a writer of that name existed at all, was

* Note in Malone's edition of Dryden's Prose Works, vol. i. part ii. p. 261.

a somewhat somewhere,"* we at once receive the "Troilus and Creseide" of Chaucer as the foundation of Shakspere's play. Of his perfect acquaintance with that poem there can be no doubt. Chaucer, of all English writers, was the one who would have the greatest charm for Shakspere. The Rape of Lucrece is written precisely in the same versification as Chaucer's "Troilus and Creseide." When Lorenzo, in The Merchant of Venice, exclaims—

> "In such a night,
> Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
> And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents
> Where Cressid lay that night,"—

we may be sure that Shakspere had in his mind the following passages of Chaucer :—

> "Upon the wallés fast eke would he walk,
> And on the Greekés host he would ysee,
> And to himself right thus he would ytalk:
> 'Lo! yonder is mine owné lady free,
> Or ellés yonder there the tentés be,
> And thence cometh this air that is so sote,
> That in my soul I feel it doth me bote.'
> * * * * *
> The day go'th fast, and after that came eve,
> And yet came not to Troilus Creseid:
> He looketh forth by hedge, by tree, by grove,
> And far his head over the wall he laid."

Mr. Godwin has justly observed that the Shaksperian commentators have done injustice to Chaucer in not more distinctly associating his poem with this remarkable play :—

> "It would be extremely unjust to quit the consideration of Chaucer's poem of 'Troilus and Creseide' without noticing the high honour it has received in having been made the foundation of one of the plays of Shakespear. There seems to have been in this respect a sort of conspiracy in the commentators upon Shakespear against the glory of our old English bard. In what they have written concerning this play, they make a very slight mention of Chaucer; they have not consulted his poem for the purpose of illustrating this admirable drama; and they have agreed, as far as possible, to transfer to another author the honour of having supplied materials to the tragic artist. Dr. Johnson says, 'Shakespeare has in his story followed, for the greater part, the old book of Caxton, which was then very popular; but the character of Thersites, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after Chapman had published his version of Homer.' Mr. Steevens asserts that 'Shakspeare received the greatest part of his materials for the structure of this play from the Troye Boke of Lydgate.' And Mr. Malone repeatedly treats the 'History of the Destruction of Troy, translated by Caxton,' as 'Shakspeare's authority' in the composition of this drama. . The fact is, that the play of Shakespear we are here considering has for its main foundation the poem of Chaucer, and is indebted for many accessory helps to the books mentioned by the commentators. .
>
> "We are not, however, left to probability and conjecture as to the use made by Shakespear of the poem of Chaucer. His other sources were Chapman s translation of Homer, the 'Troy Book' of Lydgate, and Caxton's 'History of the Destruction of Troy.' It is well known that there is no trace of the particular story of 'Troilus and Creseide' among the ancients. It occurs, indeed, in Lydgate and Caxton; but the name and actions of Pandarus, a very essential personage in the tale as related by Shakespear and Chaucer, are entirely wanting, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, and that with an express reference to Chaucer as his authority. Shakespear has taken the story of Chaucer with all its imperfections and defects, and has copied the series of its incidents with his customary fidelity; an exactness seldom to be found in any other dramatic writer." †

Although the main incidents in the adventures of the Greek lover and his faithless mistress are followed with little deviation, yet, independently of the wonderful difference in the characterization, the whole story under the treatment of Shakspere becomes thoroughly original. In no play does he appear to us to have a more complete mastery over his materials, or to mould them into more plastic shapes by the force of his most surpassing imagination. The great Homeric poem, the rude romance of the destruction of Troy, the beautiful elaboration of that romance by Chaucer, are all subjected to his wondrous alchemy; and new forms and combinations are called forth so lifelike, that all the representations which have preceded them look cold and rigid statues, not warm and breathing men and women. Coleridge's theory of the principle upon which this was effected is, we have no doubt, essentially true :—

> "I am half inclined to believe that Shakspeare's main object (or shall I rather say his ruling impulse?) was to translate the poetic heroes of Paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more *featurely*, warriors of Christian chivalry, and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer." ‡

Without attempting to exhibit all the materials which Shakspere has thus made his own, we shall, in the Illustrations to each act, give some passages from Chaucer's poem, Chapman's Homer, Caxton's "Destruction of Troy," and Lydgate's "Troy Book," in which the reader may trace the resemblances which, however obvious or minute, equally manifest the same power in the dramatic poet of fashioning a perfect whole out of the most incongruous parts.

Costume.

In our notice of the costume for the Midsummer Night's Dream we have given a description of the dress and arms of the Greeks during the heroical ages, as illustrated by the frieze of the Parthenon. To the information there collected may be added, on the present occasion, that afforded to us by the Iliad of Homer, and the vases and statues possessed or described by the late Mr. Hope. According to the latter authorities, the Trojans and other Phrygians appear to have worn the tunic with sleeves to the wrist, the tight trousers or pantaloons, and the cap with the point bending forwards, in the form of which their helmets were made. In war the tunic of mail composed of rings sewn flat upon leather or cloth, like those of the Anglo-Saxons and Normans of the eleventh century, would seem to have distinguished them in general from the Greeks, who wore the cuirass and the greaves. Homer, however, by his descriptions of the armour of the Trojan heroes, would induce us to believe that it did not always so essentially differ from that of the Greeks. He describes Paris, when arming for the combat with Menelaus, as putting on greaves,§ fastened with silver buttons, a thorax, or breast-plate, and a helmet with a horsehair crest.‖ On an old Sicilian vase too, in the Hope collection, Æneas is represented in complete Grecian armour.¶ Again, we gather from the vases that the Phrygian shield, like that of the Amazons, was the pelta, or small semilunar shield, and their favourite weapon the bipennis, or double axe. Yet Homer does not make this distinction, but arms the Trojans with the large orbicular shield of the Greeks, the two spears, the sword, &c. He also describes the warriors of both armies as wearing occasionally the skins of beasts over their armour. Is it that some of the poets and painters of Greece, like all those of the Middle Ages, represented persons of every nation and period in the costume of the country and time in which they themselves wrote or painted; or was there really little or no difference between the Greeks and Trojans when armed for battle? In the latter case, are we to look upon the interesting figures of Paris and other Phrygians represented on the ancient vases, &c., as things of no authority? These are questions the discussion of which would require much more time and space than can be afforded to us in the present instance, and we must content ourselves with the avowal that we lean to the *pictorial* side, and consider that there *was* that remarkable difference between the Grecian armour and that of the Trojans which may be observed in the examples alluded to. The Phrygians are represented in shoes, the Greeks in sandals, or with naked feet, when wearing the greaves.

The arms of Achilles, worn by Patroclus, are said by Homer to have been of brass ornamented with gold. Those made for Achilles by Vulcan were of various metals—the greaves of tin, the corselet of gold, the sword of brass, the helmet with a fourfold crest of gilded horsehair, the shield of the most elaborate workmanship. The arms of Diomed were all brass; those of Ajax steel. Agamemnon's cuirass was composed of steel, tin, and gold, and ornamented with dragons. The hilt of his sword was gold, the sheath silver. His buckler was defended by ten circles and twenty bosses of brass, and in the centre had a Gorgon's head. The helmet was surmounted by a fourfold crest of horsehair.

* Coleridge, Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 130.
† Life of Chaucer, vol. i. (4to.), p. 315.
‡ Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 183.
§ Ridiculously rendered by Pope as *purple cuishes*.
‖ Phrygian helmets, with crests, both of horsehair and metal, in imitation of the Greek, appear in Hope's collection, and so far bear out the poet's description.
¶ Mr. Hope, however, does not give us his authority for so designating the figure, which in the edition of 1806 is termed "a *Greek* warrior."
** Then wherefore "the well-greaved Greeks?" Does not that designation imply a peculiarity distinguishing them from their Asiatic or other opponents?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS, } *his sons.*

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR, } *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to* Cressida.

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of* Priam.

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS, } *Grecian commanders.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to* Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to* Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, *wife to* Hector.

CASSANDRA, *daughter to* Priam; *a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to* Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE,—TROY, *and the Grecian Camp before it.*

PROLOGUE.

IN Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,[1] their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps,—and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: Now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides,[2] with massy staples,
And correponsive and fulfilling[3] bolts,
Sperr up[4] the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
A prologue arm'd,[5]—but not in confidence
Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt[6] and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

[1] *Orgulous*—proud, the French *orgeuilleux*. Lord Berners, in his translation of Froissart, several times uses the word; as, "The Flemings were great, fierce, and *orgulous*."

[2] The names of the gates thus stand in the folio of 1623:—

"Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And *Antenonidus*."

There can be little doubt that Shakspere had before him Caxton's translation of the "Recuyel of the Historyes of Troy," and there the names of the gates are thus given:—"In this cittie were sixe principall gates of which the one was named Dardane, the second Tymbria, the thyrd Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fifth Troyan, and the sixt *Antenorides*." But he was also familiar with the "Troy Boke" of Lydgate, in which the six gates are described as Dardanydes, Tymbria, Helyas, Cetheas, Trojana, Anthonydes. It is difficult to say whether Shakspere meant to take the *Antenorides* of Caxton, or the *Anthonydes* of Lydgate; or whether, the names being pure inventions of the middle age of romance-writers, he deviated from both. As it is, we have retained the *Antenorides* of the modern editors.

[3] *Fulfilling*. The verb *fulfil* is here used in the original sense of *fill full*.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter TROILUS *armed, and* PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet,[7] I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs[8] tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding: but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting: but you must tarry the leavening.

[4] *Sperr up*. The original has *stirre up*, which Tieck considers preferable to Theobald's substitution of *sperr up*. Desirous as we are to hold to the original, we cannot agree with Tieck. The relative positions of each force are contrasted. The Greeks pitch their pavilions on Dardan plains; the Trojans are shut up in their six-gated city. The commentators give us examples of the use of *sperr*, in the sense of to *fasten*, by Spenser and earlier writers. They have overlooked a passage in Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida" (book v.), which Shakspere must have had before him in the composition of his play:—

"For when he saw her dorés *sperred* all,
Wel nigh for sorrow adoun he gan to fall."

[5] *Arm'd*. Johnson has pointed out that the Prologue was spoken by one of the characters in armour. This was noticed because in general the speaker of the Prologue wore a black cloak. (See Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. iii. p. 442.)

[6] *Vaunt*—the van.

[7] *Varlet*—a servant. Tooke considers that *varlet* and *valet* are the same; and that, as well as *harlot*, they mean *hireling*.

[8] *Needs* is not found in the quarto, and is consequently omitted in most modern editions.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! when she comes!—When is she thence?[1]

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

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

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

Tro. O, Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach;[2] to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense[3]
Hard as the palm of ploughman;—this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

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

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

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

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

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

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

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

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[*Exit* PANDARUS. *An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste, against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

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

Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Æneas?

Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.

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

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

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—
But to the sport abroad:—Are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we then together.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CRESSIDA *and* ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him.

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

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

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: He hath the joints of everything; but everything so out of joint, that he is a

[1] This line as it stands is an ingenious and tasteful correction by Rowe. The line in both the originals appears thus:—
"So (traitor) then she comes when she is thence."

[2] We do not receive this passage as an interjection, beginning "O, that her hand;" for what does Troilus desire? The wish is incomplete. The meaning we conceive to be rather—In thy discourse thou handlest that hand of hers, in whose comparison, &c.

[3] Johnson explains *spirit of sense* as the most exquisite sensibility of touch.

gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblinded[1] Argus, all eyes and no sight.

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

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

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

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

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium![a]

Cres. This morning, uncle.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

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

Cres. What, is he angry too?

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

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

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

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

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

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

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

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

Cres. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

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

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. The other's not come to't; you shall tell me another tale when the other's come to't. Hector shall not have his wit[2] this year.

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

Pan. Nor his qualities;—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty,

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

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

Cres. No, but brown.

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

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

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

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

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

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into the compassed window,[3]—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

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

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

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?[4]

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

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

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

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

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

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

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

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

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

Cres. Without the rack.

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

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

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

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

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

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. And what was all this laughing?

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

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

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

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "Two and fifty hairs,"[5] quoth he, "and one white: That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he, "pluck it out, and give it him." But, there was such laughing! and Helen so

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[1] *Purblinded* in the folio; the quarto, *purblind*.

Wit. This is Rowe's correction: both the old copies have *will*.

[3] *Compassed window*—a bow-window.

[4] *Lifter*—thief. We still say a *shoplifter*.

[5] So the quarto and folio. Some modern copies read *one and fifty*. "How else can the number make out Priam and his fifty sons?" says Theobald. This is an exactness which Priam and his chroniclers would equally have spurned. The Margarelon of the romance-writers, who makes his appearance in Act V., is one of the additions to the old classical family. We leave the text as we find it.

blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed that it passed.[1]

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

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

Cres. So I do.

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

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

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

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS *passes over the Stage.*

Cres. Speak not so loud.

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

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR *passes over.*

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

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR *passes over.*

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

Cres. O, a brave man!

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

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS *passes over.*

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

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS *passes over.*

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

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

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

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS *passes over.*

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

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

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

Forces pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

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

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

Pan. Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth,[2] the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.

Pan. You are such another[3] woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

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

Pan. You are such another!

Enter TROILUS' Boy.

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

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; [there he unarms him.[4]]

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

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

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

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

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

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

[1] *Passed*—was excessive. So in The Merry Wives of Windsor—"Why, this *passes*, master Ford." Cressida retorts in the common acceptation of the word.

[2] *So forth* in the folio; the quarto, *such like.*

[3] *Another* in the folio; the quarto, *a.*

[4] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Words, vows, gifts,[1] tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus a thousand-fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she belov'd knows naught that knows not this,—
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* Agamemnon's *Tent.*

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, *and others.*

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And call[2] them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad[3] and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.
Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize[4]
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
Returns to chiding fortune.[5]
Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[*To* Agamemnon.
And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
[*To* Nestor.
I give to both your speeches,—which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears[6]
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.
Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastick[7] jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.
Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office, and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts, like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad: But when the planets,
In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents! what mutiny!
What raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
Commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate

[1] *Gifts* is the reading of all the old copies. *Griefs* crept into some of the earlier modern editions.
[2] *Call* is the reading of the quarto; the folio has *think them shame.*
[3] *Broad* in the quarto; the folio, *loud.*
[4] *Brize*—the gad-fly.
[5] The original has an obvious misprint:—

"*Retires* to chiding fortune."

Pope suggested *returns.* Hanmer and Mr. Collier's folio Corrector have *replies*, which is better, although *returns* gives the meaning. Mr. Dyce suggests *retorts*, which might well be adopted.
[6] This is the reading of the quarto.

Mastick. We retain the word of the original. *Masticke* is there printed with a capital initial, as marking something emphatic. In Boswell's edition the word is rendered *mastive.* We are inclined to think that *mastick* is not a typographical mistake. Every one has heard of Prynne's celebrated book, "*Histrio-Mastix:* The Player's Scourge;" but it is not so generally known that this title was borrowed by the great controversialist from a play first printed in 1610, but supposed to be written earlier, which is a satire upon actors and dramatic writers from first to last. We attach little importance to the circumstance that the author of that satire has introduced a dialogue between Troilus and Cressida; for the subject had most probably possession of the stage before Shakspere's play. But it appears to us by no means improbable that an epithet should be applied to the "rank Thersites" which should pretty clearly point at one who had done enough to make himself obnoxious to the poet's fraternity.

The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make, perforce, an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives,[1] not in her strength.

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

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

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries—"Excellent!—'Tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'dress'd to some oration."—
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels,—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god[2] Achilles still cries, "Excellent;
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus.
Arming to answer in a night alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and spit,
And with a palsy, fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet;—and at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O!—enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success, or loss, what is, or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

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

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

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter Æneas.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

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

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

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

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

Agam. How?

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

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

[1] *Lives* in the folio; in the quarto, *stands.*

[2] *God* in the old copies. It is frittered down by the moderns into *good.*

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.
Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?
Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.
Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?
Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.
Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.
Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.
Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords![c]
If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.
Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I'll be he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian mould[1]
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste
As may be in the world; his youth in flood,
I'll pawn[2] this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you first.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all but* ULYSSES *and* NESTOR.
Ulyss. Nestor!
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes,
It is most meet: Whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who, miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.
Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us like merchants show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show
Shall show the better.[3] Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;

[1] *Mould* in the folio; in the quarto, *host.*

[2] *Pawn* in the folio; in the quarto, *prove.*

[3] The quarto reads—
"The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worse first."

For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes; what are they?
Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should wear[1] with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves
Give him allowance as the worthier man,[2]
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.
Nest. Now, Ulysses, I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other. Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax *and* Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?
Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run? were not that a botchy core?
Ajax. Dog,—
Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.
Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel then. [*Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord![a]
Ajax. Speak then, thou vinew'dest[3] leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.
Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!
Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me thus?
Ajax. The proclamation,—
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. [When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.[4]]

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.
Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun[5] thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ajax. You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*
Ther. Do, do.
Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!
Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego[6] may tutor thee: Thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but[7] to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!
Ajax. You dog!
Ther. You scurvy lord!
Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*
Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?
Ther. You see him there, do you?
Achil. Ay; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, look upon him.
Achil. So I do; what's the matter?
Ther. Nay, but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do so.
Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.
Achil. I know that, fool.
Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.
Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I say, this Ajax—
Achil. Nay, good Ajax.
[Ajax *offers to strike him*, Achilles *interposes.*
Ther. Has not so much wit—
Achil. Nay, I must hold you.
Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace, fool!
Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.
Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—
Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?
Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.
Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.

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[1] *Wear* in the folio; in the quarto, *share.*
[2] So the folio; in the quarto, *for the better man.*
[3] *Vinew'dest*—vinewed, vinny—signifies *decayed, mouldy:* the word in the text is the superlative of *vinewed.* In the preface to our translation of the Bible we have "*fenewed* traditions."
[4] These words are not in the folio.
[5] *Pun*—pound.
[6] *Assinego*—an ass.
[7] *But.* Both the quarto and folio so read; but *put* was substituted by Steevens.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

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

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

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

Achil. What, what?

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

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

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

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

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

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

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

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth[1] hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

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

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

SCENE II.—Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, *and* HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—
Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular, yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,[2]
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours; nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

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

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,[b]
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and honour
Should have hare[3] hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason; reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

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

Tro. What's aught but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer; 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes that is inclinable[4]
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have spoil'd them: nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,[5]
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent[6] bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go,")
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried—"Inestimable!") why do you now

[1] *Fifth.* So the folio; the quarto has *first*, which obtained in most modern editions. The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth* of a summer's morning the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play.

[2] *Dismes*—tenths.

[3] *Hare* in the quarto; by a typographical error, *hard* in the folio.

[4] *Inclinable* in the folio; the quarto, *attributive.*

[5] *Sieve.* The quarto has *sive*, the old mode of spelling *sieve.* The first folio has *same;* the second folio, *place. Same* is held to be a misprint. The commentators explain that *sieve* is a basket, and that the term is well known in Covent Garden and other markets for fruit and vegetables. The original notion of *sieve* implies separation, and we therefore held, in our first edition, that a *sieve* of fruit was a basket of *sorted* fruit. But domestic observation might have shown us that the "unrespective" sieves into which any "remainder" is thrown have subsequently to perform the office of separation. This consideration reconciles us to the adoption of *sieve.*

[6] How forcible is "Your breath *of* full consent," compared with the reading of the quarto, "Your breath, *with* full consent!"

The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*Within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, *raving.*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age, and wrinkled eld,[1]
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds
Because Cassandra's mad; her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!
Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.
Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.
Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept;
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll

[1] *Old* in the folio; the quarto, *elders*. Theobald substituted *eld*.

see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus;* if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say Amen. What ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? good Thersites, come in and rail.

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

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

Ther. Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

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

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

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

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

Patr. Thou may'st tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

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

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

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

Achil. Derive this; come.

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

Patr. Why am I a fool?

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

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and* AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold and a whore: A good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all! [*Exit.*

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent[1] our messengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

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

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, it is pride: But why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. [*Takes* AGAMEMNON *aside.*

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

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

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

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong counsel a fool could disunite.

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

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy:
His legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.[c]

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

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;—
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath; and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously of his own part beheld,
Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him
We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,
If you do say—we think him over-proud,
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lines,[2] his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add,
That, if he overhold his price so much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report—
Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:

[1] *Shent.* The quarto reads *sate*, the folio *sent.* Theobald made the change to *shent*, meaning to *rebuke.*

Lines in the folio. Hanmer changed the word, the meaning of which is clear enough, into *lunes.*

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.
Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*
Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied,
We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit* Ulysses.
Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?
Agam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?
Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.
Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
Nest. Yet he loves himself: Is 't not strange? [*Aside.*

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.
Agam. What's his excuse?
Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.
Agam. Why, will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?
Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters 'gainst itself.[1] What should I say?
He is so plaguy[2] proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry—"No recovery."
Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself.
Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles;
That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
And say in thunder—"Achilles go to him."
Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him. [*Aside.*
Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause! [*Aside.*
Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him Over the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An 'a be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride: Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!
Nest. How he describes himself! [*Aside.*
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. The raven chides blackness. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.
Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient. [*Aside.*
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind!
Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [*Aside.*
Ajax. 'A should not bear it so, 'a should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?
Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. He would have ten shares. [*Aside.*
Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple.
Nest. He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry. [*Aside.*
Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
[*To* Agamemnon.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud—
Dio. Or covetous of praise—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Ulyss. Ay, my good son.[3]
Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

[1] *'Gainst itself* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *down himself.*
[2] *Plaguy.* Steevens, in his horror of a line of more than ten syllables, calls *plaguy* a "vulgar epithet,—the wretched interpolation of some foolish player." Malone, with good sense, says, "The very word explains what follows,—the death-tokens."
[3] The folio gives this line to Ulysses; the quarto to Nestor. We believe that the folio, in this instance, is not to be hastily superseded because Nestor was an old man. In Shakspere's time it was the highest compliment to call a man whose wit or learning was reverenced *father.* Ben Jonson had thus his sons. The flattery of Ulysses has won the heart of Ajax; Nestor has said nothing.

To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow,
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Room in* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter Pandarus *and a* Servant.

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

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

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean.

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

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

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

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

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [*Music within.*

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

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

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

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

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen; could you not find out that by her attributes?

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

Serv. Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

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

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

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

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

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

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

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. [I'll lay my life,[1]] with my disposer Cressida.

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

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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

Par. I spy.

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

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

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

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

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

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

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

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

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

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

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

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

> Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
> For, oh, love's bow
> Shoots buck and doe:
> The shaft confounds,
> Not that it wounds,
> But tickles still the sore.
>
> These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
> Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
> Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
> So dying love lives still:
> Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
> Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

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

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

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[1] The words in brackets are not in the folio.

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

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

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

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

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

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

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Troy. Pandarus' *Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS *and a* Servant, *meeting.*

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

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

Enter TROILUS.

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

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit* Servant.

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

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

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.
[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense. What will it be,
When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice reputed[2] nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit* PANDARUS.

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats quicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* PANDARUS.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus?

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

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[1] The reading of the quarto is, "Sweet, above thought I love *her*," and the speech is there correctly given to Paris. *Thee* is the reading of the folio, and the words incorrectly conclude the speech of Helen.

[2] *Thrice repured* in the quarto of 1609; that is, thrice repurified. The folio has *thrice reputed*.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My soul of counsel from me:[1] Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me:
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?—
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you:
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone:—I speak I know not what.[2]

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love:
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not: For to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

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

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand: here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, *and* CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,[3]
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes;[a] sequest'ring from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become

[1] So the folio; the quarto, *my very soul of counsel.*

[2] We follow the reading of the folio. The sentences are transposed in the quarto.

[3] The meaning appears to us sufficiently clear—through my prescience in knowing what things I should love. The conjectural reading, unsupported by any authority, is—

"That, through the sight I bear in things, to Jove
I have abandon'd Troy."

This is the favourite reading of Mr. Dyce.

As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which you say live to come in my behalf.
Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.
Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore)
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.
Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither; Calchas shall have
What he requests of us.—Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.
[*Exeunt* DIOMEDES *and* CALCHAS.

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS, *before their tent.*

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:—
Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent, why turn'd on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* NESTOR.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit* MENELAUS.
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus?
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?—
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day, too. [*Exit* AJAX.
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks: who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses?
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,[1]
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,[2]]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married[3] there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already

[1] *Parted*—endowed with parts, talents.
[2] The lines in brackets are not in the folio.
[3] *Married.* So the quarto and folios. Mr. Collier's corrected folio has *mirror'd.*

They clap the rubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.
Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.
Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.
Achil. Ha! known?
Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much,
To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*
Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to airy air.[1]
Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?
Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.
Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.
Patr. O, then beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.
Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;[b]
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say, there were wit in this head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break it himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.
Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.
Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars: he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.
Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him, I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come

[1] *Airy air* is the reading of the folio; the quarto has *air*.

unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, &c. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: But, I am sure, none; unless the fiddler Apollo gets his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt* Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. *A Street.*

Enter, at one side, Æneas, *and* Servant *with a torch; at the other,* Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, *and others, with torches.*

Par. See, ho! who's that there?
Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?—
Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly busines
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, in a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:[1]
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:
But, when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love, in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despitefull'st[2] gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 'Twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen most,[3]
Myself, or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no less nor more;
But he as he; which heavier for a whore?[4]
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me, Paris.—
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.[5]
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

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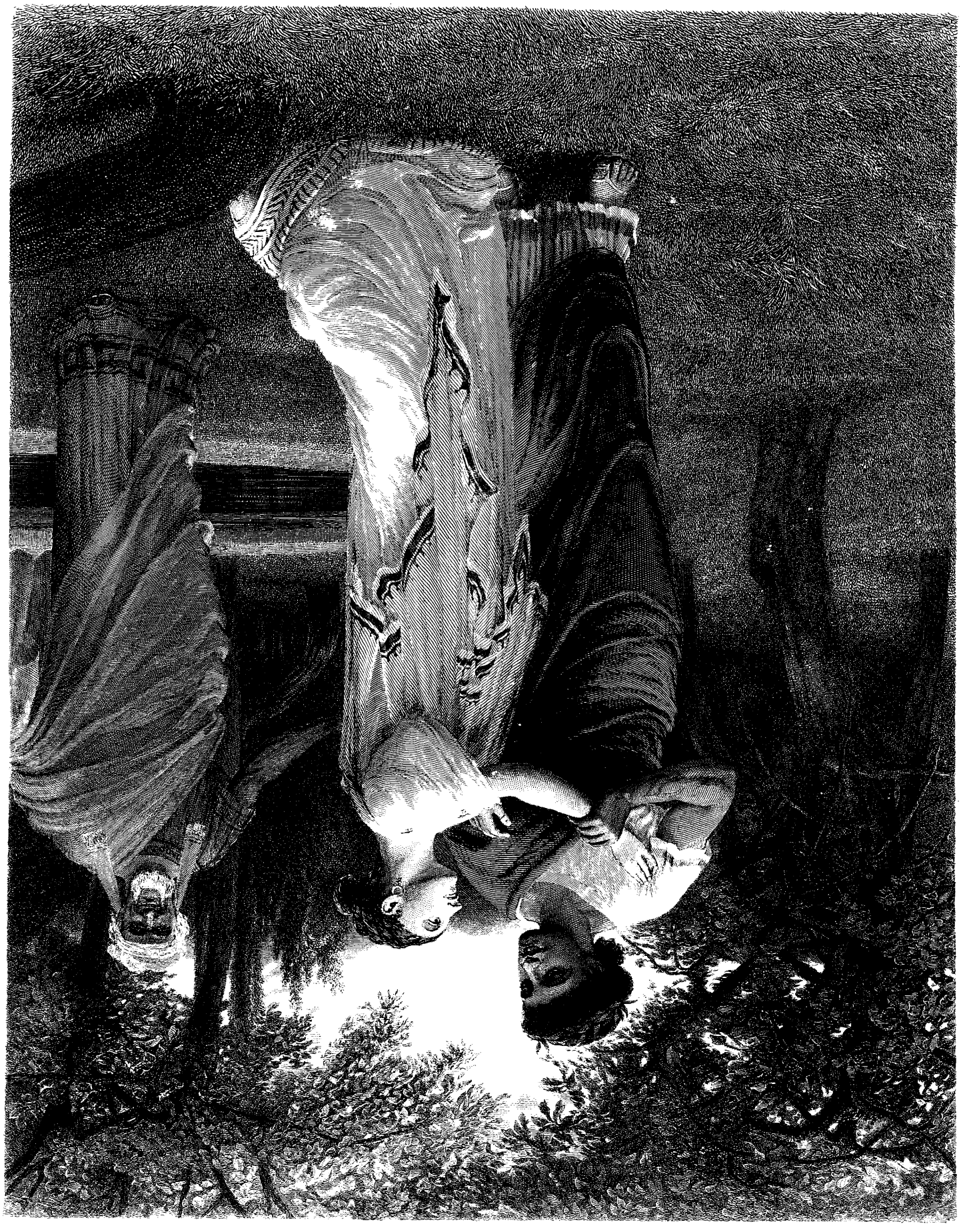
[1] The sentence scarcely requires explanation. Æneas wishes Diomedes health, whilst there is no question, argument, between them but what arises out of the truce.

[2] This, the reading of the folio, is a common construction of the age of Shakspere: the quarto reading is *despiteful.*

[3] *Most* is the reading of the folio; the quarto, *best.*

[4] This is the reading of the folio.

[5] Warburton proposed to read *not sell,* which is evidently the meaning—antithetically opposed to *buy.* Tieck and Voss support the change of reading; but our principle is not to alter the text. In this respect it is the same in both editions, the quarto and the folio.



Stadt-
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Elbing

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of* Pandarus.

Enter Troilus *and* Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Prithee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys [1] no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tediously [2] as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Prithee, tarry;—you men will never tarry.—
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.
Pan. [*Within.*] What, are all the doors open here?
Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life,—
Pan. How now, how now? how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?
Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what: what have I brought you to do?
Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart: you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia![3] hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him! [*Knocking.*
Cres. Did not I tell you?—'would he were knock'd o' the head!
Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.
Tro. Ha, ha!
Cres. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.—
[*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Cressida.
Pan. [*Going to the door.*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there? my lord Æneas? By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?
Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?
Pan. Here! what should he do here?
Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him;
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late: What should he do here?
Æne. Who!—nay, then:—Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere y' are 'ware: You'll be so true to him, to be false to him: Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus *is going out, enter* Troilus.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.[a]
Tro. Is it concluded so?
Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.
Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Æneas.
Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad. A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck.

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now? what's the matter? Who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!
Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!
Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees, I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill be his death! 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.
Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,
As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood
If ever she leaves Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremity [4] you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I will go in, and weep;—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*

Joys in the quarto; the folio, *eyes*.

Tediously in the quarto; the folio, *hideously*.

[3] *Capocchia.* Florio, in his Italian Dictionary, explains *capocchio* as shallow skonce, a loggerhead."

[4] *Extremity* in the folio; the quarto, *extremes*.

SCENE III.—*The same. Before* Pandarus' *House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, *and* DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk in to her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar: and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in* Pandarus' *House.*

Enter PANDARUS *and* CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And no less in a sense as strong as that
Which causeth it:[1] How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying cross:[2]
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweet duck!
Cres. O Troilus! Troilus!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: *O heart*,—as the goodly saying is,—

O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse! we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?
Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.
Cres. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?
Tro. A hateful truth.
Cres. What, and from Troilus too?
Tro. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cres. Is 't possible?
Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasting[3] with the salt of broken tears.
Æne. [*Within.*] My lord! is the lady ready?
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius so
Cries, "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* PANDARUS.
Cres. I must then to the Grecians
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—[b]
Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?
Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.
Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.
Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?
Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.
Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?
Tro. Hear why I speak it, love;
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
Their loving well compos'd with gift of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er with arts and exercise;[4]
How novelties may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No.

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[1] This is the reading of the folio; the quarto has—

"And *violenteth* in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it."

[2] *Cross* in the folio; *dross* in the quarto. The folio gives as clear a meaning, without a mixed metaphor.

[3] *Distasting* in the folio; the quarto, *distasted.*

[4] These are three fine lines, perfectly intelligible:—Their loving is well composed with the gift of nature, which gift (natural quality) is flowing, and swelling over, with arts and exercise. The second line is not found in the quarto, which reads—

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

The poet appears to have strengthened the image in his last copy. In the variorum editions we have—

"The Grecian youths are full of quality,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise."

Mr. Staunton reads—

"They're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise."

But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my lord,—
Tro. Come, kiss, and let us part.
Par. [*Within.*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed! here is the lady,
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.
Dio. Fair lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.
Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the seal[1] of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.
Dio. O, be not mov'd, prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say—be 't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.
Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.—
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt* Troilus, Cressida, *and* Diomed.
[*Trumpet heard.*
Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.
Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field with him.
Dei. Let us make ready straight.

[1] *Seal* is the reading of all the old copies. Warburton changed this to *zeal*, which is commonly adopted. The strong meaning attached to *seal* in Shakspere's age is expressed in the line of the well-known song—

"*Seals* of love, but *seal'd* in vain."

[2] Our text is pointed as the first folio (which is also the punctuation of the quarto). This is the modern punctuation:—

"Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet," &c.

The variation was first introduced by Theobald.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

Enter Ajax, *armed;* Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, *and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time. With starting courage,
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax;[2] that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*
Ulyss. No trumpet answers.
Achil. 'Tis but early days.
Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?
Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, *with* Cressida.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?
Dio. Even she.
Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.
Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.
Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
[And parted thus you and your argument.[3]]
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.

[3] The line in brackets is not in the folio.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.
[DIOMED *leads out* CRESSIDA.
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every tickling[1] reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, *armed;* ÆNEAS, TROILUS, *and other* Trojans, *with* Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all you state[2] of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.
Agam. Which way would Hector have it?
Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal disprizing[3]
The knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.
Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know this;—
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.
Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive you.

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[AJAX *and* HECTOR *enter the lists.*
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam: a true knight;[4]
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd.
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has he gives; what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair[5] thought with breath:
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus; and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and, with private soul,
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum.* HECTOR *and* AJAX *fight.*
Agam. They are in action.
Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!
Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why then, will I no more:—
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,[c]
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say—"This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, "This is he,") could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish, and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

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[1] *Tickling* in the folio; the quarto, *ticklish.*
[2] *You state* in the folio; the quarto, *the state.*
[3] *Disprising* in the folio; the quarto, *misprising.*
[4] We take the reading of the quarto. The folio has—

"The youngest son of Priam;
A true knight; they call him Troilus."

These words, "they call him Troilus," are found below; and their introduction here is probably a clerical or typographical error.

[5] *Impair.* Johnson conjectured that *impure* was the proper word. In adopting this, Mr. Dyce contends that there is no precedent for the use of this word adjectively. The Cambridge editors retain *impair*, considering that etymologically it may have the sense "unsuitable."

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: Understand more clear
What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.[1]
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.
Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;—
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble Menelaus.[2]
Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded[3] oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon; I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
And seen thee scorning forfeits and subduements,[4]
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.
Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:—
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hect. I would they could.
Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, thou!—
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief; I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him?[d] whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting[5] wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive you:[6] afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but* Troilus *and* Ulysses.
Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heaven, nor on earth,[7]

[1] The quarto has only the first two lines and the last line of this noble address; and yet Steevens and Malone talk about the additions and substitutions of "the player-editors."
[2] In the quarto and the folio this answer to the question of Hector is given by *Æneas;* in the variorum editions it is assigned to *Menelaus;* and then, without looking at the originals, Reed and M. Mason discuss whether it is proper for Menelaus to call himself "noble."
[3] *Untraded*—unused, uncommon.
[4] So the folio; the quarto—
"Despising many forfeits and subduements."
[5] *Pelting*—petty.
[6] *You* in the folio; the quarto, *we.*
[7] So the folio; the quarto—
"Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth."

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to thee so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before* Achilles' *Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these tricks?
Ther. Prithee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, lime-kilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries![1]
Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?
Ther. Do I curse thee?
Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.
Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!
Patr. Out, gall!
Ther. Finch egg!
Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;
A token from her daughter, my fair love;
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus. [*Exeunt* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.
Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be Menelaus, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus.—Hey-day! spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, *and* DIOMED, *with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.
Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to those That go, or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt* AGAMEMNON *and* MENELAUS.
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes
To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.
[*Aside to* TROILUS.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so good night.
[*Exit* DIOMED; ULYSSES *and* TROILUS *following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt* ACHILLES, HECTOR, AJAX, *and* NESTOR.
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it that it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

[1] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio shortens the enumeration of loathsome diseases with, "and the like."

SCENE II.—*The same. Before* Calchas' *Tent.*

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within.*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within.*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus *and* Ulysses, *at a distance; after them* Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge?
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List!
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what:—
Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are a forsworn—
Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms; this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!
Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord?
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la: never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.[a]
Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve: Behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—Well said, whetstone.
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee.—Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.[1]
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; 'faith you shall not;
I'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women, yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past:—And yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go:—One cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!
Do come:—I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night. I prithee, come.—
[*Exit* Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

[1] This is the line of the quarto. The folio has—
"He that takes that takes my heart withal."

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit* CRESSIDA.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme,
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

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

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce[1] a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: As much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear in his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt* TROILUS, ÆNEAS, *and* ULYSSES.

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me anything for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Troy. *Before* Priam's *Palace.*

Enter HECTOR *and* ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.[b]

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.[2]

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[1] *Conduce* in both copies, in the Latin sense of *lead to.*

[2] This is one of the very few obscure passages in this play. The lines are not in the quarto. In the folio we find—

"Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful:
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,
And rob," &c.

The ordinary reading is—

"For we would give much, *to use* violent thefts."

To use thefts is clearly not Shaksperian. Perhaps *count*, or *give*, might be omitted, supposing that one word had been substituted for another in the manuscript, without the erasure of that first written; but this omission will not give us a meaning. We have ventured to transpose *count*, and omit *as*:—

"For we would give much, to count violent thefts."

We have now a clear meaning:—It is as lawful, because we desire to give much, to count violent thefts *as holy*,

"And rob in the behalf of charity."

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow:
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.
Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.—

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?
And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit* CASSANDRA.
Hect. No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.
Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.
Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.
Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector!
Hect. How now? how now?
Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus, and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA, *with* PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* ANDROMACHE.
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O farewell, dear Hector.
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!
Tro. Away!—Away!
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft.—Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town; we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.
Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally* PRIAM *and* HECTOR. *Alarums.*
Tro. They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Tro. What now?
Pan. Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.
Tro. Let me read.
Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?
Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; [*Tearing the letter.*
The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.
Pan. Why! but hear you.
Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.[1]
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Between* Troy *and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry:—They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

[1] This couplet, which we here find in the folio, is again used by Troilus towards the conclusion of the play—the last words which Troilus speaks. Following the quarto, the lines are usually omitted in the close of the third scene. Steevens says, "The poet would hardly have given us an unnecessary repetition of the same words, nor have dismissed Pandarus twice in the same manner." The Cambridge editors think that the repetition is an indication that the play has been tampered with by another hand than Shakspere's.

Enter Diomedes, Troilus *following.*

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.
Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!
Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!
[*Exeunt* Troilus *and* Diomedes, *fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?
Ther. No, no:—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.
Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*
Ther. God-a-mercy that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter Diomedes *and a* Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse![c]
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Serv. I go, my lord.
[*Exit* Servant.

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimacus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruis'd: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers;[d] haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,[e]
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls[2]
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy[2] Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does; and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction:—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!
Dio. Ha! art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize. I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both you cogging Greeks; have at you both.
[*Exeunt fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
I would have been much more a fresher man
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

---

[1] *Sculls*—shoals of fish. We have the word in Milton ("Paradise Lost," book vii.):—

> "Fish, that with their fins and shining scales
> Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
> Bank the mid sea."

[2] *Strawy.* This beautiful epithet is found in the quarto; the folio has *straying.*

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—
No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll frush[1] it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your arms.[2]
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*The same.*

Enter MENELAUS *and* PARIS, *fighting: then* THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:—'ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt* PARIS *and* MENELAUS.

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.
Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done: I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword:[f] thou hast thy fill of blood and death!
[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking[3] of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike;[g] this is the man I seek.
[HECTOR *falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou; now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
"Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain."
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like,[4] the armies separate.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.—
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums.
[*Within.*] Achilles!
Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!
Dio. The bruit is Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murtherer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.—
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

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[1] *Frush*—break to pieces.

[2] Capell suggested *aims*.

[3] *Darking*. So the folio; the common reading is *dark'ning*.

[4] *Stickler-like*. A *stickler* was an *arbitrator*, or *sidesman;* one who presided over the combats of quarter-staff and wrestling.

Stay yet:—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt* ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

As TROILUS *is going out, enter, from the other side,* PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.
[*Exit* TROILUS.
Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones!—O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be so desired, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting:
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall:
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE II.—"*When were you at Ilium?*"

ILIUM, according to the romance-writers, was the palace of Priam. The author of the "Destruction of Troy" thus describes it:—"In the most open place of the city, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich palace, which was named Ilion: that was one of the richest palaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world."

[b] SCENE II.—"*That's Hector,*" &c.

This scene, in which Pandarus so characteristically describes the Trojan leaders, is founded upon a similar scene in Chaucer, in which the same personage recounts the merits of Priam's two valiant sons:—

"Of Hector needeth nothing for to tell;
In all this world there n'is a better knight
Than he, that is of worthiness the well,
And he well more of virtue hath than might;
This knoweth many a wise and worthy knight:
And the same praise of Troilus I say:
God help me, so I know not suché tway.

"Pardie, quod she, of Hector there is soth,
And of Troilus the same thing trow I,
For dredéless * men telleth that he doth
In armés day by day so worthily,
And bear'th him here at homé so gently
To ev'ry wight, that allé praise hath he
Of them that me were levest praiséd be.†

"Ye say right soth, I wis, quod Pandarus,
For yesterday whoso had with him been
Mighten have wonder'd upon Troilus;
For never yet so thick a swarm of been ‡
Ne flew, as Greekés from him 'gonnen fleen,
And through the field in every wightés ear
There was no cry but 'Troilus is there!'

"Now here, now there, he hunted them so fast,
There n'as but Greekés blood and Troilus;
Now him he hurt, and him all down he cast;
Aye where he went it was arrayéd thus:
He was their death, and shield and life for us,
That as that day there durst him none withstand
While that he held his bloody sword in hand."

* Doubtless.
† Whose praise I should most desire.

[c] SCENE III.—"*Kings, princes, lords,*" &c.

Steevens says the challenge thus sent "would better have suited Palmerin or Amadis than Hector or Æneas." Precisely so. And this was not only the language of romance, but of real life, almost up to the days of Shakspere. In a challenge of the reign of Mary, four Spanish and English knights will maintain a fight on foot at the barriers against all comers, that "they may show their great desires to serve their ladies by the honourable adventure of their person." But would Steevens assert that Shakspere did not purposely make the distinction between the Homeric and the feudal ages? He found the challenge of Hector in Homer; he invested it with its Gothic attributes in accordance with a principle. The commentators sneer at Shakspere's violation of chronology in the mention of Aristotle: what do they say to Chaucer's line in the "Troilus and Creseide"—

"He sung, she play'd, he told a tale of *Wade?*"

Wade was a hero of the same fabulous school as Bevis and Launcelot. The challenge of Hector is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak; Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce, but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since then the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife,
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due: his body I'll resign
To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road;
That, when our beings in the earth shall hide their period,
Survivors sailing the Black Sea may thus his name renew,
This is his monument whose blood long since did fates embrue,
Whom passing fair in fortitude illustrate Hector slew.
This shall posterity report, and my fame never die."—Book vii.

‡ Bees.

ACT II.

[a] SCENE I.—"*The plague of Greece upon thee,*" &c.

Thersites has been termed by Coleridge "the Caliban of demagogic life;" and he goes on to describe him as "the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse; just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist, of his betters." This is the Thersites of Shakspere; he of Homer is merely a deformed jester. The wonderful finished portrait is made out of the slightest of sketches:—

"All sat, and audience gave;
Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out; of which his mind held more
Than it could manage; anything with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings. T' oppose their states becomes not jesters' parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-eyed, and lame of either foot:
So crook-back'd that he had no breast: sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing thus:—
'Atrides, why complain'st thou now? what wouldst thou more of us?
Thy tents are full of brass, and dames; the choice of all are thine:
With whom we must present thee first, when any towns resign
To our invasion. Wan'st thou then (besides all this) more gold
From Troy's knights, to redeem their sons? whom, to be dearly sold,
I, or some other Greek, must take? or wouldst thou yet again
Force from some other lord his prize, to soothe the lusts that reign
In thy encroaching appetite? It fits no prince to be
A prince of ill, and govern us; or lead our progeny
By rape to ruin. O base Greeks, deserving infamy,
And ills eternal! Greekish girls, not Greeks, ye are: Come, fly
Home with our ships; leave this man here, to perish with his preys,
And try if we help'd him, or not: he wrong'd a man that weighs
Far more than he himself in worth: he forc'd from Thetis' son,
And keeps his prize still: nor think I that mighty man hath won
The style of wrathful worthily; he's soft, he's too remiss,
Or else, Atrides, his had been thy last of injuries.'
Thus he the people's pastor chid; but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter check gave: 'Cease, vain fool, to vent thy railing vein
On kings thus, though it serve thee well; nor think thou canst restrain
With that thy railing faculty, their wills in least degree,
For not a worse, of all this host, came with our king than thee
To Troy's great siege: then do not take into that mouth of thine
The names of kings, much less revile the dignities that shine
In their supreme states; wresting thus this motion for our home
To soothe thy cowardice; since ourselves yet know not what will come
Of these designments,—if it be our good to stay or go:
Nor is it that thou stand'st on; thou revil'st our general so;
Only because he hath so much, not given by such as thou,
But by our heroes. Therefore this thy rude vein makes me vow
(Which shall be curiously observ'd), if ever I shall hear
This madness from thy mouth again, let not Ulysses bear
This head, nor be the father call'd of young Telemachus,
If to thy nakedness I take and strip thee not, and thus
Whip thee to fleet from council; send, with sharp stripes, weeping hence
This glory thou affect'st to rail.' This said, his insolence
He settled with his sceptre, strook his back and shoulders so
That bloody wales rose: he shrunk round, and from his eyes did flow
Moist tears; and, looking filthily, he sat, fear'd, smarted; dried
His blubber'd cheeks; and all the press (though griev'd to be denied
Their wish'd retreat for home) yet laugh'd delightsomely, and spake
Either to other."—CHAPMAN'S *Homer*, book ii.

[b] SCENE II.—"*You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.*"

From his "Homer" Shakspere turned to the old Gothic romancer, and there he found the reproach of Troilus to Helenus in the following very characteristic passage:—

"Then arose up on his feet Troylus the youngest son of King Pryamus, and began to speak in this manner:—O noblemen and hardy, how be ye abashed for the words of this cowardly priest here?

If Helenus be afraid, let him go into the Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by strength and force of arms. All they that heard Troylus thus speak allowed him, saying that he had very well spoken. And thus they finished their parliament, and went to dinner."

[c] SCENE III.—"*The elephant hath joints,*" &c.

Up to the time when Sir Thomas Brown wrote his "Vulgar Errors" (about 1670), there was a prevailing opinion that the elephant had no joints, and that it could not lie down. Its joints, according to the passage before us, were not "for flexure." Sir T. Brown refutes the error by appealing to the experience of those who had "not many years past" seen an elephant in England "kneeling and lying down."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE III.—*Expos'd myself,*
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes."

The "Troy Book" gives a different version of the motives of Calchas in going over to the Greeks. Apollo appeared to the priest—

"And said Calchas twice by his name;
Be right well 'ware thou ne turn again
To Troy town, for that were but in vain;
For finally learn this thing of me,
In short time it shall destroyed be."

[b] SCENE III.—"*I have a woman's longing,*
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace."

In the "Destruction of Troy" we have the same conception worthy to be received into the poetry of Shakspere:—

"The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greeks, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE II.—"*We must give up to Diomedes' hand*
The lady Cressida."

This part of the story is thus told in the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Troyans, had a passing fair daughter, and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida—for which daughter he prayed to King Agamemnon, and to the other princes, that they would require the King Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to King Priamus at the instance of Calcas, but the Troyans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthy to die, that had left his own land and his natural lord, for to go into the company of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greeks, the King Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."

[b] SCENE IV.—"*Be thou but true of heart.*"

The parting of Troilus and Cressida is very beautifully told by Chaucer; but as Shakspere's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, we see little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith. Shakspere has made her consistent.

"And o'er all this, I pray you, quod she tho,*
Mine owné heartés sothfast suffisance!
Sith I am thine all whole withouten mo,
That while that I am absent, no pleasánce
Of other do me from your rémembrance,
For I am e'er aghast; for why? men rede†
That love is thing aye full of busy drede.

* Then.

† Say.

"For in this world there liveth lady none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defend!
That so betrayéd were or woe begone
As I, that allé truth in you intend:
And doubtéless, if that I other ween'd,
I n'ere but dead, and ere ye cause yfind,
For Goddés love, so be me nought unkind.

"To this answeréd Troilus, and said,
Now God, to whom there is no cause awry,
Me glad, as wis I never to Cressid',
Sith thilké day I saw her first with eye,
Was false, nor ever shall till that I die:
At short wordés, well ye may me believe;
I can no more; it shall be found at preve.*

"Grand mercy, good heart mine! iwis, (quod she,)
And, blissful Venus! let me never sterve †
Ere I may stand of pleasance in degree
To quite him well that so well can deserve;
And while that God my wit will me conserve
I shall do so, so true I have you found,
That aye honóur to me-ward shall rebound:

"For trusteth well that your estate royal,
Nor vain delight, nor only worthiness
Of you in war or tourney martiál,
Nor pomp, array, nobley,‡ or eke richess,
Ne maden me to rue on your distress,
But moral virtue, grounded upon truth;—
That was the cause I first had on you ruth:

"Eke gentle heart, and manhood that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in despite
Every thing that sounéd into § bad,
As rudéness, and peoplish ‖ appetite,
And that your reason bridled your delight;
This made aboven ev'ry creáture
That I was yours, and shall while I may dure."—Book iv.

[c] SCENE V.—"*Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.*"

This incident, which is one of the occasions in which Shakspere, following the old romance-writers, desires to exhibit the magnanimity of Hector, is found in the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt: and then Hector, for courtesy, embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side: but the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but to his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, that he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Troyans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

[d] SCENE V.—"*Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body Shall I destroy him?*"

It was a fine stroke of art in Shakspere to borrow the Homeric incident of Achilles surveying Hector before he slew him, not using it in the actual scene of the conflict, but more characteristically in the place which he has given it. The passage of Homer is thus rendered by Chapman:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought,—even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."—Book xxii.

ACT V.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.*"

The story of Cressida's falsehood is prettily told by Chaucer. Shakspere has literally copied one of the incidents:—

"She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve."

But we still trace the inconsistency of character in Chaucer's Cressida. Mr. Godwin laments that Shakspere has not interested us in his principal female, as Chaucer has done. Such an interest would have been bought at the expense of truth. The passages which we give will enable the reader to compare the two characters:—

"The morrow came, and ghostly for to speak,
This Diomed is come unto Creseid';
And, shortly, lest that ye my talé break,
So well he for himselfen spake and said
That all her sighés sore adown he laid;
And, finally, the sothé for to sain,
He reft her of the great of all her pain.

"And after this the story telleth us
That she unto him gave the fair bay steed
The which she onés won of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little need)
That Troilus' was, she gave this Diomed;
And eke the bet from sorrow him to relieve,
She made him wear a pencell of her sleeve.

"I find eke in the story ellés where,
When through the body hurt was Diomed
Of Troilus, then wept she many a tear
When that she saw his widé woundés bleed,
And that she took to keepen him good heed,
And for to heal him of his woundés smart:
Men say,—I n'ot,—that she gave him her heart.

"But truély the story telleth us
There maden never women moré woe
Than she when that she falsed Troilus;
She said, Alas! for now is clean ago
My name in truth of love for evermo,
For I have falsed one of the gentillest
That ever was, and one of the worthiest."—Book v.

[b] SCENE III.—"*My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*"

Chaucer has mentioned the presaging dreams of Andromache in the "Canterbury Tales." We find the same relation in the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slain. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore. When it was in the morning, Andromeda went to the King Priamus and to the queen, and told to them the verity of her vision; and prayed them with all her heart that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle, &c. It happened that day was fair and clear, and the Troyans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. And the King Priamus sent to Hector that he should keep him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. At this instant came the Queen Hecuba, and the Queen Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and they humbled themselves and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed and desired him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and unarm him, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace thus armed as he was, and took his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the King Priamus came running anon, and took him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise he would be made to unarm him."

[c] SCENE V.—"*Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.*"

This circumstance is also minutely copied from the "Destruction of Troy:"—

"And of the party of the Troyans came the King Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus took him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great company of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him down, and took his horse.

* Proof. † Die. ‡ Nobility. § Verged towards. ‖ Vulgar.

and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troylus's horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

[d] SCENE V.—"*The dreadful Sagittary*
Appals our numbers."

In the "Destruction of Troy" we have an account of "a marvellous beast that was called Sagittary." The qualities of this beast are more circumstantially related by Lydgate :—

"And with him Guido saith that he had
A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
Of form and shape in manner monstrous :
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
Fro the navel upward he was man,
And lower down like a horse yshaped :
And thilke part that after man was maked
Of skin was black and rough as any bear,
Cover'd with hair fro cold him for to wear.
Passing foul and horrible of sight,
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
As is a furnace with his red leven,
Or the lightning that falleth from the heaven ;
Dreadful of look, and red as fire of cheer,
And, as I read, he was a good archer ;
And with his bow both at even and morrow
Upon Greeks he wrought much sorrow."

[e] SCENE V.—"*Now here he fights on Galathe his horse.*"

"Then when Hector was richly arrayed, and armed with good harness and sure, he mounted upon his horse named Galathe, that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."—*Destruction of Troy.*

[f] SCENE IX.—"*Rest, sword.*"

Shakspere borrowed the circumstance which preceded the death of Hector from the Gothic romancers :—

"When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that, if Hector were not slain, the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously, . . but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh : and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered : and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."

[g] SCENE IX.—"*Strike, fellows, strike.*"

From the same authorities Shakspere took the incident of Achilles employing his Myrmidons for the destruction of a Trojan chief; but they tell the story of Troilus, and not of Hector :—

"After these things the nineteenth battle began with great slaughter; and afore that Achilles entered into the battle he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to enclose Troylus, and to hold him without flying till he came, and that he would not be far from them. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged into the battle. And on the other side came Troylus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much, that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight : then the Myrmidons (that were two thousand fighting men, and had not forgot the commandment of their lord) thrust in among the Troyans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him that he fought strongly, and was enclosed on all parts, but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to succour him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron, and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and cast it under the feet of his horse, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

But Shakspere again goes to his Homer when Achilles trails Hector "along the field :"—

"This said, a work not worthy him he set to ; of both feet
He bor'd the nerves through from the heel to th' ankle, and then knit
Both to his chariot with a thong of white leather, his head
Trailing the centre. Up he got to chariot, where he laid
The arms repurchas'd, and scourg'd on his horse that freely flew ;
A whirlwind made of startled dust drave with them as they drew,
With which were all his black-brown curls knotted in heaps and fill'd,
And there lay Troy's late gracious, by Jupiter exil'd,
To all disgrace in his own land, and by his parents seen."
CHAPMAN'S *Translation*, book xxii.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

To Dryden's alteration of Troilus and Cressida was prefixed a prologue, "spoken by Mr. Betterton representing the Ghost of Shakspere." The Ghost appears to have entirely forgotten what he was on earth, and to present a marvellous resemblance, in his mind at least, to Mr. John Dryden. He says—

"In this my *rough-drawn* play you shall behold
Some master-strokes."

Dryden, in his elaborate "Preface to Troilus and Cressida, containing the grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," thus speaks of Shakspere's performance :—

"For the play itself, the author seems to have begun it with some fire ; the characters of Pandarus and Thersites are promising enough ; but, as if he grew weary of his task, after an entrance or two he lets them fall ; and the latter part of the tragedy is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms. The chief persons who gave name to the tragedy are left alive : Cressida is false, and is not punished. Yet, after all, because the play was Shakspeare's, and that there appeared in *some places* of it the admirable genius of the author, *I undertook to remove that heap of rubbish under which many excellent thoughts lay wholly buried.*"

The mode in which Dryden got rid of the "rubbish," and built up his own edifice, is very characteristic of the age and of the man :—

"I new-modelled the plot ; threw out many unnecessary persons ; improved those characters which were *begun and left unfinished*,—as Hector, Troilus, Pandarus, and Thersites ; and added that of Andromache. After this I made, with no small trouble, an order and connexion of all the scenes, removing them from the places where they were inartificially set."

The result of all this is, that the Ghost of Shakspere, in the concluding lines of the Prologue, thus enlightens the audience as to the dominant idea of the Troilus and Cressida :—

"My faithful scene from true records shall tell
How Trojan valour did the Greek excel ;
Your great forefathers shall their fame regain,
And Homer's angry ghost repine in vain."

Coleridge says, "There is no one of Shakspere's plays harder to characterise." He has overlooked the circumstance that, when the "rubbish" was removed, it became a true record, a faithful chronicle, of the heroic actions of the Trojans,—our "great forefathers." With

every admiration for "glorious John" in his own proper line, we must endeavour to understand what Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida *is* by comparing it with what it *is not* in the alteration before us.

The notion of Dryden was to convert the Troilus and Cressida into a regular tragedy. He complains, we have seen, that "the chief persons who give name to the tragedy are left alive: Cressida is false, and is not punished." The excitement of pity and terror, we are told, is the only ground of tragedy. Tragedy, too, must have "a moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre." To this standard, then, is Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida to be reduced. The chief persons who give name to the tragedy are *not* to be left alive. Cressida is *not* to be false; but she is to die: and so terror and pity are to be produced. And then comes the moral:—

> "Then, since from home-bred factions ruin springs,
> Let subjects learn obedience to their kings."

The management by which Dryden has accomplished this metamorphosis is one of the most remarkable examples of perverted ingenuity. He had a licentious age to please. He could not spare a line, or a word, of what may be considered the objectionable scenes between Pandarus, Troilus, and Cressida. They formed no part of the "rubbish" he desired to remove. He has heightened them wherever possible; and what in Shakspere was a sly allusion becomes with him a positive grossness. Now let us consider for a moment what Shakspere intended by these scenes. Cressida is the exception to Shakspere's general idea of the female character. She is beautiful, witty, accomplished; but she is impure. In her, love is not a sentiment or a passion—it is an impulse. Temperament is stronger than will. Her love has nothing ideal, spiritual, in its composition. It is not constant, because it is not discriminate. Setting apart her inconstancy, how altogether different is Cressida from Juliet, or Viola, or Helena, or Perdita! There is nothing in her which could be called love; no depth, no concentration of feeling—nothing that can bear the name of *devotion*. Shakspere would not permit a mistake to be made on the subject; and he has therefore given to Ulysses to describe her as *he* conceived her. Considering what his intentions were, and what really is the high morality of the characterization, we can scarcely say that he has made the representation too prominent. When he drew Cressida, we think he had the feeling strong on his mind which gave birth to the Hundred and Twenty-ninth Sonnet. A French writer, in a notice of this play, says, "Les deux amants se voient, s'entendent, et sont *heureux*." Shakspere has described such happiness:—

> "A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
> Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
> All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
> To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell."

It was this morality that Shakspere meant to teach when he painted this one exception to the general purity of his female characters. He did not, like the dramatists of the age of the Restoration, make purity the exception his estimate of women was formed upon a truer standard. But when Dryden undertook to remodel Shakspere, female morality, like every other morality, was merely conventional: virtue was an affair of expediency, and not of principle. With an entire submission, then, to the genius of his age, does Dryden retain and heighten the scenes between Troilus and Cressida until she quits the Trojan camp. But in all this, as we are to see in the sequel, Cressida is a perfectly correct and amiable personage. We are told, indeed, of her frank reception of the welcome of the Grecian chiefs; but there is no Ulysses to pronounce a judgment upon her character. She admits, indeed, the suit of Diomedes, and she gives him pledges of her affection; but this is all a make-believe, for, like a dutiful child, she is following the advice of her father:—

> "You must dissemble love to Diomede still:
> False Diomede, bred in Ulysses' school,
> Can never be deceiv'd
> But by strong arts and blandishments of love.
> Put 'em in practice all; seem lost and won,
> And draw him on, and give him line again."

Upon this very solid foundation, then, are built up the terror and pity of Dryden's tragedy; and so Troilus, who has witnessed Cressida's endearments to Diomede, refuses to believe that she is faithful; and then Cressida kills herself; and Troilus kills Diomede; and Achilles kills Troilus; and all the Trojans are killed; and the Greeks who remain upon the field are very happy; and Ulysses tells us—

> "Now peaceful Order has resumed the reins,
> Old Time looks young, and nature seems renew'd."

Here is a tragedy for you, which "is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told, but represented; which, by moving us to fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds." So Dryden quotes Aristotle; and so, not understanding Aristotle, he takes upon himself to mend Shakspere, "incomparable," as he calls him, according to the notions of "my friend Mr. Rymer," and of "Bossu, the best of modern critics."

The feeling which the *study* of Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida slowly but certainly calls forth is that of almost prostration before the marvellous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the "Iliad," and there he reads of "Achilles' baneful wrath." A little onward he is told of the "high threatening" of "the great cloud-gatherer." The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none—perfectly cognisant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a *travestie* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the "Iliad" show us very little of the vulgar side of human life—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play—its incidents, its characterization—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that—

> "The far-sighted Shakspere most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which penetrated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspere wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavoured, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that everything that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small."

All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced: is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art. For example, there is no scene in the drama so entirely in accordance

with the principle as that in which Ulysses stirs up the slothful and dogged Achilles into a rivalry with Ajax. It is altogether so Shaksperian in its profundity—it presents such a key to the whole Shaksperian conduct of this wonderful drama—that we can scarcely be content merely to refer to it.

" *Ulyss.* Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me, That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.
Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
[To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold itself,]
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.
Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves,
That no man is the lord of anything,
(Though in and of him there is much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them form'd in the applause
Where they are extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.
Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours:
For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand;
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might; and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction."

Now, of this scene Dryden has not a word. This was a part of the "rubbish" which he discarded. But in the place of it he gives us an entirely new scene between Hector and Troilus—"almost half the act." He says, "The occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own." This scene, he admits, was an imitation of the famous scene in Julius Cæsar between Brutus and Cassius. And so Dryden transposes the principle of one play into another; destroys the grave irony of Troilus and Cressida by the introduction of the heroic seriousness which was in its place in Julius Cæsar; and gives us, altogether, a set of mongrel characters, compounded of the commonplace heroic and Shakspere's reduction of the false heroic to truth and reason. And yet, with all his labour, Dryden could not make the thing consistent. He is compelled to take Shakspere's representation of Ajax, for example. One passage will be sufficient to show how Dryden and Shakspere managed these things:—

DRYDEN.

" Thank Heav'n, my lord, you're of a gentle nature,
Praise him that got you, her that brought you forth;
But he who taught you first the use of arms,
Let Mars divide eternity in two,
And give him half. I will not praise your wisdom,
Nestor shall do 't; but pardon, father Nestor,
Were you as green as Ajax, and your brain
Temper'd like his, you never should excel him,
But be as Ajax is."

SHAKSPERE.

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

One of the most extraordinary subtleties of Shakspere's Troilus and Cressida arises out of the circumstance that the real heroic tragedy is found side by side with the ironical heroic. Cassandra, short as the character is, may be classed amongst the finest creations of art. Dryden omits Cassandra altogether. Was this a want of a real perception of "the grounds" of tragedy; or an instinct which avoided the higher heroic, when it would come into contrast with his own feebler conceptions? The Cassandra of Shakspere is introduced to heighten the effect of the petty passions, the worldliness, which are everywhere around her. The solemn and the earnest are in alliance with madness.

CORIOLANUS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Coriolanus.

"The tragedy of Coriolanus" was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. It is entered in the Stationers' registers of that year by the publishers of the folio, as one of the copies "not formerly entered to other men." In this folio edition it stands the first of the tragedies in the order of paging; but this arrangement, as in every other case, was in all likelihood an arbitrary one. The text is divided into acts and scenes, according to the modern editions; and the stage directions are very full and precise. With the exception of some obvious typographical errors, such as invariably occur even under the eye of an author when a book is printed from manuscript, the text may be received as accurate.

It would be a natural and almost unavoidable consequence of printing blank verse from a posthumous manuscript, that the beginnings and endings of the lines should be occasionally confused, and that therefore the metrical arrangement of the author would not be perfectly represented in the printed copy. In the text of Coriolanus the variorum editors have, in several instances, corrected obvious defects of the original metrical arrangement; but they have as frequently destroyed its harmony and force from their invariable dislike to short lines and Alexandrines.

Malone assigns the tragedy of Coriolanus to the year 1610. He has given Julius Cæsar to 1607, and Antony and Cleopatra to 1608. On the 20th of May of that year Edward Blount enters at Stationers' Hall "a book called Anthony and Cleopatra;" but in 1623 Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, enter "Mr. William Shakspere's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, so many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men." Amongst these is Antony and Cleopatra. All the plays thus entered in 1623 were unpublished; and not one of them, with the exception of Antony and Cleopatra, had been "formerly entered" by name. It is therefore more than probable that the "Anthony and Cleopatra" entered in 1608 was not Shakspere's tragedy; and we therefore reject this entry as any evidence that Shakspere's Antony and Cleopatra was written as early as 1608. We state, unhesitatingly, that there is no *internal* evidence whatever for the dates of any of the three Roman plays. We believe that they belong to the same cycle; but we would place that later in Shakspere's life than is ordinarily done. Malone places them together, properly enough; but in assuming that they were written in 1607, 1608, and 1610, his theory makes Shakspere almost absolutely unemployed for the last seven years of his life. We hold that his last years were devoted to these plays. The proof which Chalmers offers that Coriolanus was written in 1609 is one of the many ingenious absurdities with which he has surrounded the question of the chronological order of Shakspere's plays. The citizens, he says, are resolved rather to die than to famish; they require corn cheap; there is a dearth. He adds, very gravely, "Now the fact is, that the years 1608 and 1609 were times of great dearth. And *therefore* the play was probably written in 1609 while the pressure was yet felt." We say, now the fact is, the *original story* turns upon the dearth. In North's Plutarch we have the causes assigned "which made the extreme dearth;" and Plutarch also tells us there was great scarcity of corn within the city. If Shakspere found the dearth in the original story, what could the dearth of 1608 possibly have to do with the mode in which he dramatized it?

Supposed Source of the Plot.

"The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans, compared together by Plutarch, done into English by Thomas North," is a book on many accounts to be venerated. It is still the best translation of Plutarch we have—full of fine robust English—a book worthy of Shakspere to read, and sometimes to imitate. Here he found the story of Coriolanus told in the most graphic manner; and he followed it pretty literally. Niebuhr places this story amongst the fabulous legends of Rome. Plutarch, and especially Shakspere, have made it almost impossible to believe that such Romans did not really live, and think, and talk, and act, as we see them in these wonderful pictures of humanity. In the Illustrations to each act we have given the parallel passages from Plutarch. We here subjoin a summary of the story of Coriolanus, which we extract from the "English Cyclopædia"—

"Coriolanus was in the Roman camp when the consul Cominius was laying siege to Corioli. The besieged, making a vigorous sally, succeeded in driving back the Romans to their camp; but Coriolanus immediately rallied them, rushed through the gates, and took the place. Meanwhile the Antiates had come to relieve the town, and were on the point of engaging with the consul's army, when Coriolanus commenced the battle, and soon completely defeated them. From this time he was greatly admired for his warlike abilities, but his haughty demeanour gave considerable offence to the commonalty. Not long afterwards his implacable anger was excited by being refused the consulship; and when, on occasion of a severe famine in the city, corn was at last brought from Sicily (some purchased and some given by a Greek prince), and a debate arose whether it should be given gratis or sold to the plebs, Coriolanus strenuously advised that it should be sold. The people in their fury would have torn him in pieces had not the tribunes summoned him to take his trial. He was banished by a majority of the tribes, and retired to Antium, the chief town of the Volsci, where the king, Attius Tullus, received him with great hospitality. Coriolanus promised the Volsci his aid in their war against Rome, and they forthwith granted him the highest civil honours, and appointed him their general. He attacked and took many towns; among others, Circeii, Satricum, Longula, and Lavinium. At last he directed his march to Rome itself, and pitched his camp only a few miles from the city, where he dictated the terms at which the Romans might purchase a cessation of hostilities. Among other things he demanded that the land taken from the Volsci should be restored, that the colonies settled there should be recalled, and that the whole people should be received as allies and citizens with equal rights; and that all those who had enlisted themselves under his banners should be recalled, as well as himself. Coriolanus allowed them two terms, one of thirty and the other of three days, for making up their minds. After thirty days had expired, a deputation of four leading senators came before his tribunal, but were repulsed with threats if they should again offer anything but unreserved submission.

"On the second day the whole body of priests and augurs came in their official garb, and implored him, but in vain. On the third and last day which he had allowed them he intended to lead his army against the city, but another expedient was tried, and succeeded. The noblest matrons of the city, led by Veturia, the mother of Coriolanus, and his wife Volumnia, who held her little children by the hand, came to his tent. Their lamentations at last prevailed on his almost unbending resolution, and addressing his mother he said, with a flood of tears, 'Take then thy country instead of me, since this is thy choice.' The embassy departed: and, dismissing his forces, he returned and lived among the Volsci to a great age. According to another account, he was murdered by some of the Volsci, who were indignant at his withdrawing from the attack.

"After his death, however, the Roman women wore mourning for him, as they had done for some former heroes. The public gratitude for the patriotic services of Volumnia was acknowledged by a temple, which was erected to Female Fortune."

Scenery and Costume.

It would be extremely difficult to represent the Rome of Coriolanus—its streets, its market-place, its senate-house—without a violation of historical propriety; but in this matter the stage may properly take considerable license.

The general subject of Roman *costume* will be more appropriately examined in the succeeding tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

CORIOLANUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS, *a noble Roman.*
TITUS LARTIUS, COMINIUS, } *generals against the Volsces.*
MENENIUS AGRIPPA, *friend to* Coriolanus.
SICINIUS VELUTUS, JUNIUS BRUTUS, } *tribunes of the people.*
Young MARCIUS, *son to* Coriolanus.
A Roman herald.
TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *general of the Volsces.*
Lieutenant to Aufidius.
Conspirators with Aufidius.
A Citizen of Antium.
Two Volscian guards.

VOLUMNIA, *mother to* Coriolanus.
VIRGILIA, *wife to* Coriolanus.
VALERIA, *friend to* Virgilia.
Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

SCENE.—*partly in* ROME; *and partly in the territories of the* VOLSCIANS *and* ANTIATES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, *with staves, clubs, and other weapons.*

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak. [*Several speaking at once.*

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. 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?

Cit. 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 patricians, good:[1] What authority surfeits on would relieve us. If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved 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:[2] for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

All. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what services he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for 't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

All. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously he did it to that end; though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did 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 account 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 accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft! who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved 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.*[3] Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest 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 suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them
Against the Roman state; whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link 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,

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[1] *Good.* Used in the sense in which Shylock, in The Merchant of Venice, says, "Antonio is a *good* man."

[2] *Rakes.* Spenser, in the "Fairy Queen," has—

"His body lean and meagre as *a rake*."

The allusion, there can be little doubt, is to the tool so called. The simile is very old; we find in Chaucer—

"As lean was his horse as is *a rake*."

This is the sense, we apprehend, in which the citizens are to "become rakes."

[3] All the subsequent dialogue with Menenius is given by the variorum editors to the *first* citizen. Malone thus explains the change:—"This and all the subsequent plebeian speeches in this scene are given by the old copy to the *second* citizen. But the dialogue at the opening of the play shows that it must have been a mistake, and that they ought to be attributed to the *first* citizen. The second is rather friendly to Coriolanus." We adhere to the original copy, for the precise reason which Malone gives for departing from it. The *first* citizen is a hater of public *men*—the second of public *measures;* the first would kill Coriolanus—the second would repeal the laws relating to corn and usury. He says not one word against Coriolanus. We are satisfied that it was not Shakspere's intention to make the low brawler against an individual argue so well with Menenius in the matter of the "kingly-crowned head," &c. This speaker is of a higher cast than he who says, "Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price."

You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you; and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain;[a] make edicts for usury, to support usurers;[b] repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing 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 wondrous 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, I will venture
To stale 't[1] a little more.

2 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace 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' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate; did minister[2]
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

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 replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; 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 steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, 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' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

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 awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 *Cit.* You 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 storehouse, 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 the seat o' the 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:[3] And though 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 flour[4] 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' the common; you shall find,
No public 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' the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first, to win some vantage.—
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.[5]—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter Caius Marcius.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee will flatter
Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you curs,

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[1] *To stale 't.* The original has *to scale 't.* We adopted it in previous editions, in the sense of *weight.* Menenius will venture to *weigh*, to try the value of, the "pretty tale" a little more: though they may have heard it, he will again *scale* it. But Steevens says, "To scale is to *disperse;* though some of you have heard the story, I will spread it still wider, and diffuse it among the rest." Horne Tooke's explanation appears to us somewhat fanciful. To scale, he says, is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *scylan*, to divide. The tale of Menenius is scaled by being divided into particulars. But Mr. Dyce has referred to a note by Gifford on a passage in Massinger—

"I'll not *stale* the jest
By my relation."

Gifford gives this explanation of *stale*:—"Render it flat, deprive it of zest by previous intimation;" and then notices the passage of the text. "This is one of a thousand instances which might be brought to prove that the true reading in Coriolanus, Act I. Sc. I., is—

'To *stale 't* a little more.'"

The old copies have *scale*, for which Theobold judiciously proposed *stale*. To this Warburton objects, petulantly enough, it must be confessed, because to *scale* signifies to *weigh;* so, indeed, it does, and many other things; none of which, however, bear any relation to the text. Steevens, too, prefers *scale*, which he proves, from a variety of authorities, to mean, "'scatter, disperse, spread.'" Mr. Dyce adds, "There is, indeed, no end of passages in our early dramatists where *stale* occurs in the sense of 'make stale, familiar,' &c." Upon these authorities we adopt *stale 't.*

[2] This is usually pointed thus:—

"And, mutually participate, did minister," &c.

Malone tells us that *participate* is *participant* (the participle). We follow the punctuation of the folio.

[3] A common punctuation of this passage is—

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves," &c.

This arrangement of the passage involves a difficulty. The "heart" is metaphorically "the court," the centre to which all tends; but the punctuation also makes it "the seat of the brain." This, Malone and Douce tell us, is right: the "brain" is here put for the understanding, and according to the old philosophy the "heart" was the seat of the understanding. Now, we do not believe that Shakspere's judgment would have permitted him to use "heart" in a physical sense, and "brain" in a metaphysical; nor do we see why the belly should not claim the merit of supplying the head as well as the heart. The obvious meaning of the passage, without any of this forced punctuation (the original uses no point but the comma), appears to us to be—I send the general food through the rivers of your blood, to the court, the heart; I send it to the seat of the brain, and through the cranks and offices (obscure parts) of the whole body. By this means

"The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

[4] *Flour.* This is certainly the flour of corn, opposed to "the bran." The word in the text was usually spelt *flower*, which, though correct in the original sense of flour, may give an erroneous impression to the reader.

[5] *Bale*—ruin. This is the only instance in which Shakspere uses the substantive *bale*, though we have frequently *baleful.* Malone tells us the word was obsolete in Shakspere's time; but it is one of Shakspere's merits to cling to our fine old language, not ostentatiously, but with a full knowledge of its powers.

That like nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
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
Deserves 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 favour 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 these 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.

Mar. Hang 'em! They say!
They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in their liking
Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,[1]
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick[2] 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?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,
That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat,
That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
Corn for the rich man 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' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
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.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger, *hastily.*

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on 't; then we shall have means to vent
Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other* Senators; Junius Brutus, *and* Sicinius Velutus.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us;
The Volsces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the 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.

Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 *Sen.* Your company to the Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on
Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy you priority.[3]

Com. Noble Marcius!

1 *Sen.* Hence! To your homes, be gone.

[*To the* Citizens.

Mar. Nay, let them follow:
The Volsces have much corn; take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners:—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Com., Mar., Tit., *and* Menen. Citizens *steal away.*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

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[4] the gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.[5]

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, "O, if he
Had borne the business!"

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits[6] rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,

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[1] *Ruth*—pity—another old word.

[2] *Pick*—pitch.

[3] We must here understand, worthy *of* priority.

[4] *Gird*. This is the verb of Falstaff's noun, "Every man has a *gird* at me."

[5] There is much dispute about the meaning of this sentence. "The present wars devour him" is clear enough, we think: the wars absorb, eat up the whole man; and then comes the explanation: he is grown too proud of his valour—of being so valiant.

[6] *Demerits*. The word is used in a similar sense in Othello—that of *merits*. The meaning of ill-deserving was acquired later; for *demerit* is constantly used for *desert* by the old writers.

Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.
Sic. Let 's hence, and hear
How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.
Bru. Let 's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Corioli. *The* Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *and certain* Senators.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.
Auf. Is it not yours?
Whatever have[1] 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: [*Reads.*
"They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The dearth 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
Whither 'tis bent: most likely, 'tis for you:
Consider of it."
1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field:
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 show themselves; which in the hatching,
It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery,
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in[2] many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.
2 *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission; hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, 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 powers 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[3] strike
Till one can do no more.
All. The gods assist you!
Auf. And keep your honours safe!
1 *Sen.* Farewell.
2 *Sen.* Farewell.
All. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Marcius' *House.*

Enter VOLUMNIA *and* VIRGILIA. *They sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing;[c] or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show 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 kings' entreaties, a mother should not sell 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 the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.[d] 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 alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.
Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.
Vol. Indeed, you shall not.
Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him:
Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
"Come on, you cowards! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:" His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.
Vir. Heavens bless my lord from fell Aufidius!
Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, *with* VALERIA *and her* Usher.

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 housekeepers. 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. 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 looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed 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; catched it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!
Vol. One of his father's moods.
Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

---

[1] *Whatever have*—elliptically, whatever *things* have.

[2] *Take in*—subdue.

[3] *Ever.* In Reed's edition this was strangely changed to *never*. By "*ever* strike" we understand, we shall continue to strike. If we adopt the reading of *never*, we must accept *strike* in the sense of striking a colour—yielding.

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?

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will 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 lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking 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. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

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 Volsces 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 mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemness 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 IV.—*Before* Corioli.[e]

Enter, with drums and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, *and* Soldiers. *To them a* Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager, they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell nor give him: lend you him I will,
For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.
Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some Senators, *and others.*

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
[*Alarums 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 rushes;
They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;
[*Other alarums.*
There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volsces *enter, and pass over the stage.*

Mar. 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,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my fellows;
He that retires I'll take him for a Volsce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarums, and exeunt Romans *and* Volsces, *fighting. The* Romans *are beaten back to their trenches. Re-enter* MARCIUS.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome!—you herd of—Boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further 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. The Volsces *and* Romans *re-enter, and the fight is renewed. The* Volsces *retire into* Corioli, *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.
[*He enters the gates, and is shut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in.
[*Alarum continues.*

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

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 a sudden,
Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!
Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword,
And when it bows stands up! Thou art left, Marcius:
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier

Even to Cato's wish,[1] not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but with thy grim looks and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, *bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, sir.
Lart. O! 'tis Marcius:
Let 's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the city.*

SCENE V.—*Within the Town. A Street.*

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.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those 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.
Mar. 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: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.
Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!
Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest!—So, farewell.
Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!— [*Exit* MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near the Camp of* Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS *and Forces, retreating.*

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:—The 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?
Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?
Mess. 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 thy news so late?
Mess. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, 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 flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.
Mar. 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.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.
Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.
Com. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?
Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.
Com. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. 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?
Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think:
Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field
If not, why cease you till you are so?
Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpose.
Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?
Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

[1] The original has *Calues wish*. This is evidently a typographical error; but, following Rowe and Pope, Mr. Monck Mason would have us read *Calvus' wish*. We quite agree with Malone that the manuscript was *Catoes*, easily mistaken and rendered by the printer *Calues*. But we do not agree with him that Shakspere committed the anachronism in ignorance. Plutarch, describing the valiant deeds of Coriolanus, says (North's translation), "He was even such another as *Cato* would have a soldier and a captain to be." Shakspere puts nearly the same words in the mouth of Lartius; feeling that Lartius, in thus conveying the sentiment of Plutarch, was to the audience as a sort of chorus. He had no vision of a critic before him, book in hand, calling out that Cato was not born till two hundred and fifty-three years after the death of Coriolanus. Now Mr. Malone, with his exact chronology of the death of Coriolanus, commits in the eyes of modern learning as great a blunder as Shakspere commits in his eyes. We hold to the reading of "Cato's wish," which Theobold very sensibly gave us.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanc'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
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.
Mar. 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
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, [*waving his hand*] to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout, and wave their swords; take him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volsces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. 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.*

SCENE VII.—*The Gates of* Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon* Corioli, *going with a drum and trumpet toward* COMINIUS *and* CAIUS MARCIUS, *enters with a* Lieutenant, *a party of* Soldiers, *and a* Scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries 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 us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Field of battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.*

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise breaker.
Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. 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.
Mar. 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 seest me mask'd: for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to the highest.
Auf. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not scape me here.—

[*They fight, and certain* Volsces *come to the aid of* AUFIDIUS.

Officious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

[*Exeunt fighting, driven in by* MARCIUS.

SCENE IX.—*The Roman Camp.*

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish. Enter at one side, COMINIUS, *and* Romans; *at the other side,* MARCIUS, *with his arm in a scarf, and other* Romans.

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' the end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,—"We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, *with his power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—
Mar. 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 effected 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 less 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.
Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.
Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of all
The treasure, in this field achiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.
Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry,* "Marcius! Marcius!" *cast up their caps and lances* COMINIUS *and* LARTIUS *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall

I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!
Let them be made an overture for the wars![1]
No more, I say! For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.
Com. Too modest are you;
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 Marcius
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 Corioli, call him,
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!
[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*
All. Caius Marcius 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 stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness 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 Corioli back: 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 now
Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.
Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is 't?
Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius 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?

[1] We here venture to make an important change in the generally received reading of this passage:—

> "May these same instruments, which you profane,
> Never sound more! When drums and trumpets shall
> I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
> Made all of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
> Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
> An overture for the wars!"

The stage direction of the original which precedes this speech is, *A long flourish.* The drums and trumpets have sounded in honour of Coriolanus; but, displeased as he may be, it is somewhat unreasonable of him to desire that these instruments may "never sound more." We render his desire, by the slightest change of punctuation, somewhat more rational:—

> "May these same instruments, which you profane,
> Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
> I' the field prove flatterers!"

The difficulty increases with the received reading; for, according to this, when drums and trumpets prove flatterers, courts and cities are to be made of false-faced soothing. Courts and cities are precisely what a soldier would describe as invariably so made. But Coriolanus *contrasts* courts and cities with the field; he separates them:—

> "Let courts and cities be
> Made all of false-fac'd soothing:"

and he adds, as we believe,—

> "*Where* steel grows soft
> As the parasite's silk!"

The difficulties with the received reading are immeasurable. *When* steel grows soft as the parasite's silk the commentators say that *him* (the steel) used for *it*, is to be made an *overture* for the wars; but what overture means here they do not attempt to explain. The slight change we have made gives a perfectly clear meaning.—The whole speech has now a leading idea:—

> "Let *them* be made an overture for the wars."

Let *them*, the instruments which you profane, be the *prelude* to our wars. Opposed as we are to editorial license, we hold ourselves keeping within due bounds in substituting *where* for *when*, and *them* for *him*; for there are several instances of these words having been misprinted in the original copies. We believe that the sense of these lines has been mistaken, in some measure, through the deviations from the metrical arrangement in the original. Our reading follows this arrangement much more closely than that of the modern editors.

Com. Go we to our tent:
The blood upon your visage dries: 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the* Volsces.

A flourish. Cornets. Enter Tullus Aufidius, *bloody, with Two or Three* Soldiers.

Auf. The town is ta'en!
1 *Sol.* 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.
Auf. Condition?—
I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volsce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is 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.
1 *Sol.* He's the devil.
Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour's poison'd,
With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary
Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements[2] all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in his heart. Go you to the city;
Learn how 'tis held; and what they are that must
Be hostages for Rome.
1 *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 spur on my journey.
1 *Sol.* I shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, *and* Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.
Bru. Good, or bad?

[2] *Embarquements*—embargoes.

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor in,[1] that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored 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 censured here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—Will you not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well!

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter: for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your disposition 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: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks,[2] and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. 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 allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion:[3] 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 Lycurguses,) if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bisson[4] conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor anything. 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-seller; and then rejourn the 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 pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled 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 giber for 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 entombed 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 'em were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS *retire to the back of the scene.*

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* VALERIA, &c.

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?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. 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 empiricutick,[5] and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On 's brows:[6] Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had stayed by him, I would not have been so fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them Is the senate possessed 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.

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[1] The repetition of the preposition, as in this sentence, is found in other passages of Shakspere. In Romeo and Juliet—

"That fair, *for* which love groan'd *for*;"

in As You Like It—"The scene *wherein* we play *in*."

[2] Johnson explains, "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 stows his own."

[3] See Recent New Reading at the end of Act II.

[4] *Bisson*—blind.

[5] *Empiricutick.* This is a word coined from *empiric*, and is spelt in the original *emperickqutique*.

[6] Volumnia here answers the question of Menenius, "Brings 'a (he) victory in his pocket?" without noticing the old man's observation about the "wounds."

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow!

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—
Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! [*To the* Tribunes, *who come forward.*] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: [*a shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie;
Which, being advanc'd, declines; and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius *and* Titus Lartius: *between them,* Coriolanus, *crowned with an oaken garland; with* Captains, Soldiers, *and a* Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight
Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius;
These in honour follows, Coriolanus:—
Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*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. O! you have, I know, petition'd all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*

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, O thy wife!

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!
Wouldst 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 you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep,
And I could laugh; I am light and heavy: Welcome:
A curse begin at very root of his heart
That is not glad to see thee!—You are three
That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We have 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: [*To his* Wife *and* Mother.
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 liv'd
To see inherited my very wishes,
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.

Com. On, to the Capitol!

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. The* Tribunes *remain.*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture[1] lets her baby cry,
While she chats him; the kitchen malkin[2] pins
Her richest lockram[3] 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions: all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shown flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks,[4] to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god who leads him
Were slily 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 temperately 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'll give them, 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' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless[5] vesture of humility;
Nor showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better

---

[1] *Rapture*—fit.

[2] *Malkin.* A scarecrow—a figure of rags—is called a *malkin.* Is the kitchen-wench called a malkin from her supposed resemblance to such a figure? On the other hand, *Malkin* is the diminutive of Mall, Moll; and thus the lady of the May had degenerated into *Malkin* in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. Is the scarecrow then called after the kitchen-wench? Our readers must decide the question for themselves.

[3] *Lockram* was no doubt a coarse linen. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Spanish Curate" we have—

"To poor maidens' marriages
I give per annum two hundred ells of *lockram.*"

[4] Shakspere has the same image in the Tarquin and Lucrece, of white and red contending for the empire of a lady's cheek:—

"The silent wars of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field."

But we are inclined to think that in the passage before us the word "damask" conveys an allusion to the more fearful War of the Roses, which is more specially introduced by a later writer, Cleaveland:—

"Her cheeks
Where roses mix: no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster."

[5] *Napless*—threadbare.

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 wills;[1]
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 his power, he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders,
And dispropertied 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 provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.
Sic. This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch 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 his fire
To kindle their dry stubble;[2] and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?
Mess. You are 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: Matrons flung gloves,[3]
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
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 the time,
But hearts for the event.
Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. 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 flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: 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 disposition; and, out of his noble carelessness, lets them plainly see 't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm; but he seeks 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 not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted,[4] 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 ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him: he is a worthy man: Make way, they are coming.

A Sennet. Enter, with Lictors *before them,* Cominius *the Consul,* Menenius, Coriolanus, *many other* Senators, Sicinius *and* Brutus. *The* Senators *take their places; the* Tribunes *take theirs also by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the Volsces,
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.
1 *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. Masters o' the people,
We do request your kindest ears; and, after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passes here.
Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theme of our assembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off;[5]
I would you rather had been silent: Please you
To hear Cominius speak?
Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your people;

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[1] The passage may be either taken to mean that the purpose of Coriolanus will be to him a sure destruction, in the same way as the good *wills* (ironically) of the tribunes; or as our good, our advantage, *wills* (a verb).

[2] *This*—this plan—is the antecedent to "will be his fire." The double parenthesis makes the sentence involved. In our Pictorial Edition we suggested the substitution of *touch* for the *teach* of the folio, as in Othello:—

"*Touch* me not so near."

We now adopt *touch*.

[3] We give the metrical arrangement as well as the words of the original. The versification indicates the freedom which marks all Shakspere's later plays. Steevens says, "The words *the* and *their*, which are wanting in the old copy, were properly supplied by Sir T. Hanmer to complete the verse." These words were adopted by Hanmer from Pope. The following arrangement was long received:—

"You are 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."

[4] *Bonneted.* The variorum editors said that to *bonnet* is to take off the bonnet; as to *cap*, in the academic phrase, is to take off the cap. In illustration we may remark that in the quarto edition of Othello we find "oft capp'd;" in the folio "off-capp'd;" and we believe, from the collateral circumstances, that the latter is the true reading. (See note on Othello, Act I. Sc. I.) In a subsequent scene Othello says—

"My demerits
May speak, *unbonneted*."

This is clearly *without* the bonnet, in whatever sense we receive it. (See note on Othello, Act I. Sc. II.) But here in the text before us we are told that bonneted *also* means, without the bonnet. Malone says, "They humbly took off their bonnets without any further deed." The context appears to us to give exactly the contrary meaning:—"His ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, *having* been supple and courteous to the people," *put on* their bonnets "without any further deed."

[5] That is nothing to the matter.

But tie him not to be their bedfellow.—
Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.
[Coriolanus *rises, and offers to go away.*
1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear
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'd 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' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd.
[*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Masters o' the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.
Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be utter'd feebly.—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 counterpois'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'erpress'd Roman,[1] and i' the consul's view
Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee:[2] in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the 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 lurch'd[3] all swords o' the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, 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 weeds[4] before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem: 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' the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli like a planet: Now all's his:
When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, then straight his doubled spirit
Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
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!
1 *Sen.* He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.
Com. Our spoils he kick'd at;
And look'd upon things precious as they were
The common muck o' the world; he covets less
Than misery itself would give; rewards
His deeds with doing them; and is content
To spend the time, to end it.
Men. He's right noble;
Let him be call'd for.
1 *Sen.* Call Coriolanus.
Off. He doth appear.

Re-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 you do speak to the people.[a]
Cor. I do beseech you,
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you
That I may pass this doing.
Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to 't:—
Pray you, go fit you to the custom;
And take to you, 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;—
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only:—
Men. Do not stand upon 't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.
Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!
[*Flourish. Then exeunt* Senators.
Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.
Sic. May they perceive his 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 the market-place
I know they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.

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[1] A touch of Malone's minute criticism will amuse our readers:—"This was an act of similar friendship in our old English armies: but there is no proof that any such practice prevailed among the legionary soldiers of Rome, nor did our author give himself any trouble on that subject."

[2] *On his knee*—down on his knee.

[3] *Lurch'd.* We have a similar expression in Ben Jonson's "Silent Woman:"—"You have lurched your friends of the better half of the garland." The term is, or was, used in some game of cards, in which a complete and easy victory is called *a lurch;* and the word, as we find in Florio's Italian Dictionary, was in use in Shakspere's time—"gioco marzo—a lurch at any game;" and "gioco marcio—a lurch-game."

[4] *Weeds.* The second folio changed this word to *waves;* and Steevens adopting it, this reading became the common one. Malone supports the original, of the correctness of which we think there can be no doubt. *Waves* falling before the stem of a vessel under sail is an image which conveys no adequate notion of a triumph over petty obstacles: a ship cuts the waves as a bird the air; there is opposition to the progress, but each moves in its element. But take the image of *weeds* encumbering the progress of a vessel under sail, but with a favouring wind dashing them aside, and we have a distinct and beautiful illustration of the prowess of Coriolanus. Steevens says, "*Weeds*, instead of falling below a vessel under sail, cling fast about the stem of it." But Shakspere was not thinking of the weed floating on the billow: the Avon or the Thames supplied him with the image of weeds rooted at the bottom.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is a power that we have no power to do: for if he show us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so, if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we being members, should bring ourselves 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.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,[1] some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head; but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience' sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You may, you may.

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 *and* MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, 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. [*Exeunt.*

Men. O 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 the noise of our own drums.

Men. O 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 them.

Men. You'll mar all;
I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Enter Two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to 't.[2]

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

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 anything, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well, then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, sir? I pray, let me ha 't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice, sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—There is in all two worthy voices begged:—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* Citizens.

Enter 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.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *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 my hat than my heart, I will practise 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 consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. 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 woolvish gown[3] should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouchers? 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 heap'd
For truth to overpeer. 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.

Enter Three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—
Your voices: for your voices I have fought;

[1] *Auburn.* The word of the original is *abram*, and it so continued until the publication of the fourth folio, when it became *auburn*.

All this dialogue is printed in the original as we print it—as prose. The variorum editors turned it into limping blank verse, following Capell.

[3] *Woolvish gown.* The reading of the first folio is *woolvish tongue;* of the second, *woolvish gowne.* We believe the correction of *tongue* to *gown* is right. Some of the commentators think that the original word was *toge.* It is difficult to say whether *woolvish* means a gown made of wool, or a gown resembling a wolf or *wolfish.* The notion of Steevens that the allusion was to the wolf in sheep's clothing seems merely fanciful. Mr. Collier's Corrector gives us *woolless togue.* As the gown was made of wool, it surely cannot be *woolless.*

Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen and heard of; for your voices
Have done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul! [*Exeunt* Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice:
Remains, that, in the official marks invested,
You anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd:
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 myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Menen.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

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 downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says
He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No, no; no man saw 'em. [*Several speak.*

3 *Cit.* He said he had wounds, which he could show in private;
And with his hat, 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,—
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your voices,
I have no further with you:"—Was not 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; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses 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 towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried 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 surly nature,
Which easily endures not article
Tying him to aught; so, putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in 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, denied the asker? and, now again,
Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those friends,
They have 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: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto 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 most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay a fault on us, your tribunes, that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds,
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, 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 youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs of,[b]
The noble house o' the Marcians; 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,][1]
And nobly nam'd so, twice being censor,
Was his great ancestor.
Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To 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 done 't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.
Cit. We will so: almost all repent in their election.
[*Several speak.*
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
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 the Capitol!
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 415.—"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine *with not* a drop of allaying Tiber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the *first* complaint; hasty," &c.

"I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, *without* a drop of allaying Tiber in 't: said to be something imperfect, in favouring the *thirst* complaint; hasty," &c.—*Collier, MS. Corrector.*

The alteration of *with not* to *without* is needless; and in Lovelace's beautiful "Verses to Althea" we have—

> "When flowing cups run swiftly round,
> *With no* allaying Thames."

Would either passage be improved by substituting *without?* In the second part of the sentence common sense will not set *first* aside because Mr. Singer has discovered that *thirst* was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *first* and *furst*. We believe the expression has nothing to do with the hot wine that Menenius loved. He acknowledges to be jovial; he confesses to the imperfection of listening with favour to him who first complains of a grievance; he is hasty, &c. *Complaint* is invariably used by Shakspere in this sense. The secondary meaning of complaint —a malady—is modern.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?
Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was which caus'd
Our swifter composition.
Cor. So then the Volsces stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon us again.
Com. They are worn, lord consul, so
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.
Cor. Saw you Aufidius?
Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, 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.

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.
Sic. Pass no further.
Cor. Ha! 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 pass'd the noble and the common?[2]
Bru. Cominius, no.
Cor. Have I had children's voices?
1 *Sen.* Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incens'd against him.
Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—[a]
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim 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 it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.
Bru. Call 't not a plot:
The people cry you mock'd them; and, of late,
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 sithence?[3]
Bru. How! I inform them!
Com. You are like to do such business.[4]
Bru. Not unlike,
Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You show too much of that
For which the people stir: If you will pass
To where you are bound, you must inquire 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.

[1] The line in brackets is not in the original, but was supplied by Pope. Something is clearly wanting to connect with "twice being censor;" and Plutarch tells us who was "nobly named:"—"Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice." The Cambridge editors have a reading of their own, which leaves the words of the folio still in their order:—

> "And [Censorinus] nobly named so,
> Twice being [by the people chosen] censor."

[2] *The noble and the common.* Rowe changed this reading of the original to "the *nobles* and the *commons*," partially adopting a reading of the subsequent folios.

[3] *Sithence*—since.

[4] This interposition of Cominius is according to the old copy. Theobald gave the words to Coriolanus, as a continuation of his dialogue with Brutus. The words are not characteristic of Coriolanus, whilst the interruption of Cominius gives spirit and variety to the scene.

Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd,—set on.[1]—This palt'ring
Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I' the 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.
1 *Sen.* Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:
For the mutable, rank-scented many,[2]
Let them regard me as I do not flatter,
And therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle[3] of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
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 sought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people as if 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 Jove, 'twould be my mind!
Sic. It is a mind
That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.
Cor. Shall remain!—
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute *shall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. *Shall!*
O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
The horn and noise o' the 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. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate;
And such a one as he, who puts his *shall*,
His popular *shall*, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
It makes the consuls base! and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.
Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel to give forth
The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 'twas used
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, fed
The ruin of the state.
Bru. Why shall the people give
One that speaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not our recompense; resting well assur'd
They ne'er did service for 't: Being press'd to the war,
Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the native
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bosom multiplied[4] digest
The senate's courtesy? 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 debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time
Break ope the locks o' the senate, and bring in
The crows to peck the eagles.
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over-measure.
Cor. 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 general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows
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 on 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump[5] a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it,—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 which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.
Bru. He has said enough.
Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.
Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
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, it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

[1] *Set on*—stirred up. These words were printed by Rowe as a complete sentence, having the meaning of *go forward.*
[2] *Many.* This is *meiny* in the original. Shakspere, in Lear, uses *meiny* as a body of attendants, whence *menials;* but this is not the sense of the passage before us.
[3] *Cockle*—a weed amongst the corn.
[4] *Bosom multiplied.* This is the reading of all the folios, which may be supported by considering that *bosom* is used, as Shakspere often uses it, in the sense of temper, disposition. Mr. Dyce, however, has given us the clearer reading of *bisson multitude.*
[5] *Jump*—in the sense of risk.

Bru. Manifest treason!
Sic. This a consul? no.
Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Ædile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit* Ædile] in whose name, myself
Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.
Cor. Hence, old goat!
Sen. and Pat. We'll surety him.
Com. Aged sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments!
Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Enter the Ædiles, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.
Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, Ædiles!
Cit. Down with him, down with him! [*Several speak.*
Senators and others. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all bustle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!—
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
Peace, peace, peace: stay, hold, peace![1]
Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.
Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace!
Cit. 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 have nam'd for consul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie!
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
1 *Sen.* To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city but the people?
Cit. True,
The people are the city.
Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.
Cit. You so remain.
Men. And so are like to do.
Com. 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.[2]
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' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him!
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word.
'Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Ædi. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend, [*To* Brutus[3]]
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No; I'll die here.
[*Drawing his sword.*
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 awhile.
Bru. Lay hands upon him.
Men. Help Marcius; help,
You that be noble: help him, young and old!
Cit. Down with him, down with him!
[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beat in.*
Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away!
All will be naught else.
2 *Sen.* Get you gone.
Com. Stand fast;
We have as many friends as enemies.
Men. Shall it be put to that?
1 *Sen.* The gods forbid!
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.
Men. For 'tis a sore upon us
You cannot tent yourself: Be gone, '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,
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)—Be gone;
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 of the best of them; yea, the two tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.
Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.
Com. Nay, come away.
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*
1 *Pat.* 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 his 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 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed!
Men. I would they were in Tiber!—What, the vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

[1] We follow the Cambridge editors in considering these four lines as the tumultuous cries of the partisans on both sides.

[2] We give this speech, as in the original, to the calm and reverend Cominius. Coriolanus is standing apart, in proud and sullen rage; and yet the variorum editors, following Pope, put these four lines in his mouth, as if it was any part of his character to argue with the people about the prudence of their conduct. These editors continue this change in the persons to whom the speeches are assigned, without the slightest regard, as it appears to us, to the exquisite characterization of the poet. Amidst all this tumult the first words which Coriolanus utters, according to the original copy, are, "No, I'll die here." He again continues silent; but the once-received edition must have him talking; and so they put in his mouth the calculating sentence, "We have as many friends as enemies," and the equally characteristic talking of Menenius, "I would they were barbarians." We have left all these passages precisely as they are in the original.

[3] The Cambridge editors consider this to be addressed to Brutus, the original having *friend*, and not *friends*, as Rowe printed.

Re-enter BRUTUS *and* SICINIUS, *with the rabble.*

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 resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at naught.
1 *Cit.* He shall well know
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.
Cit. He shall, sure on 't.
[*Several speak together.*
Men. Sir, sir,—
Sic. Peace!
Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.
Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you have holp
To make this rescue?
Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—
Sic. Consul!—what consul?
Men. The consul Coriolanus.
Bru. He consul!
Cit. No, no, no, no, no!
Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two;
The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.
Sic. Speak briefly then;
For we are peremptory, to despatch
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
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!
Sic. He's a disease, that must be cut away.
Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which I dare vouch is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd 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 the end o' the world.
Sic. This is clean kam.[1]
Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country,
It honour'd him.
Men. The service of the foot,
Being once gangren'd, is not then respected
For what before it was—
Bru. We'll hear no more:—
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest 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 unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.
Bru. If it were so,—
Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote! ourselves resisted!—Come:—
Men. Consider this;—he has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him in peace,[2]
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 market-place:—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. He must come,
[*To the* Senators.
Or what is worse will follow.
1 *Sen.* Pray you, let 's to him.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Kam* is probably from the French *camus*, bent, turned up, crooked, and means that the reasons are awry from the purpose. Skelton, in his "Poems against Garnesche," has "crooked as a camoke;" and in a translation of "Guzman d'Alfarache" we have "all goes topsy-turvy, all kem-kam." Mr. Grant White says it is Welsh, meaning awry. Norris, in his Cornish Vocabulary, says *cam* in Welsh is crooked, and is applied to squinting. *David Gam, esquire* (Henry V.), was so called from this peculiarity.

SCENE II.—*A Room in* Coriolanus's *House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills 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.

1 *Pat.* 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 sell with groats; to show bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you; [*To* VOLUMNIA.
Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.
Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.
Cor. Let go.
Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings[3] of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.
Cor. Let them hang.
Vol. Ay, and burn too.

[2] *In peace.* So the original. Pope and subsequent editors have omitted these words, assuming them to have been brought by mistake from the line below.
[3] *Thwartings.* This is an ingenious correction by Theobald. The original has *things.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, something too rough;
You must return, and mend it.
1 *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 the herd,[1] but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.
Cor. What must I do?
Men. Return to the tribunes.
Cor. Well,
What then? what then?
Men. Repent what you have spoke.
Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods;
Must I then do't to them?
Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.
Cor. Tush, tush!
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 adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?
Cor. Why force you this?
Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
But with such words that are but roted in
Your tongue, though but bastards, 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, requir'd
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather show our general lowts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.
Men. Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.
Vol. I prithee 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 bussing 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,[2]
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,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power and person.
Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.
Vol. Prithee now
Go, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir, 'tis fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
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:—
Prithee now say you will, and go about it.
Cor. Must I go show them my unbarb'd sconce? Must I,
With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it,
And throw it against the wind.—To the market-place:—
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.
Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.
Vol. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said,
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
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 voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and schoolboys' tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd knees,
Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not do't
Lest 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 list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me;
But owe thy pride thyself.
Cor. Pray, be content;
Mother, I am 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:

[1] *Herd.* The original has *heart.* The words might be easily mistaken in the old spelling of *heard;* and we adopt the correction, which is also Theobald's.

[2] This passage has been a stumbling-block to the variorum editors, and they want to know how the waving the head corrects the stout heart. They have forgotten the maxim which Volumnia has just uttered, "Action is eloquence." She is explaining her meaning by her action: waving thy head, which often wave—thus—(and she then waves her head several times). She adds, "Correcting thy stout heart," be "humble as the ripest mulberry." We owe this interpretation to a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh in 1814—"Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspere."

Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, further.
Vol. Do your will. [*Exit.*
Com. Away! the tribunes do attend you: arm yourself
To answer mildly; for they are 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 III.—*The same. The Market-place.*

Enter SICINIUS *and* BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?
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 the poll?
Æd. I have; 'tis ready.
Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?
Æd. I have.
Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say "It shall be so
I' the right and strength o' the 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 i' the truth o' the cause.
Æd. I shall inform them.
Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Enforce 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 used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance: then he speaks
What's in his heart: and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, Amen!
Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, *with* Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace, I say!
Cor. First, hear me speak.[b]
Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no further 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 show
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.
Cor. Scratches with briers,
Scars 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[1] 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 pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am 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 contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! traitor?
Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.
Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat 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?
Cit. To the rock; to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the 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 mother?
Com. Know, I pray you,—
Cor. I'll know no further
Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger

[1] *Accents.* This is a correction by Theobald; the old copy has *actions*.

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 morrow.
Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it: In the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates; I' the people's name,
I say it shall be so.
Cit. It shall be so: It shall be so; let him away;
He's banish'd, and it shall be so.[1]
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 show, 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.
Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the 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
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels,)
Making not[2] reservation of yourselves,
(Still your own foes,) deliver you,
As most abated captives, to some nation
That won you without blows! Despising,
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere.
[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators, *and* Patricians.
Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!
Cit. Our enemy is banish'd![c] he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*
Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.
Cit. Come, come, let 's see him out at gates; come;—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [*Exeunt.*

[1] If we turn to the beginning of the scene, we shall find the direction of the tribunes very precise as to the echo which the people were to raise of their words. When, therefore, Sicinius here pronounces the sentence of banishment, he terminates, as he said he should, with, "It shall be so;" and the people, true to the instruction, vociferate, "It shall be so." They afterwards repeat the cry in the same words. Perhaps upon the whole the common text formerly presented one of Steevens's most atrocious alterations. It can scarcely be conceived that he has had the folly to say, "old copy unmetrically, *and it shall be so*," and to print the passage thus:—

"It shall be so,
It shall be so; let him away: he's banish'd,
And so it shall be."

[2] *Not.* The original has *but*, which Capell corrected.

RECENT NEW READING.

ACT III., SC. II., p. 425.—"I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
To better vantage."

In this passage is introduced one of the eight new lines, which Mr. Collier considers to have been recovered as the genuine writing of Shakspere. After the line, "I have a heart," &c., the Corrector inserts—

"*To brook control without the use of anger;*"

and he holds the sense to be incomplete without it. The incompleteness of the sense depends, in some degree, upon our interpretation of the word *apt*. In Ben Jonson ("Cynthia's Revels") we have, "I confess you to be of an *apted* and double humour." Assuming *apt* to mean *ready*, the new line is scarcely required; for Volumnia may refer to the aptitude to be "counselled," for which her heart is as "little apt" as that of her son. Mr. Staunton says the MS. Corrector's line has undergone a change since its first appearance. It is now—*to brook reproof.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before a Gate of the City.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *and several young* Patricians.

Cor. Come, leave your tears;[a] a brief farewell:—the beast
With many heads butts me away.—Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say, extremity[3] was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, craves
A noble cunning: you were used to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Vir. O heavens! O heavens!
Cor. Nay, I prithee, 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,
Resume 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 sav'd
Your husband so much sweat.—Cominius,
Droop not; adieu!—Farewell, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime general,
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot well
My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen[4]
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. My first[5] son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee awhile: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure[6] to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.
Cor. O the gods!

[3] *Extremity.* So the second folio; the first, *extremities.* This correction of what we call the false grammar, in an edition published so soon after the original, ought perhaps to be adopted in a modern text.

[4] The *fen* is the pestilential abode of the "lonely dragon," which he makes "feared and talked of more than seen."

[5] *First*—in the sense of noblest.

[6] *Exposure.* The original has *exposture;* but we think with Steevens that this is a typographical error, and correct it accordingly, after Rowe.

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' the absence of the needer.
Cor. Fare ye well:—
Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.—
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
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
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot!
Cor. Give me thy hand.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and an* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no further.—
The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shown 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.
[*Exit* Ædile.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, *and* MENENIUS.

Here comes his mother.
Sic. 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. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o' the 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. You shall stay too: [*To* SICIN.] I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?[1]
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. O blessed heavens!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise 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?
Vir. What then?
He'd make an end of thy posterity.
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 heaven
Will not have earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:
You have 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 we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?
Vol. Take my prayers with you.—
I would the gods had nothing else to do,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.
Men. You have told them home,
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup 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, come.
Men. Fie, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Highway between* Rome *and* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volsce, *meeting.*

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me: your name, I think, is Adrian.
Vols. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?
Vols. Nicanor? No.
Rom. The same, sir.
Vols. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appeared[2] 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 saved me a day's journey.
Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.
Vols. 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 right 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.
Vols. Coriolanus banished?
Rom. Banished, sir.
Vols. 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

[1] *Mankind.* Sicinius asks insultingly whether Volumnia is mankind—a woman with the roughness of a man? Shakspere, in A Winter's Tale, uses the term "*mankind* witch."

[2] *Well appeared*—rendered apparent.

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fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vols. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

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?

Vols. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,[1] 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.

Vols. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Antium. *Before* Aufidius's *House.*

Enter Coriolanus, *in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium:[b] 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;
Lest 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, 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell. [*Exit* Citizen.

O 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, twin, as 'twere in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity: So, fellest 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 interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birthplace hate[2] I, and my love's upon
This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in* Aufidius's *House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Serv.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him.
Cotus! [*Exit.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well: but I
Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the First Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence are you?
Here's no place for you: Pray, go to the door.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* 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 *Serv.* Away? Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.

Enter a Third Servant. *The First meets him.*

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: Prithee, call my master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* 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.*

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 *Serv.* And I shall. [*Exit.*

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* 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 Aufidius *and the Second* Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* 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 speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, [*unmuffling*] not yet thou know'st me, and, seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name? [Servants *retire.*

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

---

[1] *In the entertainment*—under engagement for pay.

Hate. The original has *have;* and we owe the judicious correction to Capell.

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'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 Volsces,
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname; 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,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by the 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' the world
I would have 'voided thee: but in mere spite,
To be full quit of those my banishers,
Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
A heart of wreak[1] in thee, that will 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.[2] But if so be
Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou art 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 show thee but a fool;
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
It be to do thee service.
Auf. O Marcius, Marcius!
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,
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,
And scarr'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
Bestride 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 lose mine arm for 't: Thou hast beat me out[3]
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, fisting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
Had we no other 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'erbeat. O, come, go in,
And take our friendly senators by the hands;
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
Who am prepar'd against your territories,
Though not for Rome itself.
Cor. You bless me, gods!
Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down,—
As best 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 in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall
Say, Yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!
[*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

1 *Serv.* [*Advancing.*] Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand I had thought to have strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* 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 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is: but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter Third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O, slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals!

1 *&* 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let 's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 *&* 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say thwack our general: but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But, more of thy news?

3 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of

[1] *Wreak*—revenge.
Under fiends—fiends below.

[3] *Out*—complete.

him; sanctifies himself with 's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowle[1] the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.[2]

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do 't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* 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) show themselves (as we term it) his friends whilst he's in directitude.[3]

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* 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 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* 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; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* '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 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, beheld[4]
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing 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 missed but with 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 temporised.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife hear nothing from him.[5]

Enter Three or Four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, 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.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [*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' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should 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.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world,
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be
The Volsces 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. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this:
Lest you shall 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.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come[6]
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

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[1] *Sowle*—a provincial word for *pull out.*

[2] *Polled*—cleared.

[3] *Directitude.* Malone would read *discreditude.* He thinks the servant was not meant to talk absolute nonsense. Why then does the other servant ask the meaning of the fine word?

[4] *Beheld.* The original has *behold*, which is retained in most modern editions; but we should certainly read *would behold*, or *had beheld.*

[5] We print this dialogue in prose, as in the original. It is ordinarily printed as ten lines of blank verse, after Capell.

[6] *Come.* The original has *coming.* The alteration to *come* was by Rowe, which we adopt, in common with other recent editors. Yet we unwillingly give up *coming.* The reader will remember Mr. Campbell's fine image—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Sic. What more fearful?
Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power '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 sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.
Sic. The very trick on 't.
Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,[1]
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate;
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already,
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. O, you have made good work!
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp 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 auger's bore.
Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—
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 butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlic-eaters!
Com. He'll shake your Rome about your ears.
Men. As Hercules did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!
Bru. But is this true, sir?
Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly 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 are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.
Com. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, "Be good to Rome," they charg'd him even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.
Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, "Beseech you, cease."—You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!
Com. You have 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 cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.
Com. But, I fear,
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.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.—
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting
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 could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserv'd it.
Cit. '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 though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will.
Com. You are goodly things, you voices!
Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the Capitol?
Com. O, ay; what else? [*Exeunt* Com. *and* Men.
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 show no sign of fear.
1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished 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.*

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from* Rome.

Enter Aufidius *and his* Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the 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 proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature

[1] *Atone*—be reconciled—*at one*.

In that's no changeling; 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 either 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. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?
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 hasty
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.[1] First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
Even with the same austerity 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 a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time:
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights fouler,[2] strength by strengths do fail.
Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, *and others.*

Men. 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[3]
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.
Com. He would not seem to know me.[a]
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: forbad all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.
Men. Why, so; you have 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 less expected: He replied,
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 his 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 the offence.
Men. For one poor grain or two?
I am 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 distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.
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, towards Marcius.
Men. Well, and say that Marcius return 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 pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: 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,

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[1] The force and propriety of this image will be seen from the following extract from Drayton's "Poly-Olbion," describing the osprey, according to the popular notion:—

> "The *osprey*, oft here seen, though seldom here it breeds,
> Which over them the *fish* no sooner doth espy,
> But, betwixt him and them by an antipathy,
> Turning their bellies up, as though their death they saw,
> They at his pleasure lie to stuff his gluttonous maw."

Fouler. So the original. Malone substitutes *founder;* and the emendation has provoked three pages of controversy amongst the commentators. We may understand the meaning of the original expression if we substitute the opposite epithet, *fairer*. As it is, the lesser rights drive out the greater—the fairer rights fail through the *fouler*. In the same manner, in The Taming of the Shrew, *fouler* is not used in the sense of more polluted: we have—

> "The *fouler* fortune mine, and there an end."

[3] *Knee.* So the original. The second folio, which has been followed in all other editions, has the less expressive verb *kneel*. Shakspere uses *knee* as a verb in Lear:—

> "To *knee* his throne."

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 me,—what he would not;
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:[1]
So that all hope is vain,
Unless[2] his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An advanced Post of the Volscian Camp before* Rome. *The* Guard *at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* 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 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *G.* 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 lots[3] to blanks
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* 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
(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 have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

Men. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the part of your general.

2 *G.* 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 dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out 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 palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant 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 deceived: therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned; 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.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say; go, lest I let forth your half-pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having;—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS *and* 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 guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee: but being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs: and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage 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, my remission lies
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 lov'd thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
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.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS *and* AUFIDIUS.

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius?

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent[4] for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* 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 are 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 that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! [*Exit.*

[1] The commentators suspect some omission here; but it appears to us that they have mistaken the passage. They conceive that "what he would not" is the matter especially "bound with an oath." Coriolanus sends "in writing" both "what he would do" and "what he would not;" and, in justification of the harshness of his demands, he adds that he is "bound with an oath to yield to his conditions"—that is, to make his sole law the "conditions" in which he had become placed—his duty to the Volscians; to yield himself up entirely to the guidance of those "conditions."

[2] *Unless* is here used in the sense of *except*:—We have no hope except his noble mother, &c.

[3] *Lots* are the whole number of tickets in a lottery; *blanks* a proportion of the whole number.

[4] *Shent*—rebuked.

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.
2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Tent of* Coriolanus.

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, *and others.*

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow
Set down our host.—My partner in this action,
You must report to the Volscian lords how plainly
I have borne this business.
Auf. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A 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 whose old love I have
(Though I show'd sourly 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 have yielded too: Fresh embassies, 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, *leading young* MARCIUS, VALERIA, *and* Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; [b] then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!
Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.—
What is that curtsy worth? or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volsces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy: I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.
Vir. My lord and husband!
Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.
Vir. 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 heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear, and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate,[1]
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.
Vol. O, stand up bless'd!
Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent. [*Kneels.*
Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I holp [2] to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show like all yourself.
Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw,
And saving 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 things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.
Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us anything;
For we have nothing else to ask but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark; for we'll
Hear naught 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 have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains 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,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else

[1] *Prate.* The original has *pray.* We owe the correction to Theobald.

[2] *Holp.* In the original *hope.* Pope made the correction.

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars determine:[1] if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country than to tread
(Trust to 't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Vir. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. 'A 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 have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour: No; our suit
Is that you reconcile them: while the Volsces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be bless'd
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 curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
But with his last attempt he wip'd it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age abhorr'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' the 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
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 is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate,
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
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 his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride
Than pity to our prayers. Down: An 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 't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[1] *Determine*—come to an end.

Cor. O mother, mother!
[*Holding* VOLUMNIA *by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come;—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?
Auf. I was mov'd withal.
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 am glad thou hast 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;
[*To* VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS *and* SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the 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 differency between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.
Sic. He loved his mother dearly.
Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight year old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. 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 tiger; 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 banished him we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. 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?
Mess. 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 the expulsion of the Tarquins.
Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?
Mess. 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 the gates. Why, hark you!
[*Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting also within.*
The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*
Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes such as you
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Shouting and music.*
Sic. First, the gods bless you for their tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulness.
Mess. Sir, we have all
Great cause to give great thanks.
Sic. They are near the city?
Mess. Almost at point to enter.
Sic. We will meet them,
And help the joy. [*Going.*

Enter the Ladies, *accompanied by* Senators, Patricians, *and* People. *They pass over the Stage.*

1 *Sen.* Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before them:
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!
[*A flourish with drums and trumpets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antium. *A public Place.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with* Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.
[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Enter Three or Four Conspirators *of* Aufidius' *faction.*

Most welcome!
1 *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 *Con.* Most noble sir,
If you do 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 rais'd him, and I 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 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;
Presented 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 choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'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, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—
Auf. There was it;—
For which my sinews 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 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.
3 *Con.* 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.
Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords *of the City.*

Lords. You are most welcome home.
Auf. I have not deserv'd it;
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.
1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy 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.
Auf. He approaches; you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *with drums and colours; a crowd of* Citizens *with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;[e]
No more infected with my country's love
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 have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?—
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?
You lords and heads of the 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
Counsel o' the 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?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—
Cor. Ha!
Auf. No more.
Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on 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, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, 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?
Con. Let him die for't. [*Several speak at once.*
Cit. [*Speaking promiscuously.*] Tear him to pieces, do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;—He killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my father.—
2 *Lord.* Peace, ho!—no outrage;—peace!
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious[1] hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!
Auf. Insolent villain!
Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!
[Aufidius *and the* Conspirators *draw, and kill* Coriolanus, *who falls, and* Aufidius *stands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!
Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.
1 *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' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.
[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus. *A dead march sounded.*

[1] *Judicious*—judicial.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain.*"

PLUTARCH describes two insurrections of the Roman plebeians against the patricians. Of the second he says:—

"Because the most part of the arable land within the territory of Rome was become heathy and barren for lack of ploughing, for that they had no time nor mean to cause corn to be brought them out of other countries to sow, by reason of their wars, which made the extreme dearth they had among them. Now those busy prattlers, that sought the people's good will by such flattering words, perceiving great scarcity of corn to be within the city—and, though there had been plenty enough, yet the common people had no money to buy it—they spread abroad false tales and rumours against the nobility, that they, in revenge of the people, had practised and procured the extreme dearth among them."

[b] SCENE I.—"*Make edicts for usury, to support usurers.*"

Of the first insurrection Plutarch says:—

"It fortuned there grew sedition in the city, because the senate did favour the rich against the people, who did complain of the sore oppression of usurers, of whom they borrowed money.

Whereupon their chief magistrates and many of the senate began to be of divers opinions among themselves. For some thought it was reason they should somewhat yield to the poor people's request, and that they should a little qualify the severity of the law; other held hard against that opinion, and that was Martius for one; for he alleged that the creditors losing their money they had lent was not the worst thing that was herein; but that the lenity that was favoured was a beginning of disobedience, and that the proud attempt of the commonalty was to abolish law, and to bring all to confusion; therefore he said, if the senate were wise they should betimes prevent and quench this ill-favoured and worse-meant beginning. The senate met many days in consultation about it; but in the end they concluded nothing. Of those, Menenius Agrippa was he who was sent for chief man of the message from the senate. He, after many good persuasions and gentle requests made to the people on the behalf of the senate, knit up his oration in the end with a notable tale, in this manner:—That, on a time, all the members of man's body did rebel against the belly, complaining of it that it only remained in the midst of the body, without doing anything, neither did bear any labour to the maintenance of the rest; whereas all other parts and members did labour painfully, and were very careful to satisfy the appetites and desires of the body. And so the belly, all this notwithstanding, laughed at their folly, and said, It is true I first receive all meats that nourish man's body; but afterwards I send it again to the nourishment of other parts of the same. Even so (quoth he), O you, my masters and citizens of Rome, the reason is alike between the senate and you; for, matters being well digested, and their counsels thoroughly examined, touching the benefit of the commonwealth, the senators are cause of the common commodity that cometh unto every one of you. These persuasions pacified the people, conditionally that the senate would grant there should be yearly chosen five magistrates, which they now call *Tribuni plebis*, whose office should be to defend the poor people from violence and oppression. So Junius Brutus and Sicinius Velutus were the first tribunes of the people that were chosen, who had only been the causers and procurers of this sedition."

[c] SCENE III.—"*I pray you, daughter, sing.*"

According to Plutarch, Coriolanus, when he married, "never left his mother's house:"—

"The only thing that made him to love honour was the joy he saw his mother did take of him; for he thought nothing made him so happy and honourable as that his mother might hear everybody praise and commend him, that she might always see him return with a crown upon his head, and that she might still embrace him with tears running down her cheeks for joy. Martius did not only content himself to rejoice and honour her, but at her desire took a wife also, by whom he had two children, and yet never left his mother's house therefore."

SCENE III.—"*To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.*"

Plutarch thus describes the prowess of Coriolanus,

"When yet he was but tender-bodied:"—

"The first time he went to the wars, being but a stripling, was when Tarquin, surnamed the Proud (that had been King of Rome, and was driven out for his pride, after many attempts made by sundry battles to come in again, wherein he was ever overcome), did come to Rome with all the aid of the Latins, and many other people of Italy, even, as it were, to set up his whole rest upon a battle by them, who with a great and mighty army had undertaken to put him into his kingdom again, not so much to pleasure him as to overthrow the power of the Romans, whose greatness they both feared and envied. In this battle, wherein were many hot and sharp encounters of either party, Martius valiantly fought in the sight of the dictator; and a Roman soldier being thrown to the ground even hard by him, Martius straight bestrid him, and slew the enemy with his own hands that had before overthrown the Roman. Hereupon, after the battle was won, the dictator did not forget so noble an act, and therefore, first of all, he crowned Martius with a garland of oaken boughs: for whosoever saveth the life of a Roman, it is a manner among them to honour him with such a garland."

[e] SCENE IV.—"*Before Corioli.*"

Shakspere has followed Plutarch very closely in his narrative of the war against the Volsces:—

"In the country of the Volsces, against whom the Romans made war at that time, there was a principal city, and of most fame, that was called Corioles, before the which the consul Cominius did lay siege. Wherefore, all the other Volsces fearing lest that city should be taken by assault, they came from all parts of the country to save it, intending to give the Romans battle before the city, and to give an onset on them in two several places. The consul Cominius, understanding this, divided his army also into two parts, and, taking the one part with himself, he marched towards them that were drawing to the city out of the country; and the other part of his army he left in the camp with Titus Lartius (one of the valiantest men the Romans had at that time), to resist those that would make any sally out of the city upon them. So the Coriolans, making small account of them that lay in camp before the city, made a sally out upon them, in the which at the first the Coriolans had the better, and drove the Romans back again into the trenches of their camp. But Martius being there at that time, running out of the camp with a few men with him, he slew the first enemies he met withal, and made the rest of them stay upon the sudden, crying out to the Romans that had turned their backs, and calling them again to fight with a loud voice. For he was even such another as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be; not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afeared with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance. Then there flocked about him immediately a great number of Romans: whereat the enemies were so afeared, that they gave back presently. But Martius, not staying so, did chase and follow them to their own gates, that fled for life. And there perceiving that the Romans retired back, for the great number of darts and arrows which flew about their ears from the walls of the city, and that there was not one man amongst them that durst venture himself to follow the flying enemies into their city, for that it was full of men of war, very well armed and appointed, he did encourage his fellows with words and deeds, crying out to them that Fortune had opened the gates of the city more for the followers than the flyers: but all this notwithstanding, few had the hearts to follow him. Howbeit, Martius, being in the throng amongst the enemies, thrust himself into the gates of the city, and entered the same among them that fled, without that any one of them durst at the first turn their face upon him, or offer

to stay him. But, he looking about him, and seeing he was entered the city with very few men to help him, and perceiving he was environed by his enemies that gathered round about to set upon him, did things, as it is written, wonderful and incredible, as well for the force of his hand as also for the agility of his body, and with a wonderful courage and valiantness he made a lane through the midst of them, and overthrew also those he laid at: that some he made run to the furthest part of the city, and other for fear he made yield themselves, and to let fall their weapons before him. By this means, Martius, that was gotten out, had some leisure to bring the Romans with more safety into the city. The city being taken in this sort, the most part of the soldiers began incontinently to spoil, to carry away, and to look up the booty they had won. But Martius was marvellous angry with them. Howbeit, cry and say to them what he could, very few of them would hearken to him. Wherefore, taking those that willingly offered themselves to follow him, he went out of the city, and took his way toward that part where he understood the rest of the army was, exhorting and entreating them by the way that followed him not to be faint-hearted; and oft holding up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to be gracious and favourable unto him, that he might come in time to the battle, and in a good hour to hazard his life in defence of his countrymen. Now the Romans, when they were put in battle array, and ready to take their targets on their arms, and to gird them upon their arming coats, had a custom to make their wills at that very instant, without any manner of writing, naming him only whom they would make their heir in the presence of three or four witnesses. Martius came just to that reckoning, whilst the soldiers were doing after that sort, and that the enemies were approached so near as one stood in view of the other. When they saw him at his first coming all bloody and in a sweat, and but with a few men following him, some thereupon began to be afeared. But soon after, when they saw him run with a lively cheer to the consul, and to take him by the hand, declaring how he had taken the city of Corioles, and that they saw the consul Cominius also kiss and embrace him, then there was not a man but took heart again to him, and began to be of good courage. Then they all began to call upon the consul to march forward, and to delay no longer, but to give charge upon the enemy. Martius asked him, how the order of the enemy's battle was, and on which side they had placed their best fighting men? the consul made him answer, that he thought the bands which were in the vaward of their battle were those of the Antiates, whom they esteemed to be the warlikest men, and which for valiant courage would give no place to any of the host of their enemies: then prayed Martius to be set directly against them. The consul granted him, greatly praising his courage. Then Martius, when both armies came almost to join, advanced himself a good space before his company, and went so fiercely to give charge on the vaward that came right against him, that they could stand no longer in his hands; he made such a lane through them, and opened a passage into the battle of the enemies. But the two wings of either side turned one to the other, to compass him in between them: which the consul Cominius perceiving, he sent thither straight of the best soldiers he had about him. So the battle was marvellous bloody about Martius, and in a very short space many were slain in the place. But in the end the Romans were so strong that they distressed the enemies and brake their array; and, scattering them, made them fly. Then they prayed Martius that he would retire to the camp, because they saw he was able to do no more, he was already so wearied with the great pain he had taken, and so faint with the great wounds he had upon him: but Martius answered them that it was not for conquerors to yield, nor to be faint-hearted: and thereupon began afresh to chase those that fled, until such time as the army of the enemies was utterly overthrown, and numbers of them slain and taken prisoners. The next morning, betimes, Martius went to the consul, and the other Romans with him. There the consul Cominius, going up to his chair of state, in the presence of the whole army, gave thanks to the gods for so great, glorious, and prosperous a victory. Then he spake to Martius, whose valiantness he commended beyond the moon, both for that he himself saw him do with his eyes, as also for that Martius had reported unto him. So in the end he willed Martius that he should choose out of all the horses they had taken of their enemies, and of all the goods they had won (whereof there was great store), ten of every sort which he liked best, before any distribution should be made to other. Besides this great honourable offer he had made him, he gave him, in testimony that he had won that day the price of prowess above all other, a goodly horse with a caparison, and all furniture to him: which the whole army beholding, did marvellously praise and commend. But Martius, stepping forth, told the consul he most thankfully accepted the gift of his horse, and was a glad man besides that his service had deserved his general's commendation: and as for his other offer, which was rather a mercenary reward than an honourable recompense, he would have none of it, but was contented to have his equal part with the other soldiers. Only, this grace (said he) I crave and beseech you to grant me: among the Volsces there is an old friend and host of mine, an honest wealthy man, and now a prisoner, who, living before in great wealth in his own country, liveth now a poor prisoner in the hands of his enemies: and yet, notwithstanding all this his misery and misfortune, it would do me great pleasure if I could save him from this one danger, to keep him from being sold as a slave. The soldiers, hearing Martius's words, made a marvellous great shout among them. After this shout and noise of the assembly was somewhat appeased, the consul Cominius began to speak in this sort:—We cannot compel Martius to take these gifts we offer him if he will not receive them, but we will give him such a reward for the noble service he hath done as he cannot refuse. Therefore we do order and decree that henceforth he be called Coriolanus, unless his valiant acts have won him that name before our nomination. And so ever since he still bare the third name of Coriolanus."

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*It then remains*
That you do speak to the people."

The circumstance of Coriolanus standing for the consulship, which Shakspere has painted with such wonderful dramatic power, is told very briefly in Plutarch:—

"Shortly after this, Martius stood for the consulship, and the common people favoured his suit, thinking it would be a shame to them to deny and refuse the chiefest noble man of blood, and most worthy person of Rome, and especially him that had done so great service and good to the commonwealth; for the custom of Rome was at that time that such as did sue for any office should, for certain days before, be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the citizens to remember them at the day of election; which was thus devised, either to move the people the more by requesting them in such mean apparel, or else because they might show them their wounds they had gotten in the wars in the service of the commonwealth, as manifest marks and testimonies of their valiantness. Now, Martius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy."

[b] SCENE III.—"*What stock he springs of.*"

The "Life of Coriolanus," in Plutarch, opens with the following sentence:—

"The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, out of the which have sprung many noble personages, whereof Ancus Martius was one, King Numa's daughter's son, who was King of Rome after Tullus Hostilius. Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice, through whose persuasion they made a law that no man from thenceforth might require or enjoy the censorship twice."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Are these your herd?*"

We continue our quotations from North's Plutarch:—

"But when the day of election was come, and that Martius came to the market-place with great pomp, accompanied with all the

senate and the whole nobility of the city about him, who sought to make him consul with the greatest instance and entreaty they could or ever attempted for any man or matter, then the love and good will of the common people turned straight to an hate and envy toward him, fearing to put this office of sovereign authority into his hands, being a man somewhat partial towards the nobility, and of great credit and authority amongst the patricians, and as one they might doubt would take away altogether the liberty from the people. Whereupon, for these considerations, they refused Martius in the end, and made two other that were suitors consuls. The senate, being marvellously offended with the people, did account the shame of this refusal rather to redound to themselves than to Martius but Martius took it in far worse part than the senate, and was out of all patience; for he was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, as one of a high mind and great courage, that lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason, which only is to be looked for in a governor of state; and that remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of the world which a governor of a commonwealth for pleasing should shun, being that which Plato called solitariness."

[b] SCENE III.—"*First, hear me speak.*"

"So Martius came and presented himself to answer their accusations against him; and the people held their peace, and gave attentive ear to hear what he would say. But where they thought to have heard very humble and lowly words come from him, he began not only to use his wonted boldness of speaking (which of itself was very rough and unpleasant, and did more aggravate his accusation than purge his innocency), but also gave himself in his words to thunder, and look therewithal so grimly, as though he made no reckoning of the matter. This stirred coals among the people, who were in wonderful fury at it, and their hate and malice grew so toward him that they could hold no longer, bear, nor endure his bravery and careless boldness. Whereupon Sicinius, the cruellest and stoutest of the tribunes, after he had whispered a little with his companions, did openly pronounce, in the face of all the people, Martius as condemned by the tribunes to die. Then, presently, he commanded the ædiles to apprehend him, and carry him straight to the rock Tarpeian, and to cast him headlong down the same. When the ædiles came to lay hands upon Martius to do that they were commanded, divers of the people themselves thought it too cruel and violent a deed."

[c] SCENE III.—"*Our enemy is banish'd!*"

"When they came to tell the voices of the tribes, there were three voices odd which condemned him to be banished for ever. After declaration of the sentence, the people made such joy, as they never rejoiced more for any battle they had won upon their enemies, they were so brave and lively, and went home so jocundly from the assembly, for triumph of this sentence. The senate again, in contrary manner, were as sad and heavy, repenting themselves beyond measure that they had not rather determined to have done and suffered anything whatsoever, before the common people should so arrogantly and outrageously have abused their authority."

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Come, leave your tears.*

The departure of Coriolanus from Rome is thus described by Plutarch:—

"When he was come home to his house again, and had taken his leave of his mother and wife, finding them weeping and striking out for sorrow, and had also comforted and persuaded them to be content with his chance, he went immediately to the gate of the city, accompanied with a great number of patricians that brought him thither, from whence he went on his way with three or four of his friends only, taking nothing with him, nor requesting anything of any man. So he remained a few days in the country at his houses, turmoiled with sundry sorts and kinds of thoughts, such as the fire of his choler did stir up."

[b] SCENE IV.—"*A goodly city is this Antium.*"

The entry of Coriolanus into the "enemy city," and the interview between the two rival captains, are most graphically told by Plutarch:—

"It was even twilight when he entered the city of Antium, and many people met him in the streets, but no man knew him. So he went directly to Tullus Aufidius' house; and when he came thither he got him up straight to the chimney-hearth, and sat him down, and spake not a word to any man, his face all muffled over. They of the house, spying him, wondered what he should be, and yet they durst not bid him rise. For ill-favouredly muffled and disguised as he was, yet there appeared a certain majesty in his countenance and in his silence: whereupon they went to Tullus, who was at supper, to tell him of the strange disguising of this man. Tullus rose presently from the board, and, coming towards him, asked him what he was, and wherefore he came. Then Martius unmuffled himself, and after he had paused awhile, making no answer, he said unto him—If thou knowest me not yet, Tullus, and, seeing me, dost not perhaps believe me to be the man I am indeed, I must of necessity betray myself to be that I am. I am Caius Martius, who hath done to thyself particularly, and to all the Volsces generally, great hurt and mischief, which I cannot deny for my surname of Coriolanus that I bear: for I never had other benefit nor recompense of the true and painful service I have done, and the extreme dangers I have been in, but this only surname, a good memory and witness of the malice and displeasure thou shouldst bear me. Indeed the name only remaineth with me: for the rest, the envy and cruelty of the people of Rome have taken from me, by the sufferance of the dastardly nobility and magistrates, who have forsaken me, and let me be banished by the people. This extremity hath now driven me to come as a poor suitor to take thy chimney-hearth, not of any hope I have to save my life thereby,—for if I had feared death I would not have come hither to have put myself in hazard,—but pricked forward with desire to be revenged of them that thus have banished me, which now I do begin, in putting my person into the hands of their enemies. Wherefore, if thou hast any heart to be wreaked of the injuries thy enemies have done thee, speed thee now, and let my misery serve thy turn, and so use it as my service may be a benefit to the Volsces: promising thee that I will fight with better good will for all you, than I did when I was against you, knowing that they fight more valiantly who know the force of the enemy, than such as have never proved it. And if it be so that thou dare not, and that thou art weary to prove fortune any more, then I am also weary to live any longer. And it were no wisdom in thee to save the life of him who hath been heretofore thy mortal enemy, and whose service now can nothing help nor pleasure thee. Tullus, hearing what he said, was a marvellous glad man, and, taking him by the hand, he said unto him—Stand up, O Martius, and be of good cheer, for in proffering thyself unto us thou doest us great honour: and by this means thou mayest hope also of greater things at all the Volsces' hands. So he feasted him for that time, and entertained him in the honourablest manner he could."

ACT V.

[a] SCENE I.—"*He would not seem to know me.*"

We continue our extracts from North's Plutarch:—

"So they all agreed together to send ambassadors unto him, to let him understand how his countrymen did call him home again, and restored him to all his goods, and besought him to deliver them from this war. The ambassadors that were sent were Martius's familiar friends and acquaintance, who looked at the least for a courteous welcome of him, as of their familiar friend and kinsman. Howbeit they found nothing less; for, at their coming, they were brought through the camp to the place where he was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and an unspeakable majesty, having the chiefest men of the Volsces about him: so he commanded them to declare openly the cause of their coming, which they delivered in the most humble and lowly words they possibly could devise, and with all modest countenance and behaviour agreeable to the same. When they had done their message, for the injury they had done him he answered them very hotly and in great choler; but as general of the Volsces, he willed them to restore unto the Volsces all their lands and cities they had taken from them in former wars; and,

moreover, that they should give them the like honour and freedom of Rome as they had before given to the Latins. For otherwise they had no other mean to end this war if they did not grant these honest and just conditions of peace."

[b] SCENE III.—"*My wife comes foremost.*"

"She took her daughter-in-law, and Martius's children, with her, and, being accompanied with all the other Roman ladies, they went in troop together unto the Volsces' camp; whom, when they saw, they of themselves did both pity and reverence her, and there was not a man among them that once durst say a word unto her. Now was Martius set then in his chair of state, with all the honours of a general, and when he had spied the women coming afar off, he marvelled what the matter meant; but afterwards, knowing his wife which came foremost, he determined at the first to persist in his obstinate and inflexible rancour. But, overcome in the end with natural affection, and being altogether altered to see them, his heart would not serve him to tarry their coming to his chair, but, coming down in haste, he went to meet them, and first he kissed his mother, and embraced her a pretty while, then his wife and little children; and nature so wrought with him that the tears fell from his eyes, and he could not keep himself from making much of them, but yielded to the affection of his blood, as if he had been violently carried with the fury of a most swift running stream. After he had thus lovingly received them, and perceiving that his mother Volumnia would begin to speak to him, he called the chiefest of the council of the Volsces to hear what she would say. Then she spake in this sort:—'If we held our peace (my son), and determined not to speak, the state of our poor bodies, and present sight of our raiment, would easily betray to thee what life we have led at home, since thy exile and abode abroad; but think now with thyself, how much more unfortunate than all the women living we are come hither, considering that the sight which should be most pleasant to all other to behold, spiteful Fortune hath made most fearful to us; making myself to see my son, and my daughter here her husband, besieging the walls of his native country; so as that which is the only comfort to all other in their adversity and misery, to pray unto the gods, and to call to them for aid, is the only thing which plungeth us into most deep perplexity. For we cannot (alas!) together pray both for victory to our country, and for safety of thy life also; but a world of grievous curses, yea, more than any mortal enemy can heap upon us, are forcibly wrapped up in our prayers. For the bitter sop of most hard choice is offered thy wife and children, to forego one of the two—either to lose the person of thyself, or the nurse of their native country. For myself, my son, I am determined not to tarry till fortune in my lifetime do make an end of this war. For if I cannot persuade thee rather to do good unto both parties, than to overthrow and destroy the one, preferring love and nature before the malice and calamity of wars, thou shalt see, my son, and trust unto it, thou shalt no sooner march forward to assault thy country, but thy foot shall tread upon thy mother's womb, that brought thee first into this world. And I may not defer to see the day, either that my son be led prisoner in triumph by his natural countrymen, or that he himself do triumph of them and of his natural country. For if it were so that my request tended to save thy country in destroying the Volsces, I must confess thou wouldst hardly and doubtfully resolve on that. For as to destroy thy natural country, it is altogether unmeet and unlawful; so were it not just, and less honourable, to betray those that put their trust in thee. But my only demand consisteth to make a gaol-delivery of all evils, which delivereth equal benefit and safety both to the one and the other, but most honourable for the Volsces. For it shall appear that, having victory in their hands, they have of special favour granted us singular graces, peace, and amity, albeit themselves have no less part of both than we; of which good, if so it come to pass, thyself is the only author, and so hast thou the only honour. But if it fail, and fall out contrary, thyself alone deservedly shall carry the shameful reproach and burden of either party; so, though the end of war be uncertain, yet this notwithstanding is most certain,—that, if it be thy chance to conquer, this benefit shalt thou reap of thy goodly conquest, to be chronicled the plague and destroyer of thy country. And if fortune overthrow thee, then the world will say, that through desire to revenge thy private injuries, thou hast for ever undone thy good friends, who did most lovingly and courteously receive thee.' Martius gave good ear unto his mother's words, without interrupting her speech at all, and, after she had said what she would, he held his peace a pretty while, and answered not a word. Hereupon she began again to speak unto him, and said—'My son, why dost thou not answer me? dost thou think it good altogether to give place unto thy choler and desire of revenge, and thinkest thou it not honesty for thee to grant thy mother's request in so weighty a cause? dost thou take it honourable for a noble man to remember the wrongs and injuries done him, and dost not, in like case, think it an honest noble man's part to be thankful for the goodness that parents do show to their children, acknowledging the duty and reverence they ought to bear unto them? No man living is more bound to show himself thankful in all parts and respects than thyself, who so universally showest all ingratitude. Moreover, my son, thou hast sorely taken of thy country, exacting grievous payments upon them in revenge of the injuries offered thee; besides, thou hast not hitherto showed thy poor mother any courtesy, and therefore it is not only honest, but due unto me, that, without compulsion, I should obtain my so just and reasonable request of thee. But since by reason I cannot persuade thee to it, to what purpose do I defer my last hope?' And with these words, herself, his wife and children, fell down upon their knees before him. Martius, seeing that, could refrain no longer, but went straight and lift her up, crying out, 'Oh, mother, what have you done to me?' And, holding her hard by the right hand, 'Oh, mother,' said he, 'you have won a happy victory for your country, but mortal and unhappy for your son; for I see myself vanquished by you alone.' These words being spoken openly, he spake a little apart with his mother and wife, and then let them return again to Rome, for so they did request him; and so, remaining in camp that night, the next morning he dislodged, and marched homeward into the Volsces' country again."

SCENE V.—"*Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.*"

"Now, when Martius was returned again into the city of Antium from his voyage, Tullus, that hated and could no longer abide him for the fear he had of his authority, sought divers means to make him away, thinking that, if he let slip that present time, he should never recover the like and fit occasion again. Wherefore Tullus, having procured many other of his confederacy, required Martius might be deposed from his estate, to render up account to the Volsces of his charge and government. Martius, fearing to become a private man again, under Tullus, being general (whose authority was greater, otherwise, than any other among all the Volsces), answered—he was willing to give up his charge, and would resign it into the hands of the lords of the Volsces if they did all command him, as by all their commandment he received it; and, moreover, that he would not refuse even at that present to give up an account unto the people, if they would tarry the hearing of it. The people hereupon called a common council, in which assembly there were certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him and when they had told their tales, Martius rose up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volsces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure; and furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him: wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volsces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Julius Cæsar.

"The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar" was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. This play, as well as Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra, was entered in the Stationers' registers amongst those copies "not formerly entered to other men." The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspere's that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition. There are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors, such as occur in every modern book, even when it is printed under the eye of the author. There are one or two others in which we can scarcely venture to make alteration, although it is pretty manifest that error does exist. For example, in the second act, Brutus, addressing Conspiracy, says—

> "Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
> To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
> Hide it in smiles and affability:
> For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on," &c.

Johnson explains this, "If thou walk in thy true form." Coleridge says, "Surely, there need be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint or misscript for *put*." We are inclined to agree with him, for *putte* might be easily mistaken for *pathe;* but we do not alter the passage, for there is a meaning in it as it stands. On the contrary, when Cæsar says that the couchings of Cimber might

> "Turn pre-ordinance and first decree
> Into the *law* of children,"

we reject the *lane* of the original as clearly wrong.

In the Introductory Notice to Coriolanus we expressed our opinion that the entry in the Stationers' registers in 1608 of "a book called Anthony and Cleopatra" did not determine the date of Shakspere's tragedy; for the proprietors of the folio enter that tragedy in 1623 as "not formerly entered." There was a careful avoidance of publishing any of Shakspere's dramas after 1603. What were published were piratically obtained. We believe the "Anthony and Cleopatra" entered in 1608 was some other work. Malone has very sensibly remarked that there are passages in Shakspere's Antony and Cleopatra which appear to discover "such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited in Julius Cæsar, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspere would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject." The passages do not so much point to the general historical notion of the characters as to the poet's own mode of treating them. This would imply that the play of Julius Cæsar had preceded that of Antony and Cleopatra. But there is nothing to fix the exact time when either of them was written. We believe that they were amongst the latest works of Shakspere.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

We have given, as Illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North's translation of Plutarch. Shakspere is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius, and Brutus; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events which appear to have furnished the poet with the fullest materials.

Costume.

From the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (fasces), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The toga pura, prætexta, and picta, the trabea, the paludamentum, the tunica palmata, and the curule chairs were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B.C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B.C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says it was semicircular; and an ingenious foreigner, who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The subucula of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or

* The late M. Combre, costumier to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person, at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Cæsar, and made the beautiful togas which were ever afterwards worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrhus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free.*

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus*, which are found under their own names, as pero, mulleus, phæcasium, caliga, solea, crepida, sandalium, baxea, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery,† such as had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæcasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the phæcasium:—

"Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæcasiati milites ambulant?"

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins.‡

The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic consisted, according to Livy, of the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocreæ*, or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirasse*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the lorica, being of leather, and the latter of metal; but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.§

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us, then, that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati;* the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes;* and the oldest of all were called *triarii.*‖ The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad, and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered, first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust, but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two piles or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the pectorale of brass; but such as were rated at more than ten thousand drachmæ wore a ringed lorica. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the hastati, except only that the triarii carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that anciently it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The *signiferi*, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The lictors, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the saga, or paludamentum, and sometimes a small kind of toga:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The fasces were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by Publicola; but T. Lartius, the first dictator, restored them. The augurs wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word *dibaphus*, twice dyed, for the augural robe (*Epist. Fam.* lib. ii. 16); and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid trabea is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the toga in the quality of its stuff; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

"Parvaque sedebat
Succinctus trabea" (*Æn.* 7)—

that it was short, and resembled the paludamentum, for which reason he says the *salii* (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed *trabeati*, are called *paludati* by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men,

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* *Vide* Persius, Sat. V., thus translated by Dryden:—

"What further can we from our caps receive,
But as we please without control to live?"

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lvii.) says, "Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebs pileata tota urbe discurreret."

† Hence Juvenal (Sat. XVI.) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *caligati* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

‡ "Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno."—*Æn.* 2.

See many varieties of the mulleus and cothurnus in the paintings discovered at Herculanæum. Diana is generally represented wearing the cothurnus.

§ *Vide* Sir S. Meyrick's Crit. Inquiry, Introduction.

‖ Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery; but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult M. Le Beau's luminous account in the Académie des Inscriptions, tome xxxv. p. 262.

but they soon abandoned it for the Greek *pallium*, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the *stola*.*

Another exterior habit was called the *peplum*, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocota*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by the women, but effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons.†

The fashions of ladies' head-dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.‡

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the calantica, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks a ribbon, a fillet, a zone.§ Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the flammeum, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *caliendrum*, mentioned by Horace (lib. i. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armillæ*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says, "They seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such, that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermilion were favourite colours, both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called *vestes herbidæ*, from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermilion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "Floridam discoloremque vestem herbida palla contexuerat." At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of.‖ Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "albentes rosas" (*De Art.* iii. v. 189); and at v. 191 he says—

> "Alba decent fuscas: albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage:—

> "Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla;
> Urit seu nivea candida veste venit."—*Eleg.* iv.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatis personæ of the Roman plays of Shakspere.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called, from its ornament, *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (*i.e.* bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites, or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny¶ and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquarians contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.**

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his "Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures," observes that Lampridius, in his "Life of Alexander Severus," says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, "clavata cocco mantilia." These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult, by laying them one over the other, to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this, he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says he blames the luxury of women, "who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;" and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of "clavatum purpura."

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators, and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have *bordered* the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards,†† it would have been called *prætexta* (as the toga was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

> "Latum *demisit* pectore clavum" (lib i. Sat. vi. 28)—

a commentator (Torrentius) says, "Recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti"—the clavi sewn on, or woven into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word *demisit*, he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the latus clavus by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Cæsar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta* and the *bulla*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of the late Samuel Rogers, we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch.‡‡ It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty,

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* "Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata palla."—HORACE, lib. i. Sat. ii. 99.

† Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure are generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A.D. 1761.

‡ "Este procul vittæ tenues insigne pudoris."—*Metam.* lib. i. fab. 9. And describing the chaste Daphne, he says—

> "Vitta coercebat positos sine lege capillos."—*Met.* lib. i.

§ "Unde mitram solvere quod metaphorice significabat cum virgine concumbere."—MONTFAUCON, *Ant. Expliq.* tome iii. p. 44.

‖ Stuekius, Ant. Con. ii. 26.

¶ Lib. ix. cap. xxxix.

** Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of this unfathomable controversy are recommended to a perusal of the essays of Rubenius and Ferrarius.

†† Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—"id est prætextæ."

‡‡ An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

which was fourteen, youths abandoned the bulla, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the *toga virilis* and *libera: virilis*, in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from tutela. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of Coriolanus; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the toga and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;* that he wore a red sash and the calcei mullei even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings.† A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's "Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne," folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavianus, or Augustus Cæsar—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His lorica, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the paludamentum, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the cinctura, or belt, he holds in his right hand the paragonium, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his toga neither too scanty nor too full, and the clavus of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick toga, *four* tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg,‡ with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather, the figure of a half-moon § or crescent.‖ There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ankle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood." (See also Président Goguet's "Origine des Loix et des Arts," part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215.) But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn.

In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who died during the reign of Augustus—Pliny, ix. 39), "the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii." Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius: he says the redness of the purple border of the toga prætexta was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

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* Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: "Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus."—*Phil.* ii. 24.

† Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ."—*Æn.* ix. 616.

‡ "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit crus
Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."—HORACE, lib. i. Sat. vi. 27.

Hence also *calceos mutari*, to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—CICERO, *Phil.* xiii. 13.

§ Therefore called "calcei *lunati*."—RUBENIUS apud Philostratus.

‖ The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, *triumvirs after the death of* Julius Cæsar.
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA, *conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.
FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Cnidos.*
A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.*
Another poet.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young* CATO, VOLUMNIUS, *friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, *servants to* Brutus.
PINDARUS, *servant to* Cassius.

CALPHURNIA, *wife to* Cæsar.
PORTIA, *wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—*during a great part of the Play in* ROME: *afterwards at* SARDIS; *and near* PHILIPPI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, *and a rabble of* Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav.[1] What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.[2] I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images

[1] We follow the folios in giving this speech to Flavius. Capell assigns it to Marullus, and he is generally followed. We doubt whether it is correct to assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

[2] *With all.* The original has *withal.* Some editors write *with awl*, offering an equivoque to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, *and* Casca, *a great crowd following; among them a* Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calphurnia,—
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius,—
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.[a]
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! Who calls?
Cas. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.[b]
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—pass. [*Sennet. Exeunt all but* Bru. *and* Cas.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?[c]
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.
Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself,
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,[1] gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,[2]

[1] *On me.* So the original. We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspere's time into the *of me* of modern speech.

The use of *arrive* without the preposition has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

"Who shall spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
The happy isle."

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls[1] encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Re-enter Cæsar *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

[1] *Walks* in the original; changed by Rowe to *walls*.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.[d]

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.* Casca *stays behind.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,[e]
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell both. [*Exit* CASCA.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.
[*Exit* BRUTUS.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, *with his sword drawn, and* CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?[1]
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are you not mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd[2] upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking.[f] When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons,—They are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things, after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

---

[1] To bring one on his way was to accompany him.

[2] *Glar'd.* The original has *glaz'd.* This is a meaningless word, and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of a *z* for an *r*. *Glar'd* is the reading of Rowe. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been *gaz'd*, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow describing a lion-fight in the Tower:—"Then was the great lion put forth, who *gaz'd* awhile;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from Macbeth, given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost *glare* with."

Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.
Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*
Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.
Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.
Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious[1] for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.
Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's[2] like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.
Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party——
Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you, lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue:[3] all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there?
Cin. All, but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's *Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

[1] *Factious.* Johnson considers that the expression here means *active.* To be *factious*, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

[2] The original has *is favors.* Some would read *is favour'd;* but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.

Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when![1] Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse[2] from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mischievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!"
"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"—
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"[4]—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[*Knock within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks.
[*Exit* LUCIUS.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,[5]
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius[6] at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.[7]
Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path[8] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.

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[1] So in Richard II.:—
"When, Harry, when!"
A common expression of impatience.

[2] *Remorse*—pity, tenderness—a sense in which it is commonly used by Shakspere.

[3] *Ides of March.* In the original, *the first of March.* Presently Lucius says also, in the folio, "March is wasted *fifteen days*." Theobald made the correction in both instances.

[4] Mr. Craik, in his valuable Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar ("The English of Shakespeare"), has pointed out that the letter unquestionably concluded with the emphatic adjuration—"Speak, strike, redress!" and that the second enunciation of "Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!" is a repetition by Brutus to himself.

[5] *A man.* So the first folio; but the other folios and modern editors omit the article, which, we think, explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualises the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up
Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat."

Mr. Dyce holds that the article *a* is a barbarous addition. Mr. Craik retains the article.

[6] Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

[7] *Favour*—countenance.

[8] *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation. (See Introductory Notice, p. 443.)

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour,
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,[1]
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
To think that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.[b]
Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him:[2]
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—
Bru. Alas, good Cassius! do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;[3]
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,

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[1] *Cautelous*—wary, circumspect.

[2] The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor; yet Pope and other editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.

[3] *By him*—by his house.

With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.[c]
[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.
Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!
Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and were he not in health
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! 'Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.[d]
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And, with a heart new fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in* Cæsar's *Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar *in his nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murther Cæsar!" Who's within?[e]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.
Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled [1] in the air,
Horses do neigh,[2] and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.
Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are[3] two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up: Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

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[1] *Hurtled.* This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as *hurled;* and Shakspere, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound.

[2] *Do neigh.* Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh;* but the tenses might have been purposely confounded, to represent the vague terror of the speaker. Horses "*do* neigh" continues the image of

"Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds."

But to make *did neigh* consistent with the action of the "fiery warriors," Mr. Grant White writes *fought*, and Mr. Keightley, *did fight.* It is perhaps better to retain the original text than go into alterations without knowing where to stop.

[3] *Are.* The original has *heare:* a correction by Theobald is *were.* Capell has *are.*

I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the* Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, *reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of* Brutus.

Enter Portia *and* Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: And take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is 't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*
Por. I must go in.—Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus!
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The* Capitol; *the* Senate *sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; *among them* Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar *enters the* Capitol, *the rest following. All the* Senators *rise.*[a]

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* Cæsar.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.
Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Trebonius. Cæsar *and the* Senators *take their seats.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd:[1] press near, and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

[1] *Address'd*—ready.

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Cæs. Are we all ready?[1] what is now amiss,
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the law[2] of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.[3]
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?
Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæs. What, Brutus!
Cas. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'Tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it,—even in this,
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.
Cin. O Cæsar,—
Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæsar,—
Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
[CASCA *stabs* CÆSAR *in the neck.* CÆSAR *catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by* MARCUS BRUTUS.
Cæs. Et tu, Brute!—Then fall, Cæsar.
[*Dies. The* Senators *and people retire in confusion.*
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.[4]
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!
Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
Dec. What, shall we forth?
Cas. Ay, every man away;
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest:
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.
Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

[1] Ritson gave these words to Cinna. Mr. Collier, on the authority of his MS. Corrector, assigns them to Casca. The distribution seems plausible. But no such change from the original is imperatively called for. Cæsar might, with perfect propriety, look to the senate, and say, "Are we all ready?"

[2] *Law.* The original has *lane*—an easy misprint for *lawe*.

[3] In Ben Jonson's "Discoveries" there is the following passage referring to Shakspere:—"Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line; and maintains that Shakspere did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power, which sometimes required him to punish. "On the whole," say the Cambridge editors, "it seems more probable that Jonson, quoting from memory, quoted wrong, than that the passage was altered in consequence of his censure, which was first made, publicly, in 1625."

[4] The original copies give this speech to Casca. The variorum editors assigned it to Cassius. Mr. Craik thinks it is more in the manner of Cassius.

I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit* Servant.
Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter Antony.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice,[1] and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen, all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world! the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then in a friend it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: Do not consent [*Aside.*
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* Antony.
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,[2]
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

[1] See Recent New Reading at the end of the act.

[2] We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text was invariably corrupted in all modern editions before the Pictorial into—
"O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock,"[1] and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The* Forum.

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *and a throng of* Citizens.[b]

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* CASSIUS, *with some of the* Citizens. BRUTUS *goes into the rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY *and others, with* CÆSAR'S *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: As which of you shall not? With this I depart: That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho; let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

[1] *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony; you shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,[1]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint[2] of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woeful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

All. We will be revenged: revenge; about,—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,[3] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

[1] *Statue.* In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression by this alteration.

[2] *Dint*—impression.

[3] *Wit.* The folio of 1623 has *writ;* that of 1632, *wit.* *Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of *understanding.*

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, *the Poet.*[c]

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unluckily charge my phantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly; wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.[1]

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius' away; go! [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. I. p. 458.—"Our arms, in strength of *malice*," &c.
"Our arms, in strength of *welcome*," &c.—COLLIER.

We transcribe the following note from Mr. Craik's "Philological Commentary on Julius Cæsar:"—

The word *malice* "has stood in every edition down to that in one volume produced by Mr. Collier in 1853; and there, for the first time, instead of 'strength of *malice*,' we have 'strength of welcome.' This turns the nonsense into excellent sense; and the two words are by no means so unlike as that, in a cramp hand, or an injured or somewhat faded page, the one might not easily have been mistaken by the first printer or editor for the other. . . . Yet, strange to say, it is not so much as mentioned by Mr. Collier in the large volume of above 500 pages (Notes and Emendations, etc.), which professes to contain an account of everything of interest or importance in his copy of the Second Folio. Nor, as far as I remember, has it attracted any attention from any one of the numerous critics of the new readings. As how, indeed, should it, smuggled into the text as it has been?"

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Antony's *House.*[2]

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS, *seated at a table.*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.[a]

Oct. Your brother too must die: Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,

[1] Through a most extraordinary license, or indolence in the collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in some modern editions.

[2] The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription. (See Illustration *a*, p. 471.) But it is evident that Shakspere places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him:
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,[1]
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;[2]
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Brutus's *Tent, in the Camp near* Sardis.

Drum. *Enter* BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, *and* Soldiers: TITINIUS *and* PINDARUS *meeting them.*

Bru. Stand, ho![3]
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[PINDARUS *gives a letter to* BRUTUS.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.
Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*
Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.[b]
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs[4] softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.[5]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of* Brutus.[6]

LUCIUS *and* TITINIUS *at some distance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

---

[1] In the original there is a full point at the end of this line; and in the variorum editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows. This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts; and he proposes to read *abject orts*. This is something too violent; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon? Lepidus is called barren because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

> "On objects, arts, and imitations,
> Which, *out of use, and stal'd by other men,*
> *Begin his fashion.*"

[2] We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly:—

> "Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd *out*."

This is a common reading. Malone reads—

> "Our best friends made, our means stretch'd *to the utmost*."

[3] *Stand, ho!* This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to *Stand here*.

[4] *Griefs*—grievances.

[5] We print these three lines as in the original. Mr. Craik very ingeniously transposes the Lucilius of the first line and the Lucius of the third; to cure, he says, the imperfect prosody of the first line, and to get rid of the incongruity of an officer of rank and a servant-boy being appointed to the same office.

[6] This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shaksperian theatre Brutus and Cassius might have retired to the secondary stage. (See Othello, Illustration of Act V.)

Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bait[1] not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is 't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What? durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O, Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*Noise within.*

[1] *Bait.* So the original. Steevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspere uses the word here as in the Midsummer Night's Dream:—

> "Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
> Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
> To *bait* me with this foul derision?"

Poet. [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals: What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, begone! [*Exit* Poet.

Enter LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came:—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. [1]Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.] Farewell, good
Messala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

[1] Steevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse" by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic.

Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CAS., TIT., *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so:
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants *lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.
It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well: Then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[Ghost *vanishes.*
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord.
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
Var. My lord.
Clau. My lord.
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; saw you anything?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of* Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn[1] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and their Army;* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

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[1] *To warn*—to summon.

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;[1]
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look; I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty[2] wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.
Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and swim, bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.
Luc. My lord.
[BRUTUS *and* LUCILIUS *converse apart.*
Cas. Messala,—
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that, against my will,[a]
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign[3]
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;[b]
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

[1] Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspere's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a license warranted by the best examples. Our language, in becoming more correct, has lost something of its spirit.

[2] *Three-and-thirty.* The variorum reading is *three-and-twenty*, which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

[3] *Former ensign*—the ensign in the van.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—
He's ta'en;—and hark; they shout for joy.[1] [*Shout.*
Cas. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.
Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* MESSALA.
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. *Re-enter* MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, *young* CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, *and* LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.
Bru. Titinius' face is upward.
Cato. He is slain.
Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.— *Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter, fighting,* Soldiers *of both Armies; then* BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*
Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*
Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

[1] We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

'Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en; and hark!
They shout for joy.'"

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.
1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.
Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.[c]
1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and* VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.[d]
Cli. Statilius show'd the torchlight; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.
Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.— [*Whispering.*
Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Bru. Peace then, no words.
Cli. I'll rather kill myself.
Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.— [*Whispers him.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O, Dardanius!
Dar. O, Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!
Bru. Hence; I will follow.
[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.
[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their Army.*

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

ILLUSTRATIONS TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE II.—"*Our elders say, The barren,*" &c.

"AT that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child."

SCENE II.—"*Beware the ides of March.*"

"Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger."

SCENE II.—"*Will you go see the order of the course?*"

"Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the first day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar's friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then? For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor's chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime: but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

[d] SCENE II.—"*Let me have men about me that are fat,*" &c.

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

SCENE II.—"*Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.*"

"Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chair of gold, appareled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol."

"When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he, sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness."

[f] SCENE III.—"*A common slave,*" &c.

"Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."

[g] SCENE III.—"*Good Cinna, take this paper,*" &c.

"But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus! And again, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed."

ACT II.

[a] SCENE I.—"*But what of Cicero?*"

"They durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril."

SCENE I.—"*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*"

"After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy."

[c] SCENE I.—"*Let not our looks*," &c.

"Furthermore, the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken nor given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but, for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secresy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

[d] SCENE I.—"*Here is a sick man*," &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

[e] SCENE II.—"*Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out*," &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; insomuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day; and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate; but in the meantime came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."

ACT III.

[a] SCENE I.—"*All the Senators rise*."

"A senator called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out. When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods that they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk.

Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it: first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again."

[b] SCENE II.—"*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*"

"A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol; whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murther.

Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

[c] SCENE III.—"*Enter Cinna, the Poet.*"

"There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was alway one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that he, refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where, being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place."

ACT IV.

[a] SCENE I.—"*These many then shall die,*" &c.

"All three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius' will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it."

[b] SCENE II.—"*Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.*"

"About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:—

> 'My lords, I pray you, hearken both to me,
> For I have seen more years than such ye three.'

Cassius fell a laughing at him; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. . The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, . for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority."

SCENE III.—"*How ill this taper burns!*" &c.

"But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night."

ACT V.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*" &c.

"When they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. . And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcases. The which began somewhat to alter Cassius' mind from Epicurus' opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. But Brutus, in contrary manner, did alway before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was) to 'jeopard' the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle."

[b] SCENE III.—"*Fly further off, my lord,*" &c.

"So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all: for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words:—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he

reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, scaped from that overthrow. But then casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more: whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the meantime, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder."

SCENE IV.—"*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*"

"So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going altogether right against Brutus, he determined to slay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself:—I am come unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

[d] SCENE V.—"*Come, poor remains of friends,*" &c.

"Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

'Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;'—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now, Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, We must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request), held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

State of the Text, and Chronology, of Antony and Cleopatra.

"The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra" was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. The play is not divided into acts and scenes in the original; but the stage directions, like those of the other Roman plays, are very full. The text is, upon the whole, remarkably accurate, although the metrical arrangement is, in a few instances, obviously defective. The positive errors are very few. Some obscure passages present themselves; but, with one or two exceptions, they are not such as to render conjectural emendation desirable.

We have already stated our views of the chronology of this tragedy in the Introductory Notices to Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar.

Supposed Source of the Plot.

The Life of Antonius, in North's Plutarch, has been followed by Shakspere with very remarkable fidelity; and there is scarcely an incident which belongs to this period of Antony's career which the poet has not engrafted upon his wonderful performance. The poetical power, subjecting the historical minuteness to an all-pervading harmony, is one of the most remarkable efforts of Shakspere's genius. That this may be properly felt we have given very copious extracts from the Life of Antonius, as Illustrations of each act.

Costume.

For the costume of the Roman personages of this play, we, of course, refer our readers to the notice prefixed to that of Julius Cæsar; but for the costume of Egypt during the latter period of Greek domination we have no satisfactory authority. Winkelman describes some figures which he asserts were "made by Egyptian sculptors under the dominion of the Greeks, who introduced into Egypt their gods as well as their arts: while, on the other hand, the Greeks adopted Egyptian usages." But from these mutilated remains of Greco-Egyptian workmanship we are unable to ascertain how far the Egyptians generally adopted the costume of their conquerors, or the conquerors themselves assumed that of the vanquished. In the work on Egyptian Antiquities published in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," the few facts bearing upon this subject have been assembled, and the minutest details of the more ancient Egyptian costume will be found in the admirable works of Sir G. Wilkinson: but it would be worse than useless for us to enter here into a long description of the costume of the Pharaohs, unless we could assert how much, if any part of it, was retained by the Ptolemies.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M. Antony, Octavius Cæsar, M. Æmilius Lepidus, Sextus Pompeius. — *triumvirs.*

Domitius Enobarbus, Ventidius, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, — *friends of* Antony.

Mecænas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyreus, Gallus, — *friends of* Cæsar.

Menas, Menecrates, Varrius, — *friends of* Pompey.

Taurus, *lieutenant-general to* Cæsar.
Canidius, *lieutenant-general to* Antony.
Silius, *an officer in* Ventidius's *army*.
Euphronius, *an ambassador from* Antony *to* Cæsar.

Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, Diomedes, — *attendants on* Cleopatra.

A Soothsayer.
A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of Egypt.*
Octavia, *sister to* Cæsar, *and wife to* Antony.

Charmian, Iras, — *attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*dispersed; in several parts of the* Roman Empire.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneagues[1] all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come!

Flourish. Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra, *with their Trains;* Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple[2] pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.
Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.
Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—
Ant. Grates me:[3]—The sum.
Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, "Do this, or this;
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
Perform 't, or else we damn thee."
Ant. How, my love!
Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismission
Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process?[4] Cæsar's, I would say.—Both.—
Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire[5] fall! Here is my space.
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet[6]
We stand up peerless.
Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himself—
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.[7]—
Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let 's not confound the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now: What sport to-night?
Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen!
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!

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[1] *Reneagues*—renounces. This is sometimes spelt *reneges;* but Coleridge suggested the orthography we have adopted, which gives us the proper pronunciation, as in *league*. Steevens proposes to read *reneyes*, a word used by Chaucer in the same sense.

[2] *Triple* is here used in the sense of third, or one of three. So, in All's Well that Ends Well, we have "a *tripte* eye" for a third eye. We are not aware that any other author uses *triple* otherwise than in the ordinary sense of threefold.

[3] *Grates me*—offends me, is grating to me.

[4] *Process*—summons.

[5] *Rang'd empire.* Capell, the most neglected of the commentators, properly explains this—"Orderly ranged—whose parts are now entire and distinct, like a number of well-built edifices." He refers to a passage in Coriolanus:—

"Bury all which yet distinctly *ranges*,
In heaps and piles of ruin."

[6] *To weet*—to know.
Johnson explains this as if *but* had the meaning of *except*:—Antony will be himself, unless Cleopatra keeps him in commotion. Monck Mason objects to this, and interprets the passage—*if* but stirred by Cleopatra. Surely the meaning is more obvious. Antony accepts Cleopatra's belief of what he will be. He will be himself, but still under the influence of Cleopatra; and to show what that influence is, he continues, "Now, for the love of Love," &c.

No messenger; but thine and all alone,
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.[a] Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their Train.*
Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.
Dem. I'm full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change[1] his horns with garlands!
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the man?—Is 't you, sir, that know things?
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.
Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.
Char. He means in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid!
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.
Char. Hush!
Sooth. You shall be more beloving than belov'd.
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.
Alex. Nay, hear him.
Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.
Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer former fortune
Than that which is to approach.
Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names: Prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile[2] every wish, a million.
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.
Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.
Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.
Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be —drunk to bed.
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.
Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear. Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.
Sooth. I have said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune;—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!
Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores but they'd do 't.
Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.
Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?
Eno. No, lady.
Cleo. Was he not here?
Char. No, madam.
Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—
Eno. Madam.
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?
Alex. Here,[3] at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a* Messenger, *and* Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.
[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, *and* Attendants.
Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.[b]
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?
Mess. Ay:
But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.
Ant. Well, what worst?
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus:
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.
Mess. Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended[4] Asia from Euphrates;
His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia;
Whilst—

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[1] *Change*—vary, give a different appearance to. *Change* is the word of the original. Warburton and others propose to read *charge*.
[2] *Fertile*. The original has *foretel*. The emendation, which is very ingenious, was made by Warburton.
[3] Steevens here introduces *madam*, "as a proper cure for the present defect in metre."
[4] *Extended*—seized upon. In North's Plutarch we find that Labienus had "overrun Asia from Euphrates." Nearly all Shakspere's contemporaries make the second syllable of Euphrates short. Drayton, for example:—
"That gliding go in state, like swelling *Euphrates*."

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—
Mess. O, my lord!
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds
When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.[1] Fare thee well awhile.
Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*
Ant. From Sicyon how the news?[2] Speak there.
1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?
2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.
Ant. Where died she?
2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.—
[*Exit* Messenger.
There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again: the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself;[3] she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?
Ant. I must with haste from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.
Ant. I must be gone.
Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: It were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.
Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.
Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.
Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!
Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia?
Ant. Dead.
Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.
Ant. The business she hath broached in the state
Cannot endure my absence.
Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.
Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her love to part.[4] For not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea: our slippery people
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires
Our quick remove from hence.
Eno I shall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?
Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not send you:—If you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return. [*Exit* ALEX.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.
Cleo. What should I do I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him.
Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

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[1] Malone proposes to read *minds* instead of *winds;* and the commentators have taken different sides in this matter. Before we adopt a new reading we must be satisfied that the old one is corrupt. When, then, do we "bring forth weeds?" In a heavy and moist season, when there are no "quick winds" to mellow the earth, to dry up the exuberant moisture, to fit it for the plough. The poet knew the old proverb of the worth of a bushel of March dust; but "the winds of March," rough and unpleasant as they are, he knew also produced this good. The "quick winds," then, are the voices which bring us true reports to put an end to our inaction. When these winds lie still we bring forth weeds. But the metaphor is carried farther: the winds have rendered the soil fit for the plough; but the knowledge of our own faults—ills—is as the ploughing itself—the "earing."

How the news? So the folio. Mr. Dyce reads, *Ho, the news!*

[3] Warburton says, "The allusion is to the sun's diurnal course; which, rising in the east, and by revolution lowering, or setting, in the west, becomes the opposite of itself." But, taking *revolution* simply as a change of circumstances, the passage may mean (and this is the interpretation of Steevens), that the pleasure of to-day becomes subsequently a pain—the opposite of itself. Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector alters *revolution lowering* to *repetition souring*, but we hold to the original.

[4] Some of the commentators would read "*leave* to part." To "get her *love*" here may be to prevail upon her love that we may part. Pope was the first to read *leave*.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.
Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose.—
Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
Will not sustain it.
Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.
Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.
What says the married woman?—You may go;
'Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.
Ant. The gods best know,—
Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,
I saw the treasons planted.
Ant. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine, and true,
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!
Ant. Most sweet queen,—
Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips and eyes;
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,
But was a race of heaven: They are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.
Ant. How now, lady!
Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.
Ant. Hear me, queen:
The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile; but my full heart
Remains in use with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change: My more particular,
And that which most with you should safe[1] my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?
Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The garboils[2] she awak'd; at the last, best;
See when and where she died.
Cleo. O most false love!
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine receiv'd shall be.
Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st.
Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.[3]
Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.
Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt:[4] Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.
Ant. You'll heat my blood: no more.
Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.
Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.
Ant. I'll leave you, lady.
Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it:
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.
Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.
Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel[5] victory, and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!
Ant. Let us go. Come:
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor:[6] from Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
Or vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there
A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.
Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness:

[1] *Safe*—render safe.
Garboils—disorders, commotions; probably derived from the same source as *turmoil.*
[2] This passage was usually pointed with a colon after "well;" and, so pointed, it is interpreted by Capell, "Such is Antony's love, fluctuating and subject to sudden turns, like my health." We follow the punctuation of the original, which is more consonant with the rapid and capricious demeanour of Cleopatra:—I am quickly ill, and I am well again, so that Antony loves.
[3] *Egypt*—the Queen of Egypt.
Laurel. The use of the substantive adjectively was a peculiarity of the poetry of Shakspere's time, which has been revived with advantage in our own day.
[4] *Our great.* This is Johnson's emendation of the original "*one* great." *Competitor* is used in the sense of *associate.*

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.
Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let's grant it is not
Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes him,
(As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,[1] when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't: but, to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid,
As we rate boys; who, being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.
Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.
Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd[2] by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying[3] the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.
Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.
Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious vassails.[4] When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow;[c] whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pity of him.
Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble me[5] immediate council: Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.
Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.
Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.
Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.
Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, *and* Mardian.

Cleo. Charmian,—
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha!—
Give me to drink mandragora.
Char. Why, madam?
Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.
Char. You think of him too much.
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!
Char. Madam, I trust not so.
Cleo. Thou, eunuch! Mardian!
Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?
Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasure
In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?
Mar. Yes, gracious madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do nothing
But what indeed is honest to be done:
Yet I have fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet[6] of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?"
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself

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[1] *Soils*—defilements, taints. The original has *foils*, which Malone amended.
Fear'd in the original: the general reading is *dear'd*. But it may be argued that Cæsar is speaking; and that, in the notions of one who aims at supreme authority, to be feared and to be loved are pretty synonymous.
[3] *Lackeying*. The original has *lacking* (not *lashing*, as the commentators state); but the reading is evidently corrupt, and we may properly adopt Theobald's emendation of *lackeying*.
[4] *Vassails*. The spelling of the original is *vassailes*. The modern reading is *wassals* or *wassails*. A question then arises in what sense Shakspere used this word. In three other passages of the original, where the old English word *wassal* is used, it is spelt *wassels*. *Wassal* is employed by Shakspere in the strict meaning of drunken revelry; and that could scarcely be called "lascivious." On the contrary, "leave thy lascivious *vassals*" might express Cæsar's contempt for Cleopatra and her minions, who were strictly the vassals of Antony, the queen being one of his tributaries. We leave the original word *vassails*. Henley, one of the variorum commentators, says, "*Vassals* is, without question, the true reading."
[5] *Assemble me*. So the original. The modern reading is *assemble we;* and it is justified by the assertion that one equal is speaking to another. The commentators forget the contempt which Cæsar had for Lepidus: they forget, too, the crouching humility of Lepidus himself:—

"What you shall know meantime
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker."

[6] *Burgonet*—helmet. In Henry VI. we have, "I wear aloft my *burgonet*."

With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, "The firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,"
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt[1] steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.
Cleo. What, was he sad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot[2] and cold: he was nor sad nor merry.
Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:
He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Beest thou sad, or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?
Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?
Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?
Char. O that brave Cæsar!
Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.
Char. The valiant Cæsar!
Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!
Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.
Cleo. My salad days!
When I was green in judgment,—cold in blood,
To say as I said then!—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in* Pompey's *House.*

Enter Pompey, Menecrates, *and* Menas.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.
Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.
Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.
Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power's a crescent,[3] and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.
Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.
Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.
Men. From Silvius, sir.
Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony: But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip!
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts;
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dulness.—How now, Varrius?

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver:
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.
Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain: But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.
Men. I cannot hope[4]
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar;
His brother warr'd[5] upon him; although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.
Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves;
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords: but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Arm-gaunt. So the original. Some propose to read *termagant;* but *arm-gaunt,* of which we have no other example, conveys the notion of a steed fierce and terrible in armour; and the epithet, therefore, is not to be lightly replaced by any other.

[2] *Hot.* So the original. Steevens reads *heat.*

[3] The original has, "My powers are crescent." The use of *it* in the next line shows that *crescent* is a substantive. The correction, which we give in the text, was made by Theobald.

[4] *Hope* is here used in the sense of *expect.* Chaucer employs the word in this sense; but the inaccuracy of this use was exemplified in Shakspere's time by Puttenham, who quotes the speech of the Tanner of Tamworth to Edward IV.:—"I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow."

[5] *Warr'd.* The original, by a typographical error, has *wan'd.*

Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands
Our lives upon to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of* Lepidus.

Enter ENOBARBUS *and* LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.
Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day!
Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching.
Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.
Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.
Eno. Not if the small come first.
Lep. Your speech is passion:
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY *and* VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose[1] well here, to Parthia:
Hark, Ventidius.
Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas; ask Agrippa.
Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard: When we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds: Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.
Ant. 'Tis spoken well:
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.
Cæs. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thank you.
Cæs. Sit.
Ant. Sit, sir.[2]
Cæs. Nay, then.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are not so;
Or, being, concern you not.
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you
Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was 't to you?
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: Yet if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.
Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have to make it with,[3]
It must not be with this.
Cæs. You praise yourself by laying defects of judgment to me; but you patch'd up your excuses.
Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.
Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!
Ant. So much uncurbable her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say I could not help it.
Cæs. I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.
Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft, Cæsar.
Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour is sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—
Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I requir'd them;
The which you both denied.
Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do

[1] *Compose*—agree, come to agreement.

[2] In the variorum editions a note of admiration is here put, it being explained by Steevens that Antony means to resent the invitation of Cæsar that he should be seated. That invitation implied superiority. We agree with Malone that they each desired the other to be seated, and that Cæsar puts an end to the bandying of compliments by taking his seat.

[3] This is the reading of the original; but an ordinary reading, from the time of Rowe, has been—

"As matter whole you have *not* to make it with."

We doubt the propriety of departing from the text, and the meaning appears to us —if you'll *patch* a quarrel so as to seem the *whole* matter you have to make it with, you must not patch it with this complaint. *Whole* is opposed to *patch*.

So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.
Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Mec. If it might please you to enforce no further
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.
Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in when you have nothing else to do.
Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.
Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.
Eno. Go to, then; your considerate stone.[1]
Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.
Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.
Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,[a]
Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.[2]
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.
Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing: truths would be tales,
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke:
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so,"
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar,
And his power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There's my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts: and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!

[1] This is most probably an allusion to the old saying, "As silent as a stone," which is a frequent comparison amongst our ancient writers.
[2] *Of rashness*—on account of rashness.
[3] The punctuation of the original gives us a full pause at *love-sick*. The ordinary reading is—"the winds were love-sick with them."

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey;
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What is his strength by land?
Cæs. Great and increasing:
But by sea he is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
'Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it:
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.
Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.
Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.
Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* LEPIDUS.
Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas!—my honourable friend, Agrippa!—
Agr. Good Enobarbus!
Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested. You stayed well by it in Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this true?[b]
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feasts, which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony,[c] she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.
Eno. I will tell you:
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;[3]
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.
Agr. O, rare for Antony!
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings:[4] at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast

[3] Warburton proposed to read *adorings*; and the controversy upon the matter is so full that Boswell prints it as a sort of supplement at the end of the play. We hold to the *adornings* of the original.

Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.
Agr. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.
Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.
Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.
Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not;
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women cloy
The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.
Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.
Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.
Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA *between them*, Attendants, *and a* Soothsayer.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.
Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.
Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.
Octa. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night. [*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?
Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you thither!
Ant. If you can, your reason?
Sooth. I see it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet hie you to Egypt again.
Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?[d]
Sooth. Cæsar's.
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon (that thy spirit which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.
Ant. Speak this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.
Ant. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius I would speak with him:—
[*Exit* Soothsayer.
He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds;
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, *and* AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
Your generals after.
Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.
Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.
Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount[1]
Before you, Lepidus.
Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.
Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!
Lep. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards;
Come, Charmian.
Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.
Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd
As with a woman:—Come, you'll play with me, sir?
Mar. As well as I can, madam.
Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't come too short,
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd[2] fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

[1] *At the Mount.* This no doubt means at Mount Misenum. The original has not the article.

[2] *Tawny-finn'd.* The original has *tawny-fine.*

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.[e]
Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.
Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.
Mess. First, madam, he's well.
Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we use
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.
Mess. Good madam, hear me.
Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face, if Antony
Be free and healthful:—so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings![1] If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
Not like a formal man.
Mess. Will 't please you hear me?
Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.
Mess. Madam, he's well.
Cleo. Well said.
Mess. And friends with Cæsar.
Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.
Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.
Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.
Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like "but yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.
Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.
Cleo. For what good turn?
Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.
Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.
Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee!
[*Strikes him down.*
Mess. Good madam, patience.
Cleo. What say you?—Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;
[*She hales him up and down.*
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.
Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.
Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.
Mess. He's married, madam.
Cleo. Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long. [*Draws a dagger.*
Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*
Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself;
The man is innocent.
Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.
Char. He is afeard to come.
Cleo. I will not hurt him:—
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill-tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.
Mess. I have done my duty.
Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worser than I do
If thou again say, Yes.
Mess. He is married, madam.
Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold there still?
Mess. Should I lie, madam?
Cleo. O, I would thou didst;
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes! Go, get thee hence:
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?
Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.
Cleo. He is married?
Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you:
To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.
Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of![2]—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. Good your highness, patience.
Cleo. In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.
Char. Many times, madam.
Cleo. I am paid for 't now.
Lead me from hence;

[1] How full of characteristic spirit is this passage, in which we exactly follow the punctuation of the original! But the variorum editors were not satisfied with it. According to them, something is wanting both to the sense and to the metre, and so they render it as follows:—

"Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free, and healthful,—*why* so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings?"

[2] Such is the reading of the original. The passage is somewhat obscure, but it has been thus explained:—Thou art not an honest man, of which thou art thyself assured, because thy master's fault has made a knave of thee. Several emendations have been proposed, and one suggested by Monck Mason has been adopted by Steevens:—

"O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou'rt sure of 't?"

I faint; O Iras, Charmian.—'Tis no matter:—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—
[*Exit* Alexas.
Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas
[*To* Mardian.
Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Near* Misenum.

Enter Pompey *and* Menas *at one side, with drum and trumpet: at another,* Cæsar, Lepidus, Antony, Enobarbus, Mecænas, *with* Soldiers *marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.[f]
Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have we
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,
That else must perish here.
Pom. To you all three,
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him. What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; but that they would
Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burthen
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.
Cæs. Take your time.
Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'ercount thee.
Pom. At land, indeed,
Thou dost o'ercount me of my father's house;
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou may'st.
Lep. Be pleas'd to tell us
(For this is from the present) how you take
The offers we have sent you.
Cæs. There's the point.
Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embrac'd.
Cæs. And what may follow,
To try a larger fortune.
Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.
Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.
Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepar'd
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.
Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.
Pom. Let me have your hand:
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.
Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,
That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.
Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.
Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.
Lep. Well met here.
Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed;
I crave our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.
Cæs. That's the next to do.
Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part; and let us
Draw lots who shall begin.
Ant. That will I, Pompey.
Pom. No, Antony, take the lot: but, first
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery
Shall have the fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.
Ant. You have heard much.
Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.
Ant. And fair words to them.
Pom. Then so much have I heard:—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—
Eno. No.more of that:—He did so.
Pom. What, I pray you?
Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.
Pom. I know thee now: How far'st thou, soldier?
Eno. Well;
And well am like to do; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.
Pom. Let me shake thy hand;
I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.
Eno. Sir,
I never lov'd you much; but I have prais'd you,
When you have well deserv'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.
Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all:
Will you lead, lords?
Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.
Pom. Come.
[*Exeunt* Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus, Soldiers, *and* Attendants.
Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this treaty.—[*Aside.*]—You and I have known, sir.
Eno. At sea, I think.
Men. We have, sir.
Eno. You have done well by water.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me; though it cannot be denied what I have done by land.
Men. Nor what I have done by water.
Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety; you have been a great thief by sea.
Men. And you by land.
Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*On board* Pompey's *Galley, lying near* Misenum.

Music. Enter Two or Three Servants, *with a banquet.*

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already, the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out "no more;" reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecænas, Enobarbus, Menas, *with other* Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: [*To* Cæsar.] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine. A health to Lepidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramises are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*

Pom. Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain, [*Aside.*
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it: and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him; else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*To* Menas *aside.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!
Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*

Pom. I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast serv'd me with much faith. What's else to say?
Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it;
And though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,
Is thine, if thou wilt have 't.

Pom. Show me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,
Are in thy vessel; Let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoken on 't! In me, 'tis villainy;
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,
I should have found it afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this, [*Aside.*
I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more.—
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall never find it more.
Pom. This health to Lepidus.
Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.
Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.
Men. Enobarbus, welcome.
Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.
Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.
[*Pointing to the* Attendant *who carries off* LEPIDUS.
Men. Why?
Eno. 'A bears the third part of the world, man: Seest not?
Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all, that it might go on wheels.
Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.
Men. Come.
Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.
Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho!
Here is to Cæsar.
Cæs. I could well forbear it.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.
Ant. Be a child o' the time.
Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:
But I had rather fast from all four days,
Than drink so much in one.
Eno. Ha, my brave emperor! [*To* ANTONY.
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?
Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.
Ant. Come, let us all take hands;
Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.
Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while, I'll place you. Then the boy shall sing;
The holding[1] every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.
[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS *places them hand in hand.*

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd,
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—
Good Antony, your hand.
Pom. I'll try you o' the shore.
Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.
Pom. O, Antony, you have my father-house,—
But what? we are friends: Come, down into the boat.
Eno. Take heed you fall not.—Menas, I'll not on shore.
[*Exeunt* POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, *and* Attendants.
Men. No, to my cabin.—
These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out!
[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*
Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.
Men. Ho!—noble captain! Come. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Holding*—the burden of the song.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Plain in* Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, *as it were in triumph, with* SILIUS, *and other* Romans, Officers, *and* Soldiers; *the dead body of* PACORUS *borne before him.*

Ven. Now, darting Parthia,[a] art thou struck; and now
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army: Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.
Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.
Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.[2]
Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won
More in their officer than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him; and in his offence
Should my performance perish.
Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that,
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to Antony?
Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.
Sil. Where is he now?
Ven. He purposeth to Athens: whither with what haste
The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there; pass along.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter AGRIPPA *and* ENOBARBUS, *meeting.*

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?
Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.
Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.
Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!
Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!
Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.
Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.
Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!
Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

[2] We print these lines as in the original. Steevens omits *to*, and regulates the passage thus:—

"Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve 's away."

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.
Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Cæsar best:—Yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.
Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle. So,—
[*Trumpets.*
This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, *and* OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.
Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have lov'd without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.
Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.
Cæs. I have said.
Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.
Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort![1] fare thee well.
Octa. My noble brother!—
Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.
Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—
Cæs. What,
Octavia?
Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather
That stands upon the swell at the[2] full of tide,
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to* AGRIPPA.
Agr. He has a cloud in 's face.
Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a horse;
So is he, being a man.[3]
Agr. Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;
What willingly he did confound[4] he wail'd,
Believe 't, till I wept too.
Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

[1] Johnson explains this after a somewhat mystical fashion:—"May the different elements of the body, or principles of life, maintain such proportion and harmony as may keep you cheerful." It is more probable that the poet only intended that Cæsar should wish his sister a propitious voyage.
[2] *The* is omitted in some modern editions, the omission having been made in the second folio.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!
Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!
Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses* OCTAVIA.
Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?
Alex. Half afeard to come.
Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.
Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?
Mess. Ay, dread queen.
Cleo. Where?
Mess. Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
Cleo. Is she as tall as me?
Mess. She is not, madam.
Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd, or low?
Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.
Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.
Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
Mess. She creeps:
Her motion and her station[5] are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
Cleo. Is this certain?
Mess. Or I have no observance.
Char. Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing,
I do perceive 't:—There's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Guess at her years, I prithee.
Mess. Madam,
She was a widow.
Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.
Mess. And I do think she's thirty.
Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is 't long, or round?
Mess. Round even to faultiness.
Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are so.
Her hair, what colour?
Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead
As low as she would wish it.
Cleo. There's gold for thee.
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

[3] Steevens says, without offering any authority, that "a horse is said to have a cloud in his face when he has a black or dark-coloured spot in his forehead between his eyes.
[4] *Confound*—destroy.
[5] *Station* is the act of standing, as *motion* is the act of moving.

I will employ thee back again; I find thee
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit* Messenger.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried[1] him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.
Char. Nothing, madam.
Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!
Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Charmian:
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write: All may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in* Antony's *House.*

Enter Antony *and* Octavia.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath wag'd
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it
To public ear:
Spoke scantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them: most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: he not look'd,
Or did it from his teeth.[2]
Octa. O my good lord,
Believe not all; or if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,[b]
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:
The good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and husband!"
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.
Ant. Gentle Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,
Yourself shall go between us: The mean time, lady,
I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest haste;
So your desires are yours.
Octa. Thanks to my lord.
The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,
Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.
Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter Enobarbus *and* Eros, *meeting.*

Eno. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There's strange news come, sir.
Eno. What, man?
Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.
Eno. This is old: What is the success?
Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivality; would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.
Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more;
And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?
Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!"
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. Our great navy's rigg'd.
Eros. For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught:
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in* Cæsar's *House.*

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, *and* Mecænas.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And more;
In Alexandria[c]—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;
And all the unlawful issue, that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.
Mec. This in the public eye?
Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd: and oft before gave audience,
As 'tis reported, so.
Mec. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæs. The people know it; and have now receiv'd
His accusations.
Agr. Whom does he accuse?
Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.
Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.

[1] *Harried.* To *harry* is to vex, to torment, to annoy—the same as *harass*—and derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hergian.* The word had originally reference to military plunder and ravage.

We follow the original in the punctuation of these two lines, and in retaining the word *look'd.* The modern reading is—

"When the best hint was given him, he not *took't;*"

by which we are to understand he did not take the hint. We believe, on the contrary, that although it was hinted to Cæsar, when speaking, that he should mention Antony with terms of honour, he lent him most narrow measure—cold and sickly. His demeanour is then more particularly described. He *looked* not upon the people as one who is addressing them with sincerity—he *spoke* from his teeth, and not with the full utterance of the heart.

I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abus'd,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.
Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!
Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!
Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.
Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come not
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostentation[1] of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon, I begg'd
His pardon for return.
Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an abstract[2] 'tween his lust and him.
Octa. Do not say so, my lord.
Cæs. I have eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now?
Octa. My lord, in Athens.
Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.
Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!
Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make their[3] ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.
Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you.
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment[4] to a trull,
That noises it against us.
Octa. Is it so, sir?
Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Antony's *Camp near to the Promontory of* Actium.

Enter CLEOPATRA *and* ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But, why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou hast forspoke[5] my being in these wars;
And say'st, it is not fit.
Eno. Well, is it, is it?
Cleo. If not denounc'd[6] against us, why should not we
Be there in person?
Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely[7] lost; the mares would bear
A soldier and his horse.
Cleo. What is 't you say?
Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,
What should not then be spar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.[d]
Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.
Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY *and* CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in[8] Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?
Cleo. Celerity is never more admir'd
Than by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.
Cleo. By sea! What else?
Can. Why will my lord do so?

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[1] *Ostentation* in the original. Steevens reads *ostent.*

[2] *Abstract.* This is the word of the original; and, although it may be used with sufficient license, it gives us the meaning which the poet would express, that Octavia was something separating Antony from the gratification of his desires. Warburton reads *obstruct;* but we have no example of such an abbreviation of *obstruction.* There are difficulties in either reading; and it is better, therefore, to hold to the original, seeing that Shakspere sometimes employs words with a meaning peculiar to himself. His boldness may not be justified by example—but his meaning has always reference to the original sense of the word.

[3] *Their.* The original has—

"And the high gods,
To do you justice, *makes his* ministers."

Here is a false concord; and to correct it we ought to read *make their.* But some modern editors read *make them,* which is a deviation from the principle upon which a correction can be authorised.

[4] *Regiment*—government, authority.

[5] *Forspoke*—spoken against.

[6] A modern reading was—

"Is 't not? Denounce against us why should not we."

We follow the original, the meaning of which is—if there be no especial denunciation against us, why should we not be there?

[7] *Merely*—entirely.

[8] *Take in*—gain by conquest.

Ant. For that he dares us to 't.
Eno. So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.
Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.
Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd:[e]
Your mariners are muliters, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare: yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepar'd for land.
Ant. By sea, by sea.
Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promises assurance: and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.
Ant. I'll fight at sea.
Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.
Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do 't at land.—Thy business?
Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.
Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship.

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?
Sold. O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;[f]
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Cleopatra, *and* Enobarbus.
Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.
Can. Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't: So our leader's led,
And we are women's men.
Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?
Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.
Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions,[1]
As beguil'd all spies.
Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?
Sold. They say, one Taurus.
Can. Well, I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.
Can. With news the time's with labour: and throes forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near* Actium.

Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, *and others.*

Cæs. Taurus,—
Taur. My lord.
Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Antony *and* Enobarbus.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the hill,
In eye of Cæsar's battle: from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Canidius, *marching with his land Army one way over the Stage; and* Taurus, *the* Lieutenant *of* Cæsar, *the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter Enobarbus.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught![g] I can behold no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter Scarus.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!
Eno. What's thy passion?
Scar. The greater cantle[2] of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,[3]
Where death is sure. Yon ribald-rid[4] nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst of the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,
The brize[5] upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.
Scar. She once being loof'd,
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.
Eno. Alack, alack!

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[1] *Distractions*—detachments.
[2] *Cantle*—a portion. (See note 2, vol. i. p. 546.)
[3] *Token'd pestilence*—the pestilence which is mortal, when those spots appear on the skin which are called God's tokens.
[4] *Ribald-rid.* The original has *ribaudred.*
[5] *The brize*—the gadfly.

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.
Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night, indeed. [*Aside.*
Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to 't;
And there I will attend what further comes.
Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse: six kings already
Show me the way of yielding.
Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY *and* Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon 't,
It is asham'd to bear me!—Friends, come hither,[h]
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:[1]—I have a ship
Laden with gold: take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.
Att. Fly! not we.
Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you: be gone;
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by. [*Sits down.*

Enter EROS *and* CLEOPATRA, *led by* CHARMIAN *and* IRAS.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort him.
Iras. Do, most dear queen.
Char. Do! Why, what else?
Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you here, sir?
Ant. O fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam,—
Iras. Madam; O good empress!—
Eros. Sir, sir,—
Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer;[2] while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,[3] and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.
Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualitied with very shame.
Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!
Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails; I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O, my pardon.
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows
We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—Cæsar's *Camp, in* Egypt.

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, *and others.*

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—[i]
Know you him?
Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.
Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.[4]
Cæs. Be it so: Declare thine office.
Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests: and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,

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[1] In Macbeth we have—

"Now spurs the *lated* traveller apace."

Here is the same image; but *lated* and *letted* each have the sense of *obstructed, hindered.*

[2] A passage in All's Well that Ends Well explains this allusion:—

"Till honour be bought up, and *no sword worn,*
But one to dance with."

[3] Made war by lieutenants.

[4] Capell explains this passage thus:—"The sea, that he (the dew-drop) arose from."

A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.
Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.
Eup. Fortune pursue thee!
Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit* EUPHRONIUS.
To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise, [*To* THYREUS.
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal: Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.
Thyr. Cæsar, I go.
Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.
Thyr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.[1]
Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?
Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mered[2] question: 'Twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.
Cleo. Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY *with* EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?
Eup. Ay, my lord.
Ant. The queen shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.
Eup. He says so.
Ant. Let her know it.—
To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.
Cleo. That head, my lord?
Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declin'd,[3] sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* EUPHRONIUS.
Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.[k]
Cleo. What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.
Eno. Mine honesty and I begin to square. [*Aside.*
The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly:—Yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?
Thyr. Hear it apart.
Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.
Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.
Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that is Cæsar's.
Thyr. So.—
Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Further than he is Cæsar.[4]
Cleo. Go on: Right royal.
Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.
Cleo. O!
Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserv'd.
Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.
Eno. To be sure of that, [*Aside.*
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit* ENOBARBUS.
Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thyr. My name is Thyreus.
Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation[5]

[1] Here is a noble answer from the rough soldier to the voluptuous queen. But the commentators have not been satisfied with it. Hanmer reads, "*Drink* and die;" Tyrwhitt proposes to read, "*Wink* and die." We may here very safely trust to the original.

[2] *Mered.* *Mere* is a boundary; and to *mere* is to mark, to limit. Spenser thus uses the word as a verb.

[3] Johnson explains the passage thus:—"I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the *comparison* of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this *decline* of my age or power."

[4] This is the reading of the second folio. The first edition has, "Further than he is *Cæsar's*."

[5] *Deputation.* This is Warburton's amendment of the original *disputation*, which new reading is now generally adopted.

I kiss his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.
Cleo. Your Cæsar's father,
Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY *and* ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?
Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipp'd.
Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and devils!
Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cried "ho!"
Like boys unto a muss,[1] kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears?

Enter Attendants.

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy:—Take him hence.
Thyr. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt* Attend. *with* THYREUS.
You were half-blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?[2]
Cleo. Good my lord,—
Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes
In our own filth;[3] drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.
Cleo. O, is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out: For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, "God quit you!" be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being yare[4] about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants, *with* THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?
1 *Att.* He did ask favour.
Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar
Tell him thy entertainment Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done, tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [*Exit* THYREUS.
Cleo. Have you done yet?
Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.
Cleo. I must stay his time.
Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandering[5] of this pelleted storm,

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[1] *A muss*—a scramble.

[2] Antony is comparing Cleopatra with Octavia. "One that looks on feeders" is one that bestows favours on servants. *Eaters, feeders*, were terms for servants in the old dramatists. Gifford has clearly shown, in a note to "The Silent Woman," that Dr. Johnson was mistaken when he interpreted the passage in the text to mean that Antony was abused by Thyreus—by one that looked on whilst others fed.

[3] We follow the original punctuation. The ordinary reading was—

"The wise gods seel our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;"

the only recommendation of which appears to be that it gives occasion for a note by Steevens, emulating many others that have rendered the variorum edition of Shakspere one of the filthiest books in our language. If there be a possibility of distorting Shakspere into indelicacy, Steevens in his own name, or under the disguise of Amner or of Collins, never missed the opportunity.

[4] *Yare*—nimble.

[5] *Discandering*. This is the word of the original; but the invariable modern reading is *discandying*. Theobald, treating the original as a corruption, "reformed the text;" and Malone explains that "*discandy* is used in the next act." But how is it used?

"The hearts
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave,
Their wishes, do *discandy*, melt their sweets,
On blossoming Cæsar."

The expletive *melt their sweets* gives us the peculiar and most forcible meaning in which the word is here used. But the *pelleted storm*, which makes Cleopatra's brave Egyptians lie graveless, is utterly opposed to the melting into sweetness of the word *discandying*. We refer our readers to a note in The Merchant of Venice, Act I. Sc. III. (vol. i. p. 201), upon the passage, "Other ventures he hath, *squander'd* abroad." To *squander* is to scatter; and so Dryden uses the word:—

"They drive, they *squander* the huge Belgian fleet."

To *dis-scander*, we believe, then, is to *dis-squander*. The particle *dis* is, as Mr. Richardson has stated, "frequently prefixed to words themselves meaning separation or partition, and augmenting the force of those words." We therefore, without hesitation, restore the original *discandering*, in the sense of *dis-squandering*.

Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!
Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,[1] threat'ning most sealike.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my brave lord!
Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night:[2] call to me
All my sad captains; fill our bowls once more;
Let's mock the midnight bell.
Cleo. It is my birthday;
I had thought to have held it poor; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.
Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make Death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.
[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, *and* Attendants.
Eno. Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp at* Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, *reading a letter;* AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, *and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; meantime,
Laugh at his challenge.[a]
Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.
Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius
Eno. No.
Ant. Why should he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?
Eno. I'll strike; and cry, "Take all."
Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants;[b] let's to-night

Enter Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou:
Thou,[3]—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me well,
And kings have been your fellows.
Cleo. What means this?
Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
[*Aside.*
Out of the mind.
Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.
Serv. The gods forbid!
Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night:
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he mean
Eno. To make his followers weep.
Ant. Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't![4]
Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho!
Now the witch take me if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spake to you for your comfort: did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my hearts,
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you

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[1] *Fleet*—the old word for *float*.
Gaudy night—a night of rejoicing. A gaudy day in the Universities and Inns of Court is a feast day. Nares, in explanation of the term, quotes from an old play:—
"A foolish utensil of state,
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day's
Brought forth to make a show, and that is all."

[3] *Thou.* Hanmer reads *and thou*, which some editors follow. The pause, which is necessary in addressing various persons, stands in the place of a syllable.
[4] In As You Like It we have the familiar expression, "God 'ild you," which is equivalent to—God yield you, or God reward you. So in the passage before us.
[5] These interjections have the sense of *stop*.

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let 's to supper; come,
And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter Two Soldiers, *to their guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.
Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?
1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?
2 *Sold.* Belike 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.
1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

Enter Two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,
Have careful watch.
3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*
4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts.*] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose. [*Music of hautboys under the stage.*
4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?
1 *Sold.* List, list!
2 *Sold.* Hark!
1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.
3 *Sold.* Under the earth.
4 *Sold.* It signs well,
Does 't not?
3 *Sold.* No.
1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?
2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.
1 *Sold.* Walk; let 's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*
2 *Sold.* How now, masters?
Sold. How now?
How now? do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*
1 *Sold.* Ay: Is 't not strange?
3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?
1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;
Let 's see how 'twill give off.
Sold. [*Several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Antony *and* Cleopatra; Charmian, *and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!
Cleo. Sleep a little.
Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

Enter Eros, *with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on:—
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is
Because we brave her.—Come.
Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.
What's this for?
Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art
The armourer of my heart;—False, false; this, this.
Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.
Ant. Well, well:
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefly, sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely;
He that unbuckles this, till we do please
To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—
Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire
More tight at this than thou: Despatch.—O love,
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, *armed.*

A workman in 't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:
To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to 't with delight.
1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.
[*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

Enter other Officers, *and* Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair. Good morrow, general.
All. Good morrow, general.
Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.
This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me,
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight
Follow me close; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.
[*Exeunt* Antony, Eros, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
Char. Please you, retire to your chamber?
Cleo. Lead me.
He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Antony's *Camp near* Alexandria.

Trumpets sound. Enter Antony *and* Eros; *a* Soldier *meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!
Ant. 'Would thou, and those thy scars, had once prevail'd
To make me fight at land!
Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.
Ant. Who's gone this morning?
Sold. Who?
One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, "I am none of thine."
Ant. What say'st thou?
Sold. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.
Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sold. Most certain.
Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men;—despatch: Enobarbus![1]
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Flourish. Enter Cæsar, *with* Agrippa, Enobarbus, *and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.
Our will is Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.
Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Agrippa.
Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.
Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt* Cæsar *and his Train.*
Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for this pains
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier *of* Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.
Eno. I give it you.
Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: Best you saf'd[2] the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove. [*Exit* Soldier.
Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows[3] my heart
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel.
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter Agrippa, *and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [*Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *wounded.*

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.
Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.
Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retire.
Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.
Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. I'll halt after.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of* Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter Antony, *marching;* Scarus, *and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp: Run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.[4]—To-morrow,
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
Thy honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
[*To* Scarus.

Enter Cleopatra, *attended.*

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,
Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of lords!
O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?
Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
Do something mingle with our younger[5] brown;
Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
And can get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.
Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.
Ant. He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march:
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity

[1] We follow the words of the original, but not the punctuation. That reading is "despatch Enobarbus." It may possibly mean dispatch the business of Enobarbus; but it is more probable that Antony, addressing Eros, says "despatch;" and then, thinking of his revolted friend, pronounces his name. The second folio changes the words, having "Eros, despatch."

[2] *Saf'd*—made safe.

[3] *Blows*—swells.

[4] The original has *guests*.

[5] *Younger.* Steevens omits the epithet in his "regulation of the metre."

To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's *Camp*.

Sentinels *on their post*. *Enter* Enobarbus.

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.
2 *Sold.* This last day was a shrewd one to us.
Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—
3 *Sold.* What man is this?
2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list him.
Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—
1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!
3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark further.
Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! [*Dies.*
2 *Sold.* Let 's speak to him.
1 *Sold.* Let 's hear him, for the things he speaks may concern Cæsar.
3 *Sold.* Let 's do so. But he sleeps.
1 *Sold.* Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his was never yet for sleep.
2 *Sold.* Go we to him.
3 *Sold.* Awake, sir, awake; speak to us.
2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir?
1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him. Hark, the drums [*Drums afar off.*
Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.
3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet. [*Exeunt with the body.*

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps*.

Enter Antony *and* Scarus, *with Forces marching*.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.
Scar. For both, my lord.
Ant. I would they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:[1]—
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cæsar, *and his Forces marching*.

Cæs. But being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Antony *and* Scarus.

Ant. Yet they are not join'd: Where yond pine does stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [*Exit.*
Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a sea fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:[d]
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.
[*Exit* Scarus.
O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more:
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The hearts
That spaniel'd[2] me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:
O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm,
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home;
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter Cleopatra.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.
Cleo. Why is my lord enrag'd against his love?
Ant. Vanish; or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex: most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for dolts;[3] and let

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[1] The sentence—

"Order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven"—

is parenthetical. Omit it, and Antony says that the foot-soldiers shall stay with him, upon the hills adjoining to the city,

"Where their appointment we may best discover."

There are various modes of piecing out this line, such as "Let 's seek a spot." Others give us "further on."

[d] *Spaniel'd.* The original has *panell'd*. The emendation, which is by Hanmer, is judicious; and it is supported by the fact that *spaniel* was formerly spelt *spannel*.

[3] We follow the original. The ordinary reading is—

"*For* poor'st diminutives *to* dolts;"

and it is explained that the poorest diminutives are the smallest pieces of money. Others read "for *doits*," diminutives and doits each meaning small moneys. We believe that the "poor'st diminutives" are the lowest of the populace, as the "dolts" are the most stupid. We must, therefore, understand *for* to mean—for the gratification of; or adopt a suggestion by Malone—be shown *fore*, &c.

Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit* CLEO.] 'Tis well thou'rt gone,
If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, hoa!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for 't.—Eros, hoa! [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.
Char. To the monument;
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.
Cleo. To the monument:—
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, prithee, piteously: Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY *and* EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?
Eros. Ay, noble lord.
Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.[1]
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.
Eros. It does, my lord.
Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body; here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false-play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She has robb'd me of my sword.
Mar. No, Antony;
My mistress lov'd thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.[e]
Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betray'd me, and shall die the death.
Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she has discharg'd: What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: she render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep:—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit* MARDIAN.
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent;
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.—
[*Exit* EROS.
I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther:—Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, and all is done.[2]—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord
Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself." Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace
And horror, that, on my command, thou then
Wouldst kill me:[3] do 't; the time is come:
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.
Eros. The gods withhold me!
Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?
Ant. Eros,

[1] T. Warton remarks upon this passage, "The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age." Whiter adds that "The rack dislimns" is a continuation of the same allusion.

[2] The passage may be illustrated by a corresponding image in King Henry V.:—

"And so espous'd to death, with blood he *seal'd*
A testament of noble-ending love."

[3] The passage is regulated thus in the original:—

"When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of disgrace and horror,
That, on my command, thou then wilt kill me."

The ordinary metrical arrangement is—

"When I should see behind me
Th' inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then wouldst kill me."

We trust our change is an improvement.

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd[1] arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come, then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor; let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:—[*Falls on his sword.*] Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record: But I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus
[*Falling on his sword.*
I learn'd of thee. How! not dead? not dead?—
The guard—ho![2]—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS *and* Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt* Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?
Wilt thou not answer, man? [*Exit* DERCETAS.

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me
Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying fear
Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect
She had dispos'd with[3] Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I prithee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard, what, ho!
Come, your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides!
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing* ANTONY.

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.[f]

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not.
All strange and terrible events are welcome,
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.
Look out o' the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, *borne by the* Guard.

Cleo. O sun,[4]
Burn the great sphere thou movest in!—darkling stand
The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!
Antony, Antony!—Help, Charmian; help, Iras, help;
Help, friends below; let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:
Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only
I here importune death awhile, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,[5]

---

[1] *Fleach'd*—folded.

[2] The original has *how*, with a note of interrogation. The ordinary reading is *ho!*

[3] *Dispos'd with*—made terms with.

[4] *O sun.* Pope added *thou.*

[5] Cleopatra dares not come down out of the monument to bestow the poor last kiss.

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be brooch'd[1] with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—
Assist, good friends.
Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.
Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!
Our strength is all gone into heaviness;
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools:—O, come, come, come;
[*They draw* Antony *up.*
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast liv'd:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.
All. A heavy sight!
Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.
Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,[2]
Provok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle, hear me:
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.
Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.
Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman;—a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more. [*Dies.*
Cleo. Noblest of men, woo 't die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*
Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady,—
Iras. Madam,—
Char. O madam, madam, madam!
Iras. Royal Egypt!
Empress!
Char. Peace, peace, Iras.
Cleo. No more, but e'en[3] a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.[4]—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:
[*To the* Guard *below.*
We'll bury him; and then, what's brave, what's noble,
Let 's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.
Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.
[*Exeunt; those above bearing off* Antony's *body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before* Alexandria.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecænas, Gallus, Proculeius, *and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks [us by[5]]
The pauses that he makes.
Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit* Dolabella.

Enter Dercetas, *with the sword of* Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?[a]
Der. I am call'd Dercetas;
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master: and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.
Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?
Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.
Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack: The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens:[6]—The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.
Der. He is dead, Cæsar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.
Cæs. Look you sad, friends?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

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[1] *Brooch'd*—adorned as with a brooch.

[2] Johnson calls this a "despicable line." There are not many such despicable lines in "Irene."

[3] *E'en.* The original has *in.*

[4] *Chares.* A *chare*, or *char*, is a single act, or piece of work—a turn, or bout of work, from the Anglo-Saxon *cyran*, to turn. Hence, a charwoman.

[5] The words in brackets are not in the original. Malone supplied them, and Steevens adopts them with some hesitation, saying, "We are not yet acquainted with the full and exact meaning of the word *mock*, as sometimes employed by Shakspeare." It is difficult, however, to render the passage intelligible without some such words as those inserted.

[6] The commentators make a great difficulty with this passage; but surely nothing can more forcibly express the idea of a general convulsion than that the wild beasts of the forest should have been hurled into the streets where men abide, and the inhabitants of cities as forcibly thrown into the lions' dens.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.
Mec. His taints and honours
Wag'd equal with him.
Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.
Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.
Cæs. O Antony!
I have follow'd thee to this:[1]—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
Unreconcilable, should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?
Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.
Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.
Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [*Exit.*
Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius: Go, and say
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.
Pro. Cæsar, I shall.
[*Exit* PROCULEIUS.
Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [*Exit* GALLUS.
Agr., Mec. Dolabella!
Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent: where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, *and* IRAS.[2]

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.[3]

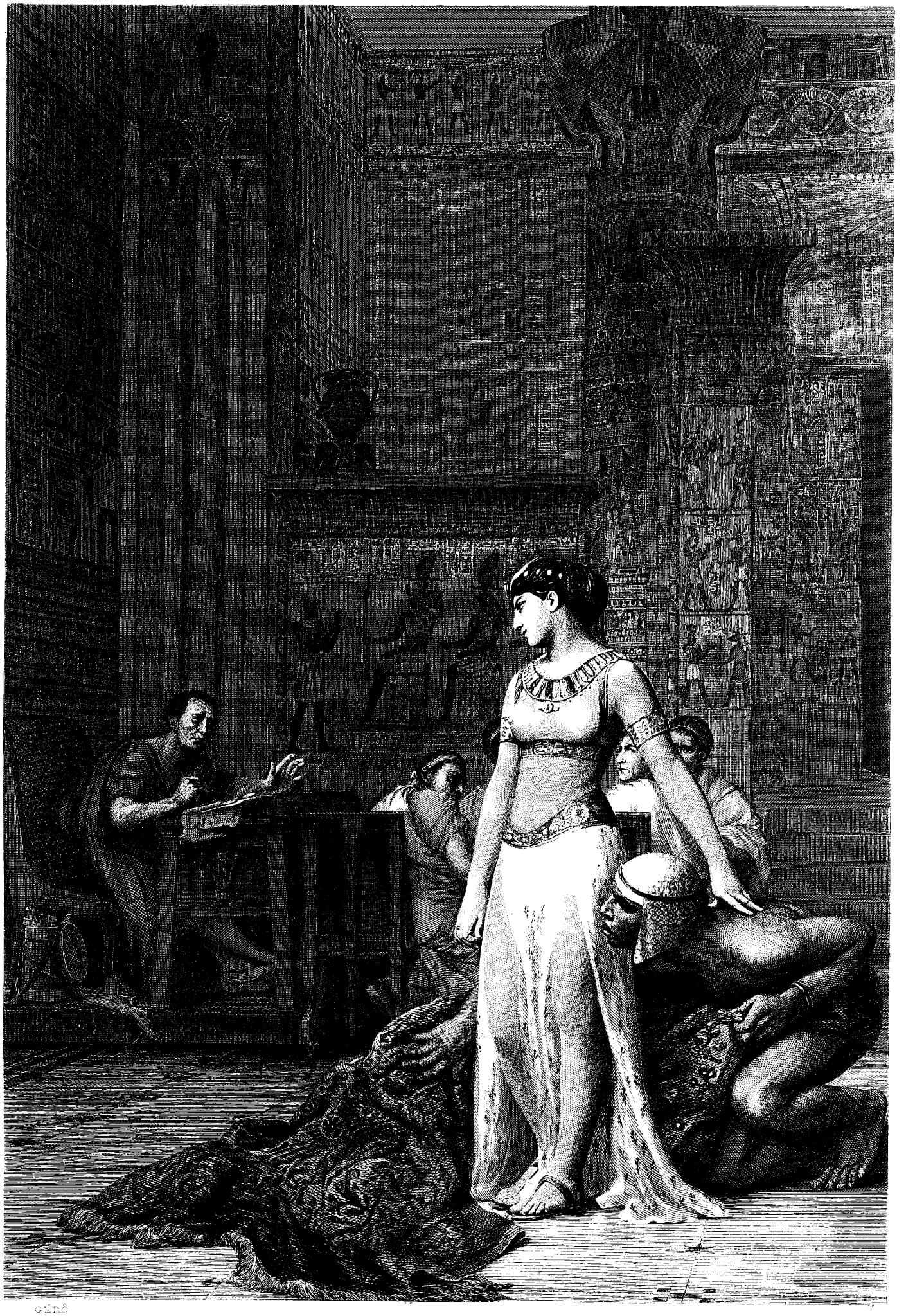
Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS, *and* Soldiers.

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.
Cleo. [*Within.*] What's thy name?
Pro. My name is Proculeius.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.
Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing:
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency: and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneel'd to.
Cleo. [*Within.*] Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.
Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.
Gal. You see how easily she may be surpris'd;
[*Here* PROCULEIUS *and two of the* Guard *ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind* CLEOPATRA. *Some of the* Guard *unbar and open the gates.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.[b]
[*To* PROCULEIUS *and the* Guard. *Exit* GALLUS.
Iras. Royal queen!
Char O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—
Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*
Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold.
[*Seizes and disarms her.*
Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?
Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!
Pro. O, temperance, lady!
Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;

[1] *Follow'd thee to this*—driven thee to this.

[2] Malone says, "Our author here (as in King Henry VIII., Act V. Scene I.), has attempted to exhibit at once the outside and the inside of a building. It would be impossible to represent this scene in any way on the stage, but by making Cleopatra and her attendants speak all their speeches, till the queen is seized, within the monument." Our readers will recollect what we have so often said about the secondary stage of the old theatre, which contrivance got rid of the difficulty here pointed out. (See Othello, Illustration of Act V.)

[3] *The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's* is unquestionably *death;* not, as Johnson explains it, the gross substance which equally nourishes the beggar and Cæsar. Upon the authority of Warburton and Mr. Collier's MS. Corrector, the ordinary reading is now *palates more the dug*, instead of *the dung* of the folio.



GÉRÔ

A RA D L SA

AN

Stadt-
bücherei
Elbi

If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither:[1] This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastis'd with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides[2] my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!
Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.
Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To* CLEOPATRA.
If you'll employ me to him.
Cleo. Say, I would die.
[*Exeunt* PROCULEIUS *and* Soldiers.
Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Assuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?
Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!
Dol. If it might please you,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.
Dol. Most sovereign creature,—
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn[3] 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates[4] dropp'd from his pocket.
Dol. Cleopatra,—
Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?
Dol. Gentle madam, no.
Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.
Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.
Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—
Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?
Dol. Madam, he will;
I know it.
Within. Make way there.—Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, *and* Attendants.

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt?
Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA *kneels.*
Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel:—
I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.
Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with like frailties, which before
Have often sham'd our sex.
Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall find
A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.
Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours; and we
Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.
Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of; 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?
Sel. Here, madam.
Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.
Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.
Cleo. What have I kept back?
Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.
Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.
Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours;
And should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild: O slave, of no more trust

[1] Johnson explains this, we think correctly, "I will not eat, and, if it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither."

[2] *Pyramides*—the Latin plural of pyramid, used as a quadrisyllable.

[3] *Autumn.* The original has *Antony*—evidently a mistake. The correction was made by Theobald.

[4] *Plates.* Pieces of silver money were called *plates*. So in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta:"—
"Rat'st thou this Moor but at two hundred *plates?*"

Than love that's hir'd—What, goest thou back? thou shalt
Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain, dog!
O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,
Immoment toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern[1] friends withal; and say,
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me
Beneath the fall I have. Prithee, go hence;

[*To* SELEUCUS.

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a man,
Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[*Exit* SELEUCUS.

Cleo. Be it known that we, the greatest, are misthought
For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord!

Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

Cleo. Dolabella?

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey;[d] and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

[*Exit* DOL.

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us like strumpets; and scald rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels: Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian:—

Enter CHARMIAN.

Show me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah, Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit* IRAS. *A noise within.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument

[*Exit* Guard.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, *with a* Clown, *bringing a basket.*

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit* Guard.

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm: But he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: But this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell.

[Clown *sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

[1] *Modern*—common.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm. [*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, *with a robe, crown, &c.*

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men,
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.
[*Kisses them.* IRAS *falls and dies.*
Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her; and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou[1] mortal wretch, [*To the asp, which she applies to her breast.*
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Falls on a bed, and dies.*

Char. In this wild[2] world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, Death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, *rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies the asp.*
O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 *Guard.* Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's beguil'd.

Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—call him.

1 *Guard.* What work is here?—Charmian, is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.
Ah, soldier! [*Dies.*

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 *Guard.* All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, a way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR *and* Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last;
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 *Guard.* A simple countryman, that brought her figs.
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard.* O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood, and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard.* This is an aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:—
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.
[*Exeunt.*

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[1] Steevens omits the impressive *thou*.

Wild. Some of the modern editions have turned this into *wide*. Steevens suggests that the true word was *vild*, vile.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

[a] SCENE I.—"*To-night we'll wander through the streets,*" &c.

IN this and the subsequent Illustrations in each act the quotations are from North's Plutarch, unless otherwise distinguished.

"But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look."

[b] SCENE II.—"*Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.*"

"Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicion: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and he were the easier made friends again."

SCENE IV.—"*When thou once*
Wast beaten from Modena," &c.

"Cicero, on the other side, being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar serjeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and, moreover, sent Hircius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that which pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feeleth want or adversity knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do; but when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike: but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius, that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots: and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before."

ACT II.

[a] SCENE II.—"*Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.*"

"The friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It reported that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom, and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him."

SCENE II.—"*Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast,*" &c.

"I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole, or else it would be marred straight; for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in."

SCENE II.—"*When she first met Mark Antony,*" &c.

"The manner how he fell in love with her was this:—Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. . So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that

she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, vials, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself, she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture; and hard by her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with the which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of the which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius, therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it."

[d] SCENE III.—"*Say to me,*
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?"

"With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities, to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art, told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome."

[e] SCENE V.—"*'Twas merry, when*
You wager'd on your angling," &c.

"On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take none he was as angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore he secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing."

[f] SCENE VI.—"*Your hostages I have, so have you mine,*" &c.

"Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and Antonius and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition, that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we sup? There, said Pompey: and showed him his admiral galley, which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast anchors enow into the sea, to make his galley fast, and then built a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they fell to be merry with Antonius' love unto Cleopatra, Menas the pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him, Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length answered him, Thou shouldst have done it, and never have told it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their camp, and then he returned into Sicily."

[g] SCENE VII.—"*They take the flow o' the Nile,*" &c.

Shakspere might have found a description of the rise of the Nile, and the estimate of plenty or scarcity thereon depending, in Holland's translation of Pliny. The Nilometer is described in Leo's "History of Africa," translated by John Pory. Both works were published at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

ACT III.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Now, darting Parthia,*" &c.

"In the mean time Ventidius once again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' son, king of Parthia) in a battle fought in the country of Cyrrestica, he being come again with a great army to invade Syria, at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit, as famous as ever any was, was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media, after they had thrice together been overcome in several battles. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius's displeasure by it. Having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. Ventidius was the only man that ever triumphed of the Parthians until this present day, a mean man born, and of no noble house or family, who only came to that he attained unto through Antonius' friendship, the which delivered him happy occasion to achieve great matters. And yet, to say truly, he did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves."

[b] SCENE IV.—"*A more unhappy lady,*" &c.

"But Antonius, notwithstanding, grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar upon certain reports that had been brought unto him, and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail; and because those of Brundusium would not receive his army into their

haven, he went further unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. She put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mecenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them aside, and with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman of the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still."

[c] SCENE VI.—"*In Alexandria.*"

"And to confess a truth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans; for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phenicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band or diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hands the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again,—That for Lepidus, he had indeed despoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain."

[d] SCENE VII.—"'*Tis said in Rome*," &c.

"Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bedchamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius's empire."

[e] SCENE VII.—"*Your ships are not well mann'd.*"

"Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that, though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did press by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleteers, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundusium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius, on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man, though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before."

[f] SCENE VII.—"*O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.*"

"So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who, as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile, brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the mainland, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself."

[g] SCENE VIII.—"*Naught, naught, all naught!*"

"Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships, for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction."

SCENE IX.—"*Friends, come hither.*"

"Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carects, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, commanding them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then

Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar."

[i] SCENE X.—"*Let him appear that's come from Antony.*"

"They sent ambassadors unto Octavius Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children.

Furthermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country."

[k] SCENE XI.—"*A messenger from Cæsar.*"

"Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, inasmuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnize the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—"*Let the old ruffian know,*
I have many other ways to die," &c.

"So Cæsar came, and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men, even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-at-arms unto her that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so."

[b] SCENE II.—"*Call forth my household servants.*"

"Then Antonius seeing there was no way more honourable for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could, for, said he, You know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour."

[c] SCENE III.—"*Peace, what noise?*"

"Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of midnight, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs; and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought it was the God unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him that did forsake them."

[d] SCENE X.—"*This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.*"

"The next morning by break of day he went to set those few footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake."

[e] SCENE XII.—"*My mistress lov'd thee,*" &c.

"Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. Now he had a man of his, called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument."

[f] SCENE XIII.—"*O Charmian, I will never go from hence.*"

"Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes, in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her own self, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these

monuments, 'trised' Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight; for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had berayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and, as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman."

ACT V.

[a] SCENE I.—"*Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st Appear thus to us?*"

"After Antonius had thrust his sword into himself, as they carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent, and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph."

[b] SCENE II.—"*Guard her till Cæsar come.*"

"But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius' came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was 'trised' up, and came down into the monument with two of his men, hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince that ever was, and to 'appeache' him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her."

[c] SCENE II.—"*Which is the queen of Egypt?*"

"Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to comfort her. . When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy mercy and favour upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

[d] SCENE II.—"*Cæsar through Syria Intends his journey.*"

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself; howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this aspic was brought

unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see it. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth for they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

THE German critic, Horn, concludes some remarks upon Shakspere's King John with a passage that may startle those who believe that the truth of History, and the truth of our great dramatic teacher of history, are altogether different things:—

"The hero of this piece stands not in the list of personages, and could not stand with them; for the idea should be clear without personification. The hero is England.

"What the poet chose to express of his view of the dignity and worth of his native land he has confided to the Bastard to embody in words:—

> 'This England never did, nor never shall,
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
> But when it first did help to wound itself.'

But Shakspere is immeasurably more than Falconbridge, and he would have the reader and the spectator more also. These lines are not intended to be fixed upon England at the beginning of the fourteenth century alone; they are not even confined to England generally. They are for the elevation of the views of a state—of a people. Happy for England that she possesses a poet who so many years since has spoken to her people as the highest and most splendid teacher! The full consequences of his teaching have not yet been sufficiently revealed; they may perhaps never wholly be exhibited. We, however, know that in England a praiseworthy zeal for their country's history prevails amongst the people. But who first gave true life to that history?"

In the three great dramas that are before us, the idea, not personified, but full of a life that animates and informs every scene, is ROME. Some one said that Chantrey's bust of a great poet was more like than the poet himself. Shakspere's Rome, we venture to think, is more like than the Rome of the Romans. It is the idealized Rome, true indeed to her every-day features, but embodying that expression of character which belongs to the universal rather than the accidental. And yet how varied is the idea of Rome which the poet presents to us in these three great mirrors of her history! In the young Rome of Coriolanus we see the terrible energy of her rising ambition checked and overpowered by the factious violence of her contending *classes*. We know that the prayer of Coriolanus is a vain prayer:—

> "The honour'd gods
> Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
> Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
> Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
> And not our streets with war!"

In the matured Rome of Julius Cæsar we see her riches and her glories about to be swallowed up in a domestic conflict of *principles*:—

> "Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
> When went there by an age, since the great flood,
> But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
> When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
> That her wide walks encompass'd but one man?"

In the slightly older Rome of Antony, her power, her magnificence, are ready to perish in the selfishness of *individuals*:—

> "Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
> Of the rang'd empire fall!"

Rome was saved from anarchy by the supremacy of one. Shakspere did not live to make the Cæsars more immortal.

Schlegel has observed that "these plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he [Shakspere] found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed." In our edition of these plays we have given, with great fulness, the passages from Plutarch, as translated by North, which the poet followed—sometimes even to the literal adoption of the biographer's words. This is the "apparent artlessness." But Schlegel has also shown us the principles of the "uncommon art:"—"Of every historical transaction Shakspere knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history, without in any degree changing them." But he adopts the literal only when it enters into "the true poetical point of view," and is therefore in harmony with the general poetical truth, which in many subordinate particulars necessarily discards all pretension of "adhering closely to history." Jonson has left us two Roman plays produced essentially upon a different principle. In his "Sejanus" there is scarcely a speech or an incident that is not derived from the ancient authorities. His characters are, therefore, puppets carved and stuffed according to the descriptions, and made to speak according to the very words of Tacitus and Suetonius; but they are not living men. It is the same in his "Catiline." Cicero is the great actor in that play; and he moves as Sallust, corrected by other authorities, made him move, and speaks as he spoke himself in his own orations. Gifford, speaking of Jonson's two Roman tragedies, says—"Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured."* We presume to think that there is here a slight confusion of terms. If Jonson had drawn *Romans* as they were, he would have drawn *men* as they were. They were not the less men because they were Romans. He failed to draw the men, principally on account of the limited range of his imaginative power; he copied instead of created. He repeated, says Gifford, "the ideas, the language, the allusions," which "could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius." He gave us, partly on this account also, shadows of life, instead of the "living features of an age so distant from our own," as his biographer yet thinks he gave. Shakspere worked upon different principles, and certainly with a different success.

The leading idea of Coriolanus—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming

* Memoirs of Jonson, p. ccxx. Works, 9 vols.

various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessories, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy in any country or in any age—under a republic or a monarchy—in England under Queen Victoria, in the United States under President Tyler. The historical truth and the philosophical principle which Shakspere has embodied in Coriolanus are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of Coriolanus, was probably dealing only with a legend; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch: further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art, and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. A polite democracy, a humane oligarchy, would be better. Johnson somewhat rejoices in the amusing exhibition of "plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence." Hazlitt, who is more than half angry on the other side of the question, says—"The *whole* dramatic moral of Coriolanus is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left." Let us see.

With his accustomed consummate judgment in his opening scenes, Shakspere throws us at once into the centre of the contending classes of early Rome. We have no description of the nature of the factions; we behold them:—

> "1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?
> *Cit.* Resolved, resolved.
> 1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.
> *Cit.* We know 't, we know 't.
> 1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is it a verdict?
> *Cit.* No more talking on 't: let it be done."

The foundation of the violence is misery; its great stimulant is ignorance. The people are famishing for want of corn; they will kill one man, and that will give them corn at their own price: the murder will turn scarcity into plenty. Hazlitt says that Shakspere "spared no occasion of baiting the rabble." If to show that misery acting upon ignorance produces the same effects in all ages be "baiting the rabble," he has baited them. But he has not painted the "mutinous citizens" with undiscriminating contempt. One that displays a higher power than his fellows of reasoning or remonstrance, and yet is zealous enough to resist what he thinks injustice, says of Caius Marcius—

> "Consider you what services he has done for his country?"

The people are sometimes ungrateful; but Shakspere chose to show that some amongst them could be just. The people have their favourites. "Worthy Menenius Agrippa" has the good word of the mutinous citizens. Shakspere gave them no unworthy favourite. His rough humour, his true kindliness, his noble constancy, form a character that the people have always loved, even whilst they are rebuked and chastened. But if the poet has exhibited the democratic ignorance in pretty strong colours, has he shrunk from presenting us a full-length portrait of patrician haughtiness? Caius Marcius in the first scene claims no sympathies:—

> "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 pick my lance."

Till Caius Marcius has become Coriolanus, and we see that the popular violence is under the direction of demagogues—the same never-varying result of the same circumstances—we feel no love for him. It is under oppression and ingratitude that his pride becomes sublime. But he has previously deserved our homage, and in some sort our affection. The poet gradually wins us to an admiration of the hero by the most skilful management. First, through his mother. What a glorious picture of an antique matron, from whom her son equally derived his pride and his heroism, is presented in the exquisite scene where Volumnia and Valeria talk of him they loved according to their several natures! Who but Shakspere could have seized upon the spirit of a Roman woman of the highest courage and mental power bursting out in words such as these?—

> "*Vol.* His bloody brow
> With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
> Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
> Or all, or lose his hire.
> *Vir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
> *Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
> Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
> When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
> Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
> At Grecian swords' contending."

This is a noble preparation for the scenic exhibition of the deeds of Caius Marcius. Amidst the physical strength and the mental energy that make the triumphant warrior, the poet, by a few of his magical touches, has shown us the ever-present loftiness of mind that denotes qualities far beyond those which belong to mere animal courage. His contempt of the Romans who are beaten back," and the "Romans with spoils," is equally withering. It is not sufficient for him to win one battle. The force of character through which he thinks that nothing is done whilst anything remains to do, shows that Shakspere understood the stuff of which a great general is made. His remonstrance to Cominius—

> "Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the field?
> If not, why cease you till you are so?"—

is not in Plutarch. It is supplied to us by a higher authority—by the instinct by which Shakspere knew the great secret of success in every enterprise—the determination to be successful. One example more of the skill with which Shakspere makes Caius Marcius gradually obtain the uncontrolled homage of our hearts. The proud conqueror who rejects all gifts and honours, who has said—

> "I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
> To hear themselves remember'd,"—

asks a gift of his superior officer:—

> "I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
> At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
> He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
> But then Aufidius was within my view,
> And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request you
> To give my poor host freedom."

We now see only the true hero. He realises the noble description of the "Happy Warrior" which a great poet of our own days has drawn with so masterly a hand:—

> "Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,
> And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
> Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
> In face of these doth exercise a power
> Which is our human nature's highest dower;
> Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
> Of their bad influence, and their good receives,
> By objects, which might force the soul to abate
> Her feeling, render'd more compassionate."

* This portion of our Pictorial Edition was originally published during the presidency of John Tyler.

We have forgotten the fierce patrician who would make a quarry of the Roman populace.

And this, we suppose, is what Hazlitt objects to in Shakspere's conduct of this play. The character of Coriolanus rises upon us. The sufferings and complaints of his enemies are merged in their factious hatred. "Poetry," says the critic, "is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right." Now, we apprehend that Shakspere has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspere's insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—"Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years' service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy." But in his representation of this fact Shakspere had to create a character, and to make that character act and react upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is, "Bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean." He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation. He betrays his contempt for the canvassed, even whilst he is canvassing:—

"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 my hat than my heart, I will practise 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 consul."

The satire is not obsolete. The desperation with which he at last roars out his demand for their voices, as if he were a chorus mocking himself and the people with the most bitter irony, is the climax of this wonderful exhibition:—

> "Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
> Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
> Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
> I have seen and heard of; for your voices
> Have done many things, some less, some more: your voices:
> Indeed, I would be consul."

The people have justice enough to elect the man for his deeds; but they have not strength enough to abide by their own election. When they are told by the tribunes that they have been treated scornfully, they can bear to be rebuked by their demagogues—to have their "ignorant election" revoked—to suffer falsehoods to be put in their mouth—to be the mere tools of their weak though crafty leaders. It is Shakspere's praise, in his representation of this plebeian and patrician conflict, that he, for the most part, shows the people as they always are—just, generous, up to a certain point. But put that thing called a demagogue amongst them—that cold, grovelling, selfish thing, without sympathies for the people, the real despiser of the people, because he uses them as tools—and then there is no limit to their unjust violence. In the subsequent scenes we see not the people at all in the exercise of their own wills. We see only Brutus and Sicinius speaking the voice, not of the people, but of their individual selfishness. In the first scene of the third act the tribunes insult Coriolanus; and from that moment the lion lashes himself up into a fury which will be deadly. The catastrophe is only deferred when the popular clamour for the Tarpeian Rock subsides into the demand that he should answer to them once again in the market-place. The mother of Coriolanus abates something of her high nature when she counsels her son to a dissembling submission:—

> "Because that now it lies you on to speak
> To the people; not by your own instruction,
> Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
> But with such words that are but roted in
> Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
> Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth."

This is the prudence even of an heroic woman; but she fears for her son. She is somewhat lowered by the instruction. But the poet knew that a real contempt for the people, allied to a strong desire for the honours which the people have to bestow, must produce this lip-service. Coriolanus does not heed the instructions of his mother. He approaches temperately to his questioners; he puts up vows for the safety of Rome from the depths of his full heart; he is in earnest to smother his pride and his resentment, but the coarse tribune calls him "traitor." There can be but one issue; he is banished.

Some of the historians say that, although Coriolanus joined the enemies of his country, he provoked no jealousies amongst the native leaders of those enemies; that he died honoured and rewarded; that his memory was even reverenced at Rome. Shakspere probably knew not this version of the legend of Coriolanus. If he had known it he would not have adopted it. He had to show the false step which Coriolanus took. He had to teach that his proud resentment hurried him upon a course which brought evils worse than the Tarpeian Rock. And yet we are compelled to admire him; we can scarcely blame him. It was never our good fortune to see John Kemble in this his greatest character: if it had been, we probably should have received into our minds an embodied image of the moral grandeur of that scene when Coriolanus stands upon the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, and says—

> "My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
> To thee particularly, and to all the Volsces,
> Great hurt and mischief."

The words are almost literally copied from Plutarch; but the wondrous art of the poet is shown in the perfect agreement of these words with the minutest traits of the man's character which had preceded them. The answer of Aufidius is not in Plutarch; and here Shakspere invests the rival of Coriolanus with a majesty of language which has for its main object to call us back to the real greatness of the banished man:—

> "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
> Bestride my threshold."

Brief and rapid is their agreement to make war upon Rome. In the great city herself "Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends," according to the tribune; no harm can come to Rome; the popular authority will whip the slave that speaks of evil news. Shakspere again "baits the rabble," according to Hazlitt; though he reluctantly adds, "What he says of them is very true:"—

"*Cit.* '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 though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was against our will."

When Shakspere made Coriolanus ask the freedom of the poor man that had used him kindly, he showed the tenderness that was at the bottom of that proud heart. When Rome is beleaguered, Cominius reports thus of his unsuccessful mission to her banished son:—

" I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his 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 the offence."

His old general and companion in arms touched nothing but his pride. Menenius, his "belov'd in Rome," undertakes a similar mission. The answer of Coriolanus is—

" Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others."

But the moment that Coriolanus has declared to Aufidius—

" Fresh embassies, and suits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to,"—

his mother, his wife, his child appear. But he will stand

" As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin."

What a scene follows! The warrior is externally calm, as if he were a god, above all passions and affections. The wondrous poetry in which he speaks seems in its full harmony as if it held the man's inmost soul in a profound consistency. But the passion is coming. "I have sat too long" is the prelude to—

" O mother, mother!
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him."

Volumnia speaks no other word. The mother and the son, the wife and the husband, the child and the father, have parted for ever. The death of Coriolanus in the "goodly city" of Antium is inevitable:—

" *Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, 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?
Con. Let him die for 't."

The struggle for power amongst the CLASSES of young Rome ends in the death of the proud patrician by the swords of those whom he had conquered. He had presented his throat to Tullus Aufidius—

" Which not to cut would show thee but a fool."

But Aufidius would first use him who said he would fight

" Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends."

The retribution is a fearful one. Hazlitt observes, "What Shakspere says of them [the rabble] is very true; what he says of their betters is also very true; *though he dwells less upon it.*" Shakspere teaches by action as well as by words. The silly rabble escape with a terrible fright; Coriolanus loses his home, his glory, his life, for his pride and his revenge.

Years, perhaps centuries, had rolled on. Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes, but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle.* Shakspere saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Shakspere, in the opening scene of his Julius Cæsar, has marked very distinctly the difference between the citizens of this period, and the former period of Coriolanus. In the first play they are a turbulent body, without regular occupation. They are in some respects a military body. They would revenge with their pikes the wars would eat them up. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, they are "mechanical"—the carpenter or the cobbler. They "make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph." The speech of Marullus, the tribune, brings the Rome of the hour vividly before us. It is the Rome of mighty conquests and terrible factions. Pompey has had his triumphs; and now the men of Rome

" Strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood."

But the triumphant man himself appears. When he speaks, the music and the shouts are silent. When he speaks not, the air is again filled with sounds of greeting. There is a voice in the crowd, "shriller than the music." The Soothsayer cries, "Beware the Ides of March;" but "he is a dreamer." The procession passes on; two men remain who are to make the dream a reality. Of all Shakspere's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspere, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus, therefore, deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspere, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend. Cassius does not, like a merely crafty man, use only the arguments to conspiracy which will most touch Brutus; but he mixes with them, in his zeal and vehemence, those which have presented themselves most strongly to his own mind. He had a personal dislike of Cæsar, as Cæsar had of him. Cassius begins artfully: he would first move Brutus through his affection, and next through his self-love. He is opening a set discourse on his own sincerity, when the shouting of the people makes Brutus express his fear that they "choose Cæsar for their king." Cassius at once leaves his prepared speeches, and assumes that because Brutus fears it he would not have it so:—

" I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

Cassius sees that the love which Brutus bears to Cæsar will be an obstacle; and he goes on to disparage Cæsar. He could not buffet the waves with Cassius: when he had a fever in Spain—

" Alas! *it* cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'"

Brutus answers not; but marks "another general shout." Cassius then strikes a different note:—

" Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

At last Cassius hits upon a *principle* :—

> " O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
> There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
> The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
> As easily as a king."

The stoic is at last moved :—

> " Brutus had rather be a villager,
> Than to repute himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions as this time
> Is like to lay upon us."

In the next scene, when Cæsar is returning from the games, the great dictator describes Cassius—the Cassius with " a lean and hungry look," the " great observer "—as one whom he could fear if he could fear anything. In the subsequent dialogue with Casca, where the narrative of what passed at the games is conducted with a truth that puts the very scene before us, Cassius again strikes in with the thought that is uppermost in his mind. Brutus says that Cæsar " hath the falling sickness :" the reply of Cassius is most characteristic :—

> " No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I,
> And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness."

Brutus goes home to meditate. The energy of Cassius is never weary. In the storm he is still the conspirator. The " impatience of the heavens " furnishes him an argument against the man

> " Prodigious grown,
> And fearful, as these strange irruptions are."

The plot is maturing. Brutus especially is to be won.

Coleridge, who, when he doubts of a meaning in Shakspere,—or, what is rarer, suggests that there is some inconsistency in the conduct of the scene, or the development of character,—has the highest claim upon our deferential regard, gives the soliloquy of Brutus in the beginning of the second act with the following observations :—

> " This speech is singular ; at least, I do not at present see into Shakspeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I had ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults)—surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican ; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be ! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none—in Cæsar's past conduct as a man ? Had he not passed the Rubicon ? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror ? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate ?—Shakspeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True ;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakspeare mean his Brutus to be ? " *

To this question we venture to reply, according to our imperfect conception of the character of Brutus. Shakspere meant him not for a conspirator. He has a terror of conspiracy :—

> " Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
> To mask thy monstrous visage ? "

He has been " with himself at war," speculating, we doubt not, upon the strides of Cæsar towards absolute power, but unprepared to resist them. Of Cæsar he has said, " I love him well ;" he now says—

> " I know no personal cause to spurn at him."

We are by no means sure of the correct punctuation of this passage as it is usually given. Brutus has come to a conclusion in the watches of the night :—

> " It must be by his death."

He disavows, however, any personal hatred to Cæsar :—

> " And, for my part,
> I know no *personal* cause to spurn at him."

He then adds—

> " But for the *general*. He would be c own'd :—
> How that might change his nature, there's the question."

He goes from the personal cause to the general cause : " He would be crown'd." As a triumvir, a dictator, Brutus had no personal cause against Cæsar ; but the name of king, which Cassius poured into his ear, rouses all his speculative republicanism. His experience of Cæsar calls from him the acknowledgment that Cæsar's affections sway not more than his reason ; but crown him, and his nature might be changed. We must bear in mind that Brutus is not yet committed to the conspiracy. The character that Shakspere meant his Brutus to be is not yet fully developed. He is yet irresolute ; and his reasonings are therefore, to a certain extent, inconsequential :—

> " Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
> I have not slept.
> Between the acting of a dreadful thing
> And the first motion, all the interim is
> Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is instigated from without ; the principles associated with the name of Brutus stir him from within :—

> " My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
> The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

The " faction " come. Cassius and Brutus speak together apart. Let us turn aside for a moment to see how Shakspere fills up this terrible pause. Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange oaths, and cross hands, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius ; and the others, knowing it so depends, speak thus :—

> " *Dec.* Here lies the east : Doth not the day break here ?
> *Casca.* No.
> *Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines
> That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
> *Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
> Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
> Which is a great way growing on the south,
> Weighing the youthful season of the year.
> Some two months hence, up higher toward the north
> He first presents his fire ; and the high east
> Stands, as the Capitol, directly here."

Is this nature ? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is a real relief, if some accidental circumstance, like the

> " grey lines that fret the clouds,"

can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness.

But Brutus is changed. We have no doubt *now* of his character. He is the leader, Cassius the subordinate. He is decided in his course : he will not " break with " Cicero ; he will not destroy Antony. We recognise the gentleness of his nature even while he is preparing for assassination :—

> " O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
> And not dismember Cæsar ! "

In the exquisite scene with Portia which follows, our love for the man is completed : we learn what he has suffered before he has taken his resolution. There is something more than commonly touching in these words :—

> " You are my true and honourable wife ;
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit my sad heart."

The pathos in some degree depends upon our knowledge of the situation of the speaker, which Portia does not know.

The scenes which we have now run over bring us to the end of the second act. Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakspere with Plutarch in hand ; and we have furnished the

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 139.

ready means of doing so in our Illustrations. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvas; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian's picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakspere's mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says—"Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him." The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hazlitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakspere in this play, says—"If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his 'Commentaries.' He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot." The echoes of this opinion are many; and the small critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says—"There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare's deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them." Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of Henry VIII., the somewhat bold assertion "that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters." Upon the character of Julius Cæsar he says that Plutarch having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is "a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakspeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble." This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakspere give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At *the exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspere's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied:—

> "The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor:—

> "I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
> Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims—

> "The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
> Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
> If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
> No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
> That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
> We are two lions litter'd in one day,
> And I the elder and more terrible;
> And Cæsar shall go forth."

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language" which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife—

> "Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
> And, for thy humour, I will stay at home."

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakspere found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?—

> "Cowards die many times before their deaths;
> The valiant never taste of death but once.
> Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
> It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
> Seeing that death, a necessary end,
> Will come when it will come."

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other circumstances of Cæsar's life, suggested this:—"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." We have already noticed the skill with which Shakspere, upon a very bald narrative, has dramatized the last sad scene in which Cæsar was an actor. The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful—

> "I do know but one
> That unassailable holds on his rank,
> Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
> Let me a little show it."

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakspere's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play, and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspere founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

We have seen the stoic Brutus—in reality a man of strong passions and deep feelings—gradually warm up to the great enterprise of asserting his principles by one terrible blow, for triumph or for extinction. The blow is given. The excitement which succeeds is wondrously painted by the poet, without a hint from the historian. The calm of the gentle Brutus is lifted up, for the moment, into an attitude of terrible sublimity. It is he who says—

> " Stoop, Romans, stoop,
> And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
> Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
> Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
> And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
> Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty!"

From that moment the character flags; the calmness returns; something also of the irresolution comes back. Brutus is too high-minded for his position. Another comes upon the scene; another of different temperament, of different powers. He is not one that, like Brutus, will change "offence" to "virtue and to worthiness" by the force of character. He is one that "revels long o' nights." But he possesses courage, eloquence, high talent, and, what renders him most dangerous, he is sufficiently unprincipled. Cassius knew him, and would have killed him. Brutus does not know him, and he suffers him "to bury Cæsar." The conditions upon which Brutus permits Antony to speak are Shakspere's own; and they show his wonderful penetration into the depths of character:—

> " You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
> But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
> And say you do 't by our permission;
> Else shall you not have any hand at all
> About his funeral: And you shall speak
> In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
> After my speech is ended."

The opportunity is not lost by Antony. Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play:—"Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it: that of Brutus certainly is not so good." In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspere's wonderful power of characterization it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

> " I am no orator, as Brutus is."

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory: when he addresses the conspirators—"No, not an oath;" and after the assassination—"Stoop, Romans, stoop." He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:—

> " I will myself into the pulpit first,
> And show the reason of our Cæsar's death."

And he does show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity than his times were like Brutus'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins—"I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion." The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote "A Fragment on Shakspere," in a style sufficiently hyperbolical, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that "the barbarian," Shakspere, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony's speech he thus expresses his opinion:—"Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better." There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony, and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

> " In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,"

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

> " Our reasons are so full of good regard,
> That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
> You should be satisfied."

He is already preparing in mind for "the pulpit." He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the "reason of our Cæsar's death." He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar's murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspere knew, and he painted Antony. Another great poet made the portrait a description:—

> " He seem'd
> For dignity compos'd and high exploit;
> But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
> Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
> To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
> Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear."

The end of Antony's oratory is perfect success:—

> " Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
> Take what course thou wilt!"

The rhetoric has done its work: the conflict of principles is coming to a close; the conflict of individuals is about to begin; it is no longer a question of republican Rome or monarchical Rome. The question is whether it shall be the Rome of Antony, or the Rome of Octavius; for Lepidus there is no chance:—

> " This is a slight unmeritable man."

But even he is ready to do his work. He can proscribe; he can even consent to the death of his brother "upon conditions." He requires that "Publius shall not live." Antony has no scruples to save his "sister's son:"—

> " He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him."

Such an intense representation of selfishness was never before given in a dozen lines. What power have Brutus and Cassius to oppose to this worldly wisdom? Is it the virtue of Brutus? Of him who

> " condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
> For taking bribes here of the Sardians?"

Of him who

> " Had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,"

than

> " contaminate his fingers?"

Of him who says—

> " I had rather coin my heart,
> And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
> From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
> By any indirection?"

No; the man of principles must fall before the men of expediency. He can conquer Cassius by his high-mindedness; for Cassius, though somewhat politic, has nobility enough in him to bow before the majesty of virtue. Coleridge says—"I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius." This language has been called idolatry: some critic we believe says "blasphemous;"

yet let any one with common human powers try to produce such a scene. The wonderful thing in it, and that which—in a subsequent sentence, which we scarcely dare quote—Coleridge points out, is the complete preservation of character. All dramatic poets have tried to imitate this scene. Dryden preferred his imitation, in the famous dialogue between Antony and Ventidius, to anything which he had written "in this kind." It is full of high rhetoric, no doubt; but its rhetoric is that of generalisations. The plain rough soldier, the luxurious chief, reproach and weep, are angry and cool again, shake hands, and end in "hugging," as the stage direction has it. They say all that people would say under such circumstances, and they say it well. But the matchless art of Shakspere consists as much in what he holds back as in what he puts forward. Brutus subdues Cassius by the force of his moral strength, without the slightest attempt to command the feelings of a sensitive man. When Cassius *is* subdued he owns that he has been hasty. They are friends again, hand and heart. Is not the knowledge of character something above the ordinary reach of human sagacity when the following words come in as if by accident?—

"*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?"

This is not in Plutarch.

The shade of Cæsar has summoned Brutus to meet him at Philippi. The conversation of the republican chiefs before the battle is well to be noted:—

"*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind."

The parallel passage in Plutarch is as follows:—

"Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I *trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly; but being now in the midst of danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune."

The critics say that Shakspere makes Brutus express himself inconsistently. He will await the determination of Providence, but he will not go bound to Rome. Mr. Courtenay explains how "the inconsistency arises from Shakspeare's misreading of the first speech; for Brutus, according to North, referred to his opinion against suicide as one that he had entertained in his youth, but had now abandoned." This writer in a note also explains that the perplexity consists in North saying *I trust*, instead of using the past tense. He then adds—"Shakspeare's adoption of a version contradicted not only by a passage immediately following, but by the event which he presently portrays, is a striking instance of his careless use of his authorities." Very triumphant, no doubt. Most literal critics, why have you not rather confided in Shakspere than in yourselves? When he deserts Plutarch he is true to something higher than Plutarch. In Brutus he has drawn a man of speculation; one who is moved to kill the man he loves upon no personal motive, but upon a theory; one who fights his last battle upon somewhat speculative principles; one, however, who, from his gentleness, his constancy, his fortitude, has subdued men of more active minds to the admiration of his temper and to the adoption of his opinions. Cassius never reasons about suicide; it is his instant remedy—a remedy which he rashly adopts, and ruins, therefore, his own cause. Brutus reasons against it; and he does not revoke his speculative opinions even when the consequences to which they lead are pointed out to him. Is not this nature? and must we be told that this nicety of characterization resulted from Shakspere carelessly using his authorities, trusting to the false tense of a verb, regardless of the context? "But he contradicts himself," says the critic, "by the event which he presently portrays." Most wonderfully has Shakspere redeemed his own consistency. It is when the mind of the speculative man is not only utterly subdued by adverse circumstances, but bowed down before the pressure of supernatural warnings, that he deliberately approaches his last fatal resolve. What is the work of an instant with Cassius is with Brutus a tentative process. Clitus, Dardanius, Volumnius, Strato, are each tried. The irresistible pressure upon his mind, which leads him not to fly with his friends, is the *destiny* which hovers over him:—

"*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come."

The exclamation of Brutus over the body of Cassius is—

"The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!"

Brutus himself is the last assertor of the old Roman *principles*:—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them."

The scene is changed. The boldest, perhaps the noblest, of the Roman triumvirs has almost forgotten Rome, and governs the Asiatic world with a magnificence equalled only by the voluptuousness into which he is plunged. In Rome, Octavius Cæsar is almost supreme. It is upon the cards which shall govern the *entire* world. The history of *individuals* is henceforth the history of Rome.

"Of all Shakspeare's historical plays," says Coleridge, "Antony and Cleopatra is by far the most wonderful." He again says, assigning it a place even higher than that of being the most wonderful of the *historical* plays, "The highest praise, or rather form of praise, of this play, which I can offer in my own mind, is the doubt which the perusal always occasions in me, whether the Antony and Cleopatra is not, in all exhibitions of a giant power in its strength and vigour of maturity, a formidable rival of Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello." † The epithet "wonderful" is unquestionably the right one to apply to this drama. It is too vast, too gorgeous, to be approached without some prostration of the understanding. It pours such a flood of noonday splendour upon our senses that we cannot

* Commentaries on the Historical Plays, vol. ii. p. 255.

† Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 142.

gaze upon it steadily. We have read it again and again; and the impression which it leaves again and again is that of wonder. We can comprehend it, reduce its power to some standard, only by the analysis of a *part*. Mrs. Jameson has adopted this course in one of her most brilliant "Characteristics of Women." Treading in her steps timidly, we may venture to attempt a companion sketch to her portrait of "Cleopatra." It is in the spirit of the play itself, as the last of the Roman series, that we shall endeavour to follow it, by confining ourselves as much as may be to an *individual*.

The ANTONY of this play is of course the Antony of Julius Cæsar —not merely the historical Antony, but the dramatic Antony, drawn by the same hand. He is the orator that showed dead Cæsar's mantle to the Roman people; he is the soldier that after his triumph over Brutus said, "This was a man." We have seen something of his character; we have learnt a little of his voluptuousness; we have heard of the "masker and the reveller;" we have beheld the unscrupulous politician. But we cannot think meanly of him. He is one great, either for good or for evil. Since he fought at Philippi he has passed through various fortunes. Cæsar thus apostrophizes him:—

> "When thou once
> Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
> Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
> Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
> Though daintily brought up, with patience more
> Than savages could suffer."

There came an after-time when, at Alexandria,

> "Our courteous Antony,
> Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard speak,
> Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
> And, for his ordinary, pays his heart."

This is the Antony that Shakspere, in the play before us, brings upon the scene. Rome is to him nothing. He will hear not its ambassadors:—

> "There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
> Without some pleasure now."

But "a Roman thought hath struck him." He does hear the messenger. Labienus has overrun Asia. He winces at the thought of his own inertness, but he will know the truth:—

> "Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue."

Another messenger comes. Brief is his news:—

> "Fulvia thy wife is dead;"

and brief is the question which follows:—

> "Where died she?"

The comment shows the man:—

> "There's a great spirit gone! *Thus did I desire it.*"

We learn why he did desire it in the scene with Cleopatra in which he announces his departure. Often has he heard, from the same lips, the bitter irony of—

> "What says *the married woman?*"

He has been bound to Cleopatra not only by her "infinite variety," but by her caprice and her force of ridicule. His moral power is as weak as his physical courage is strong. Cleopatra paints the magnificent soldier and the infatuated lover in a few words:—

> "The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
> And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,
> Or murmuring, 'Where's my *serpent* of old Nile?'
> *For so he calls me.*"

He has fled from Cleopatra, but he sends her his messenger:—

> "All the east,
> Say thou, shall call her mistress."

In this temper he meets Cæsar, and he marries Octavia.

The interview between Antony and Cæsar is most masterly. The constrained courtesy on each side—the coldness of Cæsar—the frank apologies of Antony—the suggestion of Agrippa, so opportune, and yet apparently so unpremeditated—the ready assent of Antony—all this—matter for rhetorical flourishes of at least five hundred lines in the hands of an ordinary dramatist—may be read without a start or an elevation of the voice. It is solid business throughout. Antony, we might think, was a changed man. Enobarbus, who knows him, is of a different opinion. Wonderfully has he described Cleopatra; and when Mecænas says—

> "Now Antony must leave her utterly,"—

the answer is prophetic:—

> "Never; he will not;
> Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
> Her infinite variety."

Against this power Enobarbus knows that the "beauty, wisdom, modesty" of Octavia will be a fragile bond. And Antony knows this himself. He knows this while he protests—

> "I have not kept my square; but that to come
> Shall all be done by the rule."

And yet he is not wholly a dissembler. Shakspere has most skilfully introduced the Soothsayer, at the moment when Antony's moral weakness appears to have put on some show of strength. He found the incident in Plutarch; but he has made his own application of it:—

> "Be it art, or hap,
> He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
> And in our sports my better cunning faints
> Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
> His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
> When it is all to naught; and his quails ever
> Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds."

Therefore,

> "I will to Egypt."

To establish an independent throne?—to entrench himself against the power of Augustus in an Asiatic empire? No.

> "And though I make this marriage for my peace,
> I' the east my pleasure lies."

The reckless, short-sighted voluptuary was never drawn more truly. His entire policy is shaped by his passion. The wonderful scene in which his marriage with Octavia is made known to Cleopatra assures us that in the extremest intemperance of self-will he will have his equal. Cleopatra would have Antony unmarried—

> "So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
> A cistern for scal'd snakes."

According to Enobarbus, the unmarrying will scarcely be necessary for her gratification:—

> "*Eno.* Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.
> *Men.* Who would not have his wife so?
> *Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony."

The drinking scene between the triumvirs and Pompey is one of those creations which render Shakspere so entirely above, and so utterly unlike, other poets. Every line is a trait of character. We here see the solemn, "unmeritable" Lepidus; the cautious Cæsar; the dashing, clever, genial Antony. His eye dances; his whole visage "doth cream and mantle;" the corners of his mouth are drawn down, as he hoaxes Lepidus with the most admirable fooling:—

> "*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your crocodile?
> *Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs, &c.
> *Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent."

The revelry grows louder and louder, till "the Egyptian bacchanals" close the scene. Who can doubt that Antony bears "the holding" the loudest of all?

> "As loud
> As his strong sides can volley."

These are not the lords of the world of the French tragedy. Grimm, who, upon the whole, has a leaning to Shakspere, says—"Il est assez ridicule sans doute de faire parler les valets comme les héros; mais il est beaucoup *plus ridicule encore* de faire parler aux héros le langage du peuple." To make them drunk is worse even than the worst of the ridiculous. It is impossible to define such a sin. We think, with Dogberry, it is "flat burglary as ever was committed." Upton has a curious theory, which would partly make Shakspere to belong to the French school. The hero of this play, according to this theory, does not speak "the language of the people." Upton says—"Mark Antony, as Plutarch informs us, affected the Asiatic manner of speaking, which much resembled his own temper, being ambitious, unequal, and very rhodomontade. This style our poet has very artfully and learnedly interspersed in Antony's speeches." † Unquestionably the language of Antony is more elevated than that of Enobarbus, for example. Antony was of the poetical temperament—a man of high genius—an orator, who could move the passions dramatically—a lover, that knew no limits to his devotion, because he loved imaginatively. When sorrow falls upon him, the poetical parts of his character are more and more developed; we forget the sensualist. But even before the touch of grief has somewhat exalted his nature, he takes the poetical view of poetical things. What can be more exquisite than his mention of Octavia's weeping at the parting with her brother?

> "The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,
> And these the showers to bring it on."

And, higher still:—

> "Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
> Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather
> That stands upon the swell at the full of tide,
> And neither way inclines."

This, we think, is not "the Asiatic manner of speaking."

Cold is Antony's parting with Octavia:—

> "Choose your own company, and command what cost
> Your heart has mind to."

Rapid is his meeting with Cleopatra. She "hath nodded him to her." The voluptuary has put on his eastern magnificence:—

> "I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
> Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
> Were publicly enthron'd."

He rejects all counsel:—"I'll fight at sea." And so

> "The greater cantle of the world is lost
> With very ignorance."

Now comes the generosity of his character—of the same growth as his magnificence and his recklessness. He exhorts his friends to take his treasure and fly to Cæsar. His self-abasement is most profound:—

> "I have offended reputation."

But he has not yet learnt wisdom. Cleopatra is present, and then—

> "Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
> All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
> Even this repays me."

He then becomes a braggart; he will challenge Cæsar "sword against sword." Profound is the comment of Enobarbus:—

> "I see, men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
> Do draw the inward quality after them,
> To suffer all alike."

Cæsar's ambassador comes to Cleopatra. He tempts her; and it almost looks as if she yielded to the temptation. He kisses her hand at the instant Antony enters:—

> "Moon and stars!
> Whip him."

This is partly jealousy; partly the last assertion of small power by one accustomed to unlimited command. Truly Enobarbus says—

> "'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
> Than with an old one dying."

Shakspere makes this man the interpreter of his own wisdom:—

> "I see still,
> A diminution in our captain's brain
> Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
> It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
> Some way to leave him."

Enobarbus *does* leave him. But he first witnesses

> "one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots
> Out of the mind."

Antony puts forth the poetry of his nature in his touching words to his followers, ending in—

> "Let 's to supper; come,
> And drown consideration."

When he hears of the treachery of Enobarbus he again tasks the generosity of his spirit to the utmost:—

> "Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
> Detain no jot, I charge thee."

He has driven Cæsar "to his camp." All Cleopatra's trespass is forgotten in one burst of enthusiasm:—

> "My nightingale,
> We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though grey
> Do something mingle with our younger brown;
> Yet ha' we a brain that nourishes our nerves,
> And can get goal for goal of youth."

Another day comes, and it brings another note:—

> "All is lost!
> This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me."

Cleopatra says truly—

> "He is more mad
> Than Telamon for his shield."

The scene which terminates with Antony falling on his sword is in the highest style of Shakspere; and that is to give the highest praise. Hazlitt has eloquently said of its magnificent opening—"This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspere. The splendour of the imagery, the semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness." But, be it observed, the poetry is all in keeping with the character of the man. Let us once more repeat it:—

> "*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me.
> *Eros.* Ay, noble lord.
> *Ant.* Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish:
> A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
> A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
> A forked mountain, or blue promontory
> With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
> And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
> They are black vesper's pageants.
> *Eros.* Ay, my lord.
> *Ant.* That which is now a horse, even with a thought
> The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
> As water is in water.
> *Eros.* It does, my lord.
> *Ant.* My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
> *Even such a body;* here I am Antony;
> Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave."

The images describe the Antony melting into nothingness; but the splendour of the imagery is the reflection of Antony's mind, which, thus enshrined in poetry, can never become "indistinct"—will always "hold this visible shape." We hasten to the end. The magnificence of Antony's character breathes out of his parting spirit:—

> "The miserable change now at my end,
> Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
> In feeding them with those my former fortunes
> Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o' the world,
> The noblest: and do now not basely die,
> Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
> My countryman;—A ROMAN, BY A ROMAN
> VALIANTLY VANQUISH'D."

* Correspondance Littéraire, Troisième Partie, tom. i. p. 129.

† Critical Observations, p. 100.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

RESERVING the consideration of the external and internal evidence of the authorship of this tragedy, we here supply the facts connected with its publication, and the supposed period of its original production.

The earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of Titus Andronicus, appeared in quarto in 1600, under the following title:—"The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine, theyr Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600."

The next edition appeared in 1611, under the following title:—"The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Servants. London, printed for Edward White, 1611."

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of "The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus." It follows Coriolanus, and precedes Romeo and Juliet.

The copy of the quarto edition of 1600 belonging to Lord Francis Egerton was collated by Mr. Todd, previous to the publication of the variorum edition of 1803; and the differences between the first and second quartos are inserted by Steevens in that edition. They are very trifling. The variations, on the other hand, between both the quartos and the folio of 1623, are more important. The second scene of the third act, containing about eighty lines, is only found in the folio; and there are one or two other changes which are evidently the work of an author, and not of an editor or printer. We have, of course, noticed them in our foot-notes. In the quartos, also, we have no division into acts, as in the folio. The stage directions in each copy are nearly alike; and these we have copied with scarcely any variation. But, with these exceptions, we may say that the folio of 1623 is printed from the quarto of 1611, as that was probably printed from the quarto of 1600. The accuracy of all the copies is very remarkable.

But Gerard Langbaine, in his "Account of the English Dramatick Poets" (1691), says of Titus Andronicus, "This play was first printed 4to, *Lond.* 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants." This circumstantiality would show that Langbaine had seen such an edition; and his account is confirmed by an entry in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Feb. 6th, 1593:—"John Danter. A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus." This entry is accompanied by the following:—"Entered also unto him, by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof." The ballad here entered was most probably that printed by Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," and which we here insert:—

"You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did return to Rome againe;
Of five and twenty sonnes I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore so pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moor of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slain, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruel Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
For to accuse them of the murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empresse's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my tears writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they,)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines[1] a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

[1] *Veines*—humours.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd."

Percy has pointed out the variations between this ballad and the tragedy, and inclines to the opinion that the ballad preceded the tragedy, for the reason that it "differs from the play in several particulars; which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian." The terms of the entry of the ballad in the Stationers' Registers—if the ballad printed by Percy be one and the same—would appear to show that the ballad had been in existence longer than the tragedy, for it is assigned by a previous publisher to John Danter, who enters the "booke," or play. We have unquestionable authority, however, that the tragedy was popular as an acted play before 1593, as the ballad may also have had an earlier popularity. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to "Bartholomew Fair," first produced in 1614, has a passage which carries the date of Titus Andronicus further back than twenty years from that period:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, *as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years.*" We know that Kyd's "Jeronimo" belongs to the earliest period of our regular drama. It was acted by "the Lord Strange's men" in 1591. Twenty-five years earlier than 1614 would give us the date of 1589 for both plays: the medium of twenty-five or thirty years would give us the date of 1586-7.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome.*
BASSIANUS, *brother to* Saturninus.
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman.*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *brother to* Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *sons to* Titus Andronicus.

Young LUCIUS, *a boy, son to* Lucius.
PUBLIUS, *son to* Marcus, *the tribune.*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,
} *sons to* Tamora.

AARON, *a Moor.*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.
Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths.*
LAVINIA, *daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
A Nurse, and a black Child.

Kinsmen of Titus, *Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—ROME, *and the Country near it.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes *and* Senators, *aloft and then enter* SATURNINUS *and his Followers at one door, and* BASSIANUS *and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. 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 his[1] first-born son, that was the last
That wore[2] the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age[3] with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
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.*

Marc. 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, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'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 entreat,—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,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. 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 my 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 weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Followers of* BASSIANUS.

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.

[*Exeunt Followers of* SATURNINUS.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. They go up into the Senate-house.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, *and others.*

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,

[1] *Am his.* The folio, *was the.*
[2] *Wore.* The quarto, *ware.*
[3] *Age*—seniority.

From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Two of* TITUS' Sons. *After them Two* Men *bearing a coffin covered with black: then Two other* Sons. *After them* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *the queen of* Goths, *and her Two* Sons, CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *with* AARON *the* Moor, *and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
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 amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless 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,
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 earthy[1] 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[2] 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 son 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 commonweal
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[3] yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are the[4] brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.
[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons *with* ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Demet. Oppose not[5] Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
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 his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons *of* ANDRONICUS *again.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth naught, 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.
[*Flourish. Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.*
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

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 fortunes[6] Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS, *and others.*

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,[7]
That in your country's service drew your swords.
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

[1] *Earthy* in both quartos; the folio, *earthly.*
[2] *This* in the folio; the quarto, *his.*
[3] *Patient*—as a verb.
[4] *The* in the folio; the quarto, *their.*
Not. So the quarto; the folio, *me.*
[6] *Fortunes* in the quarto; the folio, *fortune.*
[7] The folio has, "*all* alike in all."

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament[1] 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 chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad 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 control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Marc. 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 sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd 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.
Bass. 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 people's[2] tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. 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 commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"
Marc. 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 mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon[3] her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honoured of your grace.

[1] *Palliament*—robe.
[2] *People's* in the quarto; the folio, *noble*.

And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
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* Tamora.
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 choose, were I to choose anew:
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though 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, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.
Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. *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, avaunt! where is the emperor's guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.
Sat. Surpris'd? by whom?
Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt* Marcus *and* Bassianus *with* Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt* Lucius, Quintus, *and* Martius.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [Titus *kills him.*

Re-enter Lucius.

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. [*Exit.*

Enter aloft the Emperor, *with* Tamora *and her Two* Sons, *and* Aaron *the* Moor.

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 traitorous haughty sons,

[3] *Pantheon* in the second folio; all the earlier copies, *Pathan*.

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?[1]
Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, 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:
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 Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I choose 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 everything
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—
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 heaven, 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* SAT. *and his Followers;* TAMORA, *and her* Sons; AARON, *and* Goths.
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?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see! O 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-edified:
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.
Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?
Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.
Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himself;[2] let us withdraw.
Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*The* Brother *and the* Sons *kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!
Luc. Dear father! soul and substance of us all!
Marc. 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 slew himself: and wise 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 dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*They put* MUTIUS *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.
[*Exeunt all but* MARCUS *and* TITUS.
Marc. My lord,—to step out of these sudden[3] 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;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.[4]

Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA *and her Two* Sons, *with the* Moor, *at one side; enter at the other side,* BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA, *with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish 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.
Bass. 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;
Meanwhile I am possess'd 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.
Bass. 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 that 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 controll'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.

[1] The second folio has—

"Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale,
But Saturnine?"

[2] *With himself* in the quarto; the folio omits *with*.
[3] *Sudden* in the folio; the quarto, *dreary*.
[4] This line, found in the folio, is wanting in the quarto. It was probably not intended to be spoken by Titus, and some recent editors give it to Marcus.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, 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,
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 forfend
I should be author to dishonour you.
But on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose 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 sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
And so supplant us for ingratitude,[1]
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, 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 traitorous 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.
[*The preceding fourteen lines are spoken aside.*
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
King. 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 day all quarrels die, Andronicus;
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
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 highness,
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 entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend: and sure as death I sware,[2]
I would not part a bachelor 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 gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

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 threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile[3] thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,[4]
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS, *braving*.

Demet. 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 overween 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 passions for Lavinia's love.
Aaron. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aaron. 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

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[1] *Us.* So the folio. Recent editors print *you*; but Tamora in her own royal condition associates herself with the fortunes of the emperor. Her proposed revenges, as we immediately see, are those of a "queen."

Sware in the folio; the quarto, *swore*.
[3] *Servile* in the quarto of 1600; the folio, *idle*, and so the quarto of 1611.
[4] *Nymph* in the quarto of 1600; the folio and the quarto of 1611, *queen*.

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.
Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aaron. 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 Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware; and should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aaron. 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.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I love.
Aaron. To achieve her, how?
Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
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 shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Demet. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aaron. 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 square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?[1]
Chi. Faith, not me.
Demet. Nor me, so I were one.
Aaron. 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 achieve
You must perforce accomplish as you may:
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than[2] 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,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single 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 empress, with her sacred[3] wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we 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 lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *his Three* Sons, *and* MARCUS, *making a noise with hounds and horns.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
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 attend 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 hounds, and wind horns 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.
Bass. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Marc. 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.
Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,

[1] This line is omitted in the folio: the sense is incomplete without it.
[2] *Than.* In the original copies, *this.*
[3] *Sacred*—in the Latin sense, *accursed.*

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 villainy:
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 everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'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 yelping[1] noise:
And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'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,
While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.
Aaron. 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 unroll
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 heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel 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 scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter Bassianus *and* Lavinia.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes.
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.
Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
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 Actæon'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:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to day;
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.
Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but[2] 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
For sauciness: I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note[3] of this.
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long;
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I[4] patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:
And when they show'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 adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
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 henceforth call'd my children.
Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs him.*
Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.
[*Stabs him likewise.*
Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora!
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
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 lust.

Yelping. So the folio; commonly, *yelling*.
But. The edition of 1600 has this word.

Note. In the folio and quartos, *notices*.
Have I. The original copies, *I have*.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn 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 entreat her show a woman pity. [*To* CHIRON.
Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O 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:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means; away with her!
Lav. O 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,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
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, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. 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 died.
Tam. What begg'st 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.
Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. 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. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[MARTIUS *falls into the pit.*
Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,[1]
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
Aaron. [*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.*
Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrued here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. 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 shows 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 Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quint. 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 Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.
Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *and* AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus 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.
Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

[1] *Hurt.* In the quarto of 1600 only.

Enter TAMORA, 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 dost thou search my wound;
Poor Bassianus here lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
[*She gives* SATURNINE *a letter.*

SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*

"An 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 overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."

Sat. O 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 murther'd Bassianus here.
Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. Two of thy whelps, [*to* TITUS] fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life:
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 wondrous thing!
How easily murther is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, 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 reverent 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 murther'd body, some the murtherers:
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 entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so, let's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my cause,[1] I should go hang myself.
Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Enter MARCUS, *from hunting.*

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would 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 ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have[2] 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 rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst 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 encounter'd 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 stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,[3]
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! 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 heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd 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;
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*

RECENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 528.—There are few who will make a study of this disagreeable play; but it is curious to see how it has been tampered with by the Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, in the transformations from blank verse to couplets. Mr. Collier thinks the passages, as corrected, belong to the time when the play was first written. We think they belong to the period after the Restoration when rhyming tragedies were in fashion. One example will be sufficient:—

ORIGINAL.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *grey*,
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 attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *new* comfort *hath inspir'd*.

[1] *Cause.* So the old editions; in modern copies, *case*.
[2] *Have.* The old copies, *half*. Mr. Dyce adopts *have*, after Theobald.
[3] So the folio; the quarto of 1600—
"A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met."

CORRECTED FOLIO OF 1632.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *gay*,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *wide;*
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and *sing* a hunter's *round*,
That all the court may echo with the *sound*.
Sons, let it be your charge, *and so will I*,
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *brought* comfort *and delight*.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges *and* Senators, *with* MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS *bound, passing on the Stage to the place of execution; and* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. 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 now you 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 *lies down, and the* Judges *pass by him.*
For these, tribunes,[1] 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.
[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, *and* Prisoners.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,[2]
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 weapon drawn.*

O, reverend tribunes! O, 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. O, 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 entreat 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: O, if they did hear,
They would not pity me:[3]
Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless[4] to the stones,
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
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 as soft wax,[5] 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 tigers?
Tigers 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?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble[6] 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.
Marc. 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, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a fagot 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?
Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. 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. It was 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 wilderness 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.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

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[1] Malone reads, "good tribunes."
[2] *Urns.* In the old editions, *ruins.* Hanmer's correction.
[3] So the folio of 1623; the quarto of 1600—

"Or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them."

The quarto of 1611 omits "Yet plead I must," but retains "All bootless unto them."
[4] *Bootless* is omitted in modern editions.
[5] *As soft wax.* So the folio; the quartos, *soft as wax.*
[6] *Noble.* The common reading is *aged.*

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'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.
Marc. 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 sign 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[1] meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till 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 wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. 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.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. 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. O, gracious emperor! O, 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.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[2]
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.
Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.
Marc. My hand shall go.
Luc. By heaven, 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.
Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.
Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.
Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.
Marc. But I will use the axe.
[*Exeunt* LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.
Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.
Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
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.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be is despatch'd:
Good Aaron, 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.
Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean: O, how this villainy [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*
Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt[3] thou kneel with me?
[*To* LAVINIA.
Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.
Marc. O, brother, speak with possibilities,[4]
And do not break into these deep extremes.
Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.
Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.
Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:[5]
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.

Like. The old copies have *in*. Rowe made the change.
[2] *Castle.* Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for *stronghold, power*.

[3] *Wilt* in the folio; the quartos, *would*.
[4] *Possibilities* in the folio, and quarto of 1611; that of 1600, *possibility*.
[5] *Blow* in the second folio; the earlier copies, *flow*.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger *with two heads and a hand.*

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Marc. 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,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[LAVINIA *kisses* TITUS.
Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.
Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?
Marc. 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 sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control my[1] griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?
Tit. Ha, ha, ha!
Marc. 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 watery 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.
And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.[2]
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* TITUS, MARCUS, *and* LAVINIA.
Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
He leaves[3] his pledges, dearer than his life.
Farewell Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast 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 Saturnine and his empress
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 II.—*A Room in* Titus's *House. A Banquet set out.*[4]

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 tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And[5] 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-salt tears.
Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
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 Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly 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 sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, 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 heaven,
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 thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

[1] *My* in all the early copies. Theobald changed it to *thy*. We see no necessity for the change.
[2] *Things* in the folio; the quartos, *arms*.
[3] *Leaves*. The old copies have *loves*. Rowe made the change, which appears judicious.
[4] This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.
[5] *And*. The original has *who*.

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[Marcus *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murtherer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are[1] 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.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
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.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black, ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' 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.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, 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.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. 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.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter Titus *and* Marcus; *then Young* Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him, the Boy flying from her with his books under his arm.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why.
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. 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.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her son than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator:
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs 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
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps: but pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Marc. Lucius, I will.
[Lavinia *turns over the books which* Lucius *has let fall.*
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 take choice of all my library;
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What book?[2]
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! How[3] busily she turns the leaves!
Help her: what would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes[4] the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'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 murthers and for rapes.
Marc. 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 slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?
Marc. 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 feet and mouth.*
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This, after me. I have writ my name,[5]
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven 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. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
"Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius."

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[1] *Are* is omitted in the original.
[2] This hemistich is found only in the folio, and is omitted in some modern editions.
[3] *How.* The early copies read *so;* the modern reading is, *See how.* The pause after *Soft* is a metrical beauty.
[4] *Quotes*—observes, searches through.
[5] Some modern editors read—
"This after me, *when* I have writ my name."
The Cambridge editors print as above, inserting a stage direction.

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora,
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marc. O, 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 exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,[1]
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt 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 are a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' 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 bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy; thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.
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* TITUS, LAVINIA, *and* Boy.
Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *at one door; at another door Young* LUCIUS *and* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.
Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;
And pray the Roman gods confound you both. [*Aside.*
Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,[2]
For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May it please you,
My grandsire, 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 bad 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: [*Aside*] like bloody villains.
[*Exeunt* Boy *and* Attendant.
Demet. What's here? a scroll; and written round about?
Let's see:
"*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."
Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace;[3] right, you have it.
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.
[*The preceding seven lines are spoken aside.*
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate,
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.
Demet. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.
Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aaron. Here lacks but your mother for to say Amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods,
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.
[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*
Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Demet. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, *with a blackamoor* Child.

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;
O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?
Aaron. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aaron. To whom?
Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.
Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nurse. A devil.
Aaron. Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

[1] *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband. (See Illustrations of Henry IV., Part I., Act I., vol. i. p. 559.)
[2] This line is omitted in the folio—a typographical error, which has arisen through the preceding line ending with the same word.
[3] *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aaron. Out, you[1] whore! is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.
Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast 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.
Aaron. It shall not die.
Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.
Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the* Child *from the* Nurse.
Stay, murtherous 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 scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threat'ning 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 scorns 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 empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.
Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aaron. 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.
Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.
Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.
Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.
Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.[2]
Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, 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.[3]
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 enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aaron. Then sit 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.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his?
Aaron. Why, so, brave lords: When we[4] join in league
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed[5] boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:
But say again, how many saw the child?
Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself.
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said: [*He kills her.*
Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.
Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aaron. O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongued babbling gossip! No, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives,[6] my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack[7] 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 received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the* Nurse.
And you must needs bestow 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.
Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt* DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *bearing off the* Nurse.
Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends:
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
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 III.—*A public Place in* Rome.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, *Young* LUCIUS, *and other* Gentlemen, *with bows, and* TITUS *bears the arrows with letters on them.*

Tit. Come, Marcus; come, kinsmen; this is the way:
Sir boy,[8] let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræa reliquit, be you remember'd, Marcus.
She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find[9] her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:

[1] *Out, you* is the reading of the folio; the quartos, *Zounds, ye.*
[2] *Ignominy* in the folio; the quartos, *ignomy.*
[3] *Leer*—complexion, hue.
[4] The ordinary reading was, "*all* join."
[5] *Chafed* in the old copies; the variorum reading, *chased.*
[6] *Lives*, which is not in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.
[7] *Pack*—contrive, arrange.
[8] The reading of the second folio is, *Sir boy, now.*
[9] *Find.* So the folio, and quarto of 1611; that of 1600, *catch.*

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 him this petition;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows 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 shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, 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.

Marc. Kinsmen, 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 heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay 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, steel to the 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 heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear; you are 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, Caius, not to Saturnine,[1]
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. O, well said, Lucius!

[*They shoot.*

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. 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 empress' villain:
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.[2]

Enter Clown, *with a basket, and two pigeons in it.*

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But 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 heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven 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 imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for 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; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.
Give me 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 the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, *and others. The* Emperor *brings the arrows in his hand that* Titus *shot at him.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do[3] the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,

[1] The old copies read—
"To *Saturnine*, to Caius, not to Saturnine."
Rowe corrected the passage.

[2] The quarto of 1600, "*his* lordship." That of 1611 omits the line, which we print as in the folio.

[3] *As do.* These words were inserted by Rowe.

This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our unjustice everywhere?
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 he[1] sleep,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
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 best
For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?
Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clown. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here. [SATURNINUS *reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clown. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
Clown. Hang'd! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murther 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 frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, my lord; 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 conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats in course of this 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 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 your 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 dimm'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 wing[2]
He can at pleasure stint their melody.
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 feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat 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 to be our embassador; [*To* ÆMILIUS.
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.[3]
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit* ÆMILIUS.
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 successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near* Rome.

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, *with an Army of* Goths, *with drum.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
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 scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.
Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
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'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, 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?

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[1] *He.* So the original copies. The antecedent being considered *Justice*, the modern reading is *she*. The Cambridge editors have retained the original *he*.

Wing. The original, *wings*. But the lines are meant to rhyme alternately.
[3] This line is not in the folio, but in the earlier quartos.

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 the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'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!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf?[1] not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder![2] Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress:
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous 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 speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:
For I must talk of murthers, 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.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who shall I swear by? thou believ'st no God;
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast 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 soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murther'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou sawest.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd,
And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their 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 learn'd 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 corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd;
Confederate 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 it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme 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 empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
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 haystacks 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,
Even when their sorrows almost were 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.

Aaron. 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 a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

[1] The second folio here inserts *no*.

[2] *Get me a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all the editions. He may mean, Execute me, but save the child! In modern copies, Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

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.
Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before* Titus's *House.*

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, *and* DEMETRIUS, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his 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 *opens his study door.*
Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope 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 action?[1]
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, 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 the 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 murther and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murther, 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 Murther, stands!
Now give some 'surance 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 globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as jet,[2]
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murtherers[3] in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman 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 Murther there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murther; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, 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. [TITUS *closes his door.*
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 speeches;
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.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee.
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murther, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well you are fitted, had you but a Moor!
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress 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?
Demet. Show me a murtherer: I'll deal with him.
Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.
Tam. Show me a thousand, 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 find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murther, stab him; he's a murtherer.
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'st 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 hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,

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[1] *It action.* So the folio; the quartos, *that accord.*
[2] Some editors write the line,
"Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet."
[3] *Murtherers.* The early copies, *murther.*

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?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 'tis sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire 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.
Marc. 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; late Rape and Murther stay with me,
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.
Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles 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 turn again. [*Aside.*
Tit. I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*
Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us here.
Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* TAM.
Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.
Chi. 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 others.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron, Demetrius.
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much deceiv'd:
The one is Murther, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.[1]
[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., *lay hold on* CHIRON *and* DEMETRIUS.
Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' 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 you bind them fast.[2]

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS *with a knife, and* LAVINIA *with a basin.*

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.
O, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vild 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 you 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 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me;
And calls herself 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,
And of the paste a coffin[3] I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own[4] increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;
And worse than Progné 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 vild heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may 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 against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Titus's *House.* *A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and the* Goths, *with* AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis 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 empress'[5] face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand. [*Flourish.*

Sound trumpets. *Enter* SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* Tribunes *and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle![6]
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end;

[1] This line is omitted in the folio.
[2] There is a stage direction here—*Exeunt.* They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.
[3] *Coffin*—the crust of a raised pie.
[4] The folio omits *own.*
[5] *Empress'* in the quarto of 1600; the quarto of 1611, and the folio, *emperor's.*
[6] Begin the parley.

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*

Enter Titus, *like a cook, placing the meat on the table;* Lavinia, *with a veil over her face; Young* Lucius, *and others.*

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; please 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 empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An 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 deflour'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 sorrows.
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.[1]
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?
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 pie,
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* Tamora.
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed!
[*He kills* Titus.
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed.
[*He kills* Saturninus. *The People disperse in terror.*
Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest[2] Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
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, [*to* Lucius] as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'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 cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murthered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister;
For their fell thoughts 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 unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the 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. O, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise themselves.
Marc. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd[3] as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause[4] 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 amiss? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici,
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth 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.
Æmil. 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.
Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor![5]
Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life. [*To* Attendants.
Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!

[1] This line is omitted in the folio.
[2] *Lest.* The originals, *let.*
[3] *Damn'd.* The old copies, *And.*
[4] *Cause.* The earliest copies, *course.* The fourth folio gave the correction.
[5] This line, and the concluding line of Marcus's speech, are given to the people —"Romans"—by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* TITUS.
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
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 showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine 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 kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even 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.

Enter Attendants *with* AARON.

Roman. 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 fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils 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 emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of[1] prey:
Her life was beastly[2] and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on[3] Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

NOTICE ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE external evidence that bears upon the authorship of Titus Andronicus is of two kinds:—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspere, wholly or in part.

2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable. Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspere—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspere's life, but as early as 1598—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspere among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, "for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet."

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and "fellows;" and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised; for even those who deny the entire authorship of Henry VI. to Shakspere have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

Against this testimony of the editors of the first folio, that Shakspere was the author of Titus Andronicus, there is only one fact to be opposed—that his name is not on the title-page of either of the quarto editions, although those editions show us that it was acted by the company to which Shakspere belonged. But neither was the name of Shakspere affixed to the first editions of Richard II., Richard III., and Henry IV., Part I.; nor to the first three editions of Romeo and Juliet; nor to Henry V. These similar facts, therefore, leave the testimony of Hemings and Condell unimpeached.

But the evidence of Meres that Shakspere was the author of Titus Andronicus, in the same sense in which he assigns him the authorship of Romeo and Juliet—that of being the sole author—is supposed to be shaken by the testimony of a writer who came nearly a century after Meres. Malone says—

> "On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet's plays admitted this into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. 'I have been told' (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687), 'by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakspeare's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.'"

A few lines further on Malone quotes Langbaine, who refers to this tradition; and he therefore ought to have told us what Langbaine says with regard to Ravenscroft's assertion. We will supply the deficiency. Langbaine first notices an early edition of Titus Andronicus, now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—"'Twas about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft." Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his Account of the English Dramatic Poets," in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—"Though he would be thought to

[1] *Of* in the folio; the quartos, *to*.
[2] *Beast-like* in the folio; the quartos, *beastly*.
[3] *On* in the quartos; the folio, *to*.

imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men." This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakspere, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to Titus, "That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money;" and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft's practice "agrees not with his protestation," by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon Plagiaries, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakspere only gave some master-touches to Titus Andronicus, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived "about the time of the Popish Plot"—1678. It was first *printed* in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then *suppresses* the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—"I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost;* and, if he desire it, send him the whole:—

> 'To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
> *Shakespear*, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
> *Under his sacred laurels* he sits down,
> Safe from the blast of any critic's frown.
> Like other poets, he'll not proudly scorn
> To own that he but winnow'd *Shakespear's* corn;
> So far he was from robbing him of's treasure,
> That he did add his own to make full measure.'"

Malone, we think, was bound to have given us all this—if the subject, of which he affects to make light, was worth the production of any evidence. We believe that, with this commentary, the tradition of Edward Ravenscroft will not outweigh the living testimony of Francis Meres.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of Titus Andronicus. There are two modes of viewing this portion of the evidence; and we first present it with the interpretation which deduces from it that the tragedy was *not* written by Shakspere.

In his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," Percy offers the following comment upon the passage from Ben Jonson's Induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," which we have mentioned in our Introductory Notice to this play:—

> "There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson's 'Bartholomew Fair,' in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited 'five-and-twenty or thirty years;' which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces."

It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspere's career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of Titus Andronicus thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide; each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable; and here, for the present, we leave it.

We can scarcely subscribe to Mr. Hallam's strong opinion, given with reference to this question of the authorship of Titus Andronicus, that, "in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary." The *res ipsa* may be looked upon through very different media by different minds *testimony*, when it is clear, and free from the suspicion of an interested bias, although it appear to militate against conclusions that, however strong, are not infallible, because they depend upon very nice analysis and comparison, must be received, more or less, and *cannot* be doggedly resisted. Mr. Hallam says,

* Literature of Europe, vol. ii. p. 385.

"Titus Andronicus is now, by common consent, denied to be, in *any* sense, a production of Shakspeare." Who are the interpreters of the "common consent?" Theobald, Johnson, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, M. Mason. These critics are wholly of one school; and we admit that they represent the "common consent" of their own school of English literature upon this point—till recently the only school. But there is another school of criticism, which maintains that Titus Andronicus is, in *every* sense, a production of Shakspere. The German critics, from W. Schlegel to Ulrici, agree to reject the "common consent" of the English critics. The subject, therefore, cannot be hastily dismissed; the external testimony cannot be doggedly resisted. But, in entering upon the examination of this question with the best care we can bestow, we consider that it possesses an importance much higher than belongs to the proof or disproof, from the internal evidence, that this painful tragedy was written by Shakspere. The question is not an isolated one. It requires to be treated with a constant reference to the state of the early English drama—the probable tendencies of the poet's own mind at the period of his first dramatic productions—the circumstances amidst which he was placed with reference to his audiences—the struggle which he must have undergone to reconcile the contending principles of the practical and the ideal, the popular and the true—the tentative process by which he must have advanced to his immeasurable superiority over every contemporary. It is easy to place Titus Andronicus by the side of Hamlet, and to say, the one is a low work of art, the other a work of the highest art. It is easy to say that the versification of Titus Andronicus is not the versification of A Midsummer Night's Dream. It is easy to say that Titus raves and denounces without moving terror or pity; but that Lear tears up the whole heart, and lays bare all the hidden springs of thought and passion that elevate madness into sublimity. But this, we venture to think, is not just criticism. We may be tempted, perhaps, to refine too much in rejecting all such sweeping comparisons; but what we have first to trace is relation, and not likeness. If we find likeness in a single "trick and line," we may, indeed, add it to the evidence of relation. But relation may be established even out of dissimilarity. No one who has deeply contemplated the progress of the great intellects of the world, and has traced the doubts, and fears, and throes, and desperate plunges of genius, can hesitate to believe that excellence in art is to be attained by the same process through which we may hope to reach excellence in morals—by contest and purification—until habitual confidence and repose succeed to convulsive exertions and distracting aims. He that would rank amongst the heroes must have fought the good fight. *Energy* of all kinds has to work out its own subjection to principles, without which it can never become *power*. In the course of this struggle what it produces may be essentially unlike to the fruits of its after-peacefulness; for the good has to be reached through the evil—the true through the false—the universal through the partial. The passage we subjoin is from Franz Horn; and we think that it demands a respectful consideration:—

> "A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.
>
> "Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakspere, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation, without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher,—without the possession of ancient or modern languages,—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances,—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little;—but also with nature, with himself, and with God:—What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatise? Let us not demand anything superhuman: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for

than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

"The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the youthful Shakspere. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspere), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him,—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root,—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this Titus. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in Lear, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion,—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them;—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

The eloquent critic adds, in a note—

"Is it not as if there sounded through the whole piece a comfortless complaint of the incomprehensible and hard lot of all earthly? Is it not as if we heard the poet speaking with Faust—'All the miseries of mankind seize upon me?' Or, with his own Hamlet,—

> 'How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!
> Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely.'

And now, let us bethink ourselves, in opposition to this terrible feeling, of the sweet blessed peacefulness which speaks from out all the poet's more matured dramas; for instance, from the inexhaustibly joyful-minded 'As You Like It.' Such a contest followed by such a victory!"

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this argument of the German critic is founded upon the simple and intelligible belief that Shakspere is, in *every* sense of the word, the author of Titus Andronicus. Here is no attempt to compromise the question by the common English babble that "Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it." This is Malone's opinion, founded upon Ravenscroft's idle tradition; and in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, "those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced are marked with inverted commas." This was the system which Malone pursued with Henry VI.; and, as we there endeavoured to show, it was founded upon a most egregious fallacy. The drama belongs to the province of the very highest poetical art, because a play which fully realises the objects of a scenic exhibition requires a nicer combination of excellences, and involves higher difficulties, than belong to any other species of poetry. Taking the qualities of invention, power of language, versification, to be equal in two men, one devoting himself to dramatic poetry, and the other to narrative poetry, the dramatic poet has chances of failure which the narrative poet may entirely avoid. The dialogue, and especially the imagery, of the dramatic poet are secondary to the invention of the plot, the management of the action, and the conception of the characters. Language is but the drapery of the beings that the dramatic poet's imagination has created. They must be placed by the poet's power of combination in the various relations which they must maintain through a long and sometimes complicated action; he must see the whole of that action vividly, with reference to its capacity of manifesting itself distinctly to an audience, so that even the deaf should partially comprehend; the pantomime must be acted over and over again in his mind, before the wand of the magician gives the agents voice. When all this is done, all contradictions reconciled, all obscurities made clear, the interest prolonged and heightened, and the catastrophe naturally evolved and matured, the poet, to use the terms of a sister art, has completed that design which colour and expression are to make manifest to others, with something like the distinctness with which he himself has seen it. We have no hesitation in believing that one of the main causes of Shakspere's immeasurable superiority to other dramatists is that all penetrating power of combination by which the action of his dramas is constantly sustained; whilst in the best pieces of his contemporaries, with rare exceptions, it flags or breaks down into description—or is carried off by imagery—or the force of conception in one character overpowers the management of the other instruments—cases equally evidencing that the poet has not attained the most difficult art of controlling his own conceptions. And thus it is that we so often hear Christopher Marlowe and Philip Massinger—to name the very best of them—speaking themselves out of the mouths of their puppets, whilst the characterization is lost, and the action is forgotten. But when do we ever hear the individual voice of the man William Shakspere? The great dramatic poet sits out of mortal ken. He rolls away the clouds and exhibits his world. There is calm and storm, and light and darkness; and the material scene becomes alive; and we see a higher life than that of our ordinary nature; and the whole soul is elevated; and man and his actions are presented under aspects more real than reality, and our control over tears or laughter is taken away from us; and, if the poet be a philosopher,—and without philosophy he cannot be a poet,—deep truths, before dimly seen, enter into our minds and abide there. Why do we state all this? Utterly to reject the belief that Shakspere was a line-maker; that, like Gray, for example, he was a manufacturer of mosaic poetry; that he made verses to order; and that his verses could be produced by some other process than an entire conception of, and power over, the *design* of a drama. It is this mistake which lies at the bottom of all that has been written and believed about the Two Parts of "The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster" being polished by Shakspere into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. The elder plays—which the English antiquarian critics persist in ascribing to Marlowe, or Greene, or Peele, or all of them—contain all the action, even to the exact succession of the scenes, all the characterization, a very great deal of the dialogue, including the most vigorous thoughts and then Shakspere was to take the matter in hand, and add a thousand lines or two up and down, correct an epithet here and there, and do all this without the slightest exercise of invention, either in movement or characterization; producing fine lines without passing through that process of inspiration by which lines having dramatic beauty and propriety can alone be produced. We say this, after much deliberation, not only with reference to the Henry VI. and to the play before us, but with regard to the general belief that Shakspere, in the outset of his career, was a mender of the plays of other men; or that, in any part of his career, he was associated with other men in writing plays. We know that this is a hazardous assertion, which militates against many received notions, some of which have been very ably set forth; but we nevertheless make it upon conviction. Timon, according to our belief, is the only exception; and we regard that not as an exception to the principle, because there the characterization of Timon himself is the Shaksperian creation; and that depends extremely little upon the general action, which, to a large extent, is episodical. We say, then, that we hold Malone's principle of marking with inverted commas those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspere may be traced in this play of Titus Andronicus to be based upon a vital error. It is not with us a question whether the passages which Malone has marked exhibit, or not, the critic's poetical taste: we say that the passages could not have been written except by the man, whoever he be, who conceived the action and the characterization. Take the single example of the character of Tamora. She is the presiding genius of the piece; and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral depravity which Shakspere was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of Oriental imagination take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select a few specimens (Act II. Sc. III.):—

> "The birds chant melody on every bush;
> The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checker'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."

Again, in the same scene :—

" A barren detested vale, you see it is ;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven :
And when they show'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."

In Act IV. Sc. IV. :—

" King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'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 wing
He can at pleasure stint their melody."

And, lastly, where the lines are associated with the high imaginative conception of the speaker, that she was to personate Revenge :—

" Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the 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."

The first two of these passages are marked by Malone as the additions of Shakspere to the work of an inferior poet. If we had adopted Malone's theory, we should have marked the two other passages, and have gone even further in our selection of the poetical lines spoken by Tamora. But we hold that the lines could not have been produced, according to Malone's theory, even by Shakspere. Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelling and enamelling. The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspere's highest things ; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power —bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like " a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspere, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity ; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child :—

" Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
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."

Did Shakspere put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work ? The system may do for an article ; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspere put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus ?

" Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well ;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine 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."

Malone has not marked these ; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts ? Malone marks with his commas the address to the tribunes at the beginning of the third act. The lines are lofty and rhetorical ; and a poet who had undertaken to make set speeches to another man's characters might perhaps have added these. Dryden and Tate did this service for Shakspere himself. But Malone does not mark *one* line which has no rhetoric in it, and does not *look* like poetry. The old man has given his hand to the treacherous Aaron that he may save the lives of his sons ; but the messenger brings him the heads of those sons. It is for Marcus and Lucius to burst into passion. The father, for some space, speaks not ; and then he speaks but one line :—

" *When will this fearful slumber have an end ?*"

Did Shakspere make this line to order ? The poet who wrote the line conceived the whole situation, and he could not have conceived the situation unless the whole dramatic movement had equally been his conception. Such things must be wrought out of the red-heat of the whole material—not filled up out of cold fragments.

Accepting Titus as a play produced somewhere about the middle of the ninth decade of the sixteenth century, it possesses other peculiarities than such as we have noticed, which, upon the system of Malone's inverted commas, would take away a very considerable number from the supposed original fabricator of the drama, and bestow them upon the reviser. We must extract a passage from Malone before we proceed to point out these other peculiarities :—

" To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth ; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of 'Appius and Virginia,' 'Tancred and Gismund,' 'The Battle of Alcazar,' 'Jeronimo,' 'Selimus, Emperor of the Turks,' 'The Wounds of Civil War,' 'The Wars of Cyrus,' 'Locrine,' 'Arden of Feversham,' 'King Edward I.,' 'The Spanish Tragedy,' 'Solyman and Perseda,' 'King Leir,' the old 'King John,' or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint."

What Malone requests to be perused is limited to " a few lines " of these old plays ; if he could have bestowed many words upon the subject he would have examined " particular passages." Such an examination has, of course, reference only to the versification. It is scarcely necessary to say that we do not agree with the assumption that the pieces Malone has mentioned were exhibited " before the time of Shakspeare." It is difficult, if not impossible, to settle the exact time of many of these ; but we do know from Jonson that one of the plays here mentioned belongs to the same epoch as Titus Andronicus. We shall confine, therefore, any comparison of the versification of Titus Andronicus entirely to that of " Jeronimo."

Titus Andronicus contains very few couplets, a remarkable thing in so early a play. Of " Jeronimo " one half is rhyme. Of the blank verse of " Jeronimo " we will quote a passage which is, perhaps, the least monotonous of that tragedy, and which Mr. Collier has quoted in his " History of Dramatic Poetry," pointing out that " here we see trochees used at the ends of the lines, and the pauses are even artfully managed ; while redundant syllables are inserted, and lines left defective, still farther to add to the variety."

" Come, valiant spirits ; * you peers of Portugal,
That owe your lives, your faiths, and services,

* Ordinarily pronounced in early dramatic poetry as a monosyllable.

To set you free from base captivity:
O let our fathers' scandal ne'er be seen
As a base blush upon our free-born cheeks:
Let all the tribute that proud Spain receiv'd,
Of those all captive Portugales deceas'd,
Turn into chafe, and choke their insolence.
Methinks no moiety, not one little thought
Of them whose servile acts live in their graves,
But should raise spleens big as a cannon-bullet
Within your bosoms: O for honour,
Your country's reputation, your lives' freedom,
Indeed your all that may be term'd revenge,
Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea;
And all those wounds that you receive of Spain,
Let theirs be equal to quit yours again.
Speak, Portugales: are you resolv'd as I,
To live like captives, or as free-born die?"

We have no hesitation in saying (in opposition to Malone's opinion) that the freedom of versification which is discovered in Titus Andronicus is carried a great deal further than even this specimen of "Jeronimo;" and we cannot have a better proof of our assertion than this—that Steevens anxiously desired, and indeed succeeded, in reducing several of the lines to the exact dimensions of his ten-syllable measuring-tape. We will give a few examples of the original, and of what Steevens did, and what he wished to do:—

QUARTOS AND FOLIO.

1. "Rome's readiest champions, repose you here *in rest*."
2. "A *barren* detested vale, you see it is."
3. "Therefore away *with her*, and use her as you will."
4. "Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart."
5. "And make the silken strings delight to kiss them."
6. "For these, tribunes, in the dust I write."
7. "Soft! How busily she turns the leaves!"
8. "Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?"
9. "Titus, I am come to talk with thee."
10. "Witness this wretched stump, *witness* these crimson lines."

STEEVENS.

1. "Rome's readiest champions, repose you her
2. "A *bare* detested vale, you see it is."

("As the versification of this play is by no means *inharmonious*, I am willing to suppose the author wrote, A *bare*, &c."—STEEVENS.)

3. "Therefore away, and use her as you will."
4. [Untouched, by marvellous forbearance.]
5. [Also untouched.]
6. "For these, *good* tribunes, in the dust I write."
7. "Soft! *See* how busily she turns the leaves!"
8. "Why dost not speak? What, deaf? *No:* not a word?"
9. "Titus, I'm come to talk with thee *awhile*."
10. "Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines."

We think that we have done enough, even in these instances, to establish that the Shaksperian versification is sufficiently marked in Titus, even to the point of offending the critic who did not understand it. But the truth of the matter is, that the comparison of the versification of Titus with the old plays mentioned by Malone is altogether a fallacy. Like the Henry VI., it wants, for the most part, the

"Linked sweetness long drawn out"

of the later plays, and so do The Two Gentlemen of Verona and The Comedy of Errors. But to compare the play, as a whole, even with Jeronimo"—and Kyd, in freedom and variety of rhythm, whatever he may want in majesty, is superior to Marlowe—argues, we think, an incompetent knowledge of the things compared. To compare it with the old "King Leir," and the greater number of the plays in Malone's list, is to compare the movement of the hunter with that of the horse in the mill. The truth is, that, after the first scene of Andronicus, in which the author sets out with the stately pace of his time, we are very soon carried away, by the power of the language, the variety of the pause, and the especial freedom with which trochees are used at the ends of lines, to forget that the versification is not *altogether* upon the best Shaksperian model. There is the same instrument, but the performer has yet not thoroughly learnt its scope and its power.

Horn has a very just remark on the language of Titus Andronicus:—

"Foremost we may recognise with praise the almost never-wearying power of the language, wherein no *shift* is ever used. We know too well how often, in many French and German tragedies, the princes and princesses satisfy themselves to silence with a necessary *Hélas! O Ciel! O Schicksal!* (O Fate!) and similar cheap outcries; but Shakspere is quite another man, who, for every degree of pain, knew how to give the right tone and the right colour. In the bloody sea of this drama, in which men can scarcely keep themselves afloat, this, without doubt, must have been peculiarly difficult."

We regard this decided language, this absence of stage conventionalities, as one of the results of the power which the poet possessed of distinctly conceiving his situations with reference to his characters. The *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Heavens!* of the English stage, as well as the *O Ciel!* of the French, are a consequence of feebleness, exhibiting itself in commonplaces. The greater number of the *old* English dramatists, to do them justice, had the same power as the author of Titus Andronicus of grappling with words which they thought fitting to the situations. But their besetting sin was in the constant use of that "huffing, braggart, puft" language, which Shakspere never employs in the dramas which all agree to call his, and of which there is a very sparing portion even in Titus Andronicus. The temptation to employ it must have been great indeed; for when, in every scene, the fearful energies of the action

"On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

it must have required no common forbearance, and therefore no common power, to prescribe that the words of the actors should not

"*Outface* the brow of bragging horror."

The son of Tamora is to be killed: as he is led away she exclaims—

"Oh! cruel, irreligious piety!"

Titus kills Mutius: the young man's brother earnestly says—

"My lord, you are unjust."

When Tamora prescribes their terrible wickedness to her sons, Lavinia remonstrates—

"O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face."

When Marcus encounters his mutilated niece there is much poetry, but no raving. When woe upon woe is heaped upon Titus we have no imprecations:—

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him."

In one situation, after Titus has lost his hand, Marcus says—

"O, brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes."

What are the "deep extremes?" The unhappy man has scarcely risen into metaphor, much less into braggardism:—

"O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
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 heaven shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms."

And in his very crowning agony we hear only—

"Why, I have not another tear to shed."

It has been said, "There is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron."* Eleazar is a character in "Lust's Dominion," incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in "King Cambyses' vein," as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

"Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—

* C. A. Brown's Autobiographical Poems of Shakspere.

> The proudest instrument the world affords;
> When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
> Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
> Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
> To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
> Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
> I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
> My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
> The volume of all wounds that wound from me,—
> Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy."

But enough of this. It appears to us manifest that, although the author of Titus Andronicus did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgment, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his "verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun." *

It is easy to understand how Shakspere, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes—without models—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster as almost alone having the power "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit." Lamb adds, "Writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality." The remark is quite true, when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written "The Duchess of Malfi" and "Vittoria Corombona," Shakspere had produced Lear and Othello. But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of Titus Andronicus—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The "old Jeronimo," as Ben Jonson calls it—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and in many respects a work of great power—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost:—

> "Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
> When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
> Horatio murder'd in his father's bower;
> Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain;
> False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;
> Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
> Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd;
> The duke of Castille, and his wicked son,
> Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
> By Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell;
> And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
> Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul."

Here is murder enough to match even Andronicus. This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story; and when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call "bustle," as the wonderful things of the modern stage:—"To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander." † With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful that the boy Shakspere should have written a Tragedy of Horrors?

But Shakspere, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of Titus Andronicus. Are we quite sure? Do we know what the first Hamlet was? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the Hamlet which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by Nash, "has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected Hamlet, which was published in 1604." ‡ When we compare the quarto of 1603 with the perfected play, we have the rare opportunity, as we have formerly stated, "of studying the growth, not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect—his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives." § All the *action* of the perfect Hamlet is to be found in the sketch published in 1603; but the profundity of the character is not all there—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of Hamlet. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of Hamlet's character may have been still more unformed; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make Hamlet a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtilest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action;* and of what materials is it made? A ghost described; a ghost appearing; the play within a play, and that a play of murder; Polonius killed; the ghost again; Ophelia mad and self-destroyed; the struggle at the grave between Hamlet and Laertes; the queen poisoned; Laertes killed with a poisoned rapier; the king killed by Hamlet; and, last of all, Hamlet's death. No wonder Fortinbras exclaims—

> "This quarry cries on havoc."

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published in 1597—Romeo and Juliet. We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house "a feasting presence full of light." But imagine a Romeo and Juliet conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspere's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an uninstructed audience: the contest between the houses; Mercutio killed; Tybalt killed; the apparent death of Juliet; Paris killed in the churchyard; Romeo swallowing poison; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that Romeo and Juliet can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspere made in Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.

* Greene, 1588.
† An Apology for Actors.

‡ *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 475.
§ Introductory Notice to Hamlet, p. 123.

PERICLES.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE first edition of Pericles appeared in 1609, under the following title:—"The late and much admired play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sunne in Paternoster-row, &c. 1609." In the British Museum there are two copies bearing this date; and we mention this to state that there are minute differences in these copies, such as present themselves to a printer's eye, and show that the types were what is technically called kept standing, to meet a constant demand. Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 Pericles first appeared in the folio collection of Shakspere's works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—"Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio." This folio edition varies very slightly indeed from the quarto of 1635; and that varies, as we have said, very slightly from the original quarto. It is probable that the first edition was printed, without authority, from a very imperfect copy. It was produced, as we see upon the title-page, at Shakspere's theatre, and it bore his name; but his fellow-shareholders in that theatre did not republish it after his death. Had it been republished in the folio of 1623, we should, most probably, have had a copy very different from that upon which the text must now be founded. All the copies have been carefully collated for the purposes of our own edition; but we have been able to add little to what Malone's careful editorship effected in 1778. The text manufactured by Steevens is the received text of modern editions. He went upon his ordinary principle of adjusting the versification to a syllabic regularity, and especially the lines spoken by Gower. These he has reduced to octo-syllabic verse by the most merciless excision of "superfluous" words; and, whilst we lament the perverseness of the man, we cannot but admire the ingenuity with which he has cut his cloth to the exact dimensions, and sewn it together again with surprising neatness. The manipulation of Steevens has been carried so far in this play, that it would have been waste of time to have called attention to it in our foot-notes.

The Illustrations to each act contain very full extracts from Gower's "Confessio Amantis," upon which the author of Pericles founded his legendary drama. The *chronology* of the play belongs to the question of its authenticity.

PERICLES.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *servant to* Antiochus.
LEONINE, *servant to* Dionyza.
Marshal.
A Pander and his Wife.

BOULT, *their servant.*
GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to* Cleon.
THAISA, *daughter to* Simonides.
MARINA, *daughter to* Pericles *and* Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to* Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

SCENE,—*dispersedly in various Countries.*

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of[1] old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
It hath been sung, at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;[2]
And lords and ladies, in[3] their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.
The purchase[4] is to make men glorious;
Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria;
(I tell you what mine authors say:)
The king unto him took a pheere,[5]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blythe, and full of face,
As Heaven had lent her all his grace:
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke;
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil, should be done by none.
By[6] custom, what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bedfellow,
In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent, he made a law,
(To keep her still, and men in awe,)
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*The Palace of* Antioch.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [*Music.*
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,[7]
For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever 'ras'd,[8] and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflam'd desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,

---

[1] *Of.* The early editions, *that.*
[2] The early copies, *holy-days.* Farmer suggested *holy-ales.*
[3] *In their lives* in all the copies. During their lives.
[4] *Purchase.* So the original. The primary meaning of *purchase* is to *obtain:* a *purchase* is a thing obtained. Steevens altered the word to *purpose.* This alteration was unnecessary, for, however obscure the sense, we may accept the word as it is used by Chaucer:—

"To wind and weather Almighty God gives *purchase;*"

that is, Almighty God provides: what is provided by the poet is to "make men glorious."

Pheere. In the originals, *peer. Pheere,* or *fere,* is a mate. (See Titus Andronicus, Act IV. Sc. I., p. 536.)
[6] *By.* The originals, *but.*
[7] The old copies read—

"Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride."

Musick was evidently a marginal direction.
[8] *'Ras'd.* The first quarto reads *racte;* the subsequent copies, *rackt.* The verb *raze,* or *erase,* was formerly written *race,* and *racte* was the past participle.

As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
Ant. Prince Pericles,——
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on Death's net, whom none resist.
Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it error.
I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do
Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the* Daughter *of* Antiochus.
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.
Ant. Scorning advice; read the conclusion then;[1]
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.
Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness![2]
Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hand of the* Princess.
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself:
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd[3]
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.
Ant. Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!
But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;[4]
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son
And, until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.
[*Exeunt* Ant., *his* Daughter, *and* Attendants.
Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun[5] no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head;
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:

[1] The early editions give these lines confusedly:—
"I wait the sharpest blow, (Antiochus,)
Scorning advice; read the conclusion then."
The name of the character was evidently mistaken for a part of the dialogue.

Of all sayd yet is the ancient reading, which Percy suggested meant—Of all who have essayed yet.
[3] Steevens reads *wrong'd*.
[4] The quartos, *counsel of;* the folio (1664), *cancel off*.
[5] *Shun*. The original copies, *show*.

And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.
Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your highness. [*Exit.*
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, *and other* Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this charge of thoughts,—
The sad companion, dull-eyed Melancholy,
By me so used a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet?[1]
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,[2]
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,[3]
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am[4] no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.
1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue:
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast[5] gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy life from thee.
Hel. I have ground the axe myself; do but you strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee rise; sit down, thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid![6]
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Whereas,[7] thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate;
Are arms[8] to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:[9] but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed;

---

[1] In the first line of this speech in the original the word now printed *charge* is *chāge*. Douce thinks the reading of *change* may be supported:—"Let none disturb us; why should this *change* of thoughts [disturb us]?" *Charge* appears to be the likeliest word, in the sense of *burden*. But we do not make the sentence end at *charge of thoughts*, as is usually done. *The sad companion* is that charge. The passage has been printed thus:—

"Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so used a guest *is*, not an hour," &c.

Malone reads—

"By me *'s* so used a guest, as not an hour."

In following the original we must understand the verb *be*:—

"Why should, &c.,
By me [be] so used a guest *as* not an hour."

Him was added by Rowe.

[3] *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Ostent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before?—

"*He'll stop* the course by which it might be known."

He will *stop* it by the *stint of war*. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop* in the old writers.

[4] *Am*. The original has *owe*. Farmer suggested *am*.

[5] *Blast*. In the original, *spark*.

[6] *Chid*. The originals have *hid*. Mr. Dyce suggested the correction, explaining that *let* means *hinder*.

[7] *Whereas*—in the sense of *where*.

[8] Which *are arms*, &c., is here understood.

[9] To *smooth* signifies to *flatter*.

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——
Hel. Alas, sir!
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think; you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for awhile,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—
Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,[1]
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords *of* Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.
Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——
Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*
Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so:
And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king sure must please[2]
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and others.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills, because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen[3] with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.
Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues[4]
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder, that
If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers[5] to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.
Dio. I'll do my best, sir.
Cle. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,
A city, on whom Plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.
Dio. O, 'tis too true.
Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,

[1] *Convince*—in the sense of *overcome.*
[2] The original copies have—

"But since he's gone, *the king's seas* must please."

We adopt the principle of Steevens's alteration, who reads—

"But since he's gone, the king *it* sure must please."

[3] *And seen.* Thus in the original copies. Malone proposed *unseen;* but Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topped with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.
[4] *Tongues* in all the early editions. Steevens changed the word to *lungs.*
[5] *Helpers* in the original. The modern reading is *helps.*

Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates, who, not used to hunger's savour,[1]
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
Thought naught too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath[2] stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;[3]
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles *with* Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd[4] within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow)
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen),
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring:
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity.
I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good, in conversation
(To whom I give my benizon)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can.[5]
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue[6] to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought to your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Show.

Enter at one door Pericles *talking with* Cleon; *all the Train with them. Enter at another door a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* Pericles; Pericles *shows the letter to* Cleon; Pericles *gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him.*

[*Exit* Pericles *at one door, and* Cleon *at another.*[7]

Good Helicane hath[8] stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word[9] of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus 'twas not best
Longer for him to make his rest:

---

[1] This is Malone's reading. All the early copies have—

"Those pallats, who, not yet too savers younger."

[2] *Hath.* The original copies, *that.*

[3] *Consist*—stands on.

[4] *War-stuff'd.* This is Steevens's ingenious emendation of "*was* stuff'd."

[5] The meaning of this obscure line probably is—Thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

[6] *Build his statue.* All the old copies read *build;* but the word has by some been changed to *gild*, because in the "Confessio Amantis" we find, with regard to this statue—

"It was of laton *over-gilt.*"

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority:—

"For they were all of him so glad,
That *they for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of him, and in a common place
They set it up."

Why not, then, *build* as well as *gild?*

[7] We give this *Dumb Show* literally, as in the original.

[8] *Hath.* In the old copies, *that.*

[9] *Sends word.* In the old copies, *sav'd one.*

He, knowing so,[1] put forth to seas,
Where when men bin, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.[2] [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance, that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter Three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche![3]

2 *Fish.* Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now: come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it griev'd my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh; a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject[4] of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.[5]

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.[6]

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays,[7] fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the* Fishermen.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

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[1] In the old copies, *he doing so.*

[2] Douce explains this clearly:—" 'This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text;* I need not comment upon it; you will see it."

[3] *Pilche* is most probably a name, as we have afterwards Patch-breech. The old copies have, *What to pelch?*

[4] *Finny subject.* The original has *fenny. Subject* must be taken as a plural noun.

[5] This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (*i.e.* a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not *in*) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)? Steevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

" *Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.
2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it."

[6] This is the reading of the folio.
The old copies have *all day.*

[7] *Flesh for holidays.* Old copies, *fish for holidays.*

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.[1]

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour!

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
"Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace);
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee."[2]
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it again:
I thank thee for it; my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, d'ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't.

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the water: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will;
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding[3] on my arm;
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.[4]

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the* King *and* Princess.[5]

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain[6]
The labour of each knight, in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

[*Enter a* Knight; *he passes over the Stage, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The Second* Knight *passes.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que per fuerça.*[7]

[*The Third* Knight *passes.*

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The Fourth* Knight *passes.*

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch that's turned upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The Fifth* Knight *passes.*

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried:
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The Sixth* Knight *passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top:
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend:
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
To have practis'd more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts, and all cry,* "The mean Knight!"

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[1] We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of Antiochus.

[2] The old copies read—
"The which the gods protect thee, *fame* may defend thee."

[3] *Biding.* The old copies, *buylding.*

[4] Covering for the legs.

[5] This description of the scene is modern.

[6] *Explain.* The old copies read *entertain.*

[7] We do not alter the original, in which Spanish and Italian are mingled.

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants, *and the* Knights *from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,
For who hates honour, hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.[1]
Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,
Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman; has done no more
Than other knights have done; has broken a staff,
Or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where[2] now his son's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd[3] unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile; yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is 't to me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
[*Aside.*
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Pericles;
My education has been in arts and arms;)
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwrack, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.[4]
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance:[5]
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*
So, this was well ask'd; 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied.
[*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,
But you the best. [*To* PERICLES.] Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

[1] This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line under this arrangement we read, "*she* not thought upon." But throughout the remainder of the scene Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the princess. The king, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—"these cates resist me"—although he (Pericles) is "not thought upon." This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech Simonides continues the idea of "he not thought upon," by attempting to depreciate Pericles —"He's but a country gentleman."

[2] *Where*—whereas.

[3] *Stor'd.* The first quarto has *sturd*; the subsequent copies *stirr'd*—each the same word.

[4] In the old editions there is a want of coherence in some parts of this speech. Mr. White thinks a line has been omitted. We give the passage as it stands in the variorum editions.

[5] Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing' (black letter, no date):—

'There is a dance call'd Choria,
Which joy doth testify;
Another called Pyrricke,
Which warlike feats doth try.
For men in armour gestures made,
And leap'd, that so they might,
When need requires, be more prompt
In public weal to fight.'"

For that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

Enter Helicanus *and* Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot of
An inestimable value, and his daughter
With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them[1] ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or council, hath respect with him but he.
2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.
1 *Lord.* Follow me then: lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
1 *Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince you love.
1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.
2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:[2]
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.
Omnes. Live, noble Helicane.
Hel. For honour's cause,[3] forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,[4]
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expir'd, he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.
1 *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.[5]
Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

Enter Simonides *reading a letter; the* Knights *meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.
Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she will not undertake
A married life:
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from herself by no means can I get.
2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?
Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break.
3 *Knight.* Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt.*
Sim. So,
They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delay'd:
Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think
Of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.
Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life. [*Aside.*
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

[1] An elliptical construction—all those eyes *which* adored them.
[2] *Censure*—opinion. We believe, says the speaker, that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom *is* without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.
[3] *For.* The original has *try.* Mr. Dyce proposed this decided amendment—they are exhorted to forbear for "honour's cause."
[4] *Seas.* Malone proposed to read *seat.*
[5] *It* has been added to the old reading.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat (unless it be a king),
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside.*
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No!—
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence
At that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
I am glad of it with all my heart: [*Aside.*
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent, bestow
Your love and your affections upon a stranger?
(Who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*
Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife;
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:
And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleas'd?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or[1] blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed:
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,[2]
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches from[3] the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
Are[4] the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded:—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;[5]
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *at one door, with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter.* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to him.*[6] *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA, *a nurse.* SIMONIDES *shows* [*his daughter*] *the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and depart.*

Gow. By many a derne[7] and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,[8]
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd,[9]
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;
I nill relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.—
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES *on a ship at sea.*

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast

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[1] *Or* in the old copies. Malone reads—
"Even as my life *my* blood," &c.
Even as my life loves my blood. The original answer is clear enough—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.
[2] *The house about.* In the original, *about the house.*
[3] *From*—before, a short distance off.
[4] *Are.* So the original. Mr. Dyce reads *Aye.*
[5] *Eche*—eke out.
[6] Malone says, "The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre.
[7] *Derne*—solitary.
[8] *Coignes.* The old copies have *crigues.*
[9] *Fortune mov'd.* So the old copies. Steevens reads, *fortune's mood.*

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife,[1] gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter Lychorida.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How! how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O ye gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb;
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What! courage, sir! God save you.
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.
1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thyself.
2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.
Per. That's your superstition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in, astern.[2] Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.
Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;[3]
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining[4] lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin:[5] lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.
Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?
2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.
Per. Thither, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course for Tyre.[6] When canst thou reach it?
2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.
Per. O make for Tharsus.
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter Cerimon, *a* Servant, *and some* Persons *who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.
Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. [*To* Philemon.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.
2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?
1 *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals[7] did seem to rend,
And all to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to leave the house.
2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.
Cer. O, you say well.
1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose:
It is most strange,

[1] *Midwife.* The old copies, *my wife.*
[2] *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong in *easterne.*" Steevens first proposed to read, "we are strong in *credence;*" and subsequently, "we are strong in *earnest.*" Boswell would read, "we are strong in *custom.*" It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it; and he points out the danger. Thus Malone receives "we are strong in *easterne*" as, "there is a strong easterly wind." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea-room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dreads the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—We are *strong in* [driving strongly in shore] *astern.*"

[3] *Ooze.* The originals have *oare.* Steevens made the ingenious correction.
[4] *And aye-remaining.* The originals have "*The ayre*-remaining." Malone made the alteration, which gives a clear meaning—monuments being surrounded with constantly-burning lamps.
[5] *Coffin* and *coffer* are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your *coffer.*"

[6] Pursue not the course for Tyre.
[7] *Principals*—the strongest timbers of a building.

Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning[1] were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.[2]
2 Gent. Your honour hath through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter Two Servants *with a chest.*

Ser. So; lift there.
Cer. What's that?
Ser. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss upon our shore
This chest; 'tis of some wrack.
Cer. Set it down, let's look upon it.
2 Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.
2 Gent. It is so, my lord.
Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!
Did the sea cast it up?
Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.
Cer. Wrench it open;
Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.
2 Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
1 Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state!
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices!
A passport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters! [*He reads out of a scroll.*

"Here I give to understand
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.
2 Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant *with napkins and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.—
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The viol[3] once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there.—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live:
Nature awakes; a warmth breathes out of her;
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.
See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again!
1 Gent. The heavens, through you, increase our wonder,
And set up your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
2 Gent. Is not this strange?
1 Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Esculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in* Cleon's *House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *and* MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.[4]
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe, Marina,
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,)
Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,

[1] *Cunning*—knowledge.
[2] So in Measure for Measure:—
"Merely thou art *death's fool*,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still."

[3] *The viol.* So the first quarto; the second and subsequent editions, *the vial.*
[4] This is Steevens's reading. The originals have *shakes* (not shafts), and *haut* (not hurt). The use of *glance* decides the value of the correction. Some would read *wand'ringly*.

(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!
Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.[1] So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.
Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.
Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.
Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.
Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in* Cerimon's *House.*

Enter CERIMON *and* THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?
Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea
I well remember, even on my yearning time;
But whether there delivered or no,
By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say;
But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
Will I take me to, and never more have joy.
Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire:[2]
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.
Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.[3]

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder.[4] But, alack!
That monster Envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,[5]
Even right for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be.
Be 't when she[6] weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still records[7] with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
The dove of Paphos might with the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest[8] for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it.
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely;[9] nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.
Leon. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

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[1] The original has "*unsister'd* shall this *heir*." He will not marry; she shall be *unsister'd*. But when Pericles in the fifth act discovers his daughter, he will "clip to form" what makes him "look so dismal," and beautify what for "fourteen years no razor touch'd." Steevens has the merit of this construction of the passage. Malone explains to *show will* is to show wilfulness; Mr. Dyce reads to *show ill in it*—that he looks uncomely in it.

[2] Until you die.

[3] In the early quartos there is no division into acts and scenes, which first occurs in the folio of 1664. In that edition this chorus and the two following scenes belong to Act III.

[4] The old copies have—

"Which makes *high* both the *art* and place."

The old copies read—

"And in this kind our Cleon hath
One daughter and a full-grown wench."

Steevens transposed the words to produce the rhyme.

[6] *She.* The old copies, *they.*

[7] *Records*—makes music, sings.

[8] *Prest*—ready.

[9] Much of this scene, though evidently intended to be metrical, is printed as prose in the old copies. This passage runs thus:—"Let not conscience, which is but cold, *in flaming thy love bosom*, inflame too nicely." The passage was usually printed "*inflame* love in thy bosom." We gain a better construction by departing less from the original.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.[1]
Thou art resolv'd?
Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No: I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green[2] with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet[3] hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, e'er the sea mar them.[4]
Walk with Leonine; the air's quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve[5]
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.
Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.
Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
Remember what I have said.
Leon. I warrant you, madam.
Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for awhile;
Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have a care of you.
Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.
[*Exit* DIONYZA.
Is this wind westerly that blows?
Leon. South-west.
Mar. When I was born the wind was north.
Leon. Was 't so?
Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried, "Good seamen," to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.
Leon. When was this?
Mar. When I was born.
Never was waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber: "Ha!" says one, "wilt out?"
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.
Leon. Come, say your prayers.
Mar. What mean you?
Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.
Mar. Why will you kill me?
Leon. To satisfy my lady.
Mar. Why should she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?
Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.
Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates *whilst she is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain! [LEON. *runs away.*
2 *Pirate.* A prize! a prize!
3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly. [*Exeunt* Pirates *with* MARINA.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go;
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult.
Boult. Sir.
Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.
Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

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[1] Malone prints this—

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
Death—thou art resolv'd."

Percy suggested that the passage should be altered to—"weeping for her *old nurse's* death." We follow the original, though probably *mistresse* is a misprint for *nourice*."

[2] *Green* in the quartos; the folio of 1664, *grave*. (See the next note.)

[3] *Carpet.* So the old copies. The modern reading was *chaplet*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspere's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

[4] *Them.* The early copies read *it;* and Malone has—

"Give me your *wreath of* flowers, ere the sea mar it."

The change of *it* to *them* is less violent.

[5] *Reserve*—preserve.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit* Boult.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling; but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, *and* Boult *dragging in* Marina.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To* Marina.] My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most, shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit* Boult.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had but overboard
Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands, where I
Was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere[1] profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Mere*—absolute, certain.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in* Cleon's *House at* Tharsus.

Enter CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?
Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!
Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.
Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!
If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent.
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by foul play."
Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.
Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.
Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent,[1] he did not flow
From honourable courses.
Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between [2]
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me, as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.
Cle. Heavens forgive it!
Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.
Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.
Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Monument of* MARINA *at* Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short.
Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for 't;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.[3]
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on),
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

Dumb Show.

Enter PERICLES *at one door, with all his Train;* CLEON *and* DIONYZA *at the other.* CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb* [*of* MARINA]; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershow'r'd,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit [4]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.
[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'S *Monument.*

"The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Had Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our scene [5] must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?
2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

[1] *Pre-consent.* The first quarto has "*prince* consent;" the second quarto, "*whole* consent." Steevens made the judicious alteration.
[2] *Disdain.* Mr. Dyce would read *distain.*
[3] In the old copies these lines are thus misplaced:—
"Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it: you beare in mind
Old Escenes whom Helicanus late
Advancde in time to great and hie estate."
[4] *Please you wit*—be pleased to *know.*
[5] *Scene.* In the old copies, *steare.*

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses; shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [*To* Marina, *whom she takes aside.*

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governs the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pander, *and* Boult.

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle
Fortune have plac'd me in this loathsome sty,
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,
And I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me
It shall be for thy good.

[*As* Lysimachus *is putting up his purse,* Boult *enters.*

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the

common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit* Bawd.

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every coyst'rel
That comes inquiring for his tib;
To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear
Is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;
Any of these ways are better yet than this:
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely
Deliver me from this place! Here, here's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain aught by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays:
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence driven before the winds he is arriv'd
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight.
Of heavy Pericles think this his bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*On board* Pericles' *ship off* Mitylene. *A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* Pericles *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter Two Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them* Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the* Sailor *of* Mitylene.] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly.

[*The* Gentlemen *and the Two* Sailors *descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter from thence Lysimachus, *attended; the Tyrian* Gentlemen, *and the Two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may,
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him, sir. [PERICLES *discovered.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,[1]
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail, Royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.
[*Whispers one of the attendant* Lords. *Exit* Lord *in the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.
Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.
Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But see, I am prevented.

Enter from the barge, Lord, MARINA, *and a young* Lady.

Lys. O, here's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is 't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty[2]
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat[3]
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord,
Lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!

[1] *Night.* The old copies, *wight.*
[2] *Bounty.* The old copies have *beauty.* Steevens made the correction.
[3] *Feat.* The old copies, *fate.* Percy suggested *feat.*

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he speak." [*Aside.*
Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?
Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.
Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something, that—What countrywoman?
Here of these shores?[4]
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?[5]
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?
Mar. So indeed I did.
Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.
Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more
But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.
Per. Tell thy story;
If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them?[6] Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.
Mar. My name is Marina.
Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.
Per. Nay, I'll be patient;

[4] *Shores.* The old copies, *shewes.*
[5] *Owe*—own.
[6] *Them* is not found in the old copies.

Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name was given me
By one that had some power; my father and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-motion?
Well; speak on. Where were you born?[1]
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea? who was thy mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.
Mar. You'll scarce[2] believe me; 'twere best I did give o'er.
Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murther me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be
You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus!
Hel. Calls my lord?
Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?
Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.
Lys. She never would tell her parentage;
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weep.
Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus, she is;[3]
Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None?
The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not hear?
Lys. Music?[4] My lord, I hear—
Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head.
So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.[5]
[*Exeunt* Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, *and attendant* Lady.

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Pericles *on deck asleep;* Diana *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the like.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow
Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana *disappears.*
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter Lysimachus, Helicanus, *and* Marina.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.
[*To* Helicanus.

---

[1] Malone reads—

"Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion?—Well; speak on. Where were you born?"

This reading was probably adopted from the desire to avoid an Alexandrine. A "fairy-motion" appears to us in the poet's best manner.

[2] *You'll scarce.* The old copies have *you scorn.* Malone made the change.

[3] Malone prints the passage thus:—

"Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead," &c.

Steevens omits *she is.*

[4] Mr. Dyce makes this a stage direction; but surely the music was in the imagination of Pericles, and not to be heard by those on the stage or by the audience.

[5] Malone thinks this sentence should be spoken by Marina to her female companions.

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?
Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.[1]
Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.
Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.
Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower, *before the Temple of* Diana *at* Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
(For such kindness must relieve me,)
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, what pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylin,
To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,
That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
To fair Marina; but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Temple of* Diana *at* Ephesus; Thaisa *standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of* Virgins *on each side;* Cerimon *and other* Inhabitants *of* Ephesus *attending.*

Enter Pericles *with his Train;* Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, *and a* Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murther: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.
Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*
Per. What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin;
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.
Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to* Thaisa.
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute.
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have nam'd him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through whom
The gods have shown their power; that can from first
To last resolve you.
Per. Reverend sir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like
A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives?
Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.
Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.[2]
Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

[1] *Suit.* The old copies have *sleight.*

[2] We follow some alterations by Malone of the old text, which without these, is hopelessly obscure.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward;
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murther seemed so content
To punish them;[1] although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience ever more attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play hath ending.

[*Exit* GOWER.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO PERICLES.

ACT I.

To enable the reader to judge how closely the author of Pericles has followed the course of the narrative in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," we shall make some considerable extracts from that poem; following the exact order of the poem, so as to include the events of each act. It will be unnecessary for us to trace the association by reference to particular scenes and passages. We have modernised the orthography, so that the comparison may be pursued with more facility; and we give an interpretation of some obsolete words.

"The father, when he understood
That they his daughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he might find a let;
And thus a statute then he set,
And in this wise his law he taxeth—
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couth[2] his question
Assoil,[3] upon suggestion
Of certain things that befell,
The which he would unto him tell,
He should in certain lose his head.
And thus there were many dead,
Their heads standing on the gate,
Till at last, long and late,
For lack of answer in the wise,[4]
The remnant, that weren wise,
Eschewden to make essay.
* * * * *
The king declareth him the case
With stern look, and sturdy cheer,
To him, and said in this manner:
With felony I am up bore,
I eat, and have it nought forbore,
My mother's flesh, whose husband
My father for to seek I fonde,[5]
Which is the son of my wife.
Hereof I am inquisitive,
And who that can my tale save,
All quite[6] he shall my daughter have
Of his answer; and if he fail
He shall be dead without fail.
For thee, my son, quoth the king,
Be well advised of this thing,
Which hath thy life in jeopardy.
* * * * *
This young prince forth he went,
And understood well what he meant,
Within his heart, as he was lered;[7]
That for to make him affered[8]
The king his time hath so delayed.
Whereof he dradde,[9] and was amayed[10]
Of treason that he die should,
For he the king his soth[11] told:
And suddenly the night's tide,
That more would he not abide,
All privily his barge he hent,[12]
And home again to Tyre he went.
And in his own wit he said,
For dread if he the king bewray'd,[13]
He knew so well the king's heart,
That death ne should he not asterte,[14]
The king him would so pursue.
But he that would his death eschew,
And knew all this to fore the hand
Forsake he thought his own land,
That there would he not abide;
For well he knew that on some side
This tyrant, of his felony,
By some manner of treachery
To grieve his body would not leave.
* * * * *
Antiochus, the great sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His heart beareth so, as ye heard,
Of that this prince of Tyre answer'd.
He had a fellow-bachelor,
Which was the privy councillor,
And Taliart by name he hight,
The king a strong poison dight
Within a box, and gold thereto,
In all haste, and bad him go
Straight unto Tyre, and for no cost
Ne spare, till he had lost
The prince, which he would spill.
And when the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galley
With all haste he took his way.
The wind was good, and saileth blive,[15]
Till he took land upon the rive[16]
Of Tyre, and forthwith all anon
Into the burgh he 'gan to gon,
And took his inn, and bode a throw,[17]
But for he would not be know,
Disguised then he goeth him out,
He saw the weeping all about,
And axeth what the cause was.
And they him tolden all the case,
How suddenly the prince is go.
And when he saw that it was so,
And that his labour was in vain,
Anon he turneth home again:
And to the king when he came nigh,
He told of that he heard and sihe,[18]
How that the prince of Tyre is fled,
So was he come again unsped.

[1] *Them* is omitted in the old copies.
[2] *Couth*—was able.
[3] *Assoil*—answer.
[4] *In the wise*—in the manner.
[5] *Fonde*—try.
[6] *Quite*—free.
[7] *Lered*—taught.
[8] *Affered*—afraid.
[9] *Dradde*—dreaded.
[10] *Amayed*—dismayed.
[11] *Soth*—truth.
Hent—took to.
[13] *Bewray'd*—discovered.
[14] *Asterte*—escape.
[15] *Blive*—quick.
[16] *Rive*—coast.
[17] *Throw*—time.
[18] *Sihe*—saw.

The king was sorry for a while,
But when he saw, that with no wile
He might achieve his cruelty,
He stint his wrath, and let him be.
* * * * *
But over this now for to tell
Of adventures, that befell
Unto this prince of whom ytold:
He hath his right course forth hold
By stern and needle,[1] till he came
To Tharse, and there his land he name.
A burgess rich of gold and fee
Was thilke time in that city,
Which cleped was Stranguilio;
His wife was Dionise also.
This young prince, as saith the book,
With him his herbergage[2] took;
And it befell that city so,
By fore time and then also,
Thurh[3] strong famine, which them lad,[4]
Was none that any wheat had.
Appollinus, when that he heard
The mischief how the city ferde,[5]
All freely of his own gift,
His wheat among them for to shift,
The which by ship he had brought,
He gave, and took of them right nought.
But sithen first the world began
Was never yet to such a man
More joy made, than they him made;
For they were all of him so glad,
That they for ever in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of him, and in common place
They set it up; so that his face
Might every manner man behold,
So that the city was behold.
It was of laton[6] over-gilt;
Thus hath he not his gift spilt."

ACT II.

Extracts from Gower's "Confessio Amantis," *continued.*

"When him thought all grace away,
There came a fisher in the way,
And saw a man there naked stond,
And when that he hath understond
The cause, he hath of him great ruth,[7]
And only of his poor truth,
Of such clothes as he had
With great pity this lord he clad,
And he him thanketh, as he should,
And saith him that it shall be gold,
If ever he get his state again;
And pray'd that he would him seyn[8]
If nigh were any town for him?
He said, Yea, Pentapolim,
Where both king and queen dwellen.
When he this tale heard tellen
He gladdeth him, and 'gan beseech
That he the way him would teach;
And he him taught, and forth he went,
And prayed God with good intent
To send him joy after his sorrow.
It was not yet passed mid-morrow.
* * * * *
Then thitherward his way he name,[9]
Where soon upon the noon he came.
He eat such as he might get,
And forth anon, when he had eat,
He goeth to see the town about;
And came there as he found a rout
Of young lusty men withal;
And as it should then befall,
That day was set of such assise,
That they should in the land's guise,
As he heard of the people say,
The common game then play:

[1] *Stern and needle*—stars and compass.
[2] *Herbergage*—lodging.
[3] *Thurh*—through.
[4] *Lad*—lead.
[5] *Ferde*—terrified.
[6] *Laton*—mixed metal.
[7] *Ruth*—pity.
[8] *Seyn*—say.
[9] *Name*—takes.

And cried was, that they should come
Unto the game, all and some
Of them that ben[10] deliver[11] and wight,[12]
To do such mastery as they might.
* * * * *
And fell among them into game,
And there he won him such a name,
So as the king himself accounteth
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the prize above them all.
The king bade that into his hall,
At supper-time, he shall be brought;
And he came there, and left it nought
Without company alone.
Was none so seemly of person,
Of visage, and of limbs both,
If that he had what to clothe.
At supper-time, nathless,
The king amid all the press
Let clap him up among them all,
And bade his marshal of his hall
To setten him in such degree
That he upon him might see.
The king was soon set and serv'd,
And he which hath his prize deserv'd,
After the king's own word,
Was made begin a middle board,
That both king and queen him sihe.[13]
He sat, and cast about his eye,
And saw the lords in estate,
And with himself wax in debate,
Thinking what he had lore;[14]
And such a sorrow he took therefore,
That he sat ever still, and thought,
As he which of no meat rought.[15]
* * * * *
The king beheld his heaviness,
And of his great gentleness
His daughter, which was fair and good,
And at the board before him stood,
As it was thilke[16] time usage,
He bade to go on his message,
And fonde[17] for to make him glad,
And she did as her father bade,
And goeth to him the soft pace,
And axeth whence and what he was?
And prayeth he should his thoughts leave.
* * * * *
When he hath harped all his fill
The king's hest to fulfil,
Away goeth dish, away goeth cup,
Down goeth the board, the cloth was up,
They risen, and gone out of hall.
The king his chamberlain let call,
And bade that he by all way
A chamber for this man purvey,
Which nigh his own chamber be.
It shall be do, my lord, quoth he.
* * * * *
And when that he to chamber is come,
He hath into his council nome[18]
This man of Tyre, and let him see
This letter, and all the privity
The which his daughter to him sent.
And he his knee to ground bent,
And thanketh him and her also;
And ere they went then a two,[19]
With good heart, and with good courage,
Of full love and full marriage
The king and he ben whole accorded.
And after, when it was recorded
Unto the daughter how it stood,
The gift of all the world's good
Ne should have made her half so blithe."

ACT III.

Extracts from Gower's "Confessio Amantis," *continued.*

"They axen when the ship is come?
From Tyre, anon answered some.

[10] *Ben*—are.
[11] *Deliver*—nimble.
[12] *Wight*—active.
[13] *Sihe*—saw.
[14] *Lore*—lost.
[15] *Rought*—cared.
[16] *Thilke*—that same.
[17] *Fonde*—try.
[18] *Nome*—taken.
[19] *A two*—apart.

And over this they saiden more,
The cause why they come for
Was for to seek, and for to find,
Appollinus, which is of kind
Their liege lord; and he appeareth,
And of the tale which he heareth
He was right glad; for they him told
That for vengeance, as God it would,
Antiochus, as men may wete,[1]
With thunder and lightning is sore smete,[2]
His daughter hath the same chance,
So be they both in o[3] balance.
* * * * *
Lychorida for her office
Was take, which was a nourrice,
To wend with this young wife,
To whom was shape a woeful life.
Within a time, as it betid,
When they were in the sea amid,
Out of the north they saw a cloud:
The storm arose, the winds loud
They blewen many a dreadful blast,
The welkin was all overcast.
The dark night the sun hath under,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moon, and eke the stars both,
In black clouds they them clothe,
Whereof their bright look they hid.
This young lady wept and cried,
To whom no comfort might avail:
Of child she began travail,
Where she lay in a cabin close.
Her woeful lord from her arose,
And that was long ere any morrow,
So that in anguish and in sorrow
She was deliver'd all by night,
And dead in every man's sight.
But nathless for all this woe
A maid child was bore tho.[4]
* * * *
The master shipman came and pray'd,
With other such as be therein,
And said that he may nothing win
Again the death, but they him rede,[5]
He be well ware, and take heed
The sea by way of his nature
Receive may no creature,
Within himself as for to hold
The which is dead; for this they would,
As they councillen all about,
The dead body casten out:
For better it is, they saiden all,
That it of her so befall,
Than if they shoulden all spill.
* * * * *
I am, quoth he, but one alone;
So would I not for my person
There fell such adversity,
But when it may no better be,
Do then thus upon my word:
Let make a coffer strong of board,
That it be firm with lead and pitch.
Anon was made a coffer such
All ready brought unto his hand;
And when he saw, and ready found
This coffer made, and well enclowed,
The dead body was besowed
In cloth of gold, and laid therein.
* * * * *
I, king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Do all manner men to wit,
That hear and see this letter writ,
That, helpless without rede,[6]
Here lieth a king's daughter dead;
And who that happeth her to find,
For charity take in his mind,
And do so that she be begrave,[7]
With this treasure which he shall have.
* * * * *
Right as the corpse was thrown on land,
There came walking upon the strand
A worthy clerk, a surgeon,
And eke a great physician,
Of all that land the wisest one,
Which hight master Cerymon:
There were of his disciples some.
This master to the coffer is come,

[1] *Wete*—know.
[2] *Smete*—smitten.
[3] *O*—one.
[4] *Tho*—then.
[5] *Rede*—advise.
[6] *Rede*—counsel; perhaps here, medical aid.
[7] *Begrave*—buried.
[8] *Peyseth*—considereth.

And peyseth[8] there was somewhat in,
And bade them bear it to his inn,
And goeth himself forth withal.
All that shall fall, fall shall.
* * * * *
They laid her on a couch soft,
And with a sheet warmed oft.
Her cold breast began to heat,
Her heart also to flack[9] and beat.
This master hath her every joint
With certain oil and balm anoint,
And put a liquor in her mouth,
Which is to few clerks couth,[10]
So that she 'covereth at the last.
And first her eyen up she cast;
And when she more of strength caught,
Her arms both forth she straught,[11]
Held up her hand, and piteously
She spake, and said, Ah! where am I?
Where is my lord? What world is this?
As she that wot nought how it is.
* * * * *
My daughter Thayse, by your leave,
I think shall with you bileave[12]
As for a time; and thus I pray
That she be kept by all way:
And when she hath of age more,
That she be set to books' lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My beard for no liking shave,
Till it befall that I have,
In convenable time of age,
Beset her unto marriage."

[9] *Flack*—flutter.
[10] *Couth*—known.
[11] *Straught*—stretched.
[12] *Bileave*—leave behind.

ACT IV.

Extracts from Gower's "Confessio Amantis," *continued.*

"And for to speak how that it stood
Of Thayse his daughter, where she dwelleth
In Tharse, as the chronique telleth.
She was well kept, she was well looked,
She was well taught, she was well booked;
So well she sped in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seek in every land
So wise another no man found,
Ne so well taught at man's eye;
But woe-worth, ever falls envy.
* * * * *
The treason and the time is shape,
So fell it that this churlish knape
Hath led this maiden where he would
Upon the strand, and what she should
She was a drad; and he out braid[13]
A rusty sword, and to her said,
Thou shalt be dead: alas, quoth she,
Why shall I so? So thus, quoth he,
My lady Dionise hath bade
Thou shalt be murder'd in this stede.
This maid then for fear shrihte,[14]
And for the love of God all-might
She pray'th, that for a little stound[15]
She might kneel upon the ground
Toward the heaven, for to crave
Her woeful soul that she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry
Out of a barge fast by,
Which hid was there on scomerfare,
Men start out, and weren ware
Of this felon: and he to go,
And she began to cry tho,
Ha, mercy, help, for God's sake!
Into the barge they her take,
As thieves should, and forth they went.
* * * * *
If so be that thy master would
That I his gold increase should,
It may not fall by this way;
But suffer me to go my way

[13] *Braid*—started, drew.
[14] *Shrihte*—shrieked.
[15] *Stound*—moment.

Out of this house, where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place else of the town,
Be so it be of religion,
Where that honest women dwell,
And thus thou might thy master tell,
That when I have a chamber there,
Let him do cry ay wide-where[1]
What lord that hath his daughter dear,
And is in will that she shall lere[2]
Of such a school as is true;
I shall her teach of things new,
Which that none other woman can
In all this land.
* * * * *
Her epitaph of good assise[3]
Was writ about, and in this wise
It spake: O ye that this behold,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was hold
The fairest, and the flower of all,
Whose name Taysis men call.
The king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Her father was: now lieth she thus.
Fourteen year she was of age
When death her took to his viage."[4]

ACT V.

Extracts from Gower's "Confessio Amantis," *concluded.*

"A messenger for her is gone,
And she came with her harp on hand;
And she said them, that she would fonde[5]
By all the ways that she can
To glad with this sorry man.
But what he was she wist nought,
But all the ship her hath besought,
That she her wits on him despend,[6]
In aunter[7] if he might amend,
And say it shall be well acquit.
When she hath understonden it
She goeth her down, there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay,
And like an angel sang withal.
But he no more than the wall
Took heed of anything he heard.
And when she saw that he so ferde[8]
She falleth with him into words,
And telleth him of sundry bordes,[9]
And asketh him demands strange,
Whereof she made his heart change;
And to her speech his ear he laid,
And hath marvel of that she said.
For in proverb and in problem
She spake, and bade he should deme[10]
In many a subtile question;
But he for no suggestion
Which toward him she could stere,[11]
He would not o[12] word answer,
But as a madman at the last,
His head weeping away he cast,
And half in wrath he bade her go:
But yet she would nought do so;
And in the dark forth she goeth
Till she him toucheth, and he wrothe,[13]
And after her with his hand
He smote: and thus when she him found
Diseased, courteously she said,—
Avoy,[14] my lord, I am a maid;
And if ye wist what I am,
And out of what lineage I came,
Ye would not be so salvage.
With that he sober'th his courage,
And put away his heavy cheer,
But of them two a man may lere
What is to be so sibbe[15] of blood
None wist of other how it stood,

And yet the father at last
His heart upon this maid cast,
That he her loveth kindly;
And yet he wist never why,
But all was known ere that they went;
For God, which wot their whole intent,
Their hearts both he discloseth.
This king unto this maid opposeth,
And asketh first, what is her name,
And where she learned all this game,
And of what kin that she was come?
And she, that hath his words nome,[16]
Answereth, and saith, My name is Thaise,
That was some time well at ease.
In Tharse I was forth draw and fed,
There learned I till I was sped,
Of that I can: my father eke,
I not where that I should him seek:
He was a king men told me.
My mother drown'd was in the sea.
From point to point all she him told
That she hath long in heart hold,
And never durst make her moan
But only to this lord alone,
To whom her heart cannot hele,[17]
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal,
Turn it to good, turn it to harm.
And he then took her in his arm;
But such a joy as he then made
Was never seen: thus be they glad
That sorry hadden be to forn.[18]
From this day forth fortune hath sworn
To set them upward on the wheel:
So goeth the world, now woe, now weal.
* * * *
With worthy knights environed,
The king himself hath abandoned
Into the temple in good intent.
The door is up, and in he went,
Where as, with great devotion
Of holy contemplation
Within his heart, he made his shrift,
And after that a rich gift
He off'reth with great reverence;
And there in open audience
Of them that stooden all about
He told them, and declareth out
His hap, such as him is befall:
There was no thing forget of all.
His wife, as it was God's grace,
Which was professed in the place
As she that was abbess there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ear.
She knew the voice, and the visage:
For pure joy, as in a rage,
She stretch'd unto him all at once,
And fell a swoon upon the stones
Whereof the temple-floor was paved.
She was anon with water laved,
Till she came to herself again,
And then she began to seyn—
Ah, blessed be the high soonde,[19]
That I may see mine husband,
Which whilom he and I were one.
* * * * *
Attaint they weren by the law,
And doomed for to hang, and draw,
And brent, and with the wind to blow,
That all the world it might know.
And upon this condition
The doom in execution
Was put anon without fail.
And every man hath great marvel
Which heard tellen of this chance,
And thanketh God's purveyance,
Which doth mercy forth with justice.
Slain is the murd'rer, and murd'ress,
Through very truth of righteousness;
And through mercy safe is simplesse[20]
Of her, whom mercy preserveth.
Thus hath he well, that well deserveth.

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1 *Wide-where*—far and near.
2 *Lere*—learn.
3 *Assise*—situation.
4 *Viage*—journey.
5 *Fonde*—try.
6 *Despend*—would expend.
Aunter—adventure.
8 *Ferde*—fared.
9 *Bordes*—countries.
10 *Deme*—judge.
11 *Stere*—stir.
12 *O*—one.
13 *Wrothe*—was angry.
14 *Avoy*—avoid.
15 *Sibbe*—related.
16 *Nome*—taken.
17 *Hele*—hide.
18 *To forn*—before.
19 *Soonde*—gift.
20 *Simplesse*—simplicity.

NOTICE ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF PERICLES.

THE *external* testimony that Shakspere was the author of Pericles would appear to rest upon stronger evidence, as far as regards the fact of publication, than that which assigns to him the authorship of Titus Andronicus. That play was not published as his work till after his death: Pericles was published with Shakspere's name as the author during his lifetime. But this evidence is not decisive. In 1600 was printed "The first part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, &c. Written by William Shakespeare;" and we should be entitled to receive that representation of the writer of "Sir John Oldcastle" as good evidence of the authorship, were we not in possession of a fact which entirely outweighs the bookseller's insertion of a popular name in his title-page. In the manuscript diary of Philip Henslowe, preserved at Dulwich College, is the following entry:—"The 16th of October, 99. Received by me Thomas Downton of Philip Henslowe, to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway, for The first part of the Lyfe of Sir Jhon Ouldcastell, and in earnest of the Second Pte, for the use of the company, ten pound, I say received 10 lb." The title-page of Pericles, in 1609, might have been as fraudulent as that of "Sir John Oldcastle" in 1600.

The play of Pericles, as we learn by the original title-page, was "sundry times acted by his Majesty's servants at the Globe." The proprietary interest in the play for the purposes of the stage (whoever wrote it) no doubt remained in 1623 with the proprietors of the Globe Theatre—Shakspere's fellow-shareholders. Of the popularity of Pericles there can be no doubt. It was printed three times separately before the publication of the folio in 1623; and it would have been to the interest of the proprietors of that edition to have included it amongst Shakspere's works. Did they reject it because they could not conscientiously affirm it to be written by him, or were they unable to make terms with those who had the right of publication? There was an entry at Stationers' Hall on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, of "The book of Pericles Prynce of Tyre;" and Blount at the same time enters "A book called Anthony and Cleopatra." But Pericles was first published by Henry Gosson. Blount was one of the proprietors of the folio of 1623. He seems to have possessed the right of printing Pericles in 1608; and he probably assigned it to Gosson, who (upon a similar probability) subsequently assigned it to S. S. (Simon Stafford), who printed it in 1611, and who again assigned it to Thomas Pavier, who printed it in 1619. A question then naturally arises, whether Blount, the proprietor of the folio, was unable to recover back what he had assigned as a separate publication; and whether the non-admission, therefore, of Pericles in the folio of 1623 was not wholly a commercial matter, depending upon the claim to copyright. It is obvious that this is a question which is not likely to be decided.

It is a most important circumstance, with reference to the authenticity of Titus Andronicus, that Meres, in 1599, ascribed that play to Shakspere. We have no such testimony in the case of Pericles; but the tradition which assigns it to Shakspere is pretty constant. Malone has quoted a passage from "The Times displayed, in Six Sestiads," a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke:—

> "See him, whose tragic scenes Euripides
> Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakspeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his fancy could display:
> Witness The Prince of Tyre, his Pericles:
> His sweet and his to be admired lay
> He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
> Did understand the depth of poesie."

Six years later, another writer, J. Tatham, in verses prefixed to Richard Brome's "Jovial Crew" (1652), speaks slightingly of Shakspere and of this particular drama:—

> "But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
> Founder'd in his Pericles, and must not pass."

Dryden, in his prologue to Charles D'Avenant's "Circe," in 1675, has these lines:—

> "Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight,
> Did no Volpone, nor no Arbaces, write;
> But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
> From bough to bough, as if they were afraid,
> And each was guilty of some slighted maid.
> Shakspeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
> The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
> 'Tis miracle to see a first good play:
> All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

The mention of Shakspere as the author of Pericles in the poems printed in 1646 and 1652 may in some respect be called traditionary; for the play was not printed after 1635 till it appeared in the folio of 1664. Dryden, most probably, read the play in that folio edition. In 1691 Langbaine receives the play without any doubt of the authorship; but he also accepts, as written by Shakspere, the six other doubtful plays which appeared in the folio of 1664. On the other hand, Gildon, in 1709, in his remarks subjoined to Rowe's edition, treats Pericles as a genuine play by Shakspere; but of the six other ascribed plays he says, they "are none of Shakespeare's, nor have anything in them to give the least ground to think them his." Rowe himself speaks more cautiously:—"It is owned that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, particularly the last act."

Before we proceed to the internal evidence of the authenticity of Pericles, it will be necessary to ascertain the date of its production. The title-page of the first edition calls it "The late and much admired play." In modern phraseology "the late" would be *the new* or *the recent*. That edition was printed in 1609. The play was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608. There are other circumstances leading to the belief that, about the period of its publication, Pericles was a new play, in some sense of the word. Malone has extracted six lines from a metrical pamphlet entitled "Pimlyco," which he originally thought was printed in 1596, but subsequently found bore the date of 1609. They are as follow:—

> "Amazed I stood, to see a crowd
> Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud
> As at a *new play*, all the rooms
> Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
> So that I truly thought all these
> Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

Malone quotes these lines, not to fix the date of the play, but to show that it is mentioned "as a very popular performance." Mr. Collier holds that this passage from "Pimlyco" is decisive as to the date:—"In this year (1609) it is actually spoken of by the anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap*, as a new play." † Receiving, as Mr. Collier does, the metrical tract of "Pimlyco" as first published in 1609 (although Malone says "it might have been a republication"), there is a very obvious question suggested by the last of these six lines, which Mr. Collier has not adverted to in the elaborate particulars which he has so industriously collected on the subject of Pericles. That question is this—Was *Shore* as well as *Pericles* a *new play* in 1609? Mr. Collier shall himself answer that question in his extracts from, and observations upon, Henslowe's Diary, preserved at Dulwich College, which Malone had previously noticed:—"The '*Jane Shore*,' assigned to Chettle and Day in January, 1601-2, was only a revival of an older play, as Henslowe then gave forty shillings to those poets, in order that 'the booke of Shoare' might be 'now newly written for

* Boswell's Malone, vol. iii. p. 329.

† Farther Particulars, &c., p. 31.

the Earl of Worcester's players.'"* In Malone the entry stands under date March 1602-3:—"Jane Shore, by Henry Chettle and John Day." Here we have the unquestionable fact that in 1602, or in 1603, "Shore" was brought out by Henry Chettle and John Day; and yet in 1609, if the date of "Pimlyco" is to be relied upon, it was *a new play*. What, then, is the argument worth, that the lines in "Pimlyco" show that *Perides* was first produced in or about 1609? "The anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap*," has proved too much. Is the entry at Stationers' Hall in 1608 more decisive? We think not; for the first entry of Romeo and Juliet, printed in 1597, is made in 1606, at which time the entry was also made of Love's Labour's Lost, printed in 1598. Is the expression upon the title-page of 1609, "*The late* and much admired play," more decisive? We think not; for in the edition of 1619 it is still "*The late* and much admired play;" in 1630 still the same; in 1635 still the same. If the evidence of "Pimlyco" had not broken down, the collateral evidence of the entry at Stationers' Hall, and of the title-page of 1609, might have strengthened that direct testimony. Of themselves they prove little. The first known edition of Titus Andronicus bears the date of 1600; and of that edition only one copy is supposed to be in existence. But Langbaine, a hundred and fifty years ago, mentions a copy bearing the date of 1594. The date of 1600, therefore, is no evidence as to the date of the play's production. So it may be with the Pericles of 1609; for "the late" upon that title-page might have been copied from some previous edition now lost, as the title-page of that of 1619 was a copy of that of 1609. But Mr. Collier has one other witness to produce:—"I think the piece of evidence I am now about to introduce must be considered decisive. It is a prose novel *founded upon Shakespeare's Pericles*, in consequence, in all likelihood, of the great run it was experiencing. It must have been hastily put together, and published while *Pericles* was enjoying extraordinary popularity, in order to forestal the appearance of the printed play, because Nat. Butter, the bookseller, hoped to derive a profit from the desire of people to read a story which on the stage was so remarkably attractive. 'Had the play not then been *a new production*, and had it not been 'fortunate' by being performed in 'oft-crammed theatres,' Butter would have had no inducement to enter into the speculation." Mr. Collier then subjoins the title-page, which we copy:—"The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter. 1608." Although we admit that there cannot be a doubt that this remarkable tract is, as it professes to be, a "true History of *the Play* of Pericles"—that is, a reduction of the play into a story-book—we are sceptical enough not to receive the other words of that title-page, "as it was lately presented," as an absolute proof that the play was then a new production. The play was popular as an acting drama a hundred years after this. Pericles was one of Betterton's favourite parts. In 1629, when Jonson wrote his famous ode, "Come, leave the loathed stage," he adverts to Pericles as a play so popular that it kept the stage to the exclusion of what he considered better performances:—

> "No doubt some mouldy tale,
> Like Pericles, and stale
> As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish,—
> Scraps out of every dish,
> Thrown forth, and rak'd into the common tub,—
> May keep up the Play-club.
> There, sweepings do as well
> As the best-order'd meal;
> For who the relish of these guests will fit,
> Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit."

In Owen Feltham's Answer to Jonson's Ode, Pericles is again mentioned, with an inference that its plot is offensive to a critical judgment:—

> "Your jests so nominal
> Are things so far beneath an able brain,
> As they do throw a stain
> Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displease
> As deep as Pericles."

* History of Dramatic Poetry, p. 91.

We hold, therefore, that if Butter's story-book had borne the same date as Pavier's third edition of Pericles, namely, 1619, in the same way that the continued popularity of Pericles demanded that third edition, and allowed it to be called "the late and much admired play," so the story-book might even then have said, "The true History of the Play of Pericles, *as it was lately presented*." By parity of reasoning, the story-book of 1609 might have reference to a play which was a new play in 1602, according to the testimony of that honest witness, "Pimlyco," who tells us that he was in a crowd where gentlemen were mixed with grooms, as though they came to see a new play, "Shore," or Pericles. That other unexceptionable witness, Mr. Henslowe, we have called to prove that "Shore" was a new play in 1602. We therefore cannot receive the indirect testimony that Pericles was a new play in 1609, any more than we should receive the same testimony that "Shore" was a new play in 1609.

But what, in the natural construction of the language of the writer of "Pimlyco," was *a new play?* "Shore" and Pericles, according to him, are new plays. But Henslowe has left it upon record that in 1602 he gave the large sum of forty shillings to two poets, that "the booke of Shoare might be now newly written." There was an old book of "Shore," then, which was to be modernised—in which the action, probably, was to be kept, but the dialogue was to be rendered acceptable to a more critical audience than had been familiar with it in its original state. In this sense of the word was "Shore" a new play. It is in this sense of the word that Pericles, whether produced when "Shore" was produced, or some seven years later, was a new play. In our original Introductory Notice to The Two Gentlemen of Verona we incidentally mentioned our belief that Pericles was a very early play of Shakspere's, saying, "We have Dryden's evidence that

> 'Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore.'"

Mr. Collier has been kind enough to notice this opinion, although, of course, he differs from us:—"Malone was mistaken in supposing that there was an older edition of '*Pimlyco*' than that of 1609. It was then first published, and not in 1596. If *Pericles* had been produced before 1590, as the Editor of the '*Pictorial Shakspere*' conjectures, it would not have been mentioned as a new play even in 1596, much less in 1609."† But "Shore" was "mentioned as a new play;" and we know that it was not a new play, in the strict sense of the term. The parts that were "now newly written" of Pericles might have entitled it to be called a new play; just as the parts "now newly written" of "Shore" might have entitled that to be called a new play. We hold it to be impossible that Shakspere could have written Pericles, for the first time, in the seventeenth century, although he then might have written parts of it for the first time. This opinion is not manifestly inconsistent with our former and our continued belief in what Mr. Collier calls "Dryden's *obiter dictum*," that

> "Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore."

Mr. Collier says, "I do not at all rely upon Dryden's evidence farther than to establish the belief as to the authorship entertained by persons engaged in theatrical affairs after the Restoration." But is such evidence wholly to be despised? and must the belief be necessarily dated "after the Restoration?" Dryden was himself forty-four years of age when he wrote the line in question. He had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was the friend of D'Avenant, who wrote for the stage in 1626. Of the original actors in Shakspere's plays Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man, John Lowin, who kept the Three Pigeons Inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played Hamlet under Shakspere's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I., and has an historical importance

† Farther Particulars, note, p. 31.

through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms, with this exclamation from the stern Republican, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently." It is impossible to doubt, then, that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage, and not necessarily of the traditions that survived after the Restoration. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakspere as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of Puritanical intolerance. We accept, then, Dryden's assertion with little doubt; and we approach to the examination of the *internal* evidence of the authenticity of Pericles with the conviction that, if it be the work of Shakspere, the foundations of it were laid when his art was imperfect, and he laboured somewhat in subjection to the influence of those ruder models for which he eventually substituted his own splendid examples of dramatic excellence.

There is a very striking passage in Sidney's "Defence of Poesy," which may be taken pretty accurately to describe the infancy of the dramatic art in England, being written some four or five years before we can trace any connection of Shakspere with the stage. The passage is long, but it is deserving of attentive consideration :—

"But they will say, how then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calecut: but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

"Lastly, if they will represent an History, they must not (as Horace saith) begin above, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus, to Polymnestor king of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murthereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and to spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it."

Between this notion which Sidney had formed of the propriety of a tragedy which should understand "the difference betwixt reporting and representing," there was a long space to be travelled over, before we should arrive at a tragedy which should make the whole action manifest, and keep the interest alive from the first line to the last, without any "reporting" at all. When Hamlet and Othello and Lear were perfected, this culminating point of the dramatic art had been reached. But it is evident that Sidney described a state of things in which even the very inartificial expedient of uniting description with representation had not been thoroughly understood, or at least had not been generally practised. The "tragedy-writers" begin with the delivery of the young Polydorus, and travel on with him from place to place till his final murder. At this point Euripides begins the story, leaving something to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. It is not difficult to conceive a young dramatic poet looking to something beyond the "tragedy-writers" of his own day, and, upon taking up a popular story, inventing a machinery for "reporting," which should emulate the ingenious device of Euripides in making the ghost of Polydorus briefly tell the history which a ruder stage would have exhibited in detail. There was a book no doubt familiar to that young poet; it was the "Confessio Amantis, the Confessyon of the Louer," of John Gower, printed by Caxton in 1493, and by Berthelet in 1532 and 1554. That the book was popular, the fact of the publication of three editions in little more than half a century will sufficiently manifest. That it was a book to be devoured by a youth of poetical aspirations, who can doubt? That a Chaucer and a Gower were accessible to a young man educated at the Grammar School at Stratford we may readily believe. That was not a day of rare copies; the bountiful press of the early English printers was for the people, and the people eagerly devoured the intellectual food which that press bestowed upon them. "Appollinus, The Prince of Tyr," is one of the most sustained, and, perhaps, altogether, one of the most interesting, of the old narratives which Gower introduced into the poetical form. What did it matter to the young and enthusiastic reader that there were Latin manuscripts of this story as early as the tenth century; that there is an Anglo-Saxon version of it; that it forms one of the most elaborate stories of the "Gesta Romanorum?" What does all this matter even to us, with regard to the play before us? Mr. Collier says, "The immediate source to which Shakespeare resorted was probably Laurence Twine's version of the novel of 'Appollonius King of Tyre,' which first came out in 1576, and was afterwards several times reprinted. I have before me an edition without date, 'Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman,' which very likely was that used by our great dramatist." Mr. Collier has reprinted this story of Laurence Twine with the title—"Appollonius, Prince of Tyre upon which Shakespeare founded Pericles." We cannot understand this. We have looked in vain throughout this story to find a single incident in Pericles, suggested by Twine's relation, which might not have been equally suggested by Gower's poem. We will not weary our readers, therefore, with any extracts from this narrative. That the author of Pericles had Gower in his thoughts, and, what is more important, that he felt that his audience were familiar with Gower, is, we think, sufficiently apparent. Upon what other principle can Gower perpetually take up the dropped threads of the action? Upon what other principle are the verses spoken by Gower, amounting to several hundred lines, formed upon a careful imitation of his style; so as to present to an audience at the latter end of the sixteenth century some notion of a poet about two centuries older? It is perfectly evident to us that Gower, and Gower only, was in the thoughts of the author of Pericles.

We call the play before us by the name of PERICLES, because it was so called in the first rudely printed copies, and because the contemporaries of the writer, following the printed copies, so called it in their printed books. But Malone has given us an epigram of Richard Flecknoe (1670), "On the Play of the Life of PYROCLES." There can be little doubt, we think, as Steevens has very justly argued, that Pyrocles was the name of the hero of this play. For who was Pyrocles? The hero of Sidney's "Arcadia." Steevens says, "It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that Pyrocles, their leader, should be overlooked?" To a young poet, who probably had access to the "Arcadia" in manuscript, before its publication in 1590, the name of Pyrocles would naturally present itself as worthy to succeed the somewhat unmanageable Appollinus of Gower; and that name would recommend itself to an audience who, if they were of the privileged circles, such as the actors of the Blackfriars often addressed, were familiar with the "Arcadia" before its publication. After 1590 the "Arcadia" was the most popular work of the age.

It will be seen, then, that we advocate the belief that Pyrocles, or Pericles, was a very early work of Shakspere, in some form, however different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to a unity of idea. The writer, in constructing the plot, had not arrived to a perfect conception of the principle, "That a tragedy is tied to the

* Farther Particulars, p. 36.

laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience." But, with this essential disadvantage, we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted; and thus it is that, in "the true History" formed upon the play which Mr. Collier has analyzed, the unity of idea is kept in the expression of the title-page, "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower." Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspere in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that Pericles ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspere. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory:—"No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than Pericles, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."* This theory of companionship in the production of the play is merely a repetition of the theory of Steevens:—"The *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the productions of some inglorious and forgotten playwright." We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterization, looking at the whole merely as a collection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspere. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."† Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable," "the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspere's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

> "Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspere's earliest efforts. Sidney has given us a most distinct description of that drama; and we can thus understand how the author of Pericles improved upon what he found. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspere's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspere's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspere. Horn, with the eye of a real critic, has pointed out the deep poetical profundity of one apparently slight passage in these unpleasant scenes:—

> "*Mar.* Are you a woman?
> *Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?
> *Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.*"

Touches such as these are not put into the work of other men. Who but Shakspere could have written—

> "The blind mole casts
> Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd
> By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't."

And yet this passage comes naturally enough in a speech of no very high excellence. The *purpurei panni* must be fitted to a body, as well for use as for adornment. We think that Shakspere would not have taken the trouble to produce these costly robes for the decoration of what another had essentially created. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, he would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the Pericles of the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspere some twenty years earlier.

* Shakspeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 268.

† History of Literature, vol. iii. p. 569.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS play was first printed in 1634, with the following title :—"The Two Noble Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriers by the King's Majesties servants, with great applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London, by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Paul's Church-Yard, 1634." In the first folio edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, this play did not appear. In the second folio it is reprinted, with very slight alterations from the quarto. That second folio contains the following notice :—"In this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of 4to. in this volume, which for distinction sake are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of the book." —(*Preface.*) The Two Noble Kinsmen is so marked.

Without prejudging the question as to Shakspere's participation in the authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen, we have thought it the most satisfactory course to print the play entire. The reader will be better prepared for entering upon the examination of the authorship after its perusal; and we think that in itself it will abundantly repay him. We hardly need an apology for this course, when Coleridge has said, "I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakspeare;" and when Charles Lamb says, "That Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare's manner in so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Steevens) is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility is, to me, not certain."

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
PALAMON, ARCITE, } The Two Noble Kinsmen, *in love with* Emilia.
PERITHOUS, *an Athenian general.*
VALERIUS, *a Theban nobleman.*
ARTESIUS, *an Athenian captain.*
Six valiant Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
Doctor.
Brother, Friends, } *to the* Gaoler.
GERROLD, *a schoolmaster.*

HIPPOLYTA, *bride to* Theseus.
EMILIA, *her sister.*
Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter, in love with Palamon.
Servant to Emilia.

A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, Nymphs, &c.

SCENE,—ATHENS; *and in part of the First Act,* THEBES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter HYMEN, *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs, *with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PERITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train.*[1]

SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air,[2]
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be[3] absent hence.

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,[4]
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter Three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The first* Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the third before* EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise!
Hip. Stand up!
Emi. No knees to me!
What woman I may stead that is distress'd,
Does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the bless'd eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to everything!
Thes. Pray you kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for them.
King Capaneus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you

[1] This is the original stage direction, with the exception that Hippolyta, by a manifest error in the old copies, is led by Theseus.
[2] *Angel* is used for bird. Dekker calls the Roman eagle "the Roman *angel*."—*Gifford's Massinger*, vol. i. p. 36.
[3] *Be.* The early copies, *is.*
[4] *Clough he* is the reading of the old editions.

Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd: oh, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!
1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth
Our undertaker!
Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.
[*Turns away.*
2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than ever he had on thee; who ow'st his strength,
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he in the blood-siz'd field lay swoll'n,
Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!
Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.
3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*Kneels to* Emilia.
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.
Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.
3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; there through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.
Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good comfort!
Thes. Forward to the temple! leave not out a jot
Of the sacred ceremony.
1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!
2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!
3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead!
Those that with cords', knives', drams' precipitance,[1]
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.
1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.
Thes. It is true: and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with Creon.
1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself to the doing:
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now he is secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.
2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.
3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.
Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!
1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.
All. Farewell!
2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?
Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war;[2] it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall[3]
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in 't will

[1] This is usually printed—

"Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance."

We receive *cords*, &c., as genitive cases to *precipitance*.

[2] *War.* The early copies, *was*.

[3] *Fall*—an active verb.

Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!
All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee. [*To* Emilia.
Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride. Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier, as before; hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token. Set you forward;
For I will see you gone. [*Exit* Artesius.
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!
1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o' the world.
2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish.*
Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon *and* Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city,
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth:
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
In the aid of the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall offer
To Mars's so scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most,
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump[1]
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tiptoe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace! These poor slight sores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom
Almost to the heart's—
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose success
Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power there's nothing: almost puts[2]

[1] *Jump*—just, exactly.

[2] This passage is ordinarily printed—

> "A most unbounded tyrant, whose *successes*
> *Make* Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
> Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts," &c.

Seward suggested the punctuation which we have adopted in the third line; but, by leaving the plural nominative *successes*, he left the remainder of the sentence unintelligible—at least to modern readers, who require strict grammatical construction.

Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in 't, boot and glory too:
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let
The blood of mine that's sib[1] to him be suck'd
From me with leeches: let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let 's leave his court, that we may nothing share
Of this loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer.
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him. Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours),
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is 't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let 's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell: Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To dure[2] ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.
Hip. In 's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one[3] business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins. Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for 't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful: and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodg'd,
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect

[1] *Sib*—kin.

[2] *Dure.* So the original for *endure.* Some read *cure;* others, *dare.*
[3] *One* is suggested by M. Mason. The original has *ore.*

Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom), she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections[1] (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on),
And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal,
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard, has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not against your faith; yet I continue mine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; Flourish. Then enter Theseus, *victor; the Three* Queens *meet him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!

2 *Queen.* Both heav'n and earth
Friend thee for ever!

3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry "amen" to 't!

Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heav'ns
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even[2] each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: so adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are those?
[*Exeunt* Queens.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; some of Thebes have told us
They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.

Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner told me,[3]
When I inquir'd their names?

Herald. With leave, they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em.
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have them
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would them dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have them
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister
What man to man may do; for our sake more:
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition, sickness in will
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender![4]—Lead into the city:
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens *with the Hearses of their* Husbands, *in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying:
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed Pleasure's foes!
We convent naught else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your household's grave:[5]
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 *Queen.* And this to yours!

1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!

3 *Queen.* This world 's a city, full of straying streets;
And death 's the market-place, where each one meets.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Gaoler *and* Wooer.

Gaoler. I may depart with[6] little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I

[1] *Affections*—what she affected, liked.
Even—make even.

[3] This is Mr. Dyce's judicious reading.

[4] Since we printed this play entire in our first edition of the Pictorial Shakspere, Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, has brought a higher critical skill towards clearing up some difficulties of the text than was shown by the previous editors, Seward and Weber. In the eight lines beginning, "Since I have known," and ending at "tender," we have adopted Mr. Dyce's text.

[5] *Household's grave.* So the quarto. The ordinary reading is *household graves*. Each king had *one* grave.

[6] *Depart with*—part with.

keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be't what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day o' my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I'll estate your daughter, in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we'll talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Daughter.

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, on the old business: but no more o' that now. So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have an end of't; in the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they're princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. It is pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of them: and they have all the world in their chamber.

Gaoler. They're famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grice[1] above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they'd have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they've no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere in the deliverance, will break from one of them; when th' other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I ne'er saw them.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they. What the reason of it is, I know not.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE *above.*

Look, yonder they are! that is Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite's the lower of the twain: you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to, leave your pointing! They'd not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE, *in prison.*[2]

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?
Arc. How do you, sir?
Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners
I fear for ever, cousin.
Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-stripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning,
To blast whole armies more!
Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us,
And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us;
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead, cold winter must inhabit here still!
Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lastly
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere[3] blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

[1] The folio of 1679 has *grief;* the quarto has *greise. Grice* is a step.

[2] The position of Palamon and Arcite in the prison, with the power of observing what passes in the garden when Emilia enters, implies a double action which requires the employment of the secondary stage. (See Illustrations to Othello, Act V., p. 253.)

[3] *Mere*—absolute.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?
Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave[1] our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks. I find the court here,
I'm sure a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones! Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?
Arc. I would hear you still.
Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter EMILIA *and her* Servant.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!
Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
What flower is this?
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy, certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray, forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
Serv. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of them; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir? Why, Palamon!
Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heav'n, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence.
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.
Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then.
[*Exit with* Serv.
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is 't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?

[1] *Crave* is the word of the early copies. M. Mason proposes to read *cleave*—that is, separate—the *acquaintance* of two friends. Mr. Dyce's reading of *Grave*—the simple substitution of a *G* for a *C*—gives a clear and improved meaning, which we gladly adopt.

Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy, and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you; am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
Pal. You may be.
Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy: Arcite, it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. Oh, that now, that now,
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baser in it than a cutpurse.
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble.
Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Gaoler.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more; the keeper's coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do.
Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.
Pal. Now, honest keeper?
Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to the duke:
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I am ready, keeper.
Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
Of your fair cousin's company. [*Exit with* ARCITE.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life.—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her: he's goodly;
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heav'nly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I'm sure she'd love me.

Enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!
Where's Arcite?
Gaoler. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids them charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,[1]
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life?
Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove your lordship;
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take them,
That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!
Gaoler. And hang for 't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
Gaoler. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
Gaoler. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Gaoler. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Gaoler. I must
Constrain you then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper.
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris. Must I go?

[1] *Fortune*—a chance.

Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank them for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter Four Country People; *one with a Garland before them.*

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle 't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow.
1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
3 *Coun.* Do we all hold against the maying?[1]
4 *Coun.* Hold! what should ail us?
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches. Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' th' breech on us; and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town; and here again,
And there again. Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' th' woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to 's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let 's rehearse by any means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on 't!
4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray you, whither go you?
4 *Coun.* Whither! why, what a question 's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question to me that know not.
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running. 'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a vengeance trick o' th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for 't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though
If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
He wrestle? He roast eggs. Come, let 's be gone, lads!
[*Exeunt* Countrymen.
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn
(Curling the wealthy ears) e'er flew![2] I'll venture,
And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!

[1] When we open Beaumont and Fletcher's works we encounter grossnesses entirely of a different nature from those which occur in Shakspere. They are the result of impure thoughts, not the accidental reflection of loose manners. They are meant to be corrupting. We have four lines after *mumble* conceived in this spirit; and we omit them without hesitation. No one has thought that these comic scenes were written by Shakspere.

[2] The ordinary reading was—

"And run,
Swifter *the* wind upon a field of corn
(Curling the wealthy ears) *ne'er* flew."

The original has *than*, which has been altered to *the*. By changing *ne'er* to *e'er* we obtain a better construction.

And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman; when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
"Fair gentle maid, good morrow; may thy goodness
Get thee a happy husband!" Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery:
What should I do to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law or kindred! I will do it,
And this night, or to-morrow, he shall love me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Perithous, Emilia, *and* Arcite *with a Garland, &c.*

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I am proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life.
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What proves you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
Would say it was my best piece; last, and greatest,
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman:
His face, methinks, goes that way.
Hip. But his body
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks through his baser garments.
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-eyed Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor shall you lose your wish. Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus!—
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray observe her goodness.
You've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers: kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: when your servant
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you.
Per. I'll see you furnish'd: and because you say
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not then
Freeze in my saddle.
Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May, in Dian's wood. Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress. Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
While I have horses. Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows.
Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty. I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it;
I care not; I am desperate. If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes
I purpose, is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
If he do, maids will not so easily
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman.
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly,
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me, by him, like a shadow,

I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the hubbub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him!
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as of People a-maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
Of the wood, of the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless of 't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign,) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON, *as out of a bush, with his shackles; bends his fist at* ARCITE.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment,[1] that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon—
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question 's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.
Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.
Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you.
Pal. Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry 't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.
Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, "Arcite,
I am in plight!" there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Pal. Oh, you heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon—
Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do 't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on 't.
[*Wind horns of cornets.*
Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your musit,[2] lest this match between us
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong.
Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow; most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: by this air,

[1] Without preparation of armour or weapon.

[2] The original has, "Enter your *music*." Seward reads, *muse quick*, explaining *muse* to be "the muse of a hare." Weber adopts *muse*, but omits *quick*. We substitute *musit*, which has the same meaning. (See note on Venus and Adonis, p. 621.)

I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.
Arc. Plainly spoken.
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*
In me have but one face. Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.
Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between us,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.
Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arc. Nay, then—
Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake[1] I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's chared[2] when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days;
Sipp'd some water; I have not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So which way now?
The best way is the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, *with meat, wine, and files.*

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?
Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir, drink!
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parleys! Let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
Pal. Do.
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.
Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you after a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not; the duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I am glad you have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them that have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals? Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? Play o' the virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share, too, as I remember, cousin,
Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was a time

[1] The original has *beake*. M. Mason suggested *brake*.

[2] *All's chared*. Weber says that this means, "my task is done"—*chare* being used in the sense of a task. *Chare* is a turn, a job of work. Mr. Dyce (note in "Love's Cure," Act III. Sc. II.) shows that early writers used *chared* in the sense of *dispatched*.

When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By Heav'n and earth, there's nothing in thee honest!
Arc. Then I'll leave you: you are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful: files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want naught.
Pal. Sirrah—
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for 't! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in heav'n!—Where am I now?—
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship: how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
Spoom her before the wind,[1] you'll lose all else!
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you're gone!—I'm very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the king of pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I'll say never a word.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee:
And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter GERROLD, *Four* Countrymen (*and the* Bavian[2]), *Two or Three* Wenches, *with a* Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plum-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
And do ye still cry "where," and "how," and "wherefore?"
Ye most coarse frieze capacities, ye jape[3] judgments,
Have I said "thus let be," and "there let be,"
And "then let be," and no man understand me?
Pro Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why, here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries "rare!" and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently,
And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!
1 *Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.
Coun. Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?
3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy!
Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
Ger. But I say where's their women?
4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.
1 *Coun.* And little Luce with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.
1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour and a frisk.
Nell. Let us alone, sir.
Ger. Where's the rest o' th' music?
3 *Coun.* Dispers'd as you commanded.
Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity and manhood;
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, sir.
Ger. Quo usque tandem? Here's a woman wanting.
4 *Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' th' fire!
Ger. We have,
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,
That gave her promise faithfully she would be here,
Cicely, the sempster's daughter.
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's skin;
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She swore by wine and bread, she would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by the tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was false position.
1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her! does she flinch now?
3 *Coun.* What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity.
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity.
4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal!
Go thy ways: I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Gaoler's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

[1] *Spoom.* The original has *upon*. There have been several attempts to render this proper nautical language. Weber reads, "*spoom* her before the wind," which Mr. Dyce adopts.
[2] Fletcher uses this term for a character in the morris-dance.
[3] *Jape.* The original has *jave*. Seward reads *sleave*. As no one can explain *jave*,—and *sleave*, the sleave of silk, is almost meaningless,—we substitute *jape*—belonging to a buffoon, a *japer*. Mr. Dyce would read *jane*, the stuff called *jean*.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whither now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
Till I[1] come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools fell out about an howlet:
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, master,
Comes i' th' nick; as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we're made again:
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I've pos'd him. Buz!
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: sirrah tinker,
Stop no more holes, but what you should.
Ger. Dii boni! A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa o' th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace.
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in.
2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it.
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*
3 *Coun.* Do, do.
Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away, boys!
[*Exeunt all but* GERROLD.
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay, and edify!
Thes. What have we here?
Per. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward: we will edify.
Ladies, sit down; we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager:
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all,
By title, Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad: help me, thy poor well-willer,
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight:
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
The body of our sport of no small study.
I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.[2]
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman, by night
That seek out silent hanging: then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say "ay," and all shall presently advance.
Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine!
Per. Produce.
Ger. Intrate filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. *They dance.*

Ladies, if we have been merry,
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the schoolmaster's no clown
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too
And have done as good boys should do
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.
Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweetheart?
Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.
Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.
Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see them all rewarded!
Per. And here's something to paint your pole withal.
Thes. Now to our sports again!
Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!
Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wenches.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter PALAMON *from the bush.*

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords and two good armours; if he fail
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore this bless'd morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with: 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good morrow!

Enter ARCITE, *with armours and swords.*

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.

[1] *I* is omitted in the original. Weber reads *we.*

[2] *Penner*—case for holding pens.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love anything that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us;
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Will't please you arm, sir?
Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Though I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well and lusty; choose your arms!
Arc. Choose you, sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
To make me spare thee?
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I'll not spare you!
Pal. That's well said!
Arc. You will find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine, then;
I'll arm you first.
Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where gott'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is 't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle 't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?[1]
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
Through far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin.
Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has used you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

[1] *Grand-guard*—armour for equestrians.

Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too strait?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
Fight bravely, cousin; give me thy noble hand.
Arc. Here, Palamon. This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials.
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within; they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched; Oh, retire,
For honour's sake and safety, presently
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial.
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard—
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour

Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else.
Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die, as discourse, or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, *and Train.*

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus.
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her his.
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, "Fight again!" and thou shalt see me, Theseus,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life; I'll woo thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus. 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let 's die together at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for them!
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins.
Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to them, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills them:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emi. By your own spotless honour—
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me—
Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd you—
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady—
Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
A blushing maid—
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!
Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to them both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about them,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: be wise then,
And here forget them! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die.
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in 't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion;) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion![1]
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune

[1] We adopt a suggestion of M. Mason. The original has, "name, opinion." *Opinion* is used in the sense of *reputation.*

The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish them!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear them never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke. I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men!
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil.
Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
Per. Let it not fall again, sir.
Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon them,
And if you can love, end this difference:
I give consent; are you content, too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice then.
Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of them?
Thes. Thus I ordain it:
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country:
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends: nor shall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?
Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again till that hour.
Arc. I embrace you.
Thes. Are you content, sister?
Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.
Thes. Come, shake hands again then!
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Gaoler *and a* Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me
Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!
1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta,
And fair-eyed Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Gaoler. Pray Heav'n, it hold so!
2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.
Gaoler. They're welcome.
2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he 'scap'd, which was your daughter's,
Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.
Gaoler. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.
1 *Friend.* How was it ended?
2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.
1 *Friend.* I knew 'twould be so.
2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.
Gaoler. I hope they're good.
2 *Friend.* They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Friend.* 'Twill be known.
Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?
Gaoler. Why do you ask?
Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?

2 *Friend.* How he looks!
Gaoler. This morning.
Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir? When did she sleep?
1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.
Gaoler. I do not think she was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent! and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.
Gaoler. Well, sir?
1 *Friend.* Not right?
2 *Friend.* Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 *Friend.* It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Gaoler. I half suspected
What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.
Gaoler. Pray go on, sir!
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow."
1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!
Wooer. "His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we 'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon." Then she talk'd of you, sir;
That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: then she sung
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow;" and between
Ever was, "Palamon, fair Palamon!"
And "Palamon was a tall young man!" The place
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses,
A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropp'd down from heav'n! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; "Thus our true love's tied;"
"This you may loose, not me;" and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd her hand.
2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity 'tis!
Wooer. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipp'd away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of them
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her,

Enter Brother, Daughter, *and others.*

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!
Daugh. "May you never more enjoy the light," &c.

Is not this a fine song?
Broth. Oh, a very fine one.
Daugh. I can sing twenty more.
Broth. I think you can.
Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the Broom,
And Bonny Robin. Are not you a tailor?
Broth. Yes.
Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?
Broth. I'll bring it to-morrow.
Daugh. Do, very rearly;[1] I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else. [*Sings*

"Oh, fair, oh, sweet," &c.

Broth. You must e'en take it patiently.
Gaoler. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is 't not a fine young gentleman?
Gaoler. 'Tis love!
Broth. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shows.
1 *Friend.* Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?
1 *Friend.* Yes.
Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: you had best look to her,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is 't not a wise course?
1 *Friend.* Yes.[2]
Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him
I'll warrant you.
Gaoler. She's lost, past all cure!
Broth. Heav'n forbid, man!
Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.
1 *Friend.* Does she know him?
2 *Friend.* No; 'would she did!
Daugh. You're master of a ship?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Gaoler. Here.
Daugh. Set it to the north;
And now direct your course to the wood, where Palamon

[1] *Rearly*—early. Gay, in his "Shepherd's Week," uses *rear* as a provincial word in this sense. The original has *rarely*.
[2] We omit some lines here, for the same reason as we have previously stated.

The tendency of Fletcher is to destroy his own high merits by a wanton indulgence in pruriency. He loses nothing by occasional omissions; not, however, regulated by over-fastidiousness.

Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the mainsail!
Where is your whistle, master?
Broth. Let's get her in.
Gaoler. Up to the top, boy.
Broth. Where's the pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daugh. What kenn'st thou?
2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about! [*Sings.*

"When Cynthia with her borrow'd light," &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter EMILIA, *with two pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open,
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll choose,
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove afire, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and Honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd lost his mother: a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly,
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare cross 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me,
For if my brother but e'en now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother,—
Alas, I know not! ask me now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke, your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PERITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Bring them in
Quickly by any means. I long to see them.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw them?
Per. I awhile.
Gent. And I.
Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by the outside,)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes show fire[1] within him,
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
Arm'd long and round: and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Thes. Thou hast well describ'd him.
Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray speak him, friend.
Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in 't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in 's face appears

[1] *Fire.* *Fair* in the original. A modern reading is *far*, implying deep-seated eyes. *Fair* might be received in the sense of *clear;* but the expression "within him" implies something more. Mr. Dyce suggests the unexceptionable reading of *fire*.

All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs through his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has bless'd him;
And in his rolling eye sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
His nose stands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

Emi. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish them, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age, some five-and-twenty.

Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?

Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes, they're well.

Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they show
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Per. They're all the sons of honour.

Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see them!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would show
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty. Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it
Fitting the persons that must use it!

Per. Yes, sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit them: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear!
Good friend, be royal!

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins,
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Gaoler, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces every business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter Daughter.

Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was "down-a down-a;" and penned by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of; you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry; then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits (as there's a sight now), we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then!

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break, we of the blessed: alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' th' other place! If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us!

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport![1] [*Sings.*

"I will be true, my stars, my fate," &c.

[*Exit* Daughter.

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pennyworth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses; they may return, and settle again to execute their pre-ordained faculties; but they are

[1] We have again been compelled to employ the pruning-knife. Our edition is for general readers, as well as for critical students. The essential difference between Shakspere and Fletcher makes it necessary to adopt a different course with reference to the two writers. It is not a false reverence for Shakspere that calls upon an editor to leave his text unchanged; but a just discrimination between the quality of what is offensive in him and in other writers of his age. Coleridge has defined this difference with his usual philosophical judgment:—"Even Shakspeare's grossness—that which is really so, independently of the increase in modern times of vicious associations with things indifferent—(for there is a state of manners conceivable so pure, that the language of Hamlet at Ophelia's feet might be a harmless rallying, or playful teazing, of a shame that would exist in Paradise)—at the worst, how diverse in kind is it from Beaumont and Fletcher's! In Shakspeare it is the mere generalities of sex, mere words for the most part, seldom or never distinct images, all head-work, and fancy-drolleries; there is no sensation supposed in the speaker. I need not proceed to contrast this with Beaumont and Fletcher."

now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in, than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness; sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing; desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-pheers;[1] and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him: it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not; but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Now let them enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love them.

Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.
Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt* THES. *and Train.*
Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,

[1] *Play-pheers*—play-fellows.
[2] The words in brackets are not in the original copies, but were added by Seward. As something is evidently wanting, the addition is judicious.

Though parcel of myself; then from this gather
How I should tender you.
Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails that must these vessels port ev'n where
The heavenly Limiter pleases.
Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin.
This I shall never do again.
Arc. One farewell!
Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!
Arc. Farewell, sir!
[*Exeunt* PAL. *and his* Knights.
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him:— [*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach][2]
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,
Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!
[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the altar.*
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
Of the plurisy[3] of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights, *with the former observance.*

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,

[3] *Plurisy.* Used by the old poets for *fulness.*

And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subjects' vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor
(Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have skipp'd thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers?—I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters (this I told them), who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy, and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in
The boldest language: such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance [*They bow.*
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on. [*Exeunt.*

[*Still music of records.*

Enter Emilia *in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar, her* Maids *standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I am bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have appointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one (they are equal precious),
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
And has the truest title in 't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant,
The file and quality I hold, I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose?
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsy, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor, Gaoler, *and* Wooer (*in habit of* Palamon).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. Oh, very much: the maids that kept her company
Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me
She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so.

Wooer. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done, then:
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas!
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
Pray bring her in, and let 's see how she is.

Gaoler. I will, and tell her her Palamon stays for her. [*Exit.*

Doctor. How old is she?

Wooer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose.

Enter Gaoler, Daughter, *and* Maid.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to visit you.
Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. How do you like him?
Gaoler. He's a very fair one.
Daugh. You never saw him dance?
Gaoler. No.
Daugh. I have often:
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.
Gaoler. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish:
And gallops to the tune of "Light o' love
What think you of this horse?
Gaoler. Having these virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing!
Gaoler. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender: that ostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chestnut mare the duke has?
Gaoler. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
Gaoler. What dowry has she?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles
And twenty strike of oats: but he'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in 's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What stuff she utters!
Gaoler. Make curtsy; here your love comes!
Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curtsy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
How far is 't now to the end o' the world, my masters?
Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball.
What is there else to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you we shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' the business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do you not know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
Now he's at liberty; alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I'll away straight,
I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you:
I will not lose the fight.
Gaoler. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days
I'll make her right again. You must not from her,
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let 's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.[1] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen ('gainst the which there is
No deafing), but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime show well-pencill'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
By casting her black mantle over both,

[1] This scene, as it stands in the original, contains impurities of thought far more corrupting than any indelicacies of language alone. We have pursued the same course as in three previous instances.

That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt* Theseus, Hippolyta, Perithous, &c.
Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* "A Palamon!"
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the primest of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* "A Palamon."
Serv. Still Palamon.
Emi. Run and inquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in 't else; chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and cornets.*
On the sinister side the heart lies: Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o' the combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.
Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within,* "Arcite, Arcite!"
To any lady breathing.—More exulting!
Palamon still!
Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.
Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry,* "Arcite, victory!"
Set both thine ears to the business.
Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.
Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Perithous, Arcite *as* Victor, Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!
Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.
Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by 't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between them: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heav'ns did
Make hardly one the winner. Wear the garland
With joy that you have won! For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch them; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow. Arm your prize:[1]
I know you will not lose her. Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*
Emi. Is this winning?

[1] *Arm your prize*—offer your arm to the lady you have won.

Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort, thus unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for 't!
Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon *and his* Knights *pinioned*, Gaoler, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outliv'd
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same state
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwappen'd,[1] not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with them,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You've sold them too, too cheap.
1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'erweigh us.
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!
3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see 't done now for ever. Pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Gaoler. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on 't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so;
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.
1 *Knight.* Nay, let 's be offerers all!
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
That I can quite or speak of!
All Knights. Commend us to her. [*Give their purses.*
Gaoler. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!
2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* "Run, save, hold!"

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous *in haste.*

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be,
When Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins[2]
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleased his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to the music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin), what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When naught serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis, that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Emilia, Arcite *in a chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty! Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

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[1] *Unwappen'd.* The originals have *unwapper'd.* Without knowing exactly the meaning of the word *wappen'd*, we would receive the epithet here as the opposite to that in Timon—

"That makes the *wappen'd* widow wed again."

Mr. Dyce retains *unwapper'd*, in the sense of *unworn, not debilitated.*

[2] *Calkins*—the hinder parts of a horse's shoe, which are turned up.

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.
Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you;
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice. Bear this hence!
Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that naught could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice
Take from my hand, and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers[1] from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question! Let 's go off,
And bear us like the time! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

NOTICE ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

THE title-page of the original edition of The Two Noble Kinsmen sets forth, as we have seen, that it was "written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare." This was printed in 1634, nine years after the death of Fletcher, and eighteen years after the death of Shakspere. The play was not printed in the first collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works in 1647, for the reason assigned in the "Stationer's Address:"—"Some plays, you know, written by these authors were heretofore printed; I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new." The title-page of the quarto of 1634 is, therefore, the only direct external evidence we possess as to Shakspere's participation in this play; and that evidence in itself would certainly not warrant us in reprinting it, for the first time, in a collection of Shakspere's works. Nor have we to offer any contemporary notice of The Two Noble Kinsmen which refers to this question of the co-authorship. The very prologue and epilogue of the play itself are silent upon this point. We have not printed these, because they are, except in a passage or two, unimportant in themselves, have no poetical merit, and present some of those loose allusions which, as we approach those days when principles of morality came into violent conflict, rendered the stage so justly obnoxious to the Puritans. The epilogue, speaking of the play, says—

> "It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
> A learned, and a poet never went
> More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
> Chaucer (of all admired) the story gives;
> There constant to eternity it lives!"

And it then adds—

> "If we let fall the nobleness of this,
> And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
> How will it shake the bones of that good man,
> And make him cry from under-ground, 'Oh, fan
> From me the witless chaff of *such a writer*
> That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
> Than Robin Hood!'"

The expression "such a writer" is almost evidence against the double authorship. It implies, too, that if Fletcher were the author, the play was presented before his death; for if the players had produced the drama after his death, they would have probably spoken of him (he being its sole author) in the terms of eulogy with which they accompanied the performance of "The Loyal Subject:"—

> "We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
> Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
> This worthy story, being confident
> The mirth join'd with grave matter and intent
> To yield the hearers profit with delight,
> Will speak the maker: And to do him right
> Would ask a genius like to his; the age
> Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage
> In vain lamenting."

The inferences, therefore, to be deduced from the prologue to The Two Noble Kinsmen (supposing Fletcher to be concerned in this drama)—that it was acted during his lifetime, and that he either claimed the sole authorship, or suppressed all mention of the joint authorship—are to be weighed against the assertion of the title-page, that it was "written by the two memorable worthies of their time." We are thrown upon the examination of the internal evidence, then, without any material bias from the publication of the play or its stage representation. But if the evidence of the title-page is not valid for the assignment of any portion of the play to Shakspere, neither is it valid as a proof of the co-operation of Fletcher in the work. The first editors of the collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher do not print The Two Noble Kinsmen, as well as seventeen other plays, because it had been printed before in a separate shape. The publishers of the second edition, of 1679, do print it, that the collection may be "perfect and complete," and contain "all, both tragedies and comedies, that were ever writ by our authors;" and in this way they reprint "The Coronation," first published in 1640, with the name of Fletcher, although, in 1652, Shirley distinctly claimed it in a list of his works. If we reject, then, upon the external evidence, Shakspere's claim to a portion of the authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen, we must reject Fletcher's claim, as

[1] *Lovers*—companions, friends.

supported by the same evidence; and for a satisfactory solution of both questions we must rely upon the *internal* evidence.

Before the first builders-up of that wondrous edifice, the English drama, lay the whole world of classical and romantic fable, "where to choose." One of the earliest, and consequently least skilful, of those workmen, Richard Edwards, went to the ancient stores for his "Damon and Pythias," and to Chaucer for his "Palamon and Arcyte." We learn from Wood's MSS. that when Elizabeth visited Oxford, in 1566, "at night the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named 'Palæmon, or Palamon Arcyte,' made by Mr. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her chapel, acted with very great applause in Christ Church Hall." An accident happened at the beginning of the play by the falling of a stage, through which three persons were killed—a scholar of St. Mary's Hall, and two who were probably more missed—a college brewer and a cook. The mirth, however, went on, and "afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains." It is clear that the fable of Chaucer must have been treated in a different manner by Edwards than we find it treated in The Two Noble Kinsmen. We have another record of a play on a similar subject. In Henslowe's "Diary" we have an entry, under the date of September, 1594, of "Palamon and Arsett" being acted four times. It is impossible to imagine that The Two Noble Kinsmen is the same play. Here, then, was a subject adapted to a writer who worked in the spirit in which Shakspere almost uniformly worked. It was familiar to the people in their popular poetry; it was familiar to the stage. To arrive at a right judgment regarding the authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen, we must examine the play line by line in its relation to "The Knight's Tale" of Chaucer. The examination cannot be ill bestowed if it bring any of our readers into more direct acquaintance with the great master of English verse, whose poem of "Palamon and Arcite," although it was acknowledged by its author to be "knowen lite" in his own days, when abridged into his "Knight's Tale" furnished to Dryden in his translation (he himself calls his poem a translation) a subject for "the most animated and most harmonious piece of versification in the English language;"† and, in a revived taste for our old poetry, will itself always be admired for its force, its simplicity, its majesty, and its just proportion.

"The Knight's Tale" of Chaucer opens with the return to Athens of the "duke that highté Theseus," after he had

> "conquer'd all the regne of Feminie,
> That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
> And wedded the freshe queene Hypolita,
> And brought her home with him to his countrey
> With muchel glory and great solempnitie,
> And eke her youngé sister Emelie."

The Two Noble Kinsmen opens with Theseus at Athens, in the company of Hippolyta and her sister, proceeding to the celebration of his marriage with the "dreaded Amazonian." Their bridal procession is interrupted by the

> "three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
> The wrath of cruel Creon."

In Chaucer the suppliants are a more numerous company. As Theseus was approaching Athens—

> "He was 'ware, as he cast his eye aside,
> Where that there kneeled in the highé way
> A company of ladies tway and tway,
> Each after other, clad in clothés black;
> But such a cry and such a woe they make,
> That in this world n'is creature living
> That ever heard such another waimenting."

Briefly they tell their tale of woe, and as rapidly does the chivalrous duke resolve to avenge their wrongs:—

> "And right anon, withouten more abode,
> His banner he display'd, and forth he rode
> To Thebes ward, and all his host beside."

The queen and her sister remained at Athens. Out of this rapid narration, which occupies little more than a hundred lines in Chaucer, has the first scene of The Two Noble Kinsmen been constructed. Assuredly the reader who opens that scene for the first time will feel that he has lighted upon a work of no ordinary power. The mere interruption of the bridal procession by the widowed queens—the contrast of their black garments and their stained veils with the white robes and wheaten chaplets and hymeneal songs with which the play opens—is a noble dramatic conception; but the poet, whoever he be, possesses that command of appropriate language which realises all that the imagination can paint of a dramatic situation and movement; there is nothing shadowy or indistinct, no vague explanations, no trivial epithets. When the First Queen says—

> "Oh, pity, duke!
> *Thou purger of the earth*, draw thy fear'd sword,
> That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
> Of our dead kings, that we may *chapel* them"—

we know that the thoughts which belong to her condition are embodied in words of no common significancy. When the Second Queen, addressing Hippolyta, "the soldieress," says—

> "*Speak 't in a woman's key*, like such a woman
> As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
> Lend us a knee;
> But touch the ground for us no longer time
> *Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off*"—

we feel that the poet not only wields his harmonious language with the decision of a practised artist, but exhibits the nicer touches which attest his knowledge of natural feelings, and employs images which, however strange and unfamiliar, are so true that we wonder they never occurred to us before, but, at the same time, so original that they appear to defy copying or imitation. The whole scene is full of the same remarkable word-painting. There is another quality which it exhibits, which is also peculiar to the highest order of minds—the ability to set us thinking—to excite that just and appropriate reflection which might arise of itself out of the exhibition of deep passions and painful struggles and resolute self-denials, but which the true poet breathes into us without an effort, so as to give the key to our thoughts, but utterly avoiding those sententious moralisings which are sometimes deemed to be the province of tragedy. When the Queens commend the surrender which Theseus makes of his affections to a sense of duty, the poet gives us the philosophy of such heroism in a dozen words spoken by Theseus:—

> "*As we are men*,
> Thus should we do; *being sensually subdued*,
> *We lose our human title.*"

The first appearance, in Chaucer, of Palamon and Arcite is when they lie wounded on the battle-field of Thebes. In The Two Noble Kinsmen the necessary conduct of the story, as a drama, requires that the principal personages should be exhibited to us before they become absorbed in the main action. It is on such occasions as these that a dramatist of the highest order makes his characters reveal themselves naturally and without an effort, and yet so distinctly that their individual identity is impressed upon the mind, so as to combine with the subsequent movement of the plot. The second scene of The Two Noble Kinsmen appears to us somewhat deficient in this power. It is written with great energy; but the two friends are energetic alike; we do not precisely see which is the more excitable, the more daring, the more resolved, the more generous. We could change the names of the speakers without any material injury to the propriety of what they speak. Take, as an opposite example, Hermia and Helena, in A Midsummer Night's Dream, where the differences of character scarcely required to be so nicely defined. And yet in *description* the author of The Two Noble Kinsmen makes Palamon and Arcite essentially different:—

> "Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
> Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon

* Nichols's Progresses of Queen Elizabeth, vol. i. pp. 210, 211.

† Warton.

In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling."

This is noble writing; and it is quite sufficient to enable the stage representation of the two characters to be well defined. Omit it, and omit the recollections of it in the reading, and we doubt greatly whether the characters themselves realise this description: they are not self-evolved and manifested. The third scene, also, is a dramatic addition to the tale of Chaucer. It keeps the interest concentrated upon Hippolyta, and especially Emilia; it is not essential to the action, but it is a graceful addition to it. It has the merit, too, of developing the character of Emilia, and so to reconcile us to the apparent coldness with which she is subsequently content to receive the triumphant rival, whichever he be, as her husband. The queen and her sister talk of the friendship of Theseus and Perithous. Emilia tells the story of her own friendship, to prove

"That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual."

This, in some sort, modifies the subsequent position of Emilia, "bride-habited, but maiden-hearted." Her description of her early friendship has been compared to the celebrated passage in A Midsummer Night's Dream—

"Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd," &c.

Seward, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, makes this comparison, and prefers the description in The Two Noble Kinsmen. Weber assents to this preference. We have no hesitation in believing the passage in the play before us to be an imitation of the passage in A Midsummer Night's Dream, and therefore inferior in quality; we do not think that Shakspere would thus have repeated himself.

In Chaucer, Theseus makes swift work with Creon and with Thebes:—

"With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
He fought, and slew him manly as a knight
In plain batáille, and put his folk to flight;
And by assault he won the city after,
And rent adown both wall, and spar, and rafter;
And to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their husbands that were slain,
To do th' obsequies, as was then the guise."

It is in the battle-field that Palamon and Arcite are discovered wounded:—

"Not fully quick ne fully dead they were,
But by their cote-armure and by their gear
The heralds knew them well in special."

The incident is literally followed in the play, where the herald says, in answer to the question of Theseus, "'They are not dead?"—

"Nor in a state of life: Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men."

In Chaucer, Theseus is to the heroic friends a merciless conqueror:—

"He full soon them sent
To Athenes, for to dwellen in prison
Perpetual, he n'oldé no ransom."

But in The Two Noble Kinsmen he would appear to exhibit himself as a generous foe, who, having accomplished the purposes of his expedition, has no enmity with the honest defenders of their country:—

"The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth."

The fifth scene of The Two Noble Kinsmen is a scenic expansion of a short passage in Chaucer:—

"But it were all too long for to devise
The greaté clamour and the waimenting
Which that the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies."

The epigrammatic ending of the scene is perhaps familiar to many:—

"This world's a city, full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets."

Pursuing the plan with which we set out, of following the course of Chaucer's story—and our reasons for adopting this plan we shall hereafter have to explain—we pass over all those scenes and parts of scenes which may be called the underplot. Such in the second act is the beginning of Scene I. In Chaucer we learn that—

"In a tow'r, in anguish and in woe,
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
For evermore, there may no gold them quite."

The old romantic poet reserves his dialogue for the real business of the story, when the two friends, each seeing Emilia from the prison window, become upon the instant defying rivals for her love. This incident is not managed with more preparation by the dramatist; but the prelude to it exhibits the two young men consoling each other under their adverse fortune, and making resolutions of eternal friendship. It is in an attentive perusal of this dialogue that we begin to discover that portions even of the great incidents of the drama have been written by different persons; or that, if written by one and the same person, they have been composed upon different principles of art. We have had occasion previously to mention Mr. Spalding's little work entitled, A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen," which was printed in 1833. Although, at the time when our "Pictorial Shakspere" was published, we had reason to believe that his opinions on this particular question had undergone some change or modification, we considered that it would be unjust, not only to the author, but to our readers, not to notice with more than common respect the opinions of a writer who, although then a very young man, displayed a power of analysis and discrimination which marked him as belonging to a high school of criticism. Mr. Spalding assumes that a considerable portion of this drama was unquestionably the production of Shakspere; that the underplot was entirely by a different hand; but that the same hand, which was that of Fletcher, was also engaged in producing some of the higher scenes of the main action. The whole of the first act, according to the traditional opinion, he holds to have been written by Shakspere. The dialogue before us, in the first scene of the second act, and the subsequent contest for the love of Emilia, he assigns to Fletcher. We quote his words with reference to the first part of this scene:—

"The dialogue is in many respects admirable. It possesses much eloquence of description, and the character of the language is smooth and flowing; the versification is good and accurate, frequent in double endings, and usually finishing the sense with the line; and one or two allusions occur, which, being favourites of Fletcher's, may be in themselves a strong presumption of his authorship: the images too have in some instances a want of distinctness in application, or a vagueness of outline, which could be easily paralleled from Fletcher's acknowledged writings. The style is fuller of allusions than his usually is, but the images are more correct and better kept from confusion than Shakspeare's; some of them indeed are exquisite, but rather in the romantic and exclusively poetical tone of Fletcher than in the natural and universal mode of feeling which animates Shakspeare. The dialogue too proceeds less energetically than Shakspeare's, falling occasionally into a style of long-drawn disquisition which Fletcher often substitutes for the quick and dramatic conversations of the great poet. On the whole, however, this scene, if it be Fletcher's (of which I have no doubt), is among the very finest he ever wrote; and there are many passages in which, while he preserves his own distinctive marks, he has gathered no small portion of the flame and inspiration of his immortal friend and assistant."

He adds:—

"In this scene there is one train of metaphors which is perhaps as characteristic of Fletcher as anything that could be produced. It is marked by a slowness of association which he often shows. Several allusions are successively introduced; but by each, as it appears, we are prepared for, and can anticipate, the next: we see the connection of ideas in the poet's mind through which the one has sprung out of the other, and that all are but branches, of which one original thought is the root. All this is the work of a less fertile fancy and a more tardy understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have leaped over many of the intervening steps, and, reaching at once the most remote particular of the series, would have immediately turned away to weave some new chain of thought."

We shall presently advert to the differences of style thus clearly pointed out.

We are now arrived at a part of the tale where the poetry of Chaucer assumes the dramatic form. The description of Emilia walking in the garden, the first sight of her by Palamon, and his imaginative love, the subsequent prostration of his heart before the same vision by Arcite, are all told with wonderful spirit by the old poet. The entire passage is too long for extract, but we give some lines which will show that the energy of Chaucer imposed no common task of rivalry upon him who undertook to dramatize this scene of passion:—

"This Palamon 'gan knit his browés tway.
'It were,' quod he, 'to thee no great honour
For to be false, ne for to be traytour
To me, that am thy cousin and thy brother
Ysworn full deep, and each of us to other,
That never for to dien in the pain,
Till that the death departen shall us twain,
Neither of us in love to hinder other,
Ne in none other case, my levé brother;
But that thou shouldest truly further me
In every case as I should further thee.
This was thine oath, and mine also, certain;
I wot it well, thou dar'st it not withsain:
Thus art thou of my counsel out of doubt,
And now thou wouldest falsely been about
To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
And ever shall till that mine hearté sterve.
'Now certés, false Arcite, thou shalt not so:
I lov'd her first, and toldé thee my woe
As to my counsel, and my brother sworn
To further me as I have told beforn,
For which thou art ybounden as a knight
To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
Or ellés art thou false I dare well say'n.'
This Arcita full proudly spake again.
'Thou shalt,' quod he, 'be rather false than I,
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly;
For *par amour* I lov'd her first ere thou.'"

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the conditions of the friendship of the young men—the chivalric bond,—

"Neither of us in love to hinder other,"—

so capable of dramatic expansion, has been passed over by the writer of this scene in The Two Noble Kinsmen. The story is followed in Arcite being freed; but in Chaucer he returns to Thebes, and after a long absence comes to the court of Theseus in disguise. The unity of time is preserved in the drama by making him a victor in athletic sports, and thus introduced to the favour of Theseus and the service of Emilia. In Chaucer, Palamon, after seven years' durance,

"By helping of a friend brake his prison."

The gaoler's daughter is a parasitical growth around the old vigorous tree.

Palamon is fled to the woods. Arcite has ridden to the fields to make his May garland; and his unhappy friend, fearful of pursuit, hears him, unknown, sing—

"Mayé, with all thy flowrés and thy green,
Right welcome be thou fairé freshé May,
I hope that I some green here getten may."

The old poet continues, with his inimitable humour:—

"When that Arcite had roamed all his fill,
And sungen all the roundel lustily,
Into a study he fell suddenly,
As do these lovers in their quaintè gears,
Now in the crop, and now down in the breres,
Now up, now down, as bucket in a well."

The lover gives utterance to his lamentations; his rival hears him, and starts out of the bushes with, "False Arcite, false traitor!" Arcite proposes that they should determine their contention by mortal combat on the following day:—

"Here I will be founden as a knight,
And bringen harness right enough for thee,
And choose the best, and leave the worst for me:
And meat and drinké this night will I bring."

The corresponding scene in The Two Noble Kinsmen is finely written. There is a quiet strength about it which exhibits very high art. The structure of the verse, too, is somewhat different from that of the prison scene between the friends. But still we have no difficulty in believing that it might be written by the author of that previous scene. The third scene, where Arcite comes to Palamon "with meat, wine, and files," is merely the carrying out of the action promised in the previous interview. It is unnecessary for the dramatic movement. We quite agree with Mr. Spalding in his estimate of this scene—that it is not very characteristic of either Shakspere or Fletcher, but that it "leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the kinsmen, in which they retort on each other former amorous adventures such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher's men of gaiety." The combat itself takes place in the sixth scene. The passage in Chaucer upon which this scene is founded possesses all his characteristic energy. The hard outline which it presents is in some degree a natural consequence of its force and clearness:—

"And in the grove, at time and place yset,
This Arcite and this Palamon been met,
Tho changen 'gan the colour in their face;
Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace
That standeth at a gappé with a spear,
When hunted is the lion or the bear,
And heareth him come rushing in the greves,
And breaking both the boughés and the leaves,
And think'th, 'Here com'th my mortal enemy,
Withouten fail he must be dead or I;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me, if that me mishap.'
So fareden they in changing of their hue,
As far as either of them other knew.
There n'as no good day, ne no saluing,
But straight withouten wordés rehearsing,
Everich of them help to armen other
As friendly as he were his owen brother;
And after that with sharpé spearés strong
They foinden each at other wonder long."

It is upon the "everich of them help to armen other" that the dramatist has founded the interchange of courtesies between the two kinsmen. The conception and execution of this scene are certainly very graceful; but the grace is carried somewhat too far to be natural. The dramatic situation is finely imagined; but in the hands of a writer of the highest power it might, we think, have been carried beyond the point of elegance, or even of beauty; it might have been rendered deeply pathetic, upon the principle that, at the moment of mortal conflict, the deep-seated affection of the two young men would have grappled with the chimerical passion which each had taken to his heart, and would have displayed itself in something more eminently tragic than the constrained courtesy of the scene before us. It is this power of dealing with high passions which appears to us to be most wanting in the scenes where passion is required. It is answered, that those scenes are written by Fletcher, and not by Shakspere. Of this presently. The interruption to the combat by Theseus and his train; the condemnation of the rivals by the duke; the intercession of Hippolyta and Emilia; and the final determination that the knights should depart, and within a month return accompanied by other knights to contend in bodily strength for the fair prize—these incidents are founded pretty closely upon Chaucer, with the exception that the elder poet does not make Theseus decree that the vanquished shall die upon the block. The scene has no marked deviation in style from that which precedes it.

The supposed interval of time during the absence of the knights

is filled up by Chaucer with some of the finest descriptions which can be found amongst the numberless vivid pictures which his writings exhibit. In The Two Noble Kinsmen the whole of the fourth act is occupied with the progress of the underplot, with the exception of the second scene, which commences with the long and not very dramatic soliloquy of Emilia upon the pictures of her two lovers, and is followed by an equally undramatic description by a messenger of the arrival of the princes and of the qualities of their companions. This description is founded upon Chaucer. We pass on to the fifth act.

Chaucer has wonderfully described the temples of Venus, of Mars, and of Diana. The dramatist has followed him in making Arcite address himself to Mars, Palamon to Venus, and Emilia to Diana. Parts of these scenes are without all doubt the finest passages of the play, surpassed by very few things indeed within their own poetical range. The addresses of Arcite to Mars, and of Emilia to Diana, possess a condensation of thought, a strength of imagery, and a majesty of language almost unequalled by the very highest masters of the art; but they as properly belong to the epic as to the dramatic division of poetry. The invocation of Palamon to Venus, although less sustained and less pleasing, is to our minds more dramatic; it belongs more to romantic poetry. The nobler invocations are cast in a classical mould. The combat scene is not presented on the stage. The absence of it is certainly managed with very great skill. Emilia refuses to be present; she is alone; the tumult is around her; rumour upon rumour is brought to her; she attempts to analyze her own feelings; and we must say that she appears to be thinking more of herself than is consistent with a very high conception of female excellence. Arcite is eventually the victor. Palamon and his friends appear on the scaffold, prepared for death. Then comes the catastrophe of Arcite's sudden calamity in the hour of triumph; and this again is description. The death of Arcite is told by Chaucer with great pathos; and the address of the dying man to Emilia is marked by truth and simplicity infinitely touching:—

> "What is this world? what asken men to have?
> Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—
> Alone—withouten any company.
> Farewell, my sweet,—Farewell, mine Emily!
> And softé take me in your armés tway
> For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
> I have here with my cousin Palamon
> Had strife and rancour many a day agone
> For love of you, and for my jealousy;
> And Jupiter to wis my soulé gie,
> To speaken of a servant properly,
> With allé circumstances truély,
> That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
> Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
> Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
> So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
> As in this world right now ne know I none
> So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
> That serveth you, and will do all his life;
> *And if that ever ye shall be a wife,*
> *Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.*"

The dramatic poet falls short of this:—

> "Take Emilia,
> And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
> Farewell! I have told my last hour. I was false,
> Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, cousin!
> One kiss from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
> Take her. I die!"

In this imperfect analysis of The Two Noble Kinsmen, as compared with the "Palamon and Arcite" of Chaucer, we have necessarily laid aside those scenes which belong to the underplot, namely, the love of the gaoler's daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances. The question which we have here to examine is, whether Shakspere had any concern with the authorship of this play; and it is perfectly evident that this underplot was of a nature not to be conceived by him, and further, not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned. Had he made "the friend" who delivered Chaucer's Palamon from prison to appear on the stage as a woman, she would have been a timid, confiding, self-denying, spirit-bound woman, which character he of all men could represent best; and not a creature of mere sexual affection. Assuming that he wrote any part of the play, we may safely lay aside this part as having his participation or concurrence. Our inquiry is then reduced to narrower limits. We have to ask what portion of the original poem of Chaucer Shakspere is supposed to have dramatized, and what portion was the work of a coadjutor. The stage tradition was, that he wrote the first act. The searching analysis of Mr. Spalding leads to the conclusion that he wrote all that relates to the main story in the first and fifth acts, and a scene of the third act, amounting to little short of half the play. To Fletcher is assigned the remainder. Mr. Spalding says that an attentive study of this drama from beginning to end "would convince the most sceptical mind that two authors were concerned in the work; it would be perceived that certain scenes are distinguished by certain prominent characters, while others present different and dissimilar features." These differences, Mr. Spalding has justly shown in the case of Fletcher as compared with Shakspere, are so striking, that "we are not compelled to reason from difference in *degree*, because we are sensible of a striking dissimilarity in *kind*. We observe ease and elegance of expression opposed to energy and quaintness; brevity is met by dilation; and the obscurity which results from hurry of conception has to be compared with the vagueness proceeding from indistinctness of ideas; lowness, narrowness, and poverty of thought are contrasted with elevation, richness, and comprehension on the one hand is an intellect barely active enough to seek the true elements of the poetical, and on the other a mind which, seeing those finer relations at a glance, darts off in the wantonness of its luxuriant strength to discover qualities with which poetry is but ill fitted to deal." This is strikingly and truly put. Yet, be it observed, it has reference only to the drapery of the dramatic action and characterization—the condensation or expansion of the thought—the tameness or luxuriance of the imagery—the equable flow or the involved harmony of the versification. The real body of a drama is its action and characterization. It is the constant subordination of all the ordinary poetical excellences to the main design, to be carried on through the agency of different passions, temperaments, and humours, that constitutes the dramatic art. To judge of a question of authorship, and especially of such a question with reference to Shakspere, we must not only take into consideration the resemblances in what we call style (we use this for the want of a more comprehensive word), but in the management of the action and the development of the characters. Such inquiries as these are not without their instruction, if they lead us by analysis and comparison to a better appreciation of what constitutes the highest qualities of art. The best copy of a picture is necessarily inferior to the original; but we may better learn the value of the original by a close examination of the copy; and this is the position which we are about to take up in the question of the authorship of The Two Noble Kinsmen. We hold that in parts it bears a most remarkable resemblance to Shakspere in the qualities of detached thought, of expression, of versification; and not so with reference to Shakspere's early and unformed style, but to the peculiarities of his later period. But we hold, at the same time, that the management of the subject is equally *unlike* Shakspere; that the poetical form of what is attributed to him is for the most part epic, and not dramatic; that the action does not disclose itself, nor the characters exhibit their own qualities.

The fact that amongst the extraordinary multitude of plays produced in the palmy half-century of the stage, a very great many were composed upon the principle of a division of labour between two, and sometimes three and even four writers, is too satisfactorily established for us to consider that the difficulties attending upon such a partnership would produce imperfect and fragmentary performances where there was not the closest friendship. It is probable,

however, that the intimate social life of the poets of that day, many of whom were also actors, led to such a joint invention of plot and character as would enable two or more readily to work upon a defined plan, each bringing to the whole a contribution from his own peculiar stores. The ordinary mixture, too, of the serious and comic portions of a drama facilitated such an arrangement; and the general introduction of an underplot, sometimes very slightly hung upon the main action, would still further render the union even of more than two writers not a very difficult thing to manage. It must be considered, too, that the dramatists of that age were all, or very nearly all, thoroughly familiar with stage business. As we have said, many of them were actors; and the literary employment of those who were not so was, if we may use the term, so professional, that it was as necessary for them to be as familiar with the practice of the theatre as for a lawyer to know by daily habit the rules of court. All these circumstances made such dramatic partnerships comparatively easy to manage. But we must not cease to bear in mind that these arrangements must always have had especial reference to the particular capacities and excellences of the persons so united, as known by experience, or suggested by their own promptings of what they were most fitted to accomplish. Let us apply these considerations to the case before us.

Shakspere and Fletcher, we will assume, agree to write a play on the subject of Chaucer's tale of "Palamon and Arcite." It is a subject which Shakspere in some respects would have rejoiced in. It was familiar to many of his audience in the writings of England's finest old poet. It was known to the early stage. It was surrounded with those romantic attributes of the old legendary tale which appear to have seized upon his imagination at a particular period of his life, and that not an early one. But, above all, it was a subject full of deep feeling, where overwhelming passions were to be brought into contact with habitual affections; a subject, too, not the less interesting because it required to be treated with great nicety of handling. It may be presumed that if such a partnership had been proposed by Fletcher to Shakspere (the belief that Shakspere would have solicited Fletcher's assistance is not very probable), the younger poet would have offered to the great master of dramatic action, to the profound anatomist of character, to him who knew best how to give to the deepest and most complicated emotions their full and appropriate language, his own proper task of exhibiting the deep friendship, the impassioned rivalry, the terrible hatred, and the final reconciliation of the two heroes of the tale. The less practised poet might have contented himself with the accessory scenes, those of the introduction and of the underplot. Now, according to the just belief which has been raised upon the dissimilarities of style, Fletcher has not only taken the underplot, but all, or nearly all, the scenes that demanded the greatest amount of dramatic power, the exhibition of profound emotion in connection with nice distinction of character. It was not the poetical faculty alone that was here wanting—that power which Fletcher possessed of expressing somewhat ordinary thoughts in equable and well-rounded verse, producing agreeable sensations, but rarely rising into the sublime or the pathetic, and never laying bare those hidden things in the nature of man which lie too deep for every-day philosophy, but when revealed become truths that require no demonstration. Shakspere, on the contrary, according to the same just belief as to the internal evidence of style, takes those parts which require the least dramatic power—the descriptive and didactic parts; those which, to a great extent, are of an epic character, containing, like a poem properly epic, set and solemn speeches, elaborate narration, majestic invocations to the presiding deities. There can be no doubt as to the high excellence of these portions of the work. But is such a division of labour the natural one between Shakspere and Fletcher? If it be said that Shakspere left portions of a posthumous play which Fletcher finished, we have the same objection differently applied. The internal evidence of style would lead us to assign the first and last acts to Shakspere. The course of the action would of necessity adhere pretty closely to the tale of Chaucer; and thus the beginning and the end might have been written without any very strict reference to what was to come between, provided the subject were in the hands of an author who would look at the completeness of the narrative as the main thing to be worked out. Shakspere might have made the preliminary scenes as full as we find them in The Two Noble Kinsmen; but when we look at the conciseness with which Chaucer gives the same scenes, and hurries on to the more dramatic parts of the subject, we do not very readily believe that Shakspere would have taken the opposite course. Skilful as he is in the introduction of his subjects, in the preparation with which he brings the mind into the proper state for comprehending and feeling the higher interests which are to be developed, he comes in almost every case, with that decision which is a quality of the highest genius, to grapple with the passions and characters of the agents who are to work out the events; and when he has done this, and has our imaginations completely subdued to his power, he delays or precipitates the catastrophe—sometimes lingering in some scene of gentleness or repose to restore the balance of feeling, and to keep the tragic within the limits of pleasurable emotion—and sometimes clearing away by a sudden movement all the involutions of the plot, shedding his sunlight on all the darkness of character, and yet making this unexpected *dénouement* the only one compatible with truth and nature. It was out of Shakspere's own power, we believe, because incompatible with those principles of art which were to him as an unerring instinct, to produce the last scenes of a play before he had worked out the characterization which would essentially determine the details of the event. The theory that Shakspere left a portion of The Two Noble Kinsmen, which, after his death, was completed by Fletcher, is one which, upon a mature consideration of the subject, we are constrained to reject, although it has often presented itself to us as the most plausible of the theories which would necessarily associate themselves with the belief that Shakspere had written a considerable portion of this play.

In his specimens of "English Dramatic Poets," Charles Lamb selects from The Two Noble Kinsmen nearly all the first scene of the first act, part of the scene between Emilia and Hippolyta in the same act, and the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite, before Emilia comes into the garden, in Act II. The latter scene, he says, "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher: the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspere had a hand in this play." These and other passages, he adds, "have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakspere's manner *in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description.*" Upon a principle, then, of arranged co-operation with Fletcher, Shakspere had produced only those parts of The Two Noble Kinsmen in which the interest is subordinate, and which should resemble his manner when he was at leisure for description. This is the main point which, with every deference for the opinion, founded upon a comparison of style, that Shakspere was associated in this play with Fletcher, we venture to urge as evidence that ought to be impartially taken in support of the opinion that Shakspere was not concerned in it at all. Our own judgment, as far as the question of style is concerned, very nearly coincides with that of the author of the ingenious "Letter" to which we have several times referred; but, on a careful examination of the whole question, we are inclined to a belief that Shakspere did not participate in the authorship. We do not, on the other hand, go along with Tieck, who, with somewhat of an excess of that boldness with which his countrymen pronounce opinions upon the niceties of style in a foreign language, says of this play, "I have never been able to convince myself that a single verse has been written by Shakspere. The manner, the language, the versification is as thoroughly Fletcher as any other of his pieces. If Shakspere had the capability of altering his language so variously as we here see, yet he nowhere presents exaggerations of thought and feeling in soft and flowing speeches, which is the characteristic of Fletcher." This is to mistake the

* Alt-Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspere.

question at issue. Nobody has ever supposed that Shakspere wrote the parts that are commonly assigned to Fletcher; and therefore nobody accused him of putting exaggerated thoughts in soft and flowing speeches. If Tieck, however, considers the scenes of the first act, to which he distinctly alludes, to be in Fletcher's natural and habitual manner, he maintains a theory which in our opinion is more untenable than any which has been proposed upon this question. Steevens holds that the play is for the most part a studied imitation of Shakspere by Fletcher. But if he has imitated style, he has also imitated character, and that most weakly. The gaoler's daughter is a most diluted copy of Ophelia; the schoolmaster, of Holofernes; the clowns, with their mummery, of the "rude mechanicals" of A Midsummer Night's Dream. This very circumstance, by the way, is evidence that there was no distinct concert between Shakspere and Fletcher as to the mode in which the subject should be treated. We agree with Lamb, that Fletcher, with all his facility, could not have so readily gone out of his habitual manner to produce an imitation of Shakspere's condensed and involved style. He frequently copies Shakspere in slight resemblances of thought; but the manner is always essentially different. These scenes in The Two Noble Kinsmen are not in Fletcher's manner; it was not very probable, even if he had the power, that he would write them in imitation of Shakspere. We believe that Shakspere did not write them himself. We are bound, therefore, to produce a theory which may attempt, however imperfectly, to reconcile these difficulties; and we do so with a due sense of the doubts which must always surround such questions, and which in this case are not likely to be obviated by any suggestion of our own, which can pretend to little beyond the character of a mere conjecture, not hurriedly adopted, but certainly propounded without any great confidence in its validity.

We hold, then, that Fletcher, for the most part, wrote the scenes which the best critical opinions concur in attributing to him: we hold, also, that he had a coadjutor who produced for the most part the scenes attributed by the same authorities to Shakspere but we hold, further, that this coadjutor was *not* Shakspere himself.

Coleridge has thrown out a suggestion that parts of The Two Noble Kinsmen might have been written by Jonson. He was probably led into this opinion by the classical tone which occasionally prevails, especially in the first scene, and in the invocations of the fifth act. The address to Diana—

> "Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
> Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
> Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
> As wind-fann'd snow"—

at once reminds us of

> "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair;"

more, perhaps, from the associations of the subject than from Jonson's manner of treating it. But Coleridge goes on to state that the main presumption for Shakspere's share in this play rests upon the construction of the blank verse. He holds that construction to be evidence either of an intentional imitation of Shakspere, or of his own proper hand. He then argues, from the assumption that Fletcher was the imitator, that there was an improbability that *he* would have been conscious of the inferiority of his own versification, which Coleridge calls "too poematic minus-dramatic." The improbability, then, that Fletcher imitated Shakspere in portions of the play, writing other portions in his own proper language and versification, throws the critic back upon the other conjecture, that Shakspere's own hand is to be found in it. But then again he says, "The harshness of many of these very passages, a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical inter-breathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts, keep me from an absolute decision." We state these opinions of Coleridge with reference to what we must briefly call the style of the different parts, to show that any decision of the question founded mainly upon style is not to be considered certain even within its own proper limits. We have rested our doubts principally upon another foundation; but, taken together, the two modes of viewing the question, whether as to style or dramatic structure, require that we should look out for another partner than Shakspere in producing this work in alliance with Fletcher. Coleridge appears to have thought the same when he threw out the name of Jonson; but we cannot conceive that, if he had pursued this inquiry analytically, he would have abided by this conjecture. Jonson's proper versification is more different from Shakspere's than perhaps that of any other of his contemporaries; and we doubt if his mind was plastic enough, or his temper humble enough, to allow him to become the imitator of any man. We request our readers to compare the following invocation by Jonson, from Cynthia's Revels," with the invocation to Mars in the fifth act of The Two Noble Kinsmen; and we think they will agree that the versification of Jonson, in a form in which both the specimens are undramatic, is essentially different:—

> "Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
> And due devotions, I have ever hung
> Elaborate pæans on thy golden shrine,
> Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
> Fit for a theatre of gods to hear;
> And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,
> Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,
> If in the busy tumults of the mind
> My path thou ever hast illumined,
> For which thine altars I have oft perfum'd,
> And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd flowers:
> Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
> That not of bounty only, but of right,
> Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight."

Here is no variety of pause; the couplet with which the speech concludes is not different from the pairs of blank verse which have gone before, except in the rhyming of the tenth syllables. But there is another writer of that period who might have been associated with Fletcher in the production of a drama, and did participate in such stage partnerships; who, from some limited resemblances to Shakspere that we shall presently notice, might without any improbability be supposed to have written those portions of The Two Noble Kinsmen which are *decidedly* and *essentially* different from the style of Fletcher. We select, though probably not the best selection we could make, a passage of the same general character as the invocations so often mentioned, and which may be compared also with Jonson's address to Apollo. It is an invocation to Behemoth:—

> "Terror of darkness! oh thou king of flames!
> That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
> The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
> And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
> Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night,
> That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle
> Oh, thou great prince of shades, where never sun
> Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
> To shine in darkness, and see ever best
> Where men are blindest! open now the heart
> Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
> Of some ill it includes would fain lie hid,
> And rise thou with it in thy greater light."

The writer of this invocation, which we select from the tragedy of Bussy D'Ambois," is George Chapman.

Webster, in his dedication to "Vittoria Corombona," speaks of "that full and heightened style of Master Chapman," in the same sentence with "the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson." It is in the "full and heightened style" that we shall seek resemblances to parts of The Two Noble Kinsmen, rather than in the "laboured and understanding works." We are supported in this inquiry by the opinion of one of the most subtle and yet most sensible of modern critics, Charles Lamb:—

> "Of all the English play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspere in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspere could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one; for his 'Homer' is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written."

Our theory is, that the passages which have been ascribed to Shakspere as a partner in the work of The Two Noble Kinsmen are essentially "descriptive and didactic;" that to write these passages it was not necessary that the poet should be able to "go out of himself;" that they, for the most part, might enter into the composition of a great epic poem; that the writer of these passages was master, to a considerable extent, of Shakspere's style, especially in its conciseness and its solemnity, although he was ill fitted to grapple with its more dramatic qualities of rapidity or abruptness; that also, unlike most of the writers of his day, who sought only to please, he indulged in the same disposition as Shakspere, to yield to the prevailing reflection which the circumstances of the scene were calculated to elicit; and, lastly, that his intimate acquaintance with the Greek poets fitted him to deal more especially with those parts of the tale of "Palamon and Arcite" in which Chaucer, in common with all the middle-age poets, built a tale of chivalry upon a classical foundation. We can understand such a division of labour between Fletcher and Chapman, as that Fletcher should take the romantic parts of the story, as the knight-errantry, the love, the rivalry, the decision by bodily prowess; and that Chapman should deal with Theseus and the Amazons, the lament of the three Queens (which subject was familiar to him in "The Seven against Thebes" of the Greek drama), and the mythology which Chaucer had so elaborately sketched as the machinery of his great story.

Lord Byron somewhere says, speaking of his own play of "Sardanapalus," "I look upon Shakspere to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers." We think, if Shakspere be the worst of models, it is *because* he is the most extraordinary of writers. His prodigious depth of thought, his unbounded range of imagery, his intense truth of characterization, are not to be imitated. The other qualities, which might remain as a model, lie beneath the surface. Imitate, if it be possible, the structure of his verse; the thought and the imagery are wanting, and the mere versification is a lifeless mass. Dryden says, in his preface to "All for Love," "In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakspeare." Open the play at any part, and see if the imitation has produced a resemblance. Rowe tells us that "Jane Shore" is an imitation of Shakspere. It is a painted daub of the print-shops imitating the colouring of Titian. Otway pieced Romeo and Juliet into his "Caius Marius," where the necessity for imitation was actually forced upon him, in making *a cento* of Shakspere's lines and his own; and yet the last speech of the Romeo of Otway's tragedy substitutes these three lines in the place of "Thus with a kiss I die:"—

> "This world's gross air grows burthensome already,
> I am all a god; such heavenly joys transport me,
> That mortal sense grows sick, and faints with lasting."

We mention these things to show that men of very high talent have not been able to grapple with Shakspere's style in the way of imitation. A poet, and especially a contemporary poet, might have formed his own style, in some degree, upon Shakspere; not only by the constant contemplation of his peculiar excellences, but through the general character that a man of the very highest genius impresses unconsciously upon the aggregate poetry of his age. This we believe to have been the case with Chapman. He was not an imitator of Shakspere in the ordinary sense of the word; he could not imitate him in his scenes of passion, because he could not "shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences." But, in a limited range, he approached Shakspere, because he had the same earnestness, the same command of striking combinations of language, a rhythm in which harmony is blended with strength, a power of painting scenes by vivid description, a tendency to reflect and philosophize. All this Shakspere had, but he had a great deal more. Is that *more* displayed in the scenes of The Two Noble Kinsmen which have been attributed to him? or, not being present, had Chapman the power of producing these scenes out of his own resources? This is a question which we certainly cannot pretend to answer satisfactorily: all that we can do is to compare a few peculiarities in the first and last acts of The Two Noble Kinsmen with passages that offer themselves in those of Chapman's works with which we have an acquaintance.

We will begin with a quality which is remarkable enough in passages of The Two Noble Kinsmen to distinguish them from those written by Fletcher—we mean the presence of general truths and reflections, propounded always with energy, sometimes with solemnity; not dragged in as a moral at the end of a fable, but arising spontaneously out of the habit of the author's mind. Coleridge doubts the *profundity* of these thoughts—and we think he is right. We will first cite a few of such passages from The Two Noble Kinsmen, and then passages of a similar nature, selected somewhat hastily from three or four of Chapman's plays:—

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

> "We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
> Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time
> For best solicitation?"
>
> "Oh, you heavenly charmers,
> What things you make of us! For what we lack
> We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
> Are children in some kind."
>
> Let th' event,
> That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
> When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
> The becking of our chance!"

CHAPMAN.

> "Sin is a coward, madam, and insults
> But on our weakness, in his truest valour;
> And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
> His shadows fright us."—*Bussy D'Ambois.*
>
> "O the good God of Gods,
> How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
> In matters that belong to other men!
> What beetles in our own!"—*All Fools.*
>
> O! the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars!
> They work with inclinations strong and fatal,
> And nothing know: and we know all their working,
> And nought can do or nothing can prevent."—*Byron's Tragedy.*

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind; and it would not be necessary for our purpose to select passages that are very closely parallel. We only desire to show that Chapman is a reflective poet; and that in this respect the tone of thought that may be found in the first and last acts of The Two Noble Kinsmen is not incompatible with his habits of composition.

We have already selected an invocation by Chapman, with the intent of showing that his style in this detached and complete form of poetry approaches much more closely to the invocations in The Two Noble Kinsmen than the style of Jonson. Chapman appears to us to delight in this species of oratorical verse, requiring great condensation and majesty of expression, and demanding the nicest adjustment of a calm and stately rhythm. He derived, perhaps, this love of invocation, as well as the power of introducing such passages successfully in his dramas, from his familiarity with Homer; and thus for the same reason his plays have more of the stately form of the epic dialogue than the passionate rapidity of the true drama. We will select one invocation from Chapman's translation of the Iliad, that of Agamemnon's prayer in the third book, to show the sources at least which were open to the writer of the invocations in the fifth act of The Two Noble Kinsmen, for examples of condensation of thought, majesty of diction, and felicity of epithet:—

> "O Jove, that Ida doth protect, and hast the titles won,
> Most glorious, most invincible; and thou, all-seeing sun;
> All-hearing, all re-comforting; floods, earth, and powers beneath
> That all the perjuries of men chastise even after death;
> Be witnesses, and see perform'd, the hearty vows we make."

These invocations in his Homer have the necessary condensation of the original. In his own inventions in the same kind he is naturally

more diffuse; but his diffuseness is not the diffuseness of Fletcher. Take one example :—

> " Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
> Silently-gliding exhalations,
> Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
> Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
> Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
> That ever wrought upon the life of man,
> Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd hour
> Fix like the centre: make the violent wheels
> Of Time and Fortune stand; and great existence,
> The maker's treasury, now not seem to be."

The time is past when it may be necessary to prove that Chapman was a real poet. There are passages in his plays which show that he was capable not only of giving interest to forced situations and extravagant characters by his all-informing energy, but of pouring out the sweetest spirit of beauty in the most unexpected places. Take the following four lines as an example :—

> " Here's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
> Before a tempest, *when the silent air*
> *Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken*
> For that she fears steals on to ravish her."

Was ever personification more exquisitely beautiful? The writer of these lines, with his wondrous facility, was equal to anything that did not demand the *very* highest qualities for the drama; and those qualities we do *not* think are manifest in the first and last acts of The Two Noble Kinsmen, rich as these are in excellences within the range of such a writer as Chapman, *especially when his exuberant genius was under the necessary restraint of co-operation with another writer*.

The classical nature of that portion of The Two Noble Kinsmen that we think might have been assigned to Chapman might have been treated by a writer not very deeply imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry, without the use of any peculiar phrases or epithets which a poet derives from a particular course of reading, as we constantly find in Milton. We will select a very few parallel examples of such from The Two Noble Kinsmen, and from Chapman's plays and the translation of the Iliad :—

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The scythe-tusk'd boar.
Blubber'd queens.
Clear-spirited cousin.
The heavenly limiter.
Shaker of o'er-rank states.
Sacred silver mistress.
Oh, you heavenly charmers.

CHAPMAN.

Thy music-footed horse.
His blubber'd cheeks.
Cold-spirited peers.
The heavenly lightener.
Thou mighty shaker of the earth.
Golden-throned queen.
The eternal dwellers.

It would be tedious as well as unnecessary to pursue these details farther. Whoever was the writer of those passages in The Two Noble Kinsmen which, on *some* grounds, have with great probability been attributed to Shakspere, it is clear to us that there were two hands concerned in the production of the play, as dissimilar in their styles as Chapman, as a translator of Homer, is dissimilar to Pope. There is some analogy, however remote it may appear, between the poetical characters of Fletcher and Pope, as compared with writers of greater energy and simplicity; and the differences in kind of this poetical quality may serve as an illustration of the imperfect argument which we thus conclude :—

CHAPMAN.

> " They sat delightfully,
> And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shin'd;
> As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
> And stars shine clear; to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
> Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves for shows;
> And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their sight,
> When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose her light,
> And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the shepherd's heart;
> So many fires disclos'd their beams, made by the Trojan part,
> Before the face of Ilion; and her bright turrets show'd:
> A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and every guard allow'd
> Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and hard white corn,
> And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn."

POPE.

> " The troops exulting sat in order round,
> And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
> As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
> O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light.
> When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
> And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
> Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
> And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
> O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
> And tip with silver every mountain's head;
> Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
> A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
> The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
> Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
> So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
> And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
> The long reflections of the distant fires
> Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires:
> A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
> And shed a shady lustre o'er the field.
> Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
> Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
> Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
> And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

We have only one word to add. Chapman died in the very year that the first edition of The Two Noble Kinsmen was published, with the name of Shakspere in the title-page. If the title-page were a bookseller's invention, the name of Shakspere would be of higher price than that of Chapman.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

" Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua."—OVID.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear[1] so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour[2] to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis[3] hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn;
  Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
  And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
  Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
  Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:
  Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
  And being set I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
  A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
  Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
  Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
  Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
  She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
  He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
  Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
  And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips;
  And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
  "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks:
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
  He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;[4]
  What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires[5] with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;

Ear—plough.

Honour. As a duke is now styled "your grace," so "your honour" formerly the usual mode of address to noblemen in general.

[3] The poem of "Hero and Leander," although Marlowe's portion of it was not published till 1598, was probably well known in the poetical circles. The following lines are in the first sestyad:—

"The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast."

[4] *'Miss*—amiss, fault. So in Sonnet cli.:—

"Love is too young to know what conscience is:
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not *my amiss*,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove."

Tires—tears, preys. The image is to be found without variation in Henry VI., Part III., Act I. Sc. I.:—

"Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke;
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, *like an empty eagle*,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son."

Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,[1] but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
Rain added to a river that is rank,[2]
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear[3] she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper[4] peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn:
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
"O, pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night:
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey,[5] and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie!
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn to night, even where I list to sport me;
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?

Content—acquiescence.

Rank—full. *Rank* is often used to express excess or violence generally; and *rankness* is applied to a flood in King John, Act V. Sc. IV.:—

"And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our *rankness* and irregular course.

Ear. So all the early editions. Mr. Grant White has *air*.

[4] *Dive-dapper*. One of the familiar names of the dabchick is dive-dapper, or di-dapper; and this was the old poetical name. Beaumont and Fletcher, in "The Woman Hater," have a comparison of the mutability of fortune with this nimble water-bird:—"The misery of man may fitly be compared to a di-dapper, who, when she is under water past our sight, and indeed can seem no more to us, rises again, shakes but herself, and is the same she was."

[5] *Grey* is said to be here used as *blue*. We have subsequently—

"Her two *blue* windows faintly she upheaveth."

But the eye-*lids* are the "blue windows."

By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
  And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
  In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, 'tired[1] in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
  Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
  So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky,
  Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love
  The sun doth burn my face; I must remove."

Ah me," quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind!
What bare excuses mak'st thou to begone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
  I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
  If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo, I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me
  And were I not immortal, life were done,
  Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
  O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
  She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.[2]

"What am I, that thou shouldst contemn[3] me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
  Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
  And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
  Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
  For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
  And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
  And now her sobs do her intendments[4] break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
  And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
  She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale
  Graze on my lips; and if those hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain;
  Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
  No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;
  Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
  Why there Love liv'd and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
  Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
  To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing
  "Pity"—she cries—"some favour—some remorse[5]—"
  Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
  The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
  Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
  The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
  Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd[6] crest now stand on end;[7]
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
  His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
  Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets, and leaps,
As who should say, lo![8] thus my strength is tried;
  And this I do to captivate the eye
  Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

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[1] *'Tired*—attired.

Unkind. Milton applies the same epithet, in the same way, in his "Doctrine of Divorce:"—"The desire and longing to put off an *unkindly* solitariness by uniting another body, but not without a fit soul, to his, in the cheerful society of wedlock."

[3] *Contemn* is here used in the sense of *throw aside*—as Malone explains it, "Contemptuously refuse this favour."

[4] *Intendments*—intentions. So in Othello, Act IV. Sc. II.:—"I have said nothing but what I protest *intendment* of doing." The word continued to be used long after the time of Shakspere.

Remorse—tenderness.

Compass'd—arched.

Mane is here used as a plural noun. In a note on Othello, Act II. Sc. I. (see p. 225), we justified the adoption of a new reading—

"The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *mane*"—

upon the belief that in this line we have a picture which was probably suggested by the noble passage in Job:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?" The passage before us shows that the image was familiar to the mind of Shakspere, of the majesty of the war-horse erecting his mane under the influence of passion.

[8] This is a faint echo of the wonderful passage in Job—"He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha!"

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "holla,"[1] or his "Stand, I say"?
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
  He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
  Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
  So did this horse excel a common one,
  In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
  Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
  Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base[2] he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they knew not whether;
  For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
  Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love and neighs unto her
She answers him as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
  Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malecontent,
He vails[3] his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
  His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
  Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
  As they were mad unto the wood they hie them,
  Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
  For lovers say the heart hath treble wrong,
  When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words, love's fire doth assuage;
  But when the heart's attorney[4] once is mute,
  The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
  Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
  For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
  But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
  It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb play had his[5] acts made plain
  With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;[6]
  For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
  Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O give it me lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it;
  Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
  Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
  For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
  Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
  The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
  Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
  Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
  Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,

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[1] *Holla.* *Ho* is the ancient interjection, giving notice to stop. The word before us is certainly the same as the French *holà*, and is explained in Cotgrave's French Dictionary as meaning "enough, soft, soft, no more of that."

[2] In the game of *base*, or *prison base*, one runs and challenges another to pursue. "To bid the wind a base" is therefore to challenge the wind to speed. We have the same expression in the early play of The Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

"Indeed, *I bid the base* for Proteus."

[3] *Vails*—lowers.

[4] In Richard III. we have—

"Why should calamity be full of words?
Windy attorneys to their client woes."

The tongue, in the passage before us, is the *attorney* to the heart.

[5] *His* for *its*.

[6] Malone explains this, "thy heart wounded as mine is."
Grave—engrave.

But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
  Who is so faint that dare not be so bold
  To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.
  O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
  And, once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
  For I have heard it is a life in death,
  That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
  The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young
  Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate.
  Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
  For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk," quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice[1] hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
  Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
  Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
  Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
  Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
  For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
  Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door?
  Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
  Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
  Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
  Gusts and foul flaws[2] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
  Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
  His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
  The silly boy, believing she is dead,
  Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
  For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
  Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks.
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
  He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
  Will never rise so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows[3] faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
  And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
  So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;[4]
  But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
  Shone like the moon in water seen by night.[5]

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn, or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
  But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
  But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
  And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
  But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection[6] from the dangerous year!

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[1] *Mermaid's voice.* *Mermaid* and *siren* were formerly used as synonymous. So in The Comedy of Errors, Act III. Sc. II.:—

"O, train me not, sweet *mermaid*, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister flood of tears;
Sing, *siren*, for thyself, and I will dote."

Flaws is here used in the sense of *violent blasts*.

[3] The *windows* are doubtless the eyelids, but the epithet *blue* is somewhat startling. We must remember that Shakspere has described violets as

"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

The propriety of this epithet is fully noticed by us in Cymbeline, Act II. Sc. II., p. 185.

[4] *Repine.* Used as a substantive. Chaucer employs *pine* in the same manner.

[5] In Shakspere's early plays we frequently meet the same image that is found in these early poems. Thus, in Love's Labour's Lost:—

"Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep."

[6] The custom of strewing houses with fragrant herbs was universal at a period when the constant recurrence of the plague habituated families to the use of what they considered preventives. It was this cause which rendered Bucklersbury at simpling time such a crowded mart.

That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,[1]
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness[2] with my unripe years;
Before I know myself seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks,—'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say 'good night,' and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "adieu,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?[3]
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave[4] exceeds commission
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then wooes best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd:
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool[5] prays her that he may depart
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar!" quoth she, whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes,[6]
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless[7] berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O be advis'd! thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal[8] butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;

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[1] Here is one of the many traces of Shakspere's legal studies—an allusion to the penalty for non-payment which formed the condition of a money-bond.

[2] *Strangeness*—coyness or bashfulness.

[3] The soft wax upon which the seal attached to a legal instrument was impressed required to be tempered before the impression was made upon it. So Falstaff says of Justice Shallow—"I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him."

[4] *Leave*—license.

[5] No reader of Shakspere can forget the pathos with which he has employed this expression in another place—"And my poor fool is hang'd!"

[6] The allusion is to the picture of Zeuxis, mentioned by Pliny. We may observe that there was no English translation of Pliny so early as the date of this poem.

[7] *Helpless*—that afford no help.

[8] *Mortal*—deadly.

His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret:
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
  Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
  And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful on the lion he will venture:
  The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
  As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he naught esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
  But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread!)
  Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
Beauty hath naught to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger[1] by thy will:
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
  When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
  I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
  My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
  But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'kill, kill;'
  Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
  As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding[2] spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,[3]
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
  Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
  That if I love thee I thy death should fear:

"And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
  Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
  Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
  I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
  If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
  Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
  And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot[4] his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks[5] and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
  The many musits[6] through the which he goes
  Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,[7]
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
  And sometime sorteth[8] with a herd of deer;
  Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
  Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
  As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
  And now his grief may be compared well
  To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
  For misery is trodden on by many,
  And being low never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,[9]
  Applying this to that, and so to so;
  For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent."—"Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
  And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
  "In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
  Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
  Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason
Cyntnia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
  Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
  To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

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[1] *Danger*—power of doing harm. So in The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. I.:—

"You stand within his danger."

See note on that passage, vol. i. p. 215.

[2] *Bate*—signifies strife. Mrs. Quickly says that John Rugby is no *breed-bate*.

[3] *Spring*—bud or young shoot.

[4] *Overshoot*. The original editions read *overshut*. This reading is retained by Malone.

Cranks—winds. So in Henry IV., Part I.:—

"See how this river comes me cranking in."

[6] *Musits*. The term is explained in Markham's "Gentlemen's Academy" (1595):—"We term the place where she [the hare] sitteth her form; the place through which she goes to relief her musit."

[7] *Keep*—dwell.

[8] *Sorteth*—consorteth.

[9] *Moralize*—comment.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
  Making it subject to the tyranny
  Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,[1]
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
  Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
  Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
  Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,[2]
  As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
  Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
  Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
  If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
  Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
  Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
  But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
  For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
  Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
  For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
  And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
  No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
  But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
  You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
  When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
  Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
  As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
  Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
  Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say
The text is old the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame; my heart of teen;[3]
  Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
  Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund[4] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
  Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
  So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend;
  So did the merciless and pitchy night
  Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
  Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
  Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
  "Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "woe, woe!"
  And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
  Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
  And still the choir of echoes answer[5] so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:

Wood—mad.

Done—destroyed.

[3] *Teen*—grief.

[4] *Laund*—lawn. Camden describes a lawn as a plain among trees, and the epithet *dark* confirms this explanation. We have such a scene in Henry VI., Part III., Act III.:—

> "Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves,
> For through this laund anon the deer will come."

[5] *Answer*. So the original—not *answers*. No doubt, according to the rules of modern construction, *answers* is more correct, and Malone talks of Shakspere having fallen into the error of "hasty writers, who are deceived by the noun immediately preceding the verb being in the plural number." We hold that to be a false refinement which destroys the landmarks of an age's phraseology. Ben Jonson, in his English Grammar, lays down as a rule that "nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb plural." The rule would appear still more reasonable when the plural is more apparently expressed in the noun of multitude, as in the form before us—"the choir of echoes."

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, "'tis so:" they answer all, "'tis so;"
And would say after her, if she said "no."

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[1] to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale[2] weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses sore-dismay'd,[3]
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated[4] with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respect,[5] yet naught at all respecting,
In hand with all things, naught at all effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she Death,)
"Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his[6] power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.[7]

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd[8] her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp'd

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[1] *Coasteth*—advanceth.

[2] *Cold-pale.* The hyphen denoting the compound adjective is marked in the original edition of 1593.

[3] *Sore-dismay'd.* This is the reading of the edition of 1596. The original has "*all* dismay'd."

[4] *Mated*—confounded.

Respect—circumspection.

[6] *His* for *its*.

[7] Boswell has quoted a passage from Massinger's "Virgin Martyr," alluding, as Shakspere here does, to the beautiful fable of Cupid and Death exchanging arrows:—

"Strange affection!
Cupid once more hath chang'd his shafts with Death,
And kills instead of giving life."

[8] *Vail'd*—lowered.

The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
  But through the floodgates breaks the silver rain,
  And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
  But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
  Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief
All entertain'd, each passion labours so
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
  But none is best; then join they all together,
  Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsmen hollo:[1]
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel:
  For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
  And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
  To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
  Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
  The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
  In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all-to naught
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
  She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
  Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
  Then, gentle shadow (truth I must confess),
  I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
  Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
  Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
  Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs; and stories
  His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
  For he, being dead, with him is beauty slain,
  And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.[2]

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves,
Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
  Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
  Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
  Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
  Like stars asham'd of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
  So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
  Into the deep dark cabins of her head;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
  Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
  By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes:
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound,
  The mutiny each part doth so surprise,
  That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
  No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
  But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
  Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
  Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye
That makes more gashes where no breach should be
  His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
  For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead;
  Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes' red fire!
  So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

[1] *Hollo*, or *hollow*, is not quite the same word as *holla*, which we have already noticed, although the usual spelling of this word in the passage before us is *holla*.

[2] Shakspere in his greater works was not ashamed to recur to the treasury of his early thoughts:—

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again."

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or anything ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair[1] to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves to rob him of his fair;

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him:
To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him:
If he had spoke the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted[2] boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:
Witness the entertainment that he gave;
If he did see his face, why then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies:

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That you being dead the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd[3]
With sweets that shall the truest sights beguile
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;[4]
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the old young, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen,
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

[1] *Fair*—beauty.
[2] *Urchin-snouted*—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog.
[3] *O'erstraw'd*—o'erstrewed.
[4] *To tread the measures*—to dance.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.[1] The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater my duty would show greater: meantime, as it is, it is bound to your Lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius, being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and, finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and, bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
  And girdle with embracing flames the waist
  Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let[2]
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
  Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
  With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state,
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
  That kings might be espoused to more fame,
  But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done[3]
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun:
  Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
  Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
  Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
  From thievish ears, because it is his own

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested[4] this proud issue of a king;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
  His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt,
  That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
  O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
  Thy hasty spring still blasts,[5] and ne'er grows old!

[1] *Moiety*. In Henry IV., Part I., and in Lear, Shakspere uses *moiety* as it is here used, meaning a *portion*, not a *half*.

[2] *Let*—forbear.

[3] *Done*. The word is here used as in a previous passage of the Venus and Adonis:—

"Wasted, thaw'd, and *done*,
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun."

[4] *Suggested*—tempted.

[5] *Blasts* is here used as a verb neuter. It is so used in the poem ascribed to Raleigh, entitled "The Farewell."—

"Tell age, it daily wasteth;
Tell honour, how it alters;
Tell beauty, that it *blasteth*."

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame;
  When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
  Virtue would stain that or[1] with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,[2]
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field:
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;
  Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
  When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white:
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight;
  The sovereignty of either being so great,
  That oft they interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
  To those two armies that would let him go,
  Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,[3]
  Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
  In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
  And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
  Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd.

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
  But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store
  That cloy'd with much he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling[4] looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books;[5]
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
  Nor could she moralize[6] his wanton sight,
  More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
  Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
  And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
  Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
  And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending[7] weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned[8]
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
  And every one to rest themselves betake,
  Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining;
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining;
  And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
  Though death be adjunct, there's no death suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,[9]
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
  Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
  That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
  Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
  The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have so then we do neglect
  The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
  Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

---

[1] *Or.* The line usually stands thus:—

"Virtue would stain that *o'er* with silver white."

The original has *ore*. Malone has suggested, but he does not act upon the suggestion, that "the word intended was perhaps *or*, *i.e.* gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a blush." The lines in the subsequent stanza complete the heraldic allusion:—

"Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's *red*,
Which virtue gave the *golden* age, to *gild*
Their *silver* cheeks, and call'd it then their shield."

[2] *Intituled*—having a title to, or in.
[3] The object of praise which Collatine doth possess.
[4] *Parling*—speaking.
[5] See Romeo and Juliet, Illustrations of Act I., pp. 111, 112.
[6] *Moralize*—interpret.
[7] *Intending*—pretending.
[8] *Questioned*—conversed.
[9] This is the reading of the original edition of 1594. That of 1616 reads—

"are with gain so fond,
That *oft* they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it."

Malone adopts the reading of the original, and he thus explains it:—"Poetically speaking, they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, *i.e.* what they cannot be *truly* said to have; what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it." This is clearly a misinterpretation. The reasoning of the two following stanzas is directed against the folly of venturing a certainty for an expectation, by which we "make something nothing." The meaning, then, though obscurely expressed, is that the covetous are so fond of gaining what they have not, that they scatter and unloose from their bond (safe hold) that which they possess.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds,[1] betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust:

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white weed.[2]

"O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave;[3]
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression[4] is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,[5]
To cipher me how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week
Or sells eternity to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be strucken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage,
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"O what excuse can my invention make
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving;
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own;[6]
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth[7] be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the war-like band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.[8]

"And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear;
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,

[1] *Confounds*. Malone interprets this as *destroys;* but the meaning is sufficiently clear if we accept *confounds* in its usual sense.

[2] *Weed*—garment. The word is more commonly used in the plural, as in Milton's "Paradise Regained:"—

"But now an aged man in rural *weeds*."

But in the same scene of Coriolanus (Act II. Sc. III.) we have both *weed* and *weeds*.

[3] *Fancy's slave*—love's slave.

[4] *Digression* is here used in the sense of *transgression*.

[5] Here is one of the frequent examples with which the works of Shakspere and his contemporaries abound of applying the usages of chivalry to the more remote antiquity of Greece and Rome. The poem of Lucrece contains many such allusions. In particular, towards the close we have this line:—

Knights by their oaths should right poor ladies' harms.

This was indeed an anticipation of chivalry; but the poet could in no way so forcibly express the spirit which animated the avengers of Lucrece, and which the injured lady here invokes, as by employing the language of chivalry. The use of the word *ladies* in this line is as much an anachronism as that of *knights;* but what other words will express the meaning intended?

[6] Malone says the words such as *shameful it is* are "supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor." Surely the poet only meant to express that contest of thoughts which goes forward in a mind distracted between reason and passion, and which the dramatic poet can only represent by soliloquy, as it is here represented.

[7] See As You Like It, Illustrations of Act III., vol. i. p. 348.

[8] *Took away*—being taken away.

That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect[1] and reason wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye;
Sad[2] pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wand'ring weasels shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct[3] in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies,
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the neeld[4] his finger pricks
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

[1] *Respect*—prudence—in the sense of the original Latin, *looking again*.
[2] *Sad*—grave.
[3] *Conduct*—conductor.
[4] *Neeld*—needle.
[5] *Let*—obstruct.
[6] *Sneaped*—checked. So in Love's Labour's Lost, Act I. Sc. I.:—

"Biron is like an envious *sneaping* frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a lingering stay his course doth let,[5]
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped[6] birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:—quoth he, "I must deflower;
The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,[7]
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,

[7] *Stalks*. Malone says, "That the poet meant by the word *stalk* to convey the notion, not of a boisterous, but quiet movement, appears from a subsequent passage:—

'For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A *creeping* creature.'"

Malone appears, from a subsequent part of his note, to confound *stalk* with *stride*. He says, "A person apprehensive of being discovered naturally takes *long steps*, the sooner to arrive at his point." But long steps are noisy steps; and therefore "Tarquin's ravishing *strides*" cannot be the true reading of the famous passage in Macbeth. But *stalk*, on the contrary, literally means, *to go warily or softly*. It is the Anglo-Saxon *stælcan—pedetentim ire*. The fowler who creeps upon the birds *stalks*, and his *stalking*-horse derives its name from the character of the fowler's movement.

That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred:
Who like a foul usurper went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see but mightily he noted
What did he note but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.[1]
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,
His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,

[1] *Tir'd*—satiated, glutted, as a falcon *tires* on his prey.

Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worser taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries:
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk,[2] that his hand shakes withal.
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting:
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;

[2] *Bulk*—the body, the whole mass. Johnson, however, defines the word as the breast, or largest part, of a man; deriving it from the Dutch *bulcke*. A passage in Hamlet employs the word in the same way as in the text before us:—

"He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*."

Turbervile, who preceded Shakspere about twenty years, has this line:—

"My liver leapt within my *bulk*."

Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can Affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth[1] the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.[2]

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield I rest thy secret friend
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender[3] my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot:[4]
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's[5] sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite:

But[6] when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,[7]
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;[8]
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot[9] be ended
He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me;
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans:

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears, and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,

Coucheth—causes to couch.
We have the same image in Henry VI., Part III.:—

> "Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
> The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
> Dare stir a wing if Warwick *shake his bells*."

Tender—heed, regard.

[4] *Birth-hour's blot*—corporal blemish. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream:—

> "And the *blots* of nature's hand
> Shall not in their issue stand;
> Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
> Nor mark prodigious."

[5] Steevens says the *grype* is properly the griffin. But in the passage before us, as in the early English writers, the word is applied to birds of prey, the eagle especially.

[6] Malone, who has certainly made very few deviations from the original text of this poem, here changes *but* to *look*, "there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage." An opposition is, however, intended. Lucretia pleads to the "rough beast" that "knows no right;" *but* as the gentle gust divides the black cloud,

> "So his unhallow'd haste her words delays."

[7] Shakspere, whose knowledge of the outward effects of the passions was universal, makes the terror of poor Lucrece display itself in the same manner as that of "great clerks" greeting their prince with "premeditated welcomes." They also

> "Make periods in the midst of sentences,
> Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,
> And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off."
> *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. I.

[8] *Pretended*—proposed.

[9] *Shoot*. Malone says that the author intended this word to be taken in a double sense, *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. We doubt this. *Suit* is not the word that the indignation of Lucrece would have used; nor is the double sense carried forward at all.

Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
  Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
  For kings like gods should govern everything.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring!
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king!
O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
  From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
  Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this thy will remove;
  For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
  Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall learn
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
  Thou back'st reproach against long-lived laud,
  And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
  When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may say,
  He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy brother.
  O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
  That from their own misdeeds askaunce their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;[1]
Let him return and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
  And wipe the dim mist from thy doting eyne,
  That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he; "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
  To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
  Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
  Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
  And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
  The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
  But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
  Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
  To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets the foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies;
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries
  Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
  Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone[2] lust should stain so pure a bed!
  The spots whereof could weeping purify,
  Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain
  Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
  And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night
  His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
  Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride no exclamation
  Can curb his heat, or reign his rash desire,
  Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
  For there it revels; and when that decays,
  The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd;
  To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
  To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection

[1] *Repeal*—recall; from the French *rappeler*.

[2] *Prone*—having inclination or propensity, and so self-willed, headstrong.

Her immortality, and make her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual;
  Which in her prescience she controlled still,
  But her foresight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealeth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
  She bears the load of lust he left behind,
  And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He like a thievish dog creeps sadly thence;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence;
She, desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
  She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
  He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite;
She there remains a hopeless castaway:
He in his speed looks for the morning light;
She prays she never may behold the day;
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth open lay
  And my true eyes have never practis'd how
  To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
  And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
  Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
  Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
  Against the unseen secrecy of night:

"O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
  Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,
  With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
  His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
  Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick;[1]
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
  That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
  May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin night (as he is but night's child),
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
  And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
  As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where[2] now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
  Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
  Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
  That all the faults which in thy reign are made
  May likewise be sepulchred[3] in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will show, character'd[4] in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
  To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
  Will quote[5] my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
  Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
  How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
  That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
  As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrâce!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot[6] afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
  Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
  Which not themselves but he that gives them knows!

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:
  In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
  And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

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[1] *Noontide prick*—the point of noon.
[2] *Where*—whereas.
[3] *Sepulchred.* Milton uses the word with the same accent in his lines on Shakspere:—

"And so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

[4] *Character'd.* Here again is an accentuation different from the present, but which is common to all Shakspere's contemporaries. Malone has observed that this is still the pronunciation of the Irish people; and he adds, with great truth, that much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained in Ireland.
[5] *Quote*—observe.
[6] *Mot*—motto.

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack,[1]
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;[2]
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?[3]
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers up his gold
Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young,
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murther'st troth;
Thou foul abetter! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing[4] titles to a ragged[5] name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?
When wilt thou sort[6] an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chain'd?
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;[7]
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd[8]
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift
Guilty of incest, that abomination
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's packhorse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murtherest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine[9] the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right;
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

Wrack. Mr. Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," pointed out the necessity of restoring to Shakspere's text the old word *wrack*, instead of the modern *wreck*. He asks, "What could editors, who proceed upon principles which lead to such a substitution, do with this couplet of the Lucrece:—

'O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wrack!*'"

In this particular instance they have preserved the original word; but in that before us, where *wrack* is equally required to rhyme with *back*, they have substituted *wreck*. Even Mr. Dyce herein copies Malone without alteration. This is probably mere carelessness; but it shows the danger of tampering with an original reading.

[2] This is again an instance of the dramatic crowding of thought upon thought, and making one thought answer and repel the other, which render Shakspere's soliloquies such matchless revelations of the heart. Malone, not perceiving this dramatic power, changes *guilty* to *guiltless;* because the idea of the first line does not correspond with that of the second.

[3] *Folly* is here used in the sense of *wickedness;* and *gentle* in that of *well-born.*

[4] *Smoothing*—flattering.

[5] *Ragged* is here used in the sense of *contemptible.* It means something broken, torn, and therefore worthless. See note on Henry IV., Part II., Act I. Sc. I., vol. i. p. 566.

[6] *Sort*—assign, appropriate. So in Richard III.:—

"But I will *sort* a pitchy day for thee."

The constant allusions of the Elizabethan poets to that familiar terror, the plague, show how completely the evil, whether present or absent, was associated with the habitual thoughts of the people. *Advice* is here used in the sense of *government*, municipal or civil; and the line too correctly describes the carelessness of those in high places, who abated not their feasting and their revelry while pestilence was doing its terrible work around them.

[8] *Appay'd*—satisfied, pleased. *Well appayed, ill appayed,* are constantly used by Chaucer and other ancient writers.

[9] *To fine*—to bring to an end.

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;[1]
  To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
  And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel;

"To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd;
  To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
  And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring[2] minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
  O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
  I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight:
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed, crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
  And the dire thought of his committed evil
  Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
  And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
  Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,[3]
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
  And time to see one that by alms doth live
  Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly and his time of sport:
  And ever let his unrecalling[4] crime
  Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad!
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill
  For who so base would such an office have
  As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
  The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
  But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away,
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day.
  Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
  But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
  For me, I force[5] not argument a straw,
  Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with my infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
  The remedy indeed to do me good,
  Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die my honour lives in thee,
But if I live thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
  And was afear'd to scratch her wicked foe,
  Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
  As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
  Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd I was a loyal wife;
  So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
  Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O! that is gone for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;[6]
A dying life to living infamy;
  Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
  To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
  He shall not boast who did thy stock pollute
  That thou art doting father of his fruit.

[1] *Springs*—shoots, saplings. Time, which dries up the old oak's sap, cherishes the young plants.

[2] *Retiring* is here used in the sense of *coming back again.*

[3] *Curled hair* is the characteristic of Tarquin, as it was of all men of high rank in Shakspere's time. Perhaps it implied a notion of luxuriousness. In this way we have "the *curled* Antony;" and in Othello—

"The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation."

[4] *Unrecalling*—not to be recalled. The elder writers use the participle with much more license than we do.

[5] *Force* is here used in the sense of *value* or *regard.*

[6] An allusion to the badges which servants or retainers of families of rank wore on their liveries.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
  And with my trespass never will dispense,
  Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes like sluices,
  As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
  Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:
  But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
  And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pryest thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
  Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
  For day hath naught to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond[1] and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
  Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still
  With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
  Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
  Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company:
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
  True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd
  When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
  Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows:
  Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests:)
  Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
  Distress likes dumps[2] when time is kept with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
  For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
  While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.[3]

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
  These means, as frets upon an instrument,
  Shall tune our heartstrings to true languishment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
We will find out; and there we will unfold
  To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
  Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds."

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
  To live or die which of the twain were better,
  When life is sham'd, and Death reproach's debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half with greater patience bear it
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion
  Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
  Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
  His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
  So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoiled, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety
  If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole
  Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
  Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
  And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;

[1] *Fond*—foolish.
[2] *Dumps*—melancholy airs.
[3] *Better skill.* We must probably here understand "*with* better skill."

The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murther shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe;
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do thou take;
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will;[1]
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, 'So be it.'
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery,)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,[2]
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;[3]
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour
Is worthy blame. O, let it not be hild[4]
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd[5]
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

By this, mild Patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit[6] of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are raining?
If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she stay'd
Till after a deep groan) "Tarquin from hence?"
"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness.
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be told,
The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

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[1] The executor of a will was sometimes called the *overseer;* but our ancestors often appointed overseers as well as executors. Shakspere's own will contains such an appointment.

[2] In the folio edition of Romeo and Juliet, as well as in the quarto of 1597, we find the line—

"When the sun sets, the *earth* doth drizzle dew."

Here the image completely agrees with that in the text before us. But in the undated quarto, which the modern editors follow, we have "the *air* doth drizzle dew." Science was long puzzled to decide whether the earth or the air produced dew; but it was reserved for the accurate experiments of modern times to show that the earth and the air must unite to produce this effect under particular circumstances of temperature and radiation. The correction of the undated edition of Romeo and Juliet was certainly unnecessary.

[3] *Marble* here stands for men, whose minds have just been compared to marble.

[4] *Hild*—held. Such a change for the sake of rhyme is frequent in Spenser.

[5] *Fulfill'd*—completely filled.

[6] *Counterfeit*—a likeness or copy.

What wit sets down is blotted straight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
  Much like a press of people at a door,
  Throng her inventions, which shall be before.

At last she thus begins:—"Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me:
  So I commend me from our house in grief;[1]
  My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
  Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
  Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs, and groans, and tears may grace the fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
  To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
  With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion[2] that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
  Deep sounds[3] make lesser noise than shallow fords,
  And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord with more than haste:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
  Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems:
  Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
  Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
  For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
  Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
  Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
  The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
  The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
  That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
  Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which is drawn[4] the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
  Which the conceited[5] painter drew so proud,
  As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
  And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
  Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loopholes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
  Such sweet observance in this work was had,
  That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
  Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight
In speech, it seem'd, his beard all silver white
  Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
  Thin winding breath, which purl'd up[6] to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,

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[1] The simplicity of this letter is exquisitely beautiful; and its pathos is deeper from the circumstance that it is scarcely raised above the tone of ordinary correspondence.

"So I commend me from our house in grief"

is such a formula as we constantly find in ancient correspondence. In the "Paston Letters" we have such conclusions as this: "Written at —— when I was not well at ease."

[2] *Motion*—dumb show.

[3] *Sounds*. Malone proposes to read *floods*. This Steevens resists, and says that *sound* is such a part of the sea as may be sounded. To this Malone replies that a sound cannot be deep, and therefore *sounds* is not here intended. A sound is a bay or frith; and Dampier, who is better authority than the commentators on nautical matters, mentions a *sound* as "large and deep." The stillness of a sound, in consequence of being land-locked, testifies to the correctness of the poet's image.

[4] *Drawn*—drawn out into the field.

[5] *Conceited*—ingenious, imaginative.

[6] *Purl'd*. The meaning of *purl*, as applied to a sound, is familiar to all. Bacon, in speaking of the sound of a pipe, mentions "a sweet degree of sibilation or purling." Thus in the passage before us, the thin winding breath of Nestor, the soft flowing words, *purl'd* up to the sky. But the commentators believe that *purl'd* here expresses motion, and not sound; and Steevens proposes to substitute *curl'd*.

As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice:
  The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
  To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all boll'n[1] and red;
Another smother'd seems to pelt[2] and swear;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
  As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
  It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,[3]
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
  A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
  Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
  That through their light joy seemed to appear
  (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks, the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than[4]
  Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
  They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stel'd.[5]
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
  Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
  Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood, chang'd to black in every vein,
  Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
  Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,

[1] *Boll'n*—swollen.
Pelt—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets.
Kind—natural.

[4] *Than* used for *then*. This is another example (we had one before in *hild*) of changing a termination for the sake of rhyme. In Fairfax's Tasso there is a parallel instance:—

"Time was, (for each one hath his doting time,
  These silver locks were golden tresses *than*,)
That country life I hated as a crime,
  And from the forest's sweet contentment ran."

Stel'd. A passage in the Twenty-fourth Sonnet may explain the lines in the text:—

"Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stel'd*,
  Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

The word *stel'd*, in both instances, has a distinct association with something painted; but to *stell* is interpreted as to *fix*, from *stell*, a fixed place of abode. It appears to us that the word is connected in Shakspere's mind with the word *stile*, the pencil by which forms are traced and copied. The application does not appear forced when we subsequently find the poet using the expression of "*pencill'd* pensiveness." We constantly use the term *stile* as applied to painting; but we all know that *stile*, as describing the manner of delineating forms, is derived from the instrument by which characters were anciently *written*. *Stel'd* is probably, then, *stil'd*, the word being slightly changed to suit the rhyme.

And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no god to lend her those;
  And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
  To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns so long;
  And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
  Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
  And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
  The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

"Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?[6]
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so.
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe
  For one's offence why should so many fall,
  To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swounds;[7]
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised[8] wounds,
And one man's lust these many lives confounds:
  Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
  Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work sad tales doth tell
  To pencill'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
  She lends them words, and she their looks doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content
  Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
  So mild that patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so
  That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
  Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
  Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
  Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

[6] *Mo*—more.
[7] *Swounds*—swoons. It is probable that the word was so usually pronounced. In Drayton *swound* rhymes to *wound*.
[8] *Unadvised*—unknowing.
[9] *Confounds* is here used in the sense of *destroys*.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.[1]

This picture she advisedly[2] perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile"—
(She would have said) "can lurk in such a look;"
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue "can lurk" from "cannot" took;
"It cannot be" she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd[3]
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls[4] a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold;
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest;
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool! fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.
These water-galls[5] in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
But stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length address'd[6] to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords,
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

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[1] Malone objects to this image of Priam's palace being the mirror in which the fixed stars beheld themselves. Boswell has answered Malone by quoting Lydgate's description of the same wonderful edifice:—

> "That verely when so the sonne shone
> Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,
> They gave a lyght withouten any were,
> As doth Apollo in his mid-day sphere."

[2] *Advisedly*—attentively.

[3] *So beguil'd.* The original has *to beguil'd*. *Beguil'd* is masked with fraud. In The Merchant of Venice we have—

> "Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
> To a most dangerous sea."

[4] *Falls*—lets fall.

[5] *Water-galls.* Steevens says the word is current among the shepherds on Salisbury Plain.

[6] *Address'd*—prepared.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
  The lechers in their deed: this act will be
  My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

"With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word:
So should my shame still rest upon record,
  And never be forgot in mighty Rome
  The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
  That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
  And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

"O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
  To accessory yieldings, but still pure
  Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away that stops his answer so:
  But wretched as he is he strives in vain;
  What he breathes out his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past
  Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
  To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
  More feeling-painful: let it then suffice
  To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past: the help that thou shalt lend me
  Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
  For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design
  To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
  Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms."

[1] *Vastly*—like a waste.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
  The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,
  "How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
  The poison'd fountain clears itself again;
  And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
  "No, no," quoth she, "no dame, hereafter living,
  By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "He, he," she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
  She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
  That guides this hand to give this wound to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breath'd:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
  Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
  Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece's father that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
  The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
  Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly[1] stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
  Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
  And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol[2] goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
  And blood untainted still doth red abide,
  Blushing at that which is so putrefied.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live now Lucrece is unliv'd?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
  If children predecease progenitors,
  We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

[2] *Rigol*—circle.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;
O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,
If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold[1] Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, "She's mine," "O, mine she is,
Replies her husband: "do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

"O," quoth Lucretius, "I did give that life
Which she too early and too late[2] hath spill'd."
"Woe, woe," quoth Collatine, "she was my wife,
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd."
"My daughter!" and "My wife!" with clamours fill'd
The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "My daughter!" and "My wife!"

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
(Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd,)
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd[3]
Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who, wondering at him, did his words allow;[4]
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly[5] did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

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[1] *Key-cold*. So in Richard III., Act I. Sc. II.:—
"Poor *key-cold* figure of a holy king."

[2] *Too late*—too recently.

[3] *Complain'd* was formerly used without a subjoined preposition.

[4] *Allow*—approve.

[5] *Plausibly*—with expressions of applause, with acclamation—*plausively*, applausively.

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
  Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
  To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed,[1] of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
  This were to be new-made when thou art old,
  And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair whose unear'd[2] womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond[3] will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shall see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
  But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
  Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
  The unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
  Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair[4] which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
  But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
  Leese[5] but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies[6] those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then what could Death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
  Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
  To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;

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[1] *Weed*—garment.
Unear'd—unploughed.
[3] *Fond*—foolish.

[4] *Unfair*—a verb—deprive of fairness, of beauty.
[5] *Leese*—lose.
[6] *Happies*—makes happy.

But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
  So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
  Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?[1]
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;[2]
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
  Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
  Sings this to thee, "Thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless[3] wife
The world will be thy widow, and still weep
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
  No love towards others in that bosom sits,
  That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
  Make thee another self, for love of me,
  That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
  Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
  Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
  Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
  Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
    She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
    Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all[4] silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
  And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
  Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
  O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know
  You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
  Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth naught but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory

[1] Malone thus explains this passage:—"O thou whom to hear is music, why hear'st thou," &c.

[2] If two strings are tuned in perfect unison, and one only is struck, a very sensible vibration takes place in the other. This is called sympathetic vibration.

[3] *Makeless*—mateless. *Make* and *mate* are synonymous in our elder writers.

[4] *All*. The original has *or*.

Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your[1] living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:[2]
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,[3]
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven[4] shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;[5]
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad the sorry seasons, as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement[6] of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure[7] hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.

[1] *Your.* The ordinary reading is *you*, Malone conceiving that *your* in the original is an error of the press.
[2] *Counterfeit*—portrait.
[3] *Fair*—beauty. The word is used in the same sense in the Eighteenth Sonnet.
[4] So in Richard II.:—

"When the searching *eye of heaven* is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."

[5] *Untrimm'd*—undecorated.
[6] *Couplement*—union. So in Spenser:—

"Allied with bands of mutual *couplement.*"

[7] *Rondure*—circumference.

O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presages of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompence
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stel'd
Thy beauty's form in table[1] of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,[2]
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it:
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire[3] not, thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;[4]
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless[5] night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.[6]
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

Table. So in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"'Twas pretty, though a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's *table*."

Table, though sometimes used in the sense of a picture, more commonly means the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted.

[2] *Fight*. The original has *worth*. Theobald, who saw that the alternate rhyme is invariably preserved in the other Sonnets, proposed to make one of two changes; to read *fight* instead of *worth*, or *forth* instead of *quite*. We are not perfectly satisfied with either change; but, as the first has been adopted in most modern editions, we will not attempt to disturb the received reading, and we have no doubt that some error is involved in the original.

[3] *Twire*. Malone proposed to read *twirl*, and Steevens conjectured that *twire* means *quire*. Gifford, in a note upon Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," explains that in the passage before us the meaning is, "When the stars do not gleam or appear at intervals." He adds, "*Twire* should not have been suffered to grow obsolete, for we have no word now in use that can take its place, or be considered as precisely synonymous with it in sense: leer and twinkle are merely shades of it." Gifford quotes several passages from Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher in confirmation of his opinion. But there are four lines in Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" which contain a parallel use of the word:—

"Suppose 'twixt noon and night the sun is half-way wrought,
(The shadows to be large, by his descending brought,)
Who with a fervent eye looks through the *twiring* glades.
And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades."

[4] See Cymbeline, Illustrations of Act II., p. 210.

[5] *Dateless*—endless, having no certain time of expiration.

[6] If we understand *expense* to be used as analogous to *passing away*, there is no difficulty in this line. What we expend is gone from us; and so the poet moans the *expense* of many a vanished sight. Malone thinks that *sight* is used for *sigh*; but this is certainly a very strained conjecture.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious [1] tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve [2] them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack [3] on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.[4]

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?

'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.[5]
Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,[6]
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable [7] spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest [8] spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?

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[1] *Obsequious*—funereal.
Reserve—the same as *preserve*. In Pericles we have—

"*Reserve* that excellent complexion."

[3] *Rack*. Tooke, in his full discussion of the meaning of this word ("Diversions of Purley," Part II., chap. iv.), holds that *rack* means "merely that which is *reeked*;" and that in all the instances of its use by Shakspere the word signifies *vapour*. He illustrates the passage before us by quoting the lines in the First Part of Henry IV., where the Prince in some degree justifies his course of profligacy:—

"Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the *base contagious clouds*
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the *foul and ugly mists*
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

[4] *Stain* and *staineth* are here used with the signification of a verb neuter. Suns of the world may be stained as heaven's sun is stained.
[5] *Cross*. The original has *loss*—evidently a mistake. Malone substituted *cross*.
[6] *Amiss*—fault.
[7] *Separable*—separating.
[8] *Dearest*. So in Hamlet:—

"Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven!"

O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for[1] my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;[2]
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.[3]

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,[4]
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving naught by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy[5] picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

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[1] *For* here signifies *because*.
[2] *Unrespected*—unregarded.
[3] *Thee me*—thee *to* me.
[4] A passage in Henry V. explains this:—"He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him." The thought is continued in the first line of the Forty-fifth Sonnet, in which Sonnet we also find "My life being made of four." This was the theory of life in Shakspere's time; and Sir Toby, in Twelfth Night, speaks learnedly when he says, "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" Shakspere, however, somewhat laughs at the theory when he makes Sir Andrew reply, "'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking."
[5] *Thy*. The original has *their;* and it is remarkable that the same typographical error occurs four times in this one Sonnet—a pretty convincing proof that no competent or authorised person superintended the publication. Errors of this sort are very frequent in the original; but we have not thought it necessary to notice them when there can be no doubt of the meaning.

My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide[1] this title is impannelled
A quest[2] of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety,[3] and the dear heart's part:
  As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
  And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
  Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
  Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
  And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
  For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.[4]

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas[5] thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects,
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity
Against that time do I ensconce[6] me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
  To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
  Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
  For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
  My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
  Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
  Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,[7]
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain[8] jewels in the carcanet.[9]
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
  Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
  Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit[10]
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;[11]
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear,
And you in every blessed shape we know.
  In all external grace you have some part,
  But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.

[1] *'Cide.* Malone explains that this is a contraction of *decide*. The original reads *side*.
[2] *Quest*—inquest or jury.
[3] *Moiety*—portion.
[4] The same thought is in Venus and Adonis:—
"Rich preys make true men thieves."
[5] *Whenas*—when.
[6] *Ensconce*—fortify.
[7] There is a somewhat similar thought in Henry IV., Part I.:—
"My state,
Seldom but sumptuous, show'd like a feast,
And won by rareness much solemnity."
[8] *Captain*—used adjectively for *chief*.
[9] *Carcanet*—necklace.
[10] *Counterfeit*—portrait.
[11] *Foison* is plenty; and the *foison of the year* is the autumn, or plentiful season.

The canker-blooms[1] have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, by[2] verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of naught,
Save, where you are how happy you make those:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child!
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r[3] better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,[4]
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels[5] in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.

[1] *Canker-blooms*—the flowers of the canker or dog-rose.

[2] *By*. The word of the original is altered by Malone to *my*. The change is certainly not wanted.

[3] *Whe'r*—whether.

[4] *Main of light*. As the *main* of waters would signify the great body of waters, so the *main of light* signifies the mass or flood of light into which a new-born child is launched.

[5] *Parallels*. We have exactly the same idea in the Second Sonnet:—

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And *dig* deep *trenches* in thy beauty's field."

Methinks no face so gracious[1] is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated[2] and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;[3]
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them, still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?[4]
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,[5]
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace[6] itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair[7] were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:[8]
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,[9]
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd:
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.

[1] *Gracious*—beautiful.

Beated. So in the old copy; and it has been followed by Malone. He suggests that the true word may be *bated;* but he receives *beated* as the participle of the verb to *beat.*

[3] *Steepy night.* It has been proposed to read *sleepy night;* but in the Seventh Sonnet we have the same notion of man climbing up the hill of age; and here the idea is also connected with the antithesis of *morn* and *night.*

[4] In Troilus and Cressida, Ulysses says—

> "Time hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,
> In which he puts alms for oblivion."

Time's *chest* and Time's *wallet* are the same; they are the depositories of what was once great and beautiful, passed away, perished, and forgotten.

[5] *Simplicity* is here used for *folly.*

[6] *Lace*—embellish, ornament.

Fair—beauty.

[8] See Merchant of Venice, Illustrations of Act III., vol. i. p. 222.

[9] *Due.* The original has *end.* Tyrwhitt sagaciously made the change, knowing that such a typographical error is not unfrequent. The separate letters drop out at the press; and the workman, who does not stand upon niceties, puts them together again after his own fashion. By the inversion of the *u* a pretty metamorphosis of *due* into *end* is made; and such feats of legerdemain are performed with a dexterity which, however satisfactory to the operator, is not the most agreeable part of an author's experience, if he should ever indulge himself with the perusal of his own writings after they have passed the printer.

They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
  But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
  The solve[1] is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,[2]
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
  If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
  Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.[3]

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
  Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
  And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
  For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
  And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

[1] *Solve.* The original has *solye.* Malone reads *solve* in the sense of *solution.* We have no parallel example of the use of *solve* as a noun.
[2] *Suspect*—suspicion. So in King Henry IV., Part II.:—

"If my *suspect* be false, forgive me."

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
  This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
  To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
  The worth of that, is that which it contains,
  And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
  Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
  Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,[4]
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent;
  For as the sun is daily new and old,
  So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

[3] *Owe*—own.
[4] *A noted weed*—a dress known and familiar, through being always the same.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
  But thou art all my art, and dost advance
  As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
  Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
  Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
  Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
  The worst was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

O I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
  You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
  Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

[1] *Modern*—trite, common.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
  And their gross painting might be better us'd
  Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern [1] quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
  There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
  Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew?
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
  You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
  Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve [2] their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
I think good thoughts, while others write good words,
And, like unlettered clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, "'Tis so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
  Then others for the breath of words respect,
  Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,

Reserve is here again used for *preserve*.

That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,[1]
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
  But when your countenance fil'd up [2] his line,
  Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In sleep a king, but, waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
  Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
  That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle,[3] and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
  For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
  For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
  And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
  Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks and horses be;
And, having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
  Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
  All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
  But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
  Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
  How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
  If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;

[1] Steevens conjectures that this is an allusion to Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with a familiar spirit.

[2] *Fil'd up*—gave the last polish. Ben Jonson, in his verses on Shakspere, speaks of his

"Well-torned and *true-filed* lines."

[3] *Strangle.* Malone gives several examples of the use of the verb; and Steevens adds, "This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspere." Why is any word called *uncouth* which expresses a meaning more clearly and forcibly than any other word? The miserable affectation of the last age, in rejecting words that in sound appeared not to harmonize with the mincing prettiness of polite conversation, emasculated our language; and it will take some time to restore it to its ancient nervousness.

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
  For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:
  Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like the canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
  Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
  The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
  But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
  As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd[1] was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
  Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
  That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
  Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
  As with your shadow I with these did play:

[1] Malone explains this as, "This time in which I was remote or absent from thee."

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
  More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
  But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
  Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
  So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
  Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
  To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
  Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
  Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
  And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
  Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
  For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
  Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse, to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
  Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
  Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
  For we, which now behold these present days,
  Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,[1]
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
  And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
  When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What's new to speak, what new[2] to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
  Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
  Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
  For nothing this wide universe I call,
  Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley[3] to the view,
Gor'd[4] mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches[5] gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have[6] what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

[1] *Subscribes*—submits, acknowledges as a superior.
[2] *New*. The original has *now*.
[3] *Motley*. Jaques, in As You Like It, exclaims, "Invest me in my *motley*." Motley was the dress of the domestic fool, or jester; and thus the buffoon himself came to be called *a motley*. Jaques, addressing Touchstone, says, "Will you be married, *Motley*?"
[4] *Gor'd*—wounded. In Hamlet we have—

"I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name *ungor'd*."

[5] *Blenches*—deviations.
[6] *Have*. This is the word of the old copy. An altered reading is—

"Now all is done, *save* what shall have no end."

Malone says the original reading is unintelligible. His conjectural reading, which Tyrwhitt recommended, appears to us more so. "Now all is done" clearly applies to the *blenches*, the *worse essays;* but the poet then adds, "*have* (thou) what shall have no end"—my constant affection, my undivided friendship.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,[1] 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?[2]
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.[3]
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense;—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead.[4]

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, or flower, or shape, which it doth latch;[5]
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour,[6] or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.[7]

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie;
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no; it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager[8] compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;

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[1] *Eysell*—vinegar.
[2] *Allow*—approve.
[3] This passage is obscure, and there is probably some slight misprint. Steevens says, with his usual amenity, "The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—'You are the only person who has the power to change my stubborn resolution, *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong.'" We have little doubt that something like this is the meaning; but why has not this great conjectural critic, instead of calling out "purblind and obscure stuff," tried his hand at some slight emendation? He is venturous enough when the text is clear. We might read thus:—

"That my steel'd sense *so* changes right or wrong;"

or we might read, as Malone has proposed, "*E'er* changes."

[4] This line presents in the old copy one of the many examples of how little the context was heeded. We there find—

"That all the world *besides me thinks y' are* dead."

Malone changes this to—

"That all the world *besides methinks they are* dead."

We adopt Mr. Dyce's first reading.
[5] *Latch*. The original has *lack*. Malone substituted *latch*, which signifies to *lay hold of*.
[6] *Favour*—countenance.
[7] *Untrue* is here used as a substantive. So in Measure for Measure:—

"Say what you can, my false outweighs your *true*.

[8] *Eager*—sour; the French *aigre*.

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,[1]
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd[2]
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No.—I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;[3]
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,[4]
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds,[5] knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

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[1] *Fitted*—subjected to fits.
[2] *Remember'd*—reminded.
[3] *Bevel*—bent in an angle.
[4] Malone says, "*That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of retaining, or rather of containing, so much as the tablet of the brain."
[5] *Seconds*. The only note on the passage in the variorum editions is that of Steevens:—"I am just informed by an old lady that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say." Mr. Dyce called this note "preposterously absurd." Steevens, however, knew what he was doing. He mentions the flour, as in almost every other note upon the Sonnets, to throw discredit upon compositions with which he could not sympathize. He had a sharp, cunning, pettifogging mind; and he knew many prosaic things well enough. He knew that a *second* in a duel, a *seconder* in a debate, a *secondary* in ecclesiastical affairs, meant one next to the principal. The poet's friend has his chief oblation; no *seconds*, or inferior persons, are mixed up with his tribute of affection.

In the copy of the Sonnets in the Bodleian Library, formerly belonging to Malone (and which is bound in the same volume with the Lucrece, &c.), is a very cleverly drawn caricature representing Shakspere addressing a periwig-pated old fellow in these lines:—

"If thou couldst, Doctor, cast
The water of my Sonnets, find their disease,
Or purge my Editor till he understood them,
I would applaud thee."

Under this Malone has written, "Mr. Steevens borrowed this volume from me in 1779, to peruse the 'Rape of Lucrece,' in the original edition, of which he was not possessed. When he returned it he made this drawing. I was then confined by a sore throat, and attended by Mr. Atkinson, the apothecary, of whom the above figure, whom Shakspeare addresses, is a caricature."

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks,[1] that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

[1] *Jacks*—the small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of a virginal. In the comedy of "Ram Alley" we have—

"Where be these rascals that skip up and down
Like *virginal jacks?*"

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground;
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone,
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:

But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute[1] of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be,
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee;
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,[2]
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes, seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.[3]

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

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[1] *Statute*—security, or obligation.

[2] See note on Love's Labour's Lost, Act II. Sc. I., vol. i. p. 47.

[3] There are many variations in the copy of this Sonnet as originally published in The Passionate Pilgrim. The differences are of that character which would lead us to believe that the author, after the lapse of a few years, wrote it out a second time from memory. The variations are certainly not those of a transcriber:—

"When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false *forgeries*.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although *I know* my *years be* past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says *my love that* she is *young?*
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is *a soothing tongue*,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore *I'll* lie with *love*, and *love* with me,
Since that our faults *in love thus smother'd* be."

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine;
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that, when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest[1] me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But, being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.[2]

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate" she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who like a fiend
From heaven to hell is flown away.
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,[3]
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures[4] falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?[5]
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend.
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon
Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?

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[1] *Suggest*—tempt.

[2] The variations in the copy of this Sonnet in The Passionate Pilgrim are very slight. In the eighth line, instead of *foul pride*, we have *fair pride;* in the eleventh, instead of *from me*, we have *to me;* in the thirteenth, instead of *Yet this shall I ne'er know*, we have *The truth I shall not know*.

[3] In the original copy we have the following reading:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array."

The received reading is a conjectural emendation by Malone. When the change in a text must rest wholly on conjecture, and some change is absolutely necessary, it appears to us that the change which has been established is in most cases better than any improvement.

[4] *Censures*—judges, estimates.

[5] *Partake*—take part. A *partaker* was a confederate.

What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
  But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
  Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
  If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
  More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,[1]
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
  No want of conscience hold it that I call
  Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
  For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
  To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid lay by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
  But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
  Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

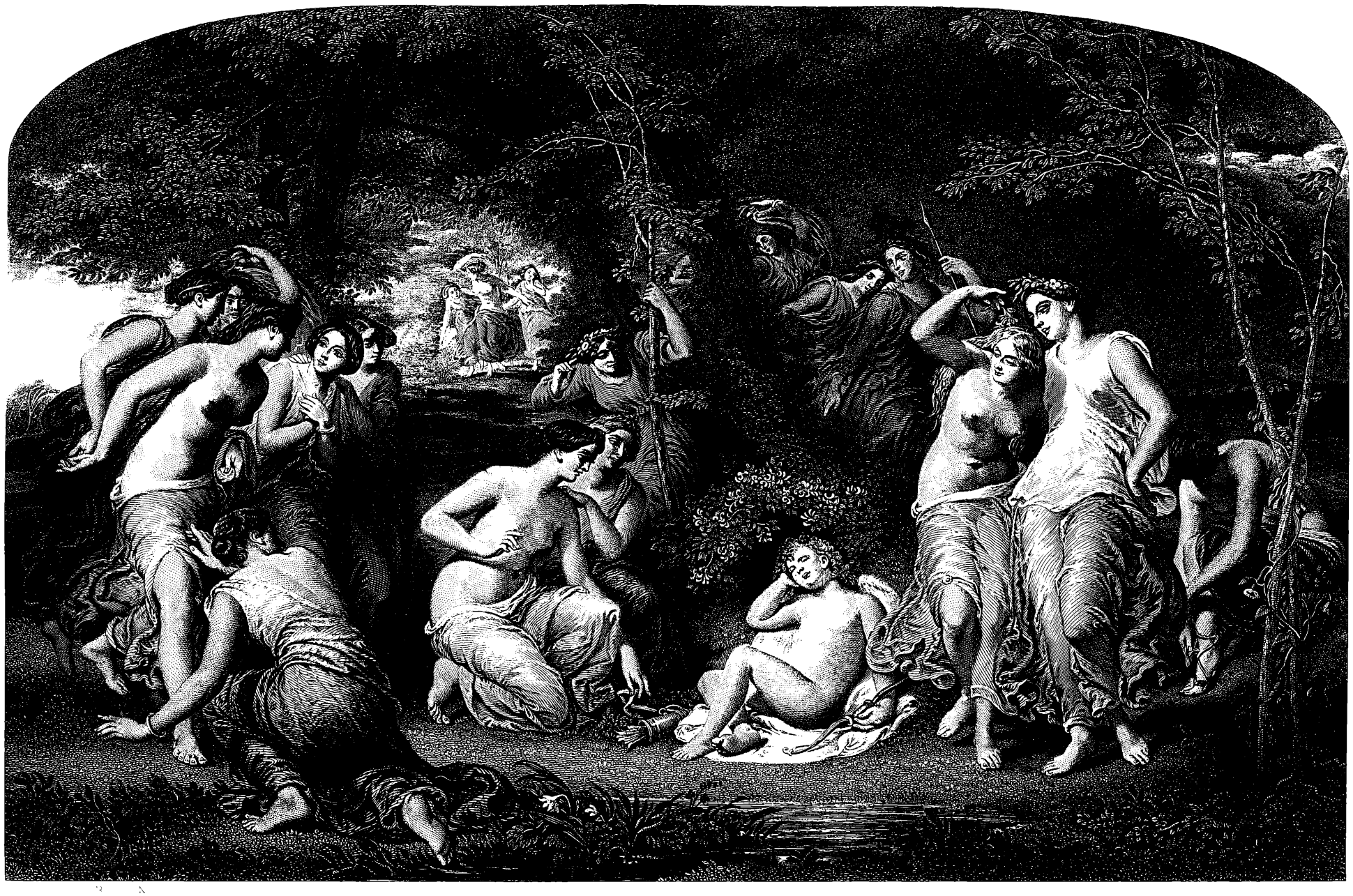
The little love-god, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
  Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
  Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded[2]
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid[3] to list the sad-tun'd tale:
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

[1] *Amiss*—fault.
[2] *Re-worded*—echoed.
[3] *Laid*. So the original. But it is usually more correctly printed *lay*. The idiomatic grammar of Shakspere's age ought not to be removed.



Stadt-
bücherei
Elbing

Oft did she heave her napkin[1] to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,[1]
Laund'ring[3] the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted[4] in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;[5]
Sometimes diverted their poor balls are tied
To th' orbed[6] earth: sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd[7] hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside:
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund[8] she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,[9]
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet mo[10] letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk[11] feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often gave[12] to tear;
Cried, "O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!"
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,[13]
Towards this afflicted fancy[14] fastly drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,[15]
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one[16] by nature's outwards so commended,
That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.[17]

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage[18] by that cost more[19] dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,

Napkin—handkerchief. Emilia says of Desdemona's fatal handkerchief—

"I am glad I have found this napkin."

Conceited characters—fanciful figures worked on the handkerchief.

[3] *Laund'ring*—washing.

[4] *Pelleted*—formed into pellets, or small balls.

[5] Shakspere often employs the metaphor of a piece of ordnance; but what in his plays is generally a slight allusion here becomes a somewhat quaint conceit.

[6] *Th' orbed.* We retain *orbed* as a dissyllable, according to the original. Mr. Dyce has *the orb'd.*

[7] *Sheav'd*—made of straw collected from sheaves.

[8] *Maund*—a basket. The word is used in the old translation of the Bible.

[9] *Bedded.* So the original, the word probably meaning *jet embedded*, or set, in some other substance. Steevens has *beaded jet*—jet formed into beads—which Mr. Dyce adopts.

[10] *Mo*—more. This word is now invariably printed *more.* It occurs in subsequent stanzas. Why should we destroy this little archaic beauty by a rage for modernising?

[11] *Sleided silk.* The commentators explain this as "untwisted silk." In the chorus to the fourth act of Pericles, Marina is pictured—

"When she weav'd the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk.

Percy, in a note on this passage, says, "Untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's sley." The first part of this description is certainly not correct. The silk is not untwisted, for it must be spun before it is woven; and a strong twisted silk is exactly what was required when letters were to be sealed "feat" (neatly) "to curious secrecy." In Mr. Ramsay's Introduction to his valuable edition of the Paston Letters the old mode of sealing a letter is clearly described:—"It was carefully folded, and fastened at the end by a sort of paper strap, upon which the seal was affixed; and under the seal a string, a silk thread, or even a straw, was frequently placed running around the letter."

[12] *Gave.* So the original. Malone changes the word to *'gan.* This appears to us, although it has the sanction of Mr. Dyce's adoption, an unnecessary change. *Gave* is here used in the sense of *gave the mind to, contemplated, made a movement towards, inclined to.* Shakspere has several times "my mind gave me;" and the word may therefore, we think, stand alone here as expressing inclination.

[13] Malone, by making the sentence parenthetical which begins at "Sometime a blusterer," and ends at "swiftest hours," causes the reverend man's attention to be drawn to the scattered fragments of letters as they flew—a very snow-storm of letters. Surely this is nonsense!

"The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,"

clearly show that the reverend man, although he had been engaged in the ruffle, in the turmoil, of the court and city, had not suffered the swiftest hours to pass unobserved. He was a man of experience, and was thus qualified to give advice.

[14] *Fancy* is often used by Shakspere in the sense of *love;* but here it means *one that is possessed by fancy.*

[15] *Bat*—club.

[16] *Of one*—the original reads *O one.*

[17] *Sawn.* Malone explains this as *seen;* but Boswell says that the word means *sown*, and that it is still so pronounced in Scotland.

[18] *Visage* is the inverted nominative case to *show'd.*

[19] *More.* So the original: in all the modern editions we have *most.*

What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:[1]
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Can[2] for additions; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in mo pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them:[3]

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppos'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being desired yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destin'd ill she must herself assay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry It is thy last.

"For further I could say, This man's untrue,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought[4] characters and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

"'All my offences that abroad you see
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with acture[5] they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find;
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,[6]
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And lo! behold these talents[7] of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,[8]
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd[9] properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend

---

[1] *Case*—outward show.

[2] *Can* is the original reading; but Malone changed it to *came*, and he justifies the change by a passage in Macbeth, Act I. Sc. III., where he supposes the same mistake occurred. In that passage we did not receive the proposed correction; nor do we think it necessary to receive it here. *Can* is constantly used by the old writers, especially by Spenser, in the sense of *began;* and that sense, *began for additions*, is as intelligible as *came for additions*. *For* is used in the sense of *as*.

[3] There is a similar sarcastic thought in Timon, where the misanthrope, addressing himself to the gold he had found, says—

"Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand."

[4] Malone—and he is followed in all modern editions—puts a comma after *thought*, and says, "It is here, I believe, a substantive." Surely *thought* is a verb. We have a regular sequence of verbs—heard—saw—knew—thought. How can thought be art? The art is in the expression of the thoughts by "characters and words." He who said, "Words were given us to conceal our thoughts," is a better commentator upon the passage than Malone.

[5] *Acture* is explained as synonymous with *action*.

[6] *Teen*—grief.

[7] *Talents* is here used in the sense of *something precious*.

[8] *Impleach'd*—interwoven.

[9] *Invis'd*—invisible.

With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

"'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"'Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit[1] in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings[2] made the blossoms[3] dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,[4]
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But O, my sweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Paling[5] the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"'O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immur'd,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

"'How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
Who, disciplin'd and dieted[6] in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth,
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame,
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate[7] the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect![8] cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

"For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards, and civil[9] fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels,[10] all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives,
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shows;

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could scape the hail of his all hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming ow'd,[11]
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

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[1] *Suit.* "The noble suit in court" is, we think, the suit made to her in court. Mr. Dyce says *suitors*.

[2] *Havings.* Malone receives this as *accomplishments;* Mr. Dyce as *fortune*.

[3] *Blossoms*—young men, the flower of the nobility.

[4] *Of richest coat*—of highest descent.

Paling. In the old copy, *playing*. Malone's emendation of *paling* is sensible as well as ingenious.

[6] *And dieted.* The old copy reads *I died*. A correspondent suggested the change to Malone.

[7] *Gate*—got, procured.

[8] *O cleft effect!* The reading of the original is, *Or, cleft effect*. Malone substituted *O cleft effect!*

[9] *Civil*—decorous.

[10] *Cautels*—deceitful purposes.

[11] *Ow'd*—owned, his own.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

DID not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee;
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then, thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?[1]

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward;
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his books thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly tongue.[2]

IV.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook where Adon used to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

[1] The foregoing Sonnet appears, with some variations, in Love's Labour's Lost, the first edition of which was printed in 1598. We give the lines in which the variations occur:—

"'Gainst whom the world *cannot* hold argument."
"*Vows are but breath*, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, ***which*** on ***my*** earth ***dost*** shine,
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is."

The text of the play is evidently superior to that in The Passionate Pilgrim.

[2] This Sonnet also occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, in which copy there are variations in several lines. In the second we read, "*Ah*, never faith;" in the third, "*faithful* prove;" in the fourth, "*were* oaks;" in the sixth, "*would* comprehend;" in the eleventh, "lightning *bears*." The concluding lines are as follow:—

Celestial as thou art, oh *pardon*, love, *this* wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.

One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,[1]
* * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds;
Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore:
She showed hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,[2]
Pluck'd in the bud and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

IX.

Venus, with Adonis[3] sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me;
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away!

X.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,[4]
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XII.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;[5]
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

[1] The second line is lost.

[2] *Vaded*—faded. This form of the word often occurs in Shakspere, and has been too frequently changed in reprints.

[3] This Sonnet is found in "Fidessa," by B. Griffin (1596). There are great variations in that copy. Amongst others we have the epithet *young* before Adonis. If we make a pause after Venus, the epithet is not necessary to the metre. The fourth line is given more metrically in "Fidessa:"—

"And as he fell to her, *so* she fell to him."

[4] In the twenty-ninth volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a copy of this poem is given, as from an ancient manuscript, in which there are the following variations:—

"And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can *unite*."

[5] *A moon.* The original has *an hour*—evidently a misprint. The emendation of *moon*, in the sense of *month*, is by Steevens, and it ought to atone for some faults of the commentator.

SONNETS TO SUNDRY NOTES OF MUSIC.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be.
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye could see,
  Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
  Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with disdain:
  Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art, with arms contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
  For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day!),
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas, my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.[1]

XVI.

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
  All is amiss:
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
  Causer of this.[2]
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
  O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel speeding!)
  Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,[3]
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures[4] to weep,
  In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
  Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth; they die:[5]
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
  Fearfully.
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,[6]
Thy like ne'er was
  For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:[7]
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
  Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVII.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,[8]
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might:[9]
  Take counsel of some wiser head,
  Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt:)
  But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
  And set her person forth to sell.[10]

---

[1] This beautiful little poem also occurs in Love's Labour's Lost. In that copy, in the second line, we find "*is every* May." *Every*, which is repeated in the folio of 1623, is clearly a mistake. In the eleventh line we have—

"But, *alack*, my hand *is* sworn."

In the play there is a couplet not found in The Passionate Pilgrim:—

"Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee."

These lines precede "Thou for whom."

[2] We have two other ancient copies of this poem—one in "England's Helicon" (1600); the other in a collection of Madrigals by Thomas Weelkes (1597). In "England's Helicon" these lines are thus given:—

"Love is denying, Faith is defying;
Hearts renging (renying), causer of this."

[3] *No deal*—in no degree. *Some deal* and *no deal* were common expressions.

[4] *Procures*. The curtail dog is the nominative case to this verb.

[5] The reading in Weelkes's Madrigals is an improvement of this passage:—

"Loud bells ring not
Cheerfully."

[6] *Lass*. This is the reading of Weelkes. The Passionate Pilgrim has *love*.

[7] *Moan*. This is the reading in "England's Helicon." The Passionate Pilgrim has *woe*.

[8] *Strike*. So the original. Mr. Dyce, who seldom indulges in conjectural emendation, alters the word to *smite*, "for the sake of the rhyme." This we think is scarcely allowable; for there are many examples of loose rhymes in these little poems. In the seventh stanza of this poem we have *nought* to rhyme with *oft*.

[9] *Fancy* is here used as *love*, and *might* as *power*. Steevens, mischievously we should imagine, changed *partial might* to *partial tike;* and Malone adopts this reading, which makes Cupid a bulldog.

[10] *Sell*. The reading of The Passionate Pilgrim is *sale*. A manuscript in the possession of Mr. Lysons gives us *sell*.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm[1] ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew:
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.[2]
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.[3]

XIX.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove[4] of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till[5] a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears,[6] they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
[Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.[7]]
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.

[1] *Calm* is the reading of The Passionate Pilgrim; the manuscript just mentioned has *clear*.

[2] These four lines are thus given in Mr. Lysons's manuscript:—

"Think, women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attaint."

The one copy is somewhat more intelligible than the other.

[3] We insert this poem in the order in which it appears in The Passionate Pilgrim.

[4] This poem is also incompletely printed in "England's Helicon;" where it bears the signature *Ignoto*. There are some variations in the twenty-eight lines there given, as in the case before us, of *grove* in The Passionate Pilgrim, which in "England's Helicon" is *group*.

[5] *Up-till*. This is given *against* in "England's Helicon."

[6] *Bears*. In "England's Helicon," *beasts*.

[7] The poem in "England's Helicon" here ends; but the two lines with which it concludes are wanting in The Passionate Pilgrim.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SONG.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
  That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
  Lights that do mislead the morn
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
  Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
  Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.[1]

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,[2]
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,[3]
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded:

That it cried how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne[4]
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragic scene.

V

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be:
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

---

[1] The collection entitled The Passionate Pilgrim, &c., ends with the Sonnet to Sundry Notes of Music which we have numbered XIX. Malone adds to the collection this exquisite song, of which we find the first verse in Measure for Measure. (See Illustrations, vol. i. p. 378.)

There is a curious coincidence in a passage in The Tempest:—

> "Now I will believe
> That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
> There is one tree, the phœnix' throne."

[3] *Can*—knows.
[4] *Threne*—funereal song.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE POEMS.

"If the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather." These are the words which, in relation to the Venus and Adonis, Shakspere addressed, in 1593, to the Earl of Southampton. Are we to accept them literally? Was the Venus and Adonis the first production of Shakspere's imagination? Or did he put out of his view those dramatic performances which he had then unquestionably produced, in deference to the critical opinions which regarded plays as works not belonging to "invention?" We think that he used the words in a literal sense. We regard the Venus and Adonis as the production of a very young man, improved, perhaps, considerably in the interval between its first composition and its publication, but distinguished by peculiarities which belong to the wild luxuriance of youthful power—such power, however, as few besides Shakspere have ever possessed.

A deep thinker and eloquent writer, Julius Charles Hare, thus describes "the spirit of self-sacrifice," as applied to poetry:—

"The might of the imagination is manifested by its launching forth from the petty creek, where the accidents of birth moored it, into the wide ocean of being,—by its going abroad into the world around, passing into whatever it meets with, animating it, and becoming one with it. This complete union and identification of the poet with his poem,—this suppression of his own individual insulated consciousness, with its narrowness of thought and pettiness of feeling,—is what we admire in the great masters of that which for this reason we justly call classical poetry, as representing that which is symbolical and universal, not that which is merely occasional and peculiar. This gives them that majestic calmness which still breathes upon us from the statues of their gods. This invests their works with that lucid transparent atmosphere wherein every form stands out in perfect definiteness and distinctness, only beautified by the distance which idealizes it. This has delivered those works from the casualties of time and space, and has lifted them up like stars into the pure firmament of thought, so that they do not shine on one spot alone, nor fade like earthly flowers, but journey on from clime to clime, shedding the light of beauty on generation after generation. The same quality, amounting to a total extinction of his own selfish being, so that his spirit became a mighty organ through which Nature gave utterance to the full diapason of her notes, is what we wonder at in our own great dramatist, and is the groundwork of all his other powers: for it is only when purged of selfishness that the intellect becomes fitted for receiving the inspirations of genius."*

What Mr. Hare so justly considers as the great moving principle of "classical poetry"—what he further notes as the pre-eminent characteristic of "our own great dramatist"—is abundantly found in that great dramatist's earliest work. Coleridge was the first to point out this pervading quality in the Venus and Adonis; and he has done this so admirably, that it would be profanation were we to attempt to elucidate the point in any other than his own words:—

"It is throughout as if a superior spirit, more intuitive, more intimately conscious, even than the characters themselves, not only of every outward look and act, but of the flux and reflux of the mind in all its subtlest thoughts and feelings, were placing the whole before our view; himself meanwhile unparticipating in the passions, and actuated only by that pleasurable excitement which had resulted from the energetic fervour of his own spirit in so vividly exhibiting what it had so accurately and profoundly contemplated. I think I should have conjectured from these poems, that even then the great instinct which impelled the poet to the drama was secretly working in him, prompting him by a series and never-broken chain of imagery, always vivid, and, because unbroken, often minute,—by the highest effort of the picturesque in words of which words are capable, higher perhaps than was ever realized by any other poet, even Dante not excepted,—to provide a substitute for that visual language, that constant intervention and running comment by tone, look, and gesture, which in his dramatic works he was entitled to expect from the players. His Venus and Adonis seem at once the characters themselves, and the whole representation of those characters by the most consummate actors. You seem to be *told* nothing, but to see and hear everything. Hence it is, that, from the perpetual activity of attention required on the part of the reader,—from the rapid flow, the quick change, and the playful nature of the thoughts and images,—and, above all, from the alienation, and, if I may hazard such an expression, the utter *aloofness* of the poet's own feelings from those of which he is at once the painter and the analyst,—that though the very subject cannot but detract from the pleasure of a delicate mind, yet never was poem less dangerous on a moral account."†

* The Victory of Faith; and other Sermons. By Julius Charles Hare, M.A. 1840. P. 277.

Coleridge, in the preceding chapter of his "Literary Life," says—"During the first year that Mr. Wordsworth and I were neighbours, our conversations turned frequently on the two cardinal points of poetry—the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader by a faithful adherence to the truth of nature, and the power of giving the interest of novelty by the modifying colours of imagination." In Coleridge's "Literary Remains" the Venus and Adonis is cited as furnishing a signal example of "that affectionate love of nature and natural objects, without which no man could have observed so steadily, or painted so truly and passionately, the very minutest beauties of the external world." The description of the hare hunt is there given at length as a specimen of this power. A remarkable proof of the completeness as well as accuracy of Shakspere's description presented itself to our mind, in running through a little volume, full of talent, published in 1825—"Essays and Sketches of Character, by the late Richard Ayton, Esq." There is a paper on hunting, and especially on hare-hunting. He says—"I am not one of the perfect fox-hunters of these realms; but having been in the way of late of seeing a good deal of various modes of hunting, I would, for the benefit of the uninitiated, set down the results of my observations." In this matter he writes with a perfect unconsciousness that he is describing what any one has described before. But as accurate an observer *had* been before him:—

"She (the hare) generally returns to the seat from which she was put up, running, as all the world knows, in a circle, or something sometimes like it, we had better say, that we may keep on good terms with the mathematical. At starting, she tears away at her utmost speed for a mile or more, and distances the dogs half-way: she then returns, diverging a little to the right or left, that she may not run into the mouths of her enemies—a necessity which accounts for what we call the circularity of her course. Her flight from home is direct and precipitate; but on her way back, when she has gained a little time for consideration and stratagem, she describes a curious labyrinth of short turnings and windings, as if to perplex the dogs by the intricacy of her track."

Compare this with Shakspere:—

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes."

Mr. Ayton thus goes on:—

"The hounds, whom we left in full cry, continue their music without remission as long as they are faithful to the scent; as a summons, it should seem, like the seaman's cry, to pull together, or keep together, and it is a certain proof to themselves and their followers that they are in the right way. On the instant that they are 'at fault,' or lose the scent, they are silent. . The weather, in its impression on the scent, is the great father of 'faults;' but they may arise from other accidents, even when the day is in every respect favourable. The intervention of ploughed land, on which the scent soon cools or evaporates, is at least perilous; but sheep-stains, recently left by a flock, are fatal: they cut off the scent irrecoverably—making a gap, as it were, in the clue, in which the dogs have not even a hint for their guidance."

Compare Shakspere again:—

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies."

† Biographia Literaria, 1817, vol. ii. p. 15.

One more extract from Mr. Ayton :—

"Suppose then, after the usual rounds, that you see the hare at last (a sorry mark for so many foes) sorely beleaguered—looking dark and draggled—and limping heavily along; then stopping to listen—again tottering on a little—and again stopping; and at every step, and every pause, hearing the death-cry grow nearer and louder."

One more comparison, and we have exhausted Shakspere's description :—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any."

Here, then, be it observed, are not only the same objects, the same accidents, the same movement, in each description, but the very words employed to convey the scene to the mind are often the same in each. It would be easy to say that Mr. Ayton copied Shakspere. We believe he did not. There is a sturdy ingenuousness about his writings which would have led him to notice the Venus and Adonis if he had had it in his mind. Shakspere and he had each looked minutely and practically upon the same scene; and the wonder is, not that Shakspere was an accurate describer, but that in him the accurate is so thoroughly fused with the poetical, that it is one and the same life.

The celebrated description of the courser in the Venus and Adonis is another remarkable instance of the accuracy of the young Shakspere's observation. Not the most experienced dealer ever knew the *points* of a horse better. The whole poem, indeed, is full of evidence that the circumstances by which the writer was surrounded, in a country district, had entered deeply into his mind, and were reproduced in the poetical form. The bird "tangled in a net"—the "dive-dapper peering through a wave"—the "blue-veined violets"—the

"Red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field"—

the fisher that forbears the "ungrown fry"—the sheep "gone to fold"—the caterpillars feeding on "the tender leaves"—and, not to weary with examples, that exquisite image,

"Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye"—

all these bespeak a poet who had formed himself upon Nature, and not upon books. To understand the value as well as the rarity of this quality in Shakspere, we should open any contemporary poem. Take Marlowe's "Hero and Leander" for example. We read line after line, beautiful, gorgeous, running over with a satiating luxuriousness; but we look in vain for a single familiar image. Shakspere describes what he has seen, throwing over the real the delicious tint of his own imagination. Marlowe looks at Nature herself very rarely; but he knows all the conventional images by which the real is supposed to be elevated into the poetical. His most beautiful things are thus but copies of copies. The mode in which each poet describes the morning will illustrate our meaning :—

"Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
The cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."

We feel that *this* is true. Compare—

"By this Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard
But he the day's bright-bearing car prepar'd,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Dang'd down to hell her loathsome carriage."

We are taught that *this* is classical.

Coleridge has observed that, "in the Venus and Adonis, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant." This self-controlling power of "varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm" is, perhaps, one of the most signal instances of Shakspere's consummate mastery of his art, even as a very young man. He who, at the proper season, knew how to strike the grandest music within the compass of our own powerful and sonorous language, in his early productions breathes out his thoughts

"To the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorder."

The sustained sweetness of the versification is never cloying; and yet there are no violent contrasts, no sudden elevations: all is equable in its infinite variety. The early comedies are full of the same rare beauty. In Love's Labour's Lost—The Comedy of Errors—A Midsummer Night's Dream—we have verses of alternate rhymes formed upon the same model as those of the Venus and Adonis, and producing the same feeling of placid delight by their exquisite harmony. The same principles on which he built the versification of the Venus and Adonis exhibited to him the grace which these elegiac harmonies would impart to the scenes of repose in the progress of a dramatic action.

We proceed to the Lucrece. Of that poem the date of the composition is fixed as accurately as we can desire. In the dedication to the Venus and Adonis the poet says—"If your honour seem but pleased I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours till I have honoured you with some graver labour." In 1594, a year after the Venus and Adonis, Lucrece was published, and was dedicated to Lord Southampton. This, then, was undoubtedly the "graver labour;" this was the produce of the "idle hours" of 1593. Shakspere was then nearly thirty years of age—the period at which it is held by some he first began to produce anything original for the stage. The poet unquestionably intended the "graver labour" for a higher effort than had produced the "first heir" of his invention. He describes the Venus and Adonis as "unpolished lines"—lines thrown off with youthful luxuriousness and rapidity. The verses of the Lucrece are "untutored lines"—lines formed upon no established model. There is, to our mind, the difference of eight or even ten years in the aspect of these poems—a difference as manifest as that which exists between Love's Labour's Lost and Romeo and Juliet. Coleridge has marked the great distinction between the one poem and the other :—

"The Venus and Adonis did not perhaps allow the display of the deeper passions. But the story of Lucretia seems to favour, and even demand, their intensest workings. And yet we find in *Shakespeare's* management of the tale neither pathos nor any other *dramatic* quality. There is the same minute and faithful imagery as in the former poem, in the same vivid colours, inspirited by the same impetuous vigour of thought, and diverging and contracting with the same activity of the assimilative and of the modifying faculties; and with a yet larger display, a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection: and, lastly, with the same perfect dominion, often *domination*, over the whole world of language."†

It is in this paragraph that Coleridge has marked the difference—which a critic of the very highest order could alone have pointed

* Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 14.

† Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 21.

out—between the power which Shakspere's mind possessed of going out of itself in a narrative poem, and the dramatic power. The same mighty, and to most unattainable, power of utterly subduing the self-conscious to the universal, was essential to the highest excellence of both species of composition—the poem and the drama. But the exercise of that power was essentially different in each. Coleridge, in another place, says—"In his very first production he projected his mind out of his own particular being, and felt, and made others feel, on subjects no way connected with himself except by force of contemplation, and that sublime faculty by which a great mind becomes that on which it meditates."* But this "sublime faculty" went greatly farther when it became dramatic. In the narrative poems of an ordinary man we perpetually see the narrator. Coleridge, in a passage previously quoted, has shown the essential superiority of Shakspere's narrative poems, where the whole is placed before our view, the poet unparticipating in the passions. There is a remarkable example of how strictly Shakspere adhered to this principle in his beautiful poem of A Lover's Complaint. There the poet is actually present to the scene:—

> "From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
> A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
> My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
> And down I laid to list the sad-tun'd tale."

But not one word of comment does he offer upon the revelations of the "fickle maid full pale." The dramatic power, however, as we have said, is many steps beyond this. It dispenses with narrative altogether. It renders a complicated story, or stories, *one* in the action. It makes the characters reveal *themselves*, sometimes by a word. It trusts for everything to the capacity of an audience to appreciate the greatest subtleties, and the nicest shades of passion, *through* the action. It is the very reverse of the oratorical power, which repeats and explains. And how is it able to effect this prodigious mastery over the senses and the understanding? By raising the mind of the spectator, or reader, into such a state of poetical excitement as corresponds in some degree to the excitement of the poet, and thus clears away the mists of our ordinary vision, and irradiates the whole complex moral world in which we for a time live, and move, and have our being, with the brightness of his own intellectual sunlight. Now, it appears to us that, although the Venus and Adonis, and the Lucrece, do not pretend to be the creations of this wonderful power—their forms did not demand its complete exercise—they could not have been produced by a man who did not possess the power, and had not assiduously cultivated it in its own proper field. In the second poem, more especially, do we think the power has reached a higher development, indicating itself in "a yet wider range of knowledge and reflection."

Malone says—"I have observed that Painter has inserted the story of Lucrece in the first volume of his 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1567, on which I make no doubt our author formed his poem." Be it so. The story of Lucrece in Painter's novel occupies four pages. The first page describes the circumstances that preceded the unholy visit of Tarquin to Lucrece; nearly the whole of the last two pages detail the events that followed the death of Lucrece. A page and a half at most is given to the tragedy. This is proper enough in a narrative, whose business it is to make all the circumstances intelligible. But the narrative poet, who was also thoroughly master of the dramatic power, concentrates all the interest upon the main circumstances of the story. He places the scene of those circumstances before our eyes at the very opening:—

> "From the besieged Ardea all in post,
> Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
> Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
> And to Collatium bears," &c.

The preceding circumstances which impel this journey are then rapidly told. Again, after the crowning action of the tragedy, the poet has done. He tells the consequences of it with a brevity and simplicity indicating the most consummate art:—

> "When they had sworn to this advised doom,
> They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
> To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
> And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
> Which being done with speedy diligence,
> The Romans plausibly did give consent
> To Tarquin's everlasting banishment."

He has thus cleared away all the encumbrances to the progress of the main action. He would have done the same had he made Lucrece the subject of a drama. But he has to tell his painful story, and to tell it all: not to exhibit a portion of it, as he would have done had he chosen the subject for a tragedy. The consummate delicacy with which he has accomplished this is beyond all praise, perhaps above all imitation. He puts forth his strength on the accessories of the main incident. He delights to make the chief actors analyze their own thoughts—reflect, explain, expostulate. All this is essentially undramatic, and he meant it to be so. But then, what pictures does he paint of the progress of the action, which none but a great dramatic poet, who had visions of future Macbeths and Othellos before him, could have painted! Look, for example, at that magnificent scene, when

> "No comfortable star did lend his light,"

of Tarquin leaping from his bed, and, softly smiting his falchion on a flint, lighting a torch

> "Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye."

Look, again, at the exquisite domestic incident which tells of the quiet and gentle occupation of his devoted victim:—

> "By the light he spies
> Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
> He takes it from the rushes where it lies."

The hand to which that glove belongs is described in the very perfection of poetry:—

> "Without the bed her other fair hand was,
> On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
> Show'd like an April daisy on the grass."

In the chamber of innocence Tarquin is painted with terrific grandeur, which is overpowering by the force of contrast:—

> "This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
> Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
> Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade."

The complaint of Lucrece after Tarquin has departed was meant to be undramatic. The action advances not. The character develops not itself in the action. But the poet makes his heroine bewail her fate in every variety of lament that his boundless command of imagery could furnish. The letter to Collatine is written—a letter of the most touching simplicity:—

> "Thou worthy lord
> Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
> Health to thy person! next vouchsafe to afford
> (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
> Some present speed to come and visit me:
> So I commend me from our house in grief;
> My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Again the action languishes, and again Lucrece surrenders herself to her grief. The

> "Skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy"

is one of the most elaborate passages of the poem, essentially cast in an undramatic mould. But this is but a prelude to the catastrophe, where, if we mistake not, a strength of passion is put forth which is worthy him who drew the terrible agonies of Lear:—

> "Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
> She throws forth Tarquin's name: 'He, he,' she says,
> But more than 'he' her poor tongue could not speak;

* Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 54.

Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
She utters this: "He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
That guides this hand to give this wound to me.'"

Malone, in his concluding remarks upon the Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, says—"We should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence." This was written in the year 1780—the period which rejoiced in the "polished productions" of Hayley and Miss Seward, and founded its "idea of poetical excellence" on some standard which, secure in its conventional forms, might depart as far as possible from simplicity and nature, to give us words without thought, arranged in verses without music. It would be injustice indeed to Shakspere to try the Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, by such a standard of "poetical excellence." But we have outlived that period. By way of apology for Shakspere, Malone adds "that few authors rise much above the age in which they live." He further says—"The poems of Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them, were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's lifetime." This is consolatory. In Shakspere's lifetime there were a few men that the world has since thought somewhat qualified to establish an "idea of poetical excellence"—Spenser, Drayton, Jonson, Fletcher, Chapman, for example. These were not much valued in Malone's golden age of "more modern and polished productions;" but let that pass. We are coming back to the opinions of this obsolete school; and we venture to think the majority of readers now will not require us to make an apology for Shakspere's poems.

If Malone thought it necessary to solicit indulgence for the Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, he drew even a more timid breath when he ventured to speak of the Sonnets. "I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat underrated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled." No wonder he speaks timidly. The great poetical lawgiver of his time—the greater than Shakspere, for he undertook to mend him, and refine him, and make him fit to be tolerated by the super-elegant intellects of the days of George III.—had pronounced that the Sonnets were too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He, Steevens, who would take up a play of Shakspere's in the condescending spirit with which a clever tutor takes up a smart boy's verses—altering a word here, piecing out a line there, commending this thought, shaking his head at this false prosody, and acknowledging upon the whole that the thing is pretty well, seeing how much the lad has yet to learn—he sent forth his decree that nothing less than an Act of Parliament could compel the reading of Shakspere's Sonnets. For a long time mankind bowed before the oracle; and the Sonnets were not read. Wordsworth has told us something about this:—

"There is extant a small volume of miscellaneous poems in which Shakspeare expresses his feelings in his own person. It is not difficult to conceive that the editor, George Steevens, should have been insensible to the beauties of one portion of that volume, the Sonnets; though there is not a part of the writings of this poet where is found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. But, from regard to the critic's own credit, he would not have ventured to talk of an act of parliament not being strong enough to compel the perusal of these, or any production of Shakspeare, if he had not known that the people of England were ignorant of the treasures contained in those little pieces." *

That ignorance has been removed; and no one has contributed more to its removal, by creating a school of poetry founded upon Truth and Nature, than Wordsworth himself. The critics of the last century have passed away:—

"Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim."

By the operation of what great sustaining principle is it that we have come back to the just appreciation of "the treasures contained in those little pieces?" The poet-critic will answer:—

"There never has been a period, and perhaps never will be, in which vicious poetry, of some kind or other, has not excited more zealous admiration, and been far more generally read, than good; but this advantage attends the good, that the *individual*, as well as the species, survives from age to age; whereas, of the depraved, though the species be immortal, the individual quickly *perishes;* the object of present admiration vanishes, being supplanted by some other as easily produced, which, though no better, brings with it at least the irritation of novelty, —with adaptation, more or less skilful, to the changing humours of the majority of those who are most at leisure to regard poetical works when they first solicit their attention. Is it the result of the whole, that, in the opinion of the writer, the judgment of the people is not to be respected? The thought is most injurious; and, could the charge be brought against him, he would repel it with indignation. The people have already been justified, and their eulogium pronounced by implication, when it is said, above—that, of *good* poetry, the *individual*, as well as the species, *survives*. And how does it survive but through the people? what preserves it but their intellect and their wisdom?

'Past and future are the wings
On whose support, harmoniously conjoin'd,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge.'—MS.

The voice that issues from this spirit is that *vox populi* which the Deity inspires. Foolish must he be who can mistake for this a local acclamation, or a transitory outcry—transitory though it be for years, local though from a nation! Still more lamentable is his error who can believe that there is anything of divine infallibility in the clamour of that small though loud portion of the community, ever governed by factitious influence, which under the name of the PUBLIC, passes itself, upon the unthinking, for the PEOPLE." †

It is this perpetual mistake of the public for the people that has led to the belief that there was a period when Shakspere was neglected. He was *always* in the heart of the people. There, in that deep, rich soil, have the Sonnets rested during two centuries; and here and there in remote places have the seeds put forth leaves and flowers. All young imaginative minds now rejoice in their hues and their fragrance. But this preference of the fresh and beautiful of poetical life to the *pot-pourri* of the last age must be a regulated love. Those who, seeing the admiration which now prevails for these outpourings of "exquisite feelings felicitously expressed," talk of the Sonnets as equal, if not superior, to the greatest of the poet's mighty dramas, compare things that admit of no comparison. Who would speak in the same breath of the gem of Cupid and Psyche, and the Parthenon? In the Sonnets, exquisite as they are, the poet goes not out of himself (at least in the form of the composition), and he walks, therefore, in a narrow circle of art. In the Venus and Adonis, and the Lucrece, the circle widens. But in the Dramas the centre is the Human Soul, the circumference the Universe.

* Preface to Poetical Works.

† Preface to Poetical Works.

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

LOCRINE.

THE subject of this tragedy was a favourite with the early poets. We find it in "The Mirror of Magistrates," in Spenser, and in Drayton; occupying seven stanzas of "The Faery Queen" (Book II. Canto 10), and fifty lines of the "Poly-Olbion." The legend of Brutus is circumstantially related in Milton's "History of England," where the story of Locrine is told with the power of a poet:—

"After this, Brutus, in a chosen place, builds Troja Nova, changed in time to Trinovantum, now London, and began to enact laws, Heli being then high-priest in Judæa; and having governed the whole isle twenty-four years, died, and was buried in his new Troy. His three sons, Locrine, Albanact, and Camber, divide the land by consent. Locrine has the middle part, Lœgria; Camber possessed Cambria, or Wales; Albanact, Albania, now Scotland. But he in the end, by Humber, king of the Hunns, who with a fleet invaded that land, was slain in fight, and his people drove back into Lœgria. Locrine and his brother go out against Humber; who, now marching onwards, was by them defeated, and in a river drowned, which to this day retains his name. Among the spoils of his camp and navy were found certain young maids, and Estrildis above the rest, passing fair, the daughter of a king in Germany; from whence Humber, as he went wasting the sea-coast, had led her captive; whom Locrine, though before contracted to the daughter of Corineus, resolves to marry. But being forced and threatened by Corineus, whose authority and power he feared, Guendolen the daughter he yields to marry, but in secret loves the other: and ofttimes retiring, as to some private sacrifice, through vaults and passages made under ground, and seven years thus enjoying her, had by her a daughter, equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off, by the death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he made Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen, all in rage, departs into Cornwall, where Madan, the son she had by Locrine, was hitherto brought up by Corineus, his grandfather. And gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river Sture; wherein Locrine, shot with an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen; for Estrildis, and her daughter Sabra, she throws into a river; and, to leave a monument of revenge, proclaims that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name, which, by length of time, is changed now to Sabrina, or Severn."

In "Comus" Milton lingers with delight about the same story:—

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course."

The tragedy of "Locrine" was originally printed in quarto, under the following title:—"The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the warres of the Britaines and Hunnes, with their Discomfiture: The Britaines victorie, with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No less pleasant than profitable. Newly set foorth, ouerseene and corrected, by W. S. London, printed by Thomas Creede. 1595." It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 20th of July, 1594. The play concludes with some homespun lines, which, to a certain extent, fix the date:—

"Lo! here the end of lawless treachery,
Of usurpation, and ambitious pride.
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoil our land, and set their broils abroach,
Let them be warned by these premises.
And as a woman was the only cause
That civil discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned maid
That eight-and-thirty years the sceptre sway'd,
In quiet peace and sweet felicity;
And every wight that seeks her grace's smart,
Would that this sword were pierced in his heart!"

The thirty-eighth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign began on the 17th of November, 1595; and it would therefore appear that these lines were written after the entry at Stationers' Hall; and that the piece, if acted at all, was presented in the latter part of the year of which the first edition bears the date. The question then arises, whether the expression in the title-page of that edition, "Newly set foorth, ouerseene and corrected, by W. S.," implies that W. S. had corrected and published a play of an elder date; and that involves the further question whether W. S. was the original author, or one who undertook to repair a work that had fallen into his hands. Steevens says—"Supposing for a moment that W. S. here stood for our great poet's name (which is extremely improbable), these words prove that Shakspere was not the *writer* of this performance. If it was only set forth, overseen, and corrected, it was not composed, by him." This is not a very logical inference from the words of the title-page; nor is this an isolated case of prominently setting forth the correction of a play. The following title-page is, we think, an exact parallel to that of "Locrine:"—"A pleasant Conceited Comedie called Love's Labours Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare." Here the corrector and augmenter is the undoubted author; and so the appearance of W. S. in the title-page of "Locrine," as its overseer and corrector, does not prove that "it was not composed" by W. S. We have no earlier trace that W. S. was held to be William Shakspere than the publication of "Locrine" in the folio of 1664. If the publishers of that edition of Shakspere's works were misled by the initials W. S., they are not the only persons who have thought that these initials could only belong to the greatest of writers. Shakspere has been made a political economist upon the strength of them. He was, indeed, a much better political economist than many of the statesmen of his time; but he did not in 1581 write "A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints, &c., by W. S.," which in the last century was printed with his name. The author of that very able pamphlet was William

Stafford. The theory of Steevens with regard to "Locrine" is that it was written by Marlowe, who died in 1593; that it was entered on the Stationers' books as Marlowe left it; that some revision was necessary; and that it was published with the initials of the reviser, William Smith, in 1595. In 1596 William Smith printed a collection of fifty sonnets, entitled, "Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard." In "England's Helicon," printed in 1600, there is a little poem entitled "Corin's Dream of his fair Chloris," bearing the initials W. S., which is no doubt by the same William Smith. We extract the first eight lines of this poem :—

> "What time bright Titan in the zenith sat,
> And equally the fixed poles did heat:
> When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
> And underneath a broad beech took my seat.
> The dreaming god, which Morpheus poets call,
> Augmenting fuel to my Ætna's fire,
> With sleep possessing my weak senses all,
> In apparitions makes my hopes aspire."

In the "Censura Literaria" (vol. v. p. 113) an account is given of a work printed in 1577, entitled "The Golden Aphroditis: a pleasant discourse penned by John Grange, gentleman," in which a poem is also found by W. S., which is thus described :—"Eighteen commendatory lines succeed, by W. S. This probably was Wm. Smith, the writer of other poesies. Shakspeare it could not be; both on account of the date, and because he thus useth the commonplace process of compliment employed in that age, in which mythology and personification are made to halt for it." We extract four lines from these commendatory verses :—

> "Here Virtue seems to check at Vice, and Wisdom Folly taunts
> Here Venus she is set at nought, and dame Diane she vaunts.
> Here Pallas Cupid doth detest, and all his carpet-knights:
> Here doth she show that youthful imps in folly most delights."

Here, then, was a W. S. appearing as a poet in 1577, and again in 1596. "Locrine," in 1595, is newly set forth, &c., by W. S. The same anonymous person might have written a play in the very early days of the English stage, contemporary with the first performances of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Kyd; he might have revised it and published it in 1595. Very little is known of this author; nothing of his personal history. A copy or two are in existence of his fifty sonnets; and, if that be fame, his little book has been sold for £30 in our own day. Seventy years after the first publication of "Locrine," it is reprinted in a collection of Shakspere's works; but we have not a particle of evidence that it was traditionally ascribed to Shakspere. The principle which appears to have determined the publishers of our poet's works in 1664 to add to their "impression" a collection of "seven plays never before printed in folio" appears to have been a very simple one. They took all which they found bearing the initials W. S., or the name William Shakspere, as may be seen from the following table :—

Title of Play.	Initials, or Name, on Title.	Date.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre	William Shakespeare	1609
Tragedie of Locrine . . .	W. S.	1595
First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle . .	1. No name or initial 2. William Shakespeare.	1600 1600
Chronicle Historie of Thomas Lord Cromwell .	1. No name or initial 2. W. S. . . .	1602 1613
The London Prodigall.	William Shakespeare	1605
The Puritaine. .	W. S. . .	1607
A Yorkshire Tragedie	W. Shakespeare	1608

The *name* of Shakspere affixed to the title of any of these plays cannot, as we have before observed in our notice of Pericles, be received as evidence of the authorship. "Sir John Oldcastle," of which two editions were published in 1600 by the same bookseller, the one with Shakspere's name, the other without (the one without a name being the most correct), was unquestionably not written by Shakspere, because we have record of a payment to the actual writers.

This circumstance compelled us to inquire into the authorship of Pericles, almost wholly with reference to the internal evidence. And upon the same principle we must examine "The London Prodigal" and "The Yorkshire Tragedy." It is manifest that the initials W. S. upon the title-pages of the early copies cannot be received as evidence at all of the authorship, however convenient it might have been for a publisher to accept them as evidence fifty years after Shakspere's death. W. S. might, without any attempt to convey the notion that "Locrine" was written by Shakspere, have fairly stood for William Smith; and in the same way the W. S. of "Thomas Lord Cromwell" and the W. S. of "The Puritan" might have represented Wentworth Smith, a well-known dramatic author at the date of the publication of those plays, who wrote many pieces in conjunction with the best poets of that prolific period of the stage. We proceed to an analysis of "Locrine," not, as we would repeat, to attempt any display of ingenuity in finding parallels or contrasts, but, inquiring into the broad principles of Shakspere's art, to apply something like a test of the genuineness of those productions which have been assigned to him at various periods since they were written, some very loosely and hastily, as we think, and others upon grounds that demand a patient and careful examination.

According to Tieck, "Locrine" is the earliest of Shakspere's dramas. He has a theory that it has altogether a political tendency :—"It seems to have reference to the times when England was suffering through the parties formed in favour of Mary Stuart, and to have been written before her execution, while attacks were feared at home, and invasions from abroad." It was corrected by the author, and printed, he further says, in 1595, when another Spanish invasion was feared. We confess ourselves utterly at a loss to recognise in "Locrine" the mode in which Shakspere usually awakens the love of country. The management in this particular is essentially different from that of King John and Henry V. "Locrine" is one of the works which Tieck has translated, and his translation is no doubt a proof of the sincerity of his opinions; yet he says, frankly enough, "It bears the marks of a young poet unacquainted with the stage, who endeavours to sustain himself constantly in a posture of elevation, who purposely neglects the necessary rising and sinking of tone and effect, and who with wonderful energy endeavours from beginning to end to make his personages speak in the same highly-wrought and poetical language, while at the same time he shakes out all his school learning on every possible occasion." To reduce this very just account of the play to elementary criticism, Tieck says, first, that the action of the play is not conducted upon dramatic principles; second, that the language is not varied with the character and situation; third, that the poetry is essentially conventional, being the reflection of the author's school learning. It must be evident to all our readers that these characteristics are the very reverse of Shakspere. Schlegel says of "Locrine" —"The proofs of the genuineness of this piece are not altogether unambiguous; the grounds for doubt, on the other hand, are entitled to attention. However, this question is immediately connected with that respecting Titus Andronicus, and must be at the same time resolved in the affirmative or negative." We dissent entirely from this opinion. It appears to us that the differences are as strikingly marked between "Locrine" and Titus Andronicus as between Titus Andronicus and Othello. Those productions were separated by at least twenty years. The youth might have produced Aaron; the perfect master of his art, Iago. There is the broad mark of originality in the characterization and language of Titus Andronicus. The terrible passions which are there developed by the action find their vent in the appropriate language of passion, the bold and sometimes rude outpourings of nature. The characters of "Locrine" are moved to passion, but first and last they speak out of books. In Shakspere, high poetry is the most natural language of passion. It belongs to the state of excitement in which the character is placed; it harmonizes with the excited state of the reader or of the audience. But the whole imagery of "Locrine" is mythological. In a speech

of twenty lines we have Rhadamanthus, Hercules, Eurydice, Erebus, Pluto, Mors, Tantalus, Pelops, Tithonus, Minos, Jupiter, Mars, and Tisiphone. The mythological pedantry is carried to such an extent, that the play, though unquestionably written in sober sadness, is a perfect travesty of this peculiarity of the early dramatists. Conventional as Greene and Marlowe are in their imagery, a single act of "Locrine" contains more of this tinsel than all their plays put together, prone as they are to this species of decoration. In the author of "Locrine" it becomes so entirely ridiculous, that this quality alone would decide us to say that Marlowe had nothing to do with it, or Greene either. There is another peculiarity, also, in "Locrine" which distinguishes it as much from Titus Andronicus as it does from the accredited works of the best dramatists of the early period. We allude to the incessant repetitions of a phrase, in the endeavour to be forcible and rhetorical. Sparingly used, all poets know the power of an echo which intensifies the original sound; but we will select a few such passages from "Locrine" which are the mere platitudes of weakness and inexperience :—

"These arms, my lords, these never-daunted arms."
"This heart, my lords, this ne'er-appalled heart."
"Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars."
"Brutus, that was a glory to us all,
Brutus, that was a terror to his foes."
"For at this time, yea at this present time."
"Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat."
"Since mighty kings are subject to mishap
(Ay, mighty kings are subject to mishap)."
"But this foul day, this foul accursed day."

No doubt we may find this rhetorical form amongst the founders of our drama, and often in an excess which approaches to the ridiculous: take a passage from Greene's "Orlando Furioso" for example :—

Although my country's love, dearer than pearl,
Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back;
The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
Left all for love, might well have kept me back;
The seas by Neptune hoised to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flaws might well have kept me back;
The savage Moors and Anthropophagi,
Whose lands I pass'd, might well have kept me back;
The doubt of entertainment in the event
When I arriv'd, might well have kept me back;
But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stamp'd in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,
Could by despairing keep Orlando back."

We have the same sort of elaborate repetition in "Locrine:"—

"If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be queen of lovely Albion.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee queen of lovely Albion."

The latter passage, as well as that of Greene, is evidently part of the system of rhetoric upon which both writers proceeded, although in Greene the management is more spirited. We know of nothing like examples of this system in Shakspere, except in one playful piece of comedy, where the principle is applied with the greatest nicety of art:—

"*Bass.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring."
Merchant of Venice, Act V.

Let us, however, proceed to a rapid examination of "Locrine" in its action and characterization.

The dumb-show, as it is called, of "Locrine," is tolerably decisive as to the date of the performance. It belongs essentially to that period when the respective powers of action and of words were imperfectly understood; when what was exhibited to the eye required to be explained, and what was conveyed to the imagination of the audience by speech was to be made more intelligible by a sign-painting pantomime. Nothing could be more characteristic of a very rude state of art, almost the rudest, than the dumb-shows which introduce each act of "Locrine." Act I. is thus heralded :—

"Thunder and lightning. Enter Ate in black, with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloody sword in the other. Presently let there come forth a lion running after a bear; then come forth an archer, who must kill the lion in a dumb-show, and then depart. Ate remains."

Ate then tells us, in good set verse, that a mighty lion was killed by a dreadful archer; and the seventeen lines in which we are told this are filled with a very choice description of the lion before he was shot, and after he was shot. And what has this to do with the subject of the play? It is an acted simile :—

"So valiant Brute, the terror of the world,
Whose only looks did scare his enemies,
The archer Death brought to his latest end.
O, what may long abide above this ground,
In state of bliss and healthful happiness!"

In the second act we have a dumb-show of Perseus and Andromeda; in the third, "a crocodile sitting on a river's bank, and a little snake stinging it;" in the fourth, Omphale and Hercules; in the fifth, Jason, Medea, and Creon's daughter. Ate, who is the great show-woman of these scenes, introduces her puppets on each occasion with a line or two of Latin, and always concludes her address with "*So:*"—"So valiant Brute"—"So fares it with young Locrine"—"So Humber"—"So martial Locrine"—"So Guendolen." A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* most justly calls "Locrine" "a characteristic work of its time." If we were to regard these dumb-shows as the most decisive marks of its chronology, we should carry the play back to the age when the form of the moralities was in some degree indispensable to a dramatic performance; when the action could not move and develop itself without the assistance of something approaching to the character of a chorus. Thus in "Tancred and Gismunda," originally acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1568, previous to the first act "Cupid cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the stage, in a blue twist of silk, from his left hand, Vain Hope, Brittle Joy; and with a carnation twist of silk from his right hand, Fair Resemblance, Late Repentance." We have there choruses at the conclusion of other acts; and, previous to the fourth act, not only "Megæra riseth out of hell, with the other furies," but she subsequently mixes in the main action, and throws her snake upon Tancred. Whatever period, therefore, we may assign to "Locrine," varying between the date of "Tancred and Gismunda" and its original publication in 1594, we may be sure that the author, whoever he was, had not power enough to break through the trammels of the early stage. He had not that confidence in the force of natural action and just characterization which would allow a drama to be wholly dramatic. He wanted that high gift of imagination which conceives and produces these qualities of a drama; and he therefore dealt as with an unimaginative audience. The same want of the dramatic power renders his play a succession of harangues, in which the last thing thought of is the appropriateness of language to situation. The first English dramatists, and those who worked upon their model, appear to have gone upon the principle that they produced the most perfect work of art when they took their art entirely out of the province of nature. The highest art is a representation of nature in her very highest

forms; something which is above common reality, but at the same time real. The lowest art embodies a principle opposite to nature; something purely conventional, and consequently always uninteresting, often grotesque and ridiculous. "Locrine" furnishes abundant examples of the characteristics of a school of art which may be considered as the antithesis of the school of Shakspere.

The first scene introduces us to "Brutus carried in a chair." With him are his three sons, Locrine, Camber, and Albanact; Corineus and Asaracus, his brothers; Guendolen, the daughter of Corineus; with other personages. Brutus informs the assembly of his approaching death; and his brothers tell him of his great renown; which speeches encourage Brutus to take a very self-satisfying view of the whole course of his life, from the period of his flight from Italy to his quelling of the giants of Albion. However, the dying man at last proceeds to business; divides the kingdom amongst his sons, and directs that Locrine shall marry Guendolen. Having effected all this at an expense of words which would be somewhat weakening to a person in health, he very opportunely dies, and his son and brother break out into the following rhapsodies:—

"*Loc.* Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars,
To abbreviate my noble father's life!
Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread!
Brutus, that was a glory to us all,
Brutus, that was a terror to his foes,
Alas! too soon by Demogorgon's knife
The martial Brutus is bereft of life:
No sad complaints may move just Æacus.
Cor. No dreadful threats can fear judge Rhadamanth.
Wert thou as strong as mighty Hercules,
That tam'd the hugy monsters of the world,
Play'dst thou as sweet on the sweet-sounding lute
As did the spouse of fair Eurydice,
That did enchant the waters with his noise,
And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead a dance
Constrain'd the hilly trees to follow him,
Thou couldst not move the judge of Erebus,
Nor move compassion in grim Pluto's heart;
For fatal Mors expecteth all the world,
And every man must tread the way of death.
Brave Tantalus, the valiant Pelops' sire,
Guest to the gods, suffer'd untimely death;
And old Tithonus, husband to the morn,
And eke grim Minos, whom just Jupiter
Deign'd to admit unto his sacrifice.
The thund'ring trumpets of bloodthirsty Mars,
The fearful rage of fell Tisiphone,
The boisterous waves of humid ocean,
Are instruments and tools of dismal death.
Then, noble cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
Whose age and years were signs that he should die.
It resteth now that we inter his bones,
That was a terror to his enemies.
Take up the corse, and, princes, hold him dead,
Who while he liv'd upheld the Trojan state.
Sound drums and trumpets; march to Troynovant,
There to provide our chieftain's funeral."

At the end of the first act Locrine and Guendolen are married; but a comic scene is interposed, in which Strumbo, a cobbler, talks of Cuprit and Dina, and in the same breath of the fourth book of Lactantius. It is evident that the author of this play could not produce the lowest buffoonery without making a parade of his book-knowledge.

The second act opens with the arrival of Humber, the king of the Scythians, with Estrild his wife, and Hubba his son. The lady is rapturous in her admiration of Albion:—

"The plains, my lord, garnish'd with Flora's wealth,
And overspread with particolour'd flowers,
Do yield sweet contentation to my mind.
The airy hills enclos'd with shady groves,
The groves replenish'd with sweet chirping birds,
The birds resounding heavenly melody,
Are equal to the groves of Thessaly;
Where Phœbus, with the learned ladies nine,
Delight themselves with music's harmony,
And from the moisture of the mountain-tops
The silent springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with crystal waves.
The gentle blasts of Eurus' modest wind,
Moving the pittering leaves of Silvan's woods,
Do equal it with Tempe's paradise;
And thus consorted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy isles,
Most fortunate, if Humber may them win."

After strutting about, and talking of Fortune, and Boreas, and Semiramis, and Lucifer, and Penthesilea, these Scythian scholars move forward, and the cobbler appears again upon the scene, and refuses the "press-money" which a captain offers him. Subsequently the Scythians burn the cobbler's house, with his wife in it; but he goes to the wars with Albanact, and has the honour of fighting with the king of the Scythians. Humber is routed; and talks, as is very natural with people when they are in great distress, about Briareus, Olympus, and Minerva. However, the tide of battle turns again, and Albanact is routed; and kills himself, after a denunciation of Fortune, which furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of the greatness of his ambition who was resolved to do so many wonderful things after he had cut his own throat:—

"Curs'd be her charms, damn'd be her cursed charms,
That do delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that trust unto her fickle wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upside-down!
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful mansion.
I'll pass the Alps to wat'ry Meroe,
Where fiery Phœbus in his chariot,
The wheels whereof are deck'd with emeralds,
Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat,
And spoileth Flora of her checker'd grass;
I'll overturn the mountain Caucasus,
Where fell Chimæra, in her triple shape,
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous paunch,
Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge;
I'll pass the frozen zone, where icy flakes,
Stopping the passage of the fleeting ships,
Do lie, like mountains, in the congeal'd sea:
Where if I find that hateful house of hers,
I'll pull the fickle wheel from out her hands,
And tie herself in everlasting bands."

He very appropriately concludes with six Latin hexameters before he kills himself. It is difficult to say which is the most ludicrous—the solemn raving of the hero, or the burlesque of the cobbler and his man.

In the third act Locrine comes against Humber, and finally defeats him, after a great many words uttered in the same "Ercles' vein." We hopelessly look for any close parallel of the fustian of this play in the accredited works of Greene, or Marlowe, or Kyd, who redeemed their pedantry and their extravagance by occasional grandeur and sweetness. The dialogue of "Locrine," from first to last, is inflated beyond all comparison with any contemporary performance with which we are acquainted. Most readers are familiar with a gentleman who, when he is entreated to go down, says, "I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also." The valiant Pistol had, no doubt, diligently studied "Locrine;" but he was a faint copyist of such sublime as the following:—

"You ugly spirits that in Cocytus mourn,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments;
You fearful dogs, that in black Lethe howl,
And scare the ghosts with your wide-open throats;
You ugly ghosts, that flying from these dogs

Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegethon ;
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompany the Britons' conquering host.
Come, fierce Erinnys, horrible with snakes ;
Come, ugly furies, armed with your whips ;
You threefold judges of black Tartarus,
And all the army of your hellish fiends,
With new-found torments rack proud Locrine's bones !"

We do not get rid of Humber, who of all the characters excels in this line, until the end of the fourth act; previous to which happy event of his death Locrine has fallen in love with Estrild, his prisoner; and the lady, after a very brief wooing, requites his love, under the assurance that Queen Guendolen shall do her no harm. The following lines, in which Locrine describes the arrangements that he has made for the indulgence of his passion, furnish almost the only example of a passage in the play approaching to something like natural and appropriate language :—

" Nigh Durolitum, by the pleasant Ley,
Where brackish Thamis slides with silver streams,
Making a breach into the grassy downs,
A curious arch of costly marble fraught
Hath Locrine framed underneath the ground ;
The walls whereof, garnish'd with diamonds,
With opals, rubies, glistering emeralds,
And interlac'd with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the room with artificial day :
And from the Ley with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriv'd into this arch,
Where I have plac'd fair Estrild secretly.
Thither eftsoons, accompanied with my page,
I visit covertly my heart's desire,
Without suspicion of the meanest eye,
For love aboundeth still with policy.
And thither still means Locrine to repair,
Till Atropos cut off mine uncle's life."

In the fifth act we hear of the death of Corineus; upon which Locrine commands that Estrild shall be queen in the room of Guendolen. The rightful wife, upon hearing of her misfortune, calls upon the winds and the clouds and the sun, and other such allies of tragic personages, to assist her in her distress, and she does not call in vain :—

" Behold the heavens do wail for Guendolen ;
The shining sun doth blush for Guendolen ;
The liquid air doth weep for Guendolen ;
The very ground doth groan for Guendolen.
Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,
For he rejecteth luckless Guendolen."

Her son arrives, and changes her temper in a moment from sorrow to revenge :—

" Then henceforth farewell womanish complaints !
All childish pity henceforth then farewell !
But cursed Locrine, look unto thyself :
For Nemesis, the mistress of revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismal blades :
And cursed Estrild, that inflam'd his heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful death."

A battle ensues, in which Locrine is defeated; but previously the ghost of Corineus appears, and his speech is no unfavourable specimen of the power of the writer :—

" Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
Throws forth sad throbs, and grievous suspires,
Prejudicating Locrine's overthrow.
The fire casteth forth sharp darts of flames ;
The great foundation of the triple world
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody massacres at hand.
The wandering birds that flutter in the dark
(When hellish night, in cloudy chariot seated,
Casteth her mists on shady Tellus' face,
With sable mantles covering all the earth)
Now flies abroad amid the cheerful day,
Foretelling some unwonted misery.
The snarling curs of darken'd Tartarus,
Sent from Avernus' ponds by Rhadamanth,
With howling ditties pester every wood.
The wat'ry ladies, and the lightfoot fauns,
And all the rabble of the woody nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shady groves,
And shroud themselves in hideous hollow pits.
The boisterous Boreas thund'reth forth revenge :
The stony rocks cry out on sharp revenge :
The thorny bush pronounceth dire revenge.
Now, Corineus, stay and see revenge."

The last four lines furnish another example of that species of repetition which we have previously noticed. We have four lines very similar in Lodge's " Wounds of Civil War :"—

" Thy colour'd wings, steeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath, distain'd in purple blood,
Thy royal robes, wash'd in my purple blood,
Shall witness to the world thy thirst of blood."

Locrine and Estrild each kill themselves; and Sabren, previous to her completion of the tragedy, speaks some lines which, with a few other scattered passages here and there, afford evidence that, if the author possessed little or nothing of what may be properly called dramatic power, he might, could he have shaken off the false learning and extravagance of his school, have produced something which with proper culture might have ripened into poetry :—

" You mountain nymphs which in these deserts reign,
Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts !
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with care ;
Address your ears to hear a mournful style !
No human strength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart so tyrant-like doth deal.
You Dryades, and lightfoot Satyri,
You gracious fairies, which at even-tide
Your closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,
And on your shoulders spread your golden locks ;
You savage bears, in caves and darken'd dens,
Come wail with me the martial Locrine's death ;
Come mourn with me for beauteous Estrild's death !
Ah ! loving parents, little do you know
What sorrow Sabren suffers for your thrall."

Can we, then, believe that " Locrine " was the earliest work of Shakspere, as Tieck would believe? or are we to think with Schlegel that it belongs to the same class, and the same hand, as Titus Andronicus? We doubt much whether it is the work of a very young man at all. It is wrought up to the author's conception of a dramatic poem; it has no inequalities: its gross defects were intended to be beauties. It was written unquestionably by one who had received a scholastic training, and who saw the whole world of poetry in the remembrance of what he had read; he looked not upon the heart of men; he looked not even upon the commonest features of external nature. Did Shakspere work thus in the poems that we *know* he produced when a young man? Assuredly not. If his training had been scholastic, his good sense would have taught him to see something in poetry besides the echo of his scholarship. Nor can " Locrine " be compared with Titus Andronicus. The faults of that play are produced by the uncontrolled energy which, straining for effect in action and passion, destroys even its own strength through the absence of calmness and repose. Even Shakspere could not at first perceive the universal truth which is contained in his own particular direction to the players :—" In the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

We have already apprised our readers that the opinions we entertain with regard to the authorship of " Locrine " are directly opposed

to those of Tieck, who has translated the play. The passages we have selected are, we think, fair examples of the average character of the poetry; but Tieck has pointed out one passage which he considers demonstrative of the hand of Shakspere. He supposes that "Locrine" was enlarged and improved by our poet previous to the edition of 1595; and he says—"In this new edition are doubtless added many verses adapted to the circumstances of the time; but particularly the beautiful rhymed stanzas in the fourth act, which so distinctly remind us of his Sonnets and the Venus and Adonis, that these alone would prove the genuineness of the drama." We subjoin the stanzas:—

"*Enter* Soldiers, *leading in* ESTRILD.

Est. What prince soe'er, adorn'd with golden crown
Doth sway the regal sceptre in his hand,
And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
Let him behold poor Estrild in this plight,
The perfect platform of a troubled wight.

Once was I guarded with Mavortial bands,
Compass'd with princes of the noble blood;
Now am I fallen into my foemen's hands,
And with my death must pacify their mood.
O life, the harbour of calamities!
O death, the haven of all miseries!

I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
Thou wretched queen of wretched Pergamus,
But that thou view'dst thy enemies' overthrow.
Nigh to the rock of high Caphareus
Thou saw'st their death, and then departedst thence:
I must abide the victors' insolence.

The gods, that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy corpse, and with thy corpse thy care;
Poor Estrild lives, despairing of relief,
For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What said I, few? ay, few, or none at all,
For cruel Death made havoc of them all.

Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes!
Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my foes!
O soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery?"

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

PART I.

THE mode in which some of the German critics have spoken of this play is a rebuke to dogmatic assertions and criticism. Schlegel says —putting "Sir John Oldcastle," "Thomas Lord Cromwell," and "The Yorkshire Tragedy" in the same class—"The three last pieces are not only unquestionably Shakspere's, but in my opinion they deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works. . . . . 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' and 'Sir John Oldcastle' are biographical dramas, and models in this species; the first is linked, from its subject, to Henry VIII., and the second to Henry V." Tieck is equally confident in assigning the authorship of this play to Shakspere. Ulrici, on the contrary, takes a more sober view of the matter. He says—"The whole betrays a poet who endeavoured to form himself on Shakspere's model, nay, even to imitate him, but who stood far below him in mind and talent." Our own critics, relying upon the internal evidence, agreed in rejecting it. Malone could "not perceive the least trace of our great poet in any part of this play." He observes that it was originally entered on the Stationers' registers without the name of Shakspere; but he does not mention the fact that, of two editions printed in 1600, one bears the name of Shakspere, the other not. The one which has the name says—"As it hath bene lately acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Notingham, Lord High Admirall of England, his Seruants." In 1594 a play of Shakspere's might have been acted, as we believe Hamlet was, at Henslowe's theatre, which was that of the Lord High Admiral his servants; but in 1600 a play of Shakspere's would have unquestionably been acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. However, this conjectural evidence is quite unnecessary. Henslowe, the head of the Lord Admiral's company, as we learn by his Diary, on the 16th of October, 1599, paid "for The first part of the Lyfe of Sir Jhon Ouldcastell, and in earnest of the Second Pte, for the use of the company, ten pound;" and the money was received by "Thomas Downton" "to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway." We might here dismiss the question of the authorship of this play, did it not furnish a very curious example of the imperfect manner in which it was attempted to imitate the excellence and to rival the popularity of Shakspere's best historical plays at the time of their original production. It is not the least curious also of the circumstances connected with "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle," that, whilst the bookseller affixed the name of Shakspere to the performance, it has been supposed that the Falstaff of his Henry IV. was pointed at in the following prologue:—

> "The doubtful title, gentlemen, prefix'd
> Upon the argument we have in hand,
> May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturb
> The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
> To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice:
> *It is no pamper'd glutton we present,*
> *Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,*
> But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,
> A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;
> In whose true faith and loyalty, express'd
> Unto his sovereign and his country's weal,
> We strive to pay that tribute of our love
> Your favours merit. *Let fair truth be grac'd,*
> *Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.*"

In the Introductory Notice to Henry IV. we have adverted to the opinion that the Sir John Falstaff of Shakspere's Henry IV. was originally called Sir John Oldcastle; and the question is again touched upon in the Introductory Notice to The Merry Wives of Windsor. The line in the prologue which we have just quoted—

> "Since forg'd invention *former time* defac'd"—

might appear to point to an earlier period of the stage than that in which Shakspere's Henry IV. was produced. Indeed, the old play of "The Famous Victories" contains the character of Sir John Oldcastle. He is a low, ruffianly sort of fellow, who may be called "an aged counsellor to youthful sin;" but he is not represented as "a pampered glutton." In the Notice to Henry IV. we said—"In our opinion, there was either another play besides 'The Famous Victories' in which the name of Oldcastle was introduced, or the remarks of contemporary writers applied to Shakspere's Falstaff, who had originally borne the name of Oldcastle. The following passage is from Fuller's 'Church History:'—'Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place.' This description of Fuller cannot apply to the Sir John Oldcastle of 'The Famous Victories.' The dull dog of that play is neither a jovial companion nor a coward to boot." We added—"Whether or not Shakspere's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Shakspere was, after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. we find this passage:—'For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.'" The Second Part of Henry IV., the epilogue of which contains this passage, was entered in the Stationers' registers in 1600, and was published in that year. When "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle" was published in the same year, *Falstaff* is distinctly recognised as the companion of Prince Henry. In that play Henry V. is represented as robbed by the parson of Wrotham, a very queer hedge-priest indeed, bearing the name of Sir John, as if in rivalry of another Sir John; and the following dialogue takes place:—

> "*Sir John.* Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the money you have. Despatch; I cannot stand all day.
> *K. Henry.* Well, if thou wilt needs have it, here it is. Just the proverb, one thief robs another. Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on his horse; but methinks Poins and Peto should be stirring hereabouts.
> *Sir John.* How much is there on 't, o' thy word?"

Falstaff is again mentioned in the same scene by the priest, who asserts that the king was once a thief; and in answer to the question, "How canst thou tell?" replies—

> "How? because he once robbed me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in his company there, that Falstaff."

We have here tolerable evidence that Falstaff was "not the man"

Oldcastle in 1600. And yet the following very remarkable letter, or dedication, is written some years after:—

"To my noble friend Sir Henry Bourchier:

"Sir Harry Bourchier, you are descended of noble ancestry, and in the duty of a good man love to hear and see fair reputation preserved from slander and oblivion. Wherefore to you I dedicate this edition of Ocleve, where Sir John Oldcastle appears to have been a man of valour and virtue, and only lost in his own times because he would not bow under the foul superstition of Papistry, from whence, in so great a light of Gospel and learning, that there is not yet a more universal departure, is to me the greatest scorn of men. But of this more in another place, and in preface will you please to hear me that which follows? A young gentle lady of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakespeare, made me this question: How Sir John Falstaffe, or Fastolf as it is written in the statute-book of Maudlin College, in Oxford, where every day that society were bound to make memory of his soul, could be dead in Harry the Fifth's time and again live in the time of Harry the Sixth to be banished for cowardice? Whereto I made answer that this was one of those humours and mistakes for which Plato banished all poets out of his commonwealth; that Sir John Falstaff was in those times a valiant soldier, as appears by a book in the Herald's office, dedicated unto him by a herald who had been with him, if I well remember, for the space of 25 years in the French wars; that he seems also to have been a man of learning, because in a library of Oxford I find a book of dedicating churches sent from him for a present unto Bishop Wainfleet, and inscribed with his own name. That in Shakespeare's first show of Harry the Fifth, the person with which he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir John Oldcastle; and that, offence being worthily taken by personages descended from his title, as peradventure by many others also who ought to have him in honourable memory, the poet was put to make an ignorant shift of abusing Sir John Falstophe, a man not inferior of virtue, though not so famous in piety as the other, who gave witness unto the trust of our reformation with a constant and resolute martyrdom, unto which he was pursued by the priests, bishops, monks, and friars, of those days. Noble sir, this is all my preface. God keep you, and me, and all Christian people, from the bloody designs of that cruel religion.

"Yours in all observance,

"RICH. JAMES."

This letter is contained in a manuscript preserved in the Bodleian Library, written by Dr. Richard James, who died in 1638. The manuscript to which it is prefixed is entitled "The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastel," and has been published by Mr. Halliwell, having been pointed out to him by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

The "young gentle lady" who, according to this letter, was so well employed in studying Shakspere's historical plays, read them as many other persons read, without any very accurate perception of what essentially belongs to the province of imagination, and of what is literally true. Whatever similarity there may be in the names of Sir John Falstaff and Sir John Fastolf, the young lady might have perceived that the poet had not the slightest intention of proposing the Fastolf of Henry VI. as the Falstaff of Henry IV. Assuredly the Falstaff that we last see in the closing scene of the Second Part of Henry IV.—a jester, surfeit-swelled, old, profane, as the king denounces him—is not the Fastolf that makes his appearance at the battle of Patay, in the First Part of Henry VI., and is subsequently degraded from being a Knight of the Garter for his conduct on that occasion. In these scenes of Henry VI. Shakspere drew an historical character, and represented an historical fact. The degradation of Fastolf was in all probability an unjust sentence, as unjust as that pronounced by the worthy writer of the letter in the Bodleian Library, that the wittiest of all Shakspere's creations was a "buffoon," and that he might be confounded with the very commonplace knight whose only distinction was the garter on his leg. Fastolf was a respectable personage, no doubt, in his day, but not "sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff." It appears to us, therefore, that, in the same manner as the "young gentle lady" and Dr. Richard James, somewhat ignorantly, as we think, confounded Fastolf and Falstaff, so they erred in a similar way by believing that "in Shakespeare's first show of Harry the Fifth, the person with which he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir John Oldcastle." Fuller, in his "Worthies," speaking of Sir John Falstaff, has the same complaint, as we have seen, against "stage-poets." Now, admitting what appears possible, that Shakspere in his Henry IV. originally had the name of Oldcastle where we now find that of Falstaff, is it likely that he could have meant the champion of the Reformation of Wickliff, who was cruelly put to death for heresy in the fourth year of Henry V., to have been the boon companion of the youthful prince; and who, before the king went to the French wars, died quietly in his bed, "e'en at the turning of the tide?" And yet there is little doubt that, when Shakspere adopted a name familiar to the stage, he naturally raised up this species of absurd misconception, which had the remarkable fate of being succeeded by a mistake still more absurd, that Falstaff and Fastolf were one and the same. It is, however, extremely probable that there were other plays in which the character of Sir John Oldcastle was presented historically, and falsely presented; that from this circumstance Shakspere saw the necessity of substituting another name for Oldcastle, and of making the declaration, "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man;" and that the authors of the play before us, "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle," adopted a subject with which the public mind was at that time familiar, and presented Sir John Oldcastle upon the stage, in a manner that would be agreeable to "personages descended from his title," and to the great body of the people "who ought to have him in honourable memory." Whether the reputation of Oldcastle derived much benefit from their labours remains to be seen.

The play opens with a quarrel in the street of Hereford between Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, and their followers; which is put down by the judges, who are holding the assize in the town. The commencement of the conflict, in which blood was shed, is thus described:—

"Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's doctrine to be true,
And Rome's erroneous: hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert; they were traitors all
That would maintain it. Powis answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise,
As he; they would defend it with their lives;
He nam'd, for instance, sir John Oldcastle,
The lord Cobham: Herbert replied again,
He, thou, and all, are traitors that so hold.
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,
And so enrag'd that we could not appease it."

The second scene introduces us to the Bishop of Rochester denouncing Lord Cobham (Oldcastle) as a heretic to the Duke of Suffolk. The bishop is supported by Sir John of Wrotham, whose zeal is so boisterous as to receive the following rebuke from the duke:—

"Oh, but you must not swear; it ill becomes
One of your coat to rap out bloody oaths."

The king appears to hear the complaint of the churchman; and he promises to send for Oldcastle, "and school him privately." In the third scene we have Lord Cobham and an aged servant, and Lord Powis arrives in disguise, and is concealed by Cobham. In the second act we have a comic scene, amusing enough, but anything but original; a sumner arrives to cite Lord Cobham before the Ecclesiastical Court, and the old servant of the noble reformer makes the officer eat the citation. Nashe tells us, in his "Pierce Pennylesse," that he once saw Robert Greene "make an apparitor eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes." We

* On the Character of Sir John Falstaff (1841).

have something like the same incident in the play of the "Pinner of Wakefield." The scene changes to London, where we have an assembly of rebels, who give out that Oldcastle will be their general. In the next scene, which is probably the best sustained of the play, we have Henry and Lord Cobham in conference :—

"*K. Henry.* 'Tis not enough, lord Cobham, to submit ;
You must forsake your gross opinion.
The bishops find themselves much injured ;
And though, for some good service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.
Cob. My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God, I do owe my life ;
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none ; nor shall his shaveling priests,
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands :
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroach'd upon.
K. Henry. We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
Of Him that is the ruler of us all
Yet let me counsel you, that might command.
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your house ; but to the uttermost
Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.
Cob. My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
And say, my life in any of these points
Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost rigour may be shown."

The Bishop of Rochester appears, and denounces Cobham for the contempt shown to his citation ; the king reproves the bishop and dismisses Oldcastle in safety. It is evident that the dramatic capabilities of such a scene furnish an occasion for the display of high poetical power. The interview between Henry and his faithful friend and adherent ; the anxiety of the reformer to vindicate himself from disloyalty, whilst he honestly supported his own opinions ; the natural desire of the king to resist innovation, whilst he respected the virtues of the innovator,—points like these would have been handled by Shakspere, or one imbued with his spirit, in a manner that would have lived and abided in our memories. The lines that we have quoted, which are the best in the scene, furnish a sufficient proof that the subject was in feeble hands.

The third act opens to us the conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey. The conspirators meet Lord Cobham. The mode in which they introduce their purpose is spirited and dramatic. Cobham has invited them to his house, and promises them hunters' fare and a hunt. Cambridge thus replies, before he presents the paper which discloses the plot :—

"*Cam.* Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike
Lives not in Cowling : if you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest
Where runs a lusty herd ; among the which
There is a stag superior to the rest,
A stately beast, that, when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
As though he scorn'd it, with his trampling hoofs ;
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,
Like a huge bulwark, counterchecks the wind
And, when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.
Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly beast should die.
Cam. Not so, sir John ; for he is tyrannous,
And gores the other deer, and will not keep
Within the limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race,
Alike for stealth and covetous encroaching,
Already are remov'd ; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his body make a royal feast."

Cobham then dissembles, and asks—

"Is not this a train laid to entrap my life?"

They offer to swear fidelity ; but he requires them only to subscribe the writing. The time and place of meeting are appointed, and they part. Cobham puts the paper in his pocket, and goes off to betray them to the king. The state morality of the age of Elizabeth might, perhaps, have made this incident more palatable to an audience of that day than to ourselves ; but we doubt whether Shakspere would have put this burden upon the soul of one whom he wished to represent as a hero and a martyr. We have more scenes of the rebels ; followed by the scene which we have already noticed of the parson robbing the king. The same worthy divine is afterwards found in the king's camp, dicing with his Majesty ; and then the robbery is discovered, and the robber pardoned. The rebels who were in the field, headed by Sir Roger Acton, are routed. The Bishop of Rochester affirms that they were incited by Cobham, who arrives at the moment of the accusation to prove his loyalty by denouncing Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge. The king is satisfied ; but subsequently the Bishop of Rochester seizes Cobham, and confines him in the Tower, from which he very soon escapes. With the exception of a scene in which Cambridge and the other conspirators are seized by the king, the whole of the fifth act is occupied by the wanderings of Cobham and his wife, their disguises, and their escapes. The following scene is happily imagined and gracefully expressed :—

"*Cob.* Come, madam, happily escap'd. Here let us sit ;
This place is far remote from any path ;
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious Rochester.
L. Cob. But where, my lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds?
There dwell untamed thoughts, that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdained rags :
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Especially on foot.
Cob. No matter, love,
Extremities admit no better choice ;
And, were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a greater task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us :
But in thy sufferance I am doubly task'd ;
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stool,
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.
L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me in the worst I feel?
No, gentle lord, your presence would give ease
To death itself, should he now seize upon me.
[*She produces some bread and cheese and a bottle.*
Behold, what my foresight has underta'en,
For fear we faint ; they are but homely cates ;
Yet, sauc'd with hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.
Cob. Praise be to Him whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal bodies need!
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in ; for what is it on earth,
Nay, under heaven, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflow'd?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven

Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds? There's not that work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle madam,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow down. [*Drinks.*

The persecuted pair fall asleep; and a murdered body being found near them, they are apprehended as the murderers, and conducted to trial. They are discharged through the discovery of the real murderer; and fly with Lord Powis into Wales.

It will be evident, from this analysis, that "The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle" is entirely deficient in dramatic unity. Shakspere, in representing a series of historical events, did not, of course, attempt to sustain that unity of idea which we see so strikingly in his best tragedies and comedies. We have not one great action, but a succession of actions; and yet, through his wonderful power of characterization, and his skill in grouping a series of events round one leading event, we have a principle upon which the mind can determinately rest, and rightly comprehend the whole dramatic movement. In the play before us there is no distinct relation between one scene and another. We forget the connection between Oldcastle and the events in which he is implicated; and when he himself appears on the scene, the development of character, in which a real poet would have luxuriated, is made subordinate to the hurry of the perplexed though monotonous movement of the story. Thoroughly to understand the surpassing power of Shakspere in the management of the historical drama, it might be desirable to compare John, or Richard II., or Richard III., or Henry VIII., with this play; but, after all, the things do not admit of comparison.

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602, under the title of "The Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell." No name or initials of any author appear in the title-page. In 1613 appeared "The true Chronicle Historie of the whole life and death of Thomas Lord Cromwell. As it hath beene sundry times publikely Acted by the Kings Majesties Seruants. Written by W. S." In 1602 the registers of the Stationers' Company had the entry of "A Booke called the Lyfe and Deathe of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his servants." It appears, therefore, that the play was originally performed, and continued to be performed, by the company in which Shakspere was a chief proprietor. In the Introductory Notice to Henry VIII. we have attempted to show that Shakspere produced that play as a *new* play in 1613. It is easy to understand why, in 1613, it might recommend the sale of "Thomas Lord Cromwell" to put W. S. on the title-page, whether those initials represented the real writer, or were meant to imply that the writer was William Shakspere. Beyond these initials there is no external evidence whatever to attribute the play to the great dramatizer of English history.

Schlegel, as we have seen, calls "Sir John Oldcastle" and "Thomas Lord Cromwell" "biographical dramas, and models in this species." We have no hesitation in affirming that a biographical drama, especially such a drama as "Thomas Lord Cromwell," is essentially undramatic. "Oldcastle" takes a portion only of the life of its hero; but "Cromwell" gives us the story of the man from his boyhood to his execution. The resemblance which it bears to any play of Shakspere's is solely in the structure of the title; and that parallel holds good only with regard to one play, Lear, according to its original title, the "True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters." In the folio collection of 1623 we have, indeed, "The Life and Death of King John," "The Life and Death of Richard II.," "The Life of King Henry V.," "The Life and Death of Richard III.," and "The Life of King Henry VIII." So, in the same edition, we have "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar." But our readers are perfectly aware that in all these dramas a very small portion of the life of the hero of each is included in the action. Shakspere knew his art too well to attempt to teach history dramatically by connecting a series of isolated events solely by their relation to a principal agent, without any other dependence. Nothing, for example, can be more complete in itself than the action of Richard II., or that of Henry V., of Richard III., and of Henry VIII. We have in these pieces nearly all the condensation which pure tragedy requires. But in "Thomas Lord Cromwell," on the contrary, what Shakspere would have *told* in a few words, reserving himself for an exhibition of character in the more striking situations, is actually *presented* to us in a succession of scenes that have no relation to any action of deepening interest—chapter upon chapter of which might have been very well spared, if one chapter, that of the elevation and fall of Cromwell, had occupied a space proportioned to its importance.

We begin the drama in the shop of old Cromwell, the blacksmith, at Putney, where young Cromwell, with a want of sense that ill accords with his future advancement, insists that his father's men shall leave off work because their noise disturbs his study. His father comes, and, like a sensible and honest man, reproves his son for his vagaries; and then the ambitious youth, who proclaims the purpose of his presaging soul, that he will build a palace

> "As fine as is king Henry's house at Sheen,"

thus soliloquises :—

> "Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
> Are not all creatures subject unto time,
> To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
> And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy?
> There's legions now of beggars on the earth
> That their original did spring from kings;
> And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
> The riff-raff of their age: for time and fortune
> Wears out a noble train to beggary;
> And from the dunghill millions do advance
> To state and mark in this admiring world.
> This is but course, which in the name of fate
> Is seen as often as it whirls about.
> The river Thames, that by our door doth pass,
> His first beginning is but small and shallow;
> Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
> And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,
> His birth as mean as mine, a butcher's son;
> Now who within this land a greater man?
> Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
> That thou may'st live to flourish and control."

The young man, who despises work, immediately gets employment without seeking it—to be secretary to the English merchants at Antwerp. Then commences the secondary action of the drama, which consists of the adventures of one Banister, an English merchant, who is persecuted by Bagot, a usurer, and relieved by a foreign merchant. It is by no means clear what this has to do with Thomas Lord Cromwell; but it may be satisfactory to know that eventually the usurer is hanged, and the merchant is restored to competence.

It would have been difficult, with all the author's contempt for unity of action, to have contrived to have told the whole story of Cromwell dramatically; and so he occasionally gives us a chorus. The second act thus opens :—

> "Now, gentlemen, imagine that young Cromwell's
> In Antwerp, leiger for the English merchants;
> And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
> Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
> Is fled to Antwerp, with his wife and children;
> Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them,
> And thither sends his bills of debt before,
> To be reveng'd on wretched Banister.
> What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
> A just requital of false treachery."

Cromwell has nothing to do with this "just requital of false treachery"—which requital consists in the usurer being arrested for purchasing the king's stolen jewels. Cromwell gets as tired of keeping accounts as he previously was of the din of his father's smithy; so all in a moment he throws up his commission, and sets off upon his travels to Italy, having very opportunely met in Antwerp with Hodge, his father's man. And so we get through the second act.

In the third act the capricious lad and his servant are standing

penniless upon the bridge at Florence, and their immediate necessities are relieved by the generous Italian merchant who was succouring the distress of the Englishman in the first act. Cromwell is always moving; and he sets off for Bononia, where he rescues, by a stratagem, Russell, the Earl of Bedford, from the agents of the French king. We have the chorus again in the middle of the act:—

"Thus far you see how Cromwell's fortune pass'd.
The earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's company into France,
To make requital for his courtesy;
But Cromwell doth deny the earl his suit,
And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land;
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The earl to France; and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughts, as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few years that Cromwell spent in travel;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the master of the rolls;
Where in short time he there began to flourish:
An hour shall show you what few years did cherish."

The scene shifts to London, where Sir Christopher Hales is giving an entertainment to Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, with Cromwell waiting on the guests. The sudden preferment of Cromwell to the highest confidence of Wolsey is accomplished with a celerity which was perfectly necessary when the poet had so many events to tell us:—

"*Wol.* Sir Christopher, is that your man?
Hales. An't like
Your grace, he is a scholar, and a linguist;
One that hath travelled through many parts
Of Christendom, my lord.
Wol. My friend, come nearer: have you been a traveller?
Crom. My lord,
I have added to my knowledge the Low Countries,
With France, Spain, Germany, and Italy;
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.
Wol. What do you think then of the several states
And princes' courts as you have travelled?
Crom. My lord, no court with England may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government.
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant to the prince's train.
In Germany and Holland, riot serves;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves.
England I praise not for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.
Wol. My lord, there dwells within that spirit more
Than can be discern'd by the outward eye:—
Sir Christopher, will you part with your man?
Hales. I have sought to proffer him unto your lordship;
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself.
Wol. What is thy name?
Crom. Cromwell, my lord.
Wol. Then, Cromwell, here we make thee solicitor
Of our causes, and nearest, next ourself
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man."

The fourth act opens again with a chorus:—

"Now, Cromwell's highest fortunes do begin.
Wolsey, that lov'd him as he did his life,
Committed all his treasure to his hands.
Wolsey is dead; and Gardiner, his man,
Is now created bishop of Winchester.
Pardon if we omit all Wolsey's life,
Because our play depends on Cromwell's death.
Now sit, and see his highest state of all,
His height of rising, and his sudden fall.
Pardon the errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last.
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And looks to have your liking ere the end."

It was certainly needless for the author to apologize for omitting "*all* Wolsey's life;" but the apology is curious as exhibiting his rude notions of what was properly within the province of the drama. We have now Cromwell, after the death of Wolsey, become Sir Thomas Cromwell; and Gardiner makes a sudden resolution that he will have his head. The Florence merchant comes to London in want; and we presently find him at the hospitable board of Cromwell, with money-bags showered upon him, and his debts paid. We have in this act a scene between Gardiner and Cromwell which, feeble as it is, is amongst the best passages of the play:—

"*Crom.* Good morrow to my lord of Winchester: I know
You bear me hard about the abbey lands.
Gard. Have I not reason, when religion's wronged?
You had no colour for what you have done.
Crom. Yes, the abolishing of antichrist,
And of his popish order from our realm.
I am no enemy to religion;
But what is done, it is for England's good.
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy abbots and of full-fed friars?
They neither plough nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.
Look, what was theirs is in king Henry's hands;
His wealth before lay in the abbey lands.
Gard. Indeed these things you have alleg'd, my lord;
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn
Will curse the time the abbeys were pull'd down.
I pray now where is hospitality?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back with a mastiff dog;
And thousand thousand——"

Gardiner suborns witnesses to impute treasonable words to Cromwell, and absolves them by crucifix and holy water.

The real action of the play commences at the fourth act; all which precedes might have been told by a skilful poet in a dozen lines. The fifth act presents us the arrest of Cromwell; and after a soliloquy in the Tower, and a very feeble scene between the unhappy man, Gardiner, and the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, his son is introduced, of whom we have before heard nothing:—

"*Lieu.* Here is your son, sir, come to take his leave.
Crom. To take his leave? Come hither, Harry Cromwell.
Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee:
Flatter not fortune, neither fawn upon her;
Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour;
Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it:
I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
And Cromwell's virtues in thy face shall shine:
Come, go along, and see me leave my breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death."

Cromwell leaves the stage for his execution with this speech:—

"*Exec.* I am your deathsman; pray, my lord, forgive me.
Crom. Even with my soul. Why, man, thou art my doctor,
And bring'st me precious physic for my soul.
My lord of Bedford, I desire of you
Before my death a corporal embrace.
Farewell, great lord; my love I do commend,
My heart to you; my soul to heaven I send.
This is my joy, that ere my body fleet,
Your honour'd arms are my true winding-sheet

Farewell, dear Bedford; my peace is made in heaven.
Thus falls great Cromwell, a poor ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new strength,
The land of worms, which dying men discover:
My soul is shrin'd with heaven's celestial cover."

It would be a waste of time to attempt to show that "Thomas Lord Cromwell" could not have been written by Shakspere. Its entire management is most unskilful; there is no art whatever in the dramatic conception of plot or character; from first to last there is scarcely a passage that can be called poetry; there is nothing in it that gives us a notion of a writer capable of better things; it has none of the faults of the founders of the stage—false taste, extravagance, riches needlessly paraded. We are acquainted with no dramatic writer of mark or likelihood, who was a contemporary of Shakspere, to whom it may be assigned. If W. S. were Wentworth Smith, it must have been unlucky for him in his own time that his initials might excite a comparison with the great master of the stage, however fortunate he may have been in having descended to after-times in the same volume with ten historical plays that probably first stimulated his weak ambition.

THE LONDON PRODIGAL.

THIS comedy was first published in 1605, with the following title:—"The London Prodigall. As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants. By William Shakespeare, London. Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter." It was probably written after the death of Elizabeth; for in the second act we have, "I am a commander, sir, under the king." There is no entry of the play in the Stationers' registers. Schlegel says—"If we are not mistaken, Lessing pronounced this piece to be Shakspere's, and wished to bring it on the German stage." Tieck also assigns this comedy to Shakspere. Hazlitt says—"'Locrine' and 'The London Prodigal,' if they were Shakspeare's at all, must have been amongst the sins of his youth." This is at best a hasty opinion; for there can be no doubt whatever that these two plays belong to different periods, and that each is characteristic of its period. They must have been separated by at least twenty years. If in "Locrine" we could find any natural power, any of that instinctive knowledge of art, that constitutes genius, we might inquire whether it was possible that the youthful Shakspere could have produced the work. We find in it, not the faults of a very young man, but the habits which belong to a vicious system, in which the writer has had a complete training. We therefore reject it. Putting the date of its publication out of the question, we are satisfied, from the general tone of "The London Prodigal," that it represents the manners of the last years of Elizabeth, or the first of James. If Shakspere wrote it, therefore, he must have written it after his comic powers were fully matured; after he had produced Much Ado about Nothing, Twelfth Night, As You Like It, The Merry Wives of Windsor. The belief is almost too extravagant to be gravely controverted.

The comedy opens with the arrival from Venice of the merchant Flowerdale senior, who had left his son Matthew under the guardianship of his brother, Flowerdale junior, a London merchant. The uncle tells the father of the reckless course of the young man. The father takes this view of the matter:—"Believe me, brother, they that die most virtuous have in their youth lived most vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it." This, we undertake to say, is not the morality of Shakspere: it is a tolerance beyond his tolerance. But it is the morality which prevails in "The London Prodigal." The uncle goes on to say that the son is a continual swearer, a breaker of his oaths, a mighty brawler, a great drinker, one that will borrow of any man. The youth knocks at the door; and the father disguised is to be represented as dead. A will is produced by which the son is disinherited; and it is justice to him to say that he displays the same indifference about the loss of fortune as about the death of his father. Old Flowerdale lends him £20 in his assumed character, and agrees to engage with him as a servant. A wooing now commences after a strange fashion. Sir Lancelot Spurcock has three daughters, of whom Luce, the most attractive, has three suitors—Sir Arthur Greenshield, whom she prefers; Oliver, a Devonshire clothier, whom the father patronises; and young Flowerdale, who is rejected both by father and daughter. A more heartless scoundrel certainly never presented himself in worshipful society. His father being named, he thus speaks of him:—

> "Ay, God be praised, he is far enough;
> He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise,
> And left me to cut a caper against care.
> Luce, look on me that am as light as air."

His father, who in his assumed character of a servant is called Kester, is desirous to marry his son to the lady; and he thus devises a plan for overcoming the prudential scruples of Sir Lancelot:—

> "Presently we'll go and draw a will,
> Where we'll set down land that we never saw;
> And we will have it of so large a sum,
> Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter.
> This being form'd, give it master Weathercock,
> And make Sir Lancelot's daughter heir of all;
> And make him swear never to show the will
> To any one, until that you be dead.
> This done, the foolish changing Weathercock
> Will straight discourse unto Sir Lancelot
> The form and tenor of your testament.
> Ne'er stand to pause of it; be rul'd by me:
> What will ensue, that shall you quickly see."

The device succeeds. The covetous knight rejects the honest clothier, and Luce is married against her will to the heartless profligate, who thus discloses the nature of his love in confidence to Kester:—

> "And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,
> In mirth we'll spend full many a merry hour.
> As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
> It is her gold must bring my pleasures in."

The father and uncle concert to arrest the prodigal on his return from church, that they may try the temper of his wife. The libertine braves it out when this resolve is carried into effect; but the unhappy woman clings to him, now he is her husband, with a tenderness that in the hands of a real poet might have been worked up into subsequent situations of uncommon beauty:—

> "*Sir Lanc.* I am cozen'd, and my hopefullest child undone.
> *M. Flow.* You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone.
> They slander me; by this light, they slander me.
> Look you, my uncle here's an usurer,
> And would undo me; but I'll stand in law;
> Do you but bail me, you shall do no more
> You, brother Civet, and master Weathercock, do but bail me,
> And let me have my marriage-money paid me,
> And we'll ride down, and your own eyes shall see
> How my poor tenants there will welcome me.
> You shall but bail me, you shall do no more:—
> And you, you greedy gnat, their bail will serve!
> *Flow. Jun.* Ay, sir, I'll ask no better bail.
> *Sir Lanc.* No, sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,
> Nor my son Civet's: I'll not be cheated, I.
> Shrieve, take your prisoner; I'll not deal with him.
> Let his uncle make false dice with his false bones;
> I will not have to do with him: mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!
> Come, girl, though it be late, it falls out well;
> Thou shalt not live with him in beggar's hell.
> *Luce.* He is my husband, and high heaven doth know
> With what unwillingness I went to church;
> But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it.
> The holy churchman pronounc'd these words but now,
> 'I must not leave my husband in distress:'
> Now I must comfort him, not go with you.
> *Sir Lanc.* Comfort a cozener! on my curse forsake him.
> *Luce.* This day you caus'd me on your curse to take him.
> Do not, I pray, my grieved soul oppress:
> God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress."

The wife refuses to go home with her father; and she is left with her husband and his uncle:—

"*Luce.* O go not yet, good master Flowerdale:
Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.
M. Flow. Ay, by ——, uncle, and my bond too.
Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;
And I can work: alas, he can do nothing.
I have some friends perhaps will pity me:
His chiefest friends do seek his misery.
All that I can or beg, get, or receive,
Shall be for you. O do not turn away:
Methinks, within a face so reverend,
So well experienc'd in this tottering world,
Should live some feeling of a maiden's grief:
For my sake, his father's and your brother's sake,
Ay, for your soul's sake, that doth hope for joy,
Pity my state; do not two souls destroy.
Flow. Jun. Fair maid, stand up: not in regard of him,
But in pity of thy hapless choice,
I do release him. Master sheriff, I thank you;
And, officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, maid, take this money; there is a hundred angels:
And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here, Kester, take it you, and use it sparingly;
But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your eyes, niece; do not too much lament
For him whose life hath been in riot spent:
If well he useth thee, he gets him friends;
If ill, a shameful end on him depends. [*Exit* FLOWERDALE *Jun.*
M. Flow. A plague go with you for an old fornicator!
Come, Kit, the money; come, honest Kit.
Flow. Sen. Nay, by my faith, sir, you shall pardon me.
M. Flow. And why, sir, pardon you? Give me the money, you old rascal, or I will make you.
Luce. Pray hold your hands; give it him, honest friend.
Flow. Sen. If you be so content, with all my heart.
[*Gives the money.*
M. Flow. Content, sir? 'sblood! she shall be content whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me! Go, get you gone to the greasy chuff your father; bring me your dowry, or never look on me.
Flow. Sen. Sir, she hath forsook her father and all her friends for you.
M. Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father, all together!
Flow. Sen. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.
M. Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you; but if I part with one angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw them at a cast of dice, as I have done a thousand of their fellows."

The unmitigated villain deserts his wife after this brutality. She is, necessarily, protected by his father; and, disguised as "a Dutch frow," enters into the service of her own married sister. Matthew Flowerdale loses his hundred angels at the gaming-table; robs Spurcock's unmarried daughter upon the highway; is reduced to starvation and beggary; receives alms from his own wife in her Dutch mask; and thus shows how the medicine misfortune has operated upon his soul:—"By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me. Were it not admirable to make her steal all Civet's plate, and run away?" Of course the fellow has his deserts. He is about to be taken to prison on a charge of robbery, and on suspicion of having murdered his wife. The Dutch frow, who sees his arrest, throws off her dress, and the following scene quickly leads to a happy conclusion:—

"*Luce.* I am no trull, neither outlandish frow:
Nor he nor I shall to the prison go.
Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you;
And though that duty wills me bend my knees
To you in duty and obedience,
Yet this way do I turn, and to him yield
My love, my duty, and my humbleness.
Sir Lanc. Bastard in nature! kneel to such a slave?
Luce. O master Flowerdale, if too much grief
Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife;
Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
Turn not away; I am no Æthiop,
No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull'st among hapless men.
M. Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!
Thy chastity and virtue hath infus'd
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame."

Old Flowerdale also throws off his disguise, and the son rejoices in a kind wife and a forgiving father:—

"*M. Flow.* My father! O, I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.
Flow. Sen. Son, son, I do; and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom Heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.
Luce. This addeth joy to joy; high Heaven be prais'd.
Weath. Master Flowerdale, welcome from death, good master Flowerdale. 'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here, good faith.
Flow. Sen. I caus'd that rumour to be spread myself,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless.
And, sirrah, see
You run no more into that same disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that malady,
Of riot, swearing, drunkenness, and pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever's deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad, as of a calenture.
M. Flow. Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course as hell.
Flow. Jun. Say it, and do it, cousin, all is well.
Sir Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour."

If Shakspere had chosen such a plot, in which the sudden repentance of the offender was to compensate for the miseries he had inflicted, he would have made the prodigal retain some sense of honour, some remorse amidst his recklessness—something that would have given the assurance that his contrition was not hypocrisy. We have little doubt that the low moral tone of the writer's own mind produced the low morality of the plot and its catastrophe. We see in this play that confusion of principles of which the stage was too long the faithful mirror. In Shakspere the partition which separates levity and guilt is never broken down; thoughtlessness and dishonour are not treated with equal indulgence. This is quite argument enough to prove that Shakspere could not have written this comedy, nor rendered the least assistance in its composition. If it exhibited any traces of his wit or his poetry, we should still reject it upon this sole ground.

THE PURITAN.

THE first edition of this comedy was published in 1607, under the following title:—"The Puritaine or the Widdow of Watling-streete. Acted by the Children of Paules. Written by W. S." The entry of the play appears in the Stationers' registers of the same year. It was printed, as we have seen, in the third edition of Shakspere's works; and was ascribed to Shakspere by Gildon in 1702. Gildon probably relied upon its publication as Shakspere's in the third collected edition of his plays. Our own critics of recent times have uniformly rejected it. Schlegel inclines to the opinion that Shakspere wrote it; and he produces this curious theory:—"One of my literary friends, intimately acquainted with Shakspere, was of opinion that the poet must have wished to write a play for once in the style of Ben Jonson, and that in this way we must account for the difference between the present piece and his usual manner. To follow out this idea, however, would lead to a very nice critical investigation." Such an investigation would, we believe, bring us to the conclusion that "The Puritan" is as unlike Ben Jonson as it is unlike Shakspere. If it possesses little of the wit, the buoyancy, the genial good-humour, the sparkling poetry, the deep philosophy, and the universal characterization of Shakspere, it wants in the same degree the nice discrimination of shades of character, the sound judgment, the careful management of the plot, the lofty and indignant satire, the firm and gorgeous rhetoric, of Jonson. As a comedy of manners "The Puritan" is at once feeble and extravagant. The author cannot paint classes in painting individuals. "The Puritan" is a misnomer. We have no representation of the formal manners of that class. The family of the Widow of Watling Street is meant to be Puritanical, but it is difficult to discover wherein they differ from the rest of the world, except in the coarse exhibition of the loose morality of one of their servants, who professes to lie, though he swears not, and is willing to steal if the crime is called by some gentler name. Yet the comedy is not without spirit and interest. The events are improbable, and some of the intrigues are superfluous; but the action seldom lingers; and if the characters seem unnatural, they are sufficiently defined to enable us to believe that such characters did exist, and might have been copied from the life by the author. It is this individual painting that constitutes the essential difference between the comedy of almost every writer as compared with Shakspere. Old Aubrey said, with a truth which might have been imitated by critics of higher pretension—"His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum;* now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities that twenty years hence they will not be understood."

The first scene introduces us to the widow, ostentatiously weeping for the death of her husband. She is surrounded by a silly son, a brother not over-wise, and two daughters of "no characters at all," except that one vows she will never marry, and the other declares herself entirely of an opposite inclination. The whelp of a son refuses to weep for his father, and the mother thus chides him:—

Wid. O thou past-grace, thou! Out of my sight, thou graceless imp! thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O thou stubborn only son! Hadst thou such an honest man to thy father —that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water? He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not: up every morning betwixt four and five; so duly at Westminster-hall every term-time, with all his cards and writings, for thee, thou wicked Absalon O dear husband!"

The widow vows on her knees an awful vow:—

> "O may I be the by-word of the world,
> The common talk at table in the mouth
> Of every groom and waiter, if e'er more
> I entertain the carnal suit of man!"

The second scene introduces us to the chief actor in the piece, Pyeboard, a profligate scholar, who unites the professions of a poet and a swindler. Mr. Dyce, in his valuable edition of George Peele's works, says that George Pyeboard is the same as George Peele, "*Peel* signifying a board with a long handle with which bakers put things in and out of the oven." It is somewhat hard upon the memory of Peele to assume, as some have assumed, that Pyeboard was meant as a portrait of him. The exact date of Peele's death has not been ascertained; but an allusion to his death is made by Meres in 1598. He was no doubt a man of profligate habits; as were too many of the unhappy race of authors in those days, when uncertain occupation and dependence upon the great made them more than usually ready to snatch at passing gratifications. The "Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime a Student in Oxford," was published in 1627, and in that tract there are two stories told of Peele which are very nearly similar to two of the tricks of Pyeboard in "The Puritan:" both may have been mere inventions or exaggerations. In the following passage of "The Puritan" there is probably a melancholy truth as to the condition of men of letters in that age. Pyeboard is addressing himself to an old soldier, Skirmish:—

"As touching my profession; the multiplicity of scholars, hatched and nourished in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore, not to cog with peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 'tis a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a knave then, when I was born a beggar! for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my father had never a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh! faint not, old Skirmish; let this warrant thee—*facilis descensus Averni*—'tis an easy journey to a knave; thou may'st be a knave when thou wilt: and Peace is a good madam to all other professions, and an errant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her For since the law lives by quarrels, the courtier by smooth good-morrows, and every profession makes itself greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend with judgment; not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar: one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance."

Pyeboard resolves to be a fortune-teller, and proposes to Skirmish to be a conjurer, and so they are to deceive the widow and her family. We are presently introduced in the Marshalsea Prison to Captain Idle, who has committed what he calls a common offence—a highway robbery. Captain Idle is to be released by a stratagem of Pyeboard. The gold chain of Sir Godfrey Plus, the widow's brother, is

to be stolen by his Puritanical servant, and to be discovered by the instrumentality of the military highwayman. As the action advances the plot thickens. The widow and one of her daughters refuse honest suitors; and when Idle is redeemed from prison (which the knight effects in a moment with the hope of finding his chain) the worthy confederates propose to marry the ladies. The fortune-telling and conjuration scenes are amusing enough, but they will scarcely furnish any extracts. In the end, however, the stratagems of the scholar and the captain are discovered; and the widow and her daughter are rescued from their hands on their way to church to be married. The affections of the ladies are very quickly transferred to other suitors; and so the play ends. The following scene, which occurs in the third act, is one of the incidents which is told, with some variation, of the hero of the "Merrie conceited Jests." Pye-board is under arrest for debt; and he persuades the bailiffs to go with him to a house "to receive five pound of a gentleman for the device of a mask here drawn in this paper." The following scene ensues:—

"*A Gallery in a* Gentleman's *House.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Who knocks? Who's at door? We had need of a porter. [*Opens the door.*

Pye. [*Within.*] A few friends here. Pray is the gentleman, your master, within?

Ser. Yes; is your business to him? [Servant *opens the door.*

Enter PYEBOARD, PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, *and* DOGSON.

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay, by my troth sir; pray come near; I'll in and tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery till he comes. [*Exit* Servant.

Pye. We will attend his worship. Worship, I think; for so much the posts at his door should signify, and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither knew him nor his worship: but 'tis happiness he is within doors, whatsoe'er he be. If he be not too much a formal citizen he may do me good. [*Aside.*]—Serjeant and yeoman, how do you like this house? Is't not most wholesomely plotted?

Rav. 'Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me,—for he never knew me. [*Aside.*] No matter; what is forgot in you will be remembered in your master. A pretty comfortable room this, methinks: you have no such rooms in prison now?

Put. O, dog-holes to't.

Pye. Dog-holes, indeed! I can tell you, I have great hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet too; for he is the most free-heartedest gentleman, where he takes you would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study and make verses!

Put. O, it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately—Mass, here he comes; he should be a gentleman; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You are kindly welcome, sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

Pye. I have the thing here for you, sir.—[*Takes the* Gentleman *apart.*] I beseech you, conceal me, sir; I'm undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, sir; look you, sir. I beseech your worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers; arrested for debt, which, though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinched clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts to make a happy use of this paper; and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask drawn in't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, sir, which my thoughts showed me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent device.

Put. An excellent device, he says; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. O' my faith, I never heard a better.

Rav. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on't; he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.

Gent. Give me your paper, your device; I was never better pleased in all my life: good wit, brave wit, finely wrought! Come in, sir, and receive your money, sir."

The prisoner, of course, escapes.

There is no doubt considerable truth in this picture: but it is not such truth as we find in Shakspere; it belongs to the temporary and the personal, not the permanent and the universal. Such is the characteristic merit of the whole comedy, whatever merit it has.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

"A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE. Not so new, as lamentable and true. Written by W. Shakespeare." This was the title of the original edition of the play printed in 1608. Upon a subsequent title we have "All's One, or, One of the four Plaies in one, called a Yorkshire Tragedy." We may receive "All's One" as the general title of four short plays represented in the same day, and standing in the place of a regular tragedy or comedy. Of the four plays thus presented, it is remarkable that "The Yorkshire Tragedy" is the only one which appears to have been published; that was entered, on the 2nd of May, 1608, on the Stationers' registers, as "A booke The Yorkshire Tragedy, written by Wylliam Shakespere." The publisher of the play, Thomas Pavyer, in 1605, entered "A ballad of lamentable Murther done in Yorkshire, by a Gent. upon two of his owne Children, sore wounding his Wyfe and Nurse." The fact upon which the ballad and the tragedy are founded is thus related in Stow's Chronicle, under the year 1604:—"Walter Calverly, of Calverly, in Yorkshire, Esquire, murdered two of his young children, stabbed his wife into the body with full purpose to have murdered her, and instantly went from his house to have slain his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact at his trial in York he stood mute, and was judged to be pressed to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the castle of York the 5th of August."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HUSBAND.
MASTER *of a College*.
A Knight (*a Magistrate*).
Several Gentlemen.
OLIVER, } *Servants.*
RALPH, }
SAMUEL, }

Other Servants *and* Officers.

A little Boy, *&c.*

WIFE.

Maid-Servant.

SCENE,—CALVERLY, *in* YORKSHIRE.

SCENE I.—*A Room in* Calverly Hall.

Enter OLIVER *and* RALPH.

Oliv. Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love—

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings; viz. mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 'tis common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass, thou say'st true, 'tis common indeed! But, sirrah, is neither our young master returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says. 'Slid, I hear Sam. Sam's come; here he is; tarry;—come i' faith: now my nose itches for news.

Oliv. And so does mine elbow.

Sam. [*within.*] Where are you there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply: I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat. If he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

Enter SAM.

What, Ralph and Oliver!

Both. Honest fellow Sam, welcome i' faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

Sam. You see I am hanged after the truest fashion three hats, and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at my back, an almanack in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece. Nay, I am the true picture of a common servingman.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art; thou may'st set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said; what's the news from London, sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

Sam. Why, the more fool she; ay, the more ninnyhammer she.

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Both. I' faith? You jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her. For you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah Sam, I would not for two years' wages my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blessed in her cradle, that he never came in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawned his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax for him: there's a fine phrase for a scrivener. Puh! he owes more than his skin is worth.

Oliv. Is't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought 'twas something pull'd down my breeches; I quite forgot my two poking-sticks: these came from London. Now anything is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Ay, far fetched, you know, Sam.—But speak in your conscience i' faith; have not we as good poking-sticks i' the country, as need to be put in the fire?

Sam. The mind of a thing is all; the mind of a thing is all; and as thou saidst even now, far-fetched are the best things for ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

Sam. But, Ralph, what, is our beer sour this thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why, then follow me; I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in: I learned it at London last week.

Both. I' faith? Let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour! 'twould do a man good to be drunk

in it: they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.

Both. 'Faith, that's excellent.

Sam. Come, follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter WIFE.

Wife. What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot answer his expense,
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward; which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vex'd his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes; now in despite of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Pox o' the last throw! It made five hundred angels
Vanish from my sight. I am damn'd, I'm damn'd;
The angels have forsook me. Nay, it is
Certainly true; for he that has no coin
Is damn'd in this world; he is gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear husband.

Hus. O! most punishment of all, I have a wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked! thou art cause,
Effect, quality, property; thou, thou, thou! [*Exit.*

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse; both beggary of the soul
And of the body;—and so much unlike
Himself at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him. He comes again.

Re-enter HUSBAND.

He says I am the cause: I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.

Hus. If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool! what meant I to marry to get beggars? Now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage sits like a snaffle upom mine inheritance, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter, and my third a thief, or an under-putter; a slave pander. Oh, beggary, beggary, to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit.—Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!

Wife. Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Money, money, money; and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent;
Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire; but I beseech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I myself be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boys
You have been father to.

Hus. Puh! bastards, bastards, bastards; begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me: but I may
Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O call to mind your lands already mortgag'd,
Yourself wound into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon; and——

Hus. Have done, thou harlot,
Whom, though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends;
Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your company! Curb'd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom? that I flagg'd in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so.

Hus. Nay, I protest (and take that for an earnest), [*Spurns her.*
I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Hus. Look it be done. Shall I want dust,
And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets
[*Holds his hands in his pockets.*
But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?
O much against my blood! Let it be done.
I was never made to be a looker-on,
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield: I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave: it shall. [*Exit.*

Hus. Speedily, speedily.
I hate the very hour I chose a wife:
A trouble, trouble! Three children, like three evils,
Hang on me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!

Enter Three Gentlemen.

Strumpet and bastards!

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar on your tongue?
Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad,
Endanger others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself; whose own words do proclaim
Scandals unjust, to soil his better name.
It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest kindness sway so much with you.

Hus. Good den; I thank you, sir; how do you? Adieu!
I am glad to see you. Farewell instructions, admonitions.
[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Enter a Servant.

How now, sirrah? What would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.

Hus. So, sir, then she is gone; and so may you be;
But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
At home. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who? me?

* *Promoter*—informer.

Chide me? Do't finely then; let it not move me:
For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.
Gent. Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they deserve
To be well beaten. We are now in private;
There's none but thou and I. Thou art fond and peevish;
An unclean rioter; thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption:
I am sorry for thee. That man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name;
And such art thou.
Hus. Peace!
Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.
Thy father's and forefathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.
The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends
It scarce can enter into men's beliefs
Such dearth should hang upon thee. We that see it
Are sorry to believe it. In thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceiv'd the world.
Hus. I'll not endure thee.
Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.
Hus. Nay, then I know thee;
Thou art her champion, thou; her private friend;
The party you wot on.
Gent. O ignoble thought!
I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle,
And see my reputation touch'd to death?
Hus. It has gall'd you, this; has it?
Gent. No, monster; I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.
Hus. Love of her virtues? there it goes.
Gent. Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed! [*They fight, and the* HUSBAND *is hurt.*
Hus. Oh!
Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?
Hus. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.
Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do. [*They fight again.*
Hus. Have you got tricks? Are you in cunning with me?
Gent. No, plain and right:
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.
[HUSBAND *falls down.*
Hus. Hard fortune! am I levell'd with the ground?
Gent. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.
Hus. Ay, you slave.
Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our grave!
You see, my sword's not thirsty for your life:
I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
You're of a virtuous house; show virtuous deeds,
'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your life;
Cancel not all men's hopes; you have a wife,
Kind and obedient; heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity; let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*
Hus. Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth has left me? O, my heart
Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say;
I'm mad to be reveng'd. My strumpet wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit blood;—but thou shalt bleed.
Vanquish'd? got down? unable even to speak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak:
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me: I'd ne'er been down else. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter WIFE, *in a riding-suit, and a* Servant.

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be presumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.
Wife. I grant I had; but, alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread abroad?
'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
Mine uncle could run o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly as if his serious eye
Had number'd all his follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd lands, his friends in bonds,
Himself wither'd with debts; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of good:
Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off—
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had, though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear),
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at court; a good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means, I hope,
To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.
Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should not now be kind to you, and love you, and cherish you up, I should think the devil himself kept open house in him.
Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now prithee leave me; I think I hear him coming.
Ser. I am gone. [*Exit.*
Wife. By this good means I shall preserve my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers' hands.
Now there's no need of sale; my uncle's kind:
I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Now, are you come? Where's the money? Let's see the money. Is the rubbish sold? those wise-acres, your lands? Why, when? The money? Where is it? Pour it down; down with it, down with it: I say, pour't on the ground; let's see it, let's see it.
Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I hope my words shall like you well. I bring you better comfort than the sale of my dowry.
Hus. Ha! what's that?
Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouchsafe me hearing, My uncle, glad of your kindness to me and mild usage (for so I made it to him), hath, in pity of your declining fortunes, provided a place for you at court, of worth and credit; which so much overjoyed me—
Hus. Out on thee, filth! over and overjoyed, when I'm in torment? [*Spurns her.*] Thou politic whore, subtiler than nine devils, was this thy journey to nunck? to set down the history of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I, that dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in service? to crouch and stand like an old man i' the hams, my hat off? I that could never abide to uncover my head i' the church? Base slut! this fruit bear thy complaints.
Wife. O, heaven knows
That my complaints were praises, and best words,
Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd lands, and were possess'd
Of every accident before I came.
If you suspect it but a plot in me,
To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's, (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs,)
Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:
Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you.
And all I wish even clemency affords;
Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.
Hus. Money, whore, money, or I'll—— [*Draws a dagger.*

Enter a Servant *hastily.*

What the devil! How now! thy hasty news?
Ser. May it please you, sir——
Hus. What! may I not look upon my dagger? Speak, villain, or I will execute the point on thee: Quick, short.

Ser. Why, sir, a gentleman from the university stays below to speak with you. [*Exit.*

Hus. From the university? so; university:—that long word runs through me. [*Exit.*

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?
Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offer'd violence unto my breast.
That which some women call great misery
Would show but little here; would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare,
For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.
Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.
He calls it slavery to be preferr'd;
A place of credit, a base servitude.
What shall become of me, and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse? my pretty beggars!
I see how ruin with a palsy hand
Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust:
The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids
Over my dankish eyes I can scarce see;
Thus grief will last;—it wakes and sleeps with me. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter HUSBAND *and the* MASTER *of a College.*

Hus. Please you draw near, sir; you're exceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt! I fear I come not to be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual; therefore to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman, your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence lies in bond executed for your debt,—a prisoner; all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Hus. Umph, umph, umph!

Mast. O you have killed the towardest hope of all our university: wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgments to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, is now by your careless courses cast into prison, which you must answer for; and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

Hus. O God! oh!

Mast. Wise men think ill of you; others speak ill of you; no man loves you: nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemn you And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother; never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet sleep, contented walks, nor anything that makes man perfect, till you redeem him. What is your answer? How will you bestow him? Upon desperate misery, or better hopes?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

Hus. Sir, you have much wrought with me; I feel you in my soul: you are your art's master. I never had sense till now; your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs. Within, there!

Enter a Servant.

Hus. Fill me a bowl of wine. [*Exit* Servant.
Alas, poor brother, bruis'd with an execution for my sake!

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore,
Till the grave cure them.

Re-enter Servant *with wine.*

Hus. Sir, I begin to you; you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wish'd it better for your sake.
I pledge you, sir:—To the kind man in prison.

Hus. Let it be so. Now, sir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnished of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good sir, in that the angels would be pleas'd,
And the world's murmurs calm'd; and I should say,
I set forth then upon a lucky day. [*Exeunt* MASTER *and* Servant.

Hus. O thou confused man! Thy pleasant sins have undone thee; thy damnation has beggared thee. That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women; give our senses way to find pleasure, which, being found, confounds us! Why should we know those things so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been forbidden! We should then have proved all virtuous; for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden. Had not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine,—to show tricks in the mire? What is there in three dice, to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a little round table, and with the gentleman's palsy in the hand shake out his posterity thieves or beggars? 'Tis done; I have done 't, i' faith: terrible, horrible misery!—How well was I left Very well, very well. My lands showed like a full moon about me; but now the moon's in the last quarter,—waning, waning; and I am mad to think that moon was mine; mine, and my father's, and my forefathers'; generations, generations.—Down goes the house of us; down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar; begs in me. That name which hundreds of years has made this shire famous, in me and my posterity runs out. In my seed five are made miserable besides myself: my riot is now my brother's gaoler, my wife's sighing, my three boys' penury, and mine own confusion.
Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head? [*Tears his hair.*
Will not this poison scatter them? O, my brother's
In execution among devils that
Stretch him and make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him!
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell;
Slavery and misery. Who, in this case,
Would not take up money upon his soul?
Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell.

Enter a little Boy *with a Top and Scourge.*

Son. What ail you, father? Are you not well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs? Puh! you cannot make me afraid with this; I fear no visards, nor bugbears.

[*He takes up the* Child *by the skirts of his long coat with one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.*

Hus. Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. O, what will you do, father? I am your white boy.

Hus. Thou shalt be my red boy; take that. [*Strikes him.*

Son. O, you hurt me, father.

Hus. My eldest beggar,
Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;
To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
"Good your honour," by a coach; no, nor your brother:
'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn, now my head's broke?

Hus. Bleed, bleed, [*Stabs him.*
Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace;
Spurn thou thy fortunes first; if they be base,
Come view thy second brother's. Fates! My children's blood
Shall spin into your faces; you shall see,
How confidently we scorn beggary! [*Exit with his* Son.

SCENE V

A Maid *discovered with a* Child *in her arms; the* Mother *on a couch by her, asleep.*

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:
It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep.
Hush, pretty boy; thy hopes might have been better.
'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won:
Hard, when the father plays away the son!
Nothing but Misery serves in this house;
Ruin and Desolation. Oh!

* The game called *passage*, or *pass dice*, was played with three dice.

Enter HUSBAND, *with his* Son *bleeding.*

Hus. Whore, give me that boy. [*Strives with her for the* Child.
Maid. O help, help! Out, alas! murther, murther!
Hus. Are you gossiping, you prating, sturdy quean?
I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs;
Tumble, tumble, headlong. So:—
[*He throws her down, and stabs the* Child.
The surest way to charm a woman's tongue,
Is—break her neck: a politician did it.
Son. Mother, mother; I am kill'd, mother! [WIFE *awakes.*
Wife. Ha, who's that cried? O me! my children,
Both, both, bloody, bloody! [*Catches up the youngest* Child.
Hus. Strumpet, let go the boy; let go the beggar.
Wife. O, my sweet husband!
Hus. Filth, harlot!
Wife. O, what will you do, dear husband?
Hus. Give me the bastard!
Wife. Your own sweet boy—
Hus. There are too many beggars.
Wife. Good my husband—
Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?
Wife. O God!
Hus. Have at his heart. [*Stabs at the* Child *in her arms.*
Wife. O, my dear boy!
Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—
Wife. Oh, heaven! [*She is hurt, and sinks down.*
Hus. And perish!—Now be gone
There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O sir, what deeds are these?
Hus. Base slave, my vassal!
Com'st thou between my fury to question me?
Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.
Hus. Hold me?—Presumption! I'll undo thee for it.
Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, sir.
Hus. Tug at thy master?
Ser. Tug at a monster.
Hus. Have I no power? Shall my slave fetter me?
Ser. Nay, then the devil wrestles I am thrown.
Hus. O villain! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee;
Set quick spurs to my vassal; bruise him, trample him.
So; I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away;
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar:
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Court before the House.*

Enter HUSBAND; *to him the* MASTER *of the College.*

Mast. How is it with you, sir?
Methinks you look of a distracted colour.
Hus. Who, I, sir? 'Tis but your fancy.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve you:
I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.
Mast. I shall be glad to see it: Sir, I'll attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the House.*

The WIFE, Servant, *and* Children, *discovered.*

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up myself,
He has so bruis'd me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur:
A man before of easy constitution,
Till now hell power supplied, to his soul's wrong:
O how damnation can make weak men strong!

Enter the MASTER *of the College and Two* Servants.

Ser. O the most piteous deed, sir, since you came!
Mast. A deadly greeting! Hath he summ'd up these
To satisfy his brother? Here's another
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.
Wife. Oh! oh!
Mast. Surgeons! surgeons! she recovers life:—
One of his men all faint and bloodied!
1 *Ser.* Follow; our murtherous master has took horse
To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly.
Mast. I am the readiest; it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him.
1 *Ser.* Good sir, do follow him.
[*Exeunt* MASTER *and Two* Servants.
Wife. O my children.
1 *Ser.* How is it with my most afflicted mistress?
Wife. Why do I now recover? Why half live,
To see my children bleed before mine eyes?
A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without
An executioner.—What, art thou mangled too?
1 *Ser.* I, thinking to prevent what his quick mischiefs
Has so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him.
We struggled; but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms: then did he bruise me,
And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair;
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.
Wife. What is it has beguil'd him of all grace,
And stole away humanity from his breast?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Please you to leave this most accursed place:
A surgeon waits within.
Wife. Willing to leave it?
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood:
Murther has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*A High Road.*

Enter HUSBAND. *He falls.*

Hus. O stumbling jade! The spavin overtake thee!
The fifty diseases stop thee!
Oh, I am sorely bruised! Plague founder thee!
Thou runn'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of chance!
To throw me now, within a flight o' the town,
In such plain even ground too! 'Sfoot, a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows.
Filthy beast!
[*Cry within.*] Follow, follow, follow.
Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hue and cry.
Up, up, and struggle to thy horse; make on;
Despatch that little beggar, and all's done.
[*Cry within.*] Here, here; this way, this way.
Hus. At my back? Oh,
What fate have I! my limbs deny me go.
My will is 'bated; beggary claims a part.
O could I here reach to the infant's heart!

Enter the MASTER *of the College, Three* Gentlemen, *and* Attendants *with halberds.*

All. Here, here; yonder, yonder.
Mast. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous!
The Scythians, even the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds,
In their relentless natures, than these of thine.
Was this the answer I long waited on?
The satisfaction for thy prison'd brother?
Hus. Why, he can have no more of us than our skins,
And some of them want but flaying.
1 *Gent.* Great sins have made him impudent.
Mast. He has shed so much blood, that he cannot blush.
2 *Gent.* Away with him; bear him to the justice's.

A gentleman of worship dwells at hand:
There shall his deeds be blaz'd.
Hus. Why, all the better.
My glory 'tis to have my action known;
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.
Mast. There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Room in the House of a* Magistrate.

Enter a Knight, *and Three* Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his wife? murther'd his children?
1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.
Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him;
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honour'd stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.
1 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter MASTER *of the College, &c., with the* Prisoner.

Knight. The serpent of his house! I am sorry,
For this time, that I am in place of justice.
Mast. Please you, sir——
Knight. Do not repeat it twice; I know too much
Would it had ne'er been thought on! Sir, I bleed for you.
1 *Gent.* Your father's sorrows are alive in me.
What made you show such monstrous cruelty?
Hus. In a word, sir, I have consumed all, played away long-acre; and I thought it the charitablest deed I could do, to cozen beggary, and knock my house o' the head.
Knight. O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.
Hus. I repent now that one is left unkill'd;
My brat at nurse. I would full fain have wean'd him.
Knight. Well, I do not think, but in to-morrow's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers you
To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was act play'd more unnaturally.
Hus. I thank you, sir.
Knight. Go, lead him to the gaol:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.
Hus. Come, come; away with me. [*Exeunt* HUSBAND, &c.
Mast. Sir, you deserve the worship of your place:
Would all did so! In you the law is grace.
Knight. It is my wish it should be so.—Ruinous man!
The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessors' honour'd name!
That man is nearest shame, that is past shame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Before* Calverly Hall.

Enter HUSBAND *guarded*, MASTER *of the College*, Gentlemen, *and* Attendants.

Hus. I am right against my house,—seat of my ancestors:
I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd
Let me entreat to speak with her, before
The prison gripe me.

His WIFE *is brought in.*

Gent. See, here she comes of herself.
Wife. O my sweet husband, my dear distress'd husband,
Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding;
Now my soul bleeds.
Hus. How now? Kind to me? Did I not wound thee?
Left thee for dead?
Wife. Tut, far, far greater wounds did my breast feel;
Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.
Hus. 'Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my murthers roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me: thou hast given mine eyes
Seven wounds apiece. Now glides the devil from me,
Departs at every joint; heaves up my nails.
O catch him, torments that were ne'er invented!
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner;
Murther his wife, his servants, and who not!—
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite forgot.
Wife. O my repentant husband!
Hus. O my dear soul, whom I too much have wrong'd;
For death I die, and for this have I long'd.
Wife. Thou shouldst not, be assur'd, for these faults die
If the law could forgive as soon as I. [*The Two* Children *laid out.*
Hus. What sight is yonder?
Wife. O, our two bleeding boys,
Laid forth upon the threshold.
Hus. Here's weight enough to make a heart-string crack.
O, were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murthers shoot upon my cheeks!
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
Kill'd you in beggary.
O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I fear'd:
O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd!
O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live!
Wife. It makes me even forget all other sorrows,
And live apart with this.
Offi. Come, will you go?
Hus. I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then I'll go:
My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.
Farewell, dear wife; now thou and I must part;
I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.
Wife. O stay; thou shalt not go.
Hus. That's but in vain; you see it must be so.
Farewell, ye bloody ashes of my boys!
My punishments are their eternal joys.
Let every father look into my deeds,
And then their heirs may prosper, while mine bleeds.
[*Exeunt* HUS. *and* Officers.
Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.
Mast. O kind wife,
Be comforted; one joy is yet unmurther'd;
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.
Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.
Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.
Mast. Was it in man to wound so kind a creature?
I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.
I must return with grief; my answer's set;
I shall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.
Two brothers, one in bond lies overthrown,
This on a deadlier execution. [*Exeunt omnes.*

NOTICE ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

THE event upon which this little drama is founded happened in 1604; the play was published in 1608. If it were written by Shakspere then, as his name on the title-page would lead us to believe, it must have been written when he was at the height of his power and of his fame. The question, therefore, as to his authorship of this play lies within very narrow limits. On the one hand we have the assertion of the publisher, in his entry upon the Stationers' registers, and in the title-page of the book, that Shakspere was the author; on the other hand we have to consider the manifest improbability that one who essentially viewed human events and passions through the highest medium of poetry should have taken up a subject of temporary interest to dramatize upon a prosaic principle. The English stage is familiar with works of extensive and permanent popularity which present to the senses the literal movement of some domestic tragedy, in which, from the necessary absence of the poetical spirit, the feelings of the audience are harassed and tortured without any compensation from that highest power of art which subdues the painful in and through the beautiful. "George Barnwell" and "The Gamester" are ready examples of tragedies of this class; and, without going into any minute comparisons, it is easy to understand that the principle upon which such works are composed is essentially different from that which presides over Hamlet and Lear and Othello. There was a most voluminous dramatic writer in Shakspere's time, Thomas Heywood, whose pen was ready to seize upon a subject of passing interest, such as the frantic violence of the unhappy Mr. Calverly. Charles Lamb, after quoting two very pathetic scenes from a tragedy of this writer, "A Woman Killed with Kindness," says—"Heywood is a sort of *prose* Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old; but we awake, and sigh for the difference." We have no doubt that Heywood *could* have written the "Yorkshire Tragedy;" we greatly question whether Shakspere *would* have written it. The play, however, is one of sterling merit in its limited range; and as it is also a remarkable specimen of a species of drama of which we have very few other examples of the Shaksperian age, we have printed it entire. It is scarcely necessary for us to enter upon any minute criticism in this place, especially as we shall have to revert to the general principle of the suitableness of such a subject to Shakspere's powers, when we give an account of "Arden of Feversham," a tragedy of an earlier date, which has also been imputed to our great poet. A writer in the *Retrospective Review*, analyzing the "Yorkshire Tragedy," says—"There is no reason why Shakspeare should not have written it, any more than why he should." The reason why Shakspere should not have written it is, we think, to be deduced from the circumstance that he, who had never even written a comedy in which the scene is placed in his own country in his own times, would very unwillingly have gone out of his way to dramatize a real incident of horror, occurring in Yorkshire in 1604, which of necessity could only have been presented to the *senses* of an audience as a *fact* admitting of very little elevation by a poetical treatment which might seize upon their imaginations. There is, no doubt, in this little drama the evidence of a sound judgment, relying upon the truth of the representation for its effect; and the patience and gentleness of the wife, as contrasted with the selfish ferocity of the husband, add to the intensity of the pain which the representation produces. The Retrospective reviewer further says—"If he (Shakspere) *had* written it, on the principle of merely dramatizing the known fact, he would not have done it much better than it is here done; and there were many of his contemporaries who could have done it quite as well." We agree with this assertion. If the "Yorkshire Tragedy" had been done better than it is—that is, if the power of the poet had more prevailed in it—it would not have answered the purpose for which it was intended; it would, in truth, have been a mistake in art. Shakspere would not have committed this mistake. But then we doubt whether he would have consented at all to have had a circle drawn around him by the anti-poetical, within which his mastery over the spirits of the earth and of the air was unavailing. There were other men amongst his contemporaries to whom these limits would not have been imprisonment; who might say with Hamlet, "I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space." Thomas Heywood was one of the number. We extract from that writer the concluding scene of "A Woman Killed with Kindness," in which a faithless but repentant wife receives, when dying, the forgiveness of her husband. We request our readers to compare this with the last scene of the "Yorkshire Tragedy," in which the murderer of her children, when about to be led to execution, is in the same spirit forgiven by his outraged wife:—

"*Frankford.* How do you, woman?
Mrs. Anne. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?
Frankford. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.
Mrs. Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot, but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me.
Frankford. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
I'll wish to die with thee.
All. So do we all.
Nicholas. So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.
Sir Francis. O, Mr. Frankford, all the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee:
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred has fall'n off, but yours doth stay.
Frankford. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence
Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
Sir Charles. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford,
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.
Susan. How is it with you?
Sir Francis. How d'ye feel yourself?
Mrs. Anne. Not of this world.
Frankford. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again:
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that grief upon thy deathbed liest,
Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
Mrs. Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free,
Once more: thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [*Dies.*"

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

In 1592 was first published "The lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent." Subsequent editions of this tragedy appeared in 1599 and 1633. Lillo, the author of "George Barnwell," who died in 1739, left an unfinished tragedy upon the same subject, in which he has used the play of the sixteenth century very freely, but with considerable judgment. In 1770 the "Arden of Feversham originally published in 1592 was for the first time ascribed to Shakspere. It was then reprinted by Edward Jacob, a resident of Feversham (who also published a history of that town and port), with a preface, in which he endeavours to prove that the tragedy was written by Shakspere, upon the fallacious principle that it contains certain expressions which are to be found in his acknowledged works. This is at once the easiest and the most unsatisfactory species of evidence. Resemblances such as this may consist of mere conventional phrases, the common property of all the writers of a particular period. If the phrases are so striking that they must have been first created by an individual process of thought, the repetition of them is no proof that they have been twice used by the same person. Another may have adopted the phrase, perhaps unconsciously. General resemblances of style lead us into a wider range of inquiry; but even here we have a narrow enclosed ground compared with the entire field of criticism, which includes not only style but the whole system of the poet's art. It has been recently said of this play, "Arden of Feversham, a domestic tragedy, would, in point of absolute merit, have done no discredit to the early manhood of Shakspeare himself; but, both in conception and execution, it is quite unlike even his earliest manner; while, on the other hand, its date cannot possibly be removed so far back as the time before which his own style had demonstrably been formed."* Tieck has translated the tragedy into German, and he assigns it with little hesitation to Shakspere. Ulrici also subscribes to this opinion; but he makes a lower estimate of its merit than his brother critic. The versification he holds to be tedious and monotonous, and the dialogue, he says, is conducted with much exaggeration of expression. The play appears to us deserving of a somewhat full consideration. It was printed as early as 1592, and was most probably performed several years earlier; the event which forms its subject took place in 1551. What is very remarkable, too, for a play of this period (and in this opinion we differ from Ulrici), there is very little extravagance of language; and the criminal passion in all its stages is conducted with singular delicacy. There are many passages, too, which aim to be poetical, and are, in fact, poetical; but for the most part they want that vivifying dramatic power which makes the poetry doubly effective from its natural and inseparable union with the situation which calls it forth, and the character which gives it utterance. The tragedy is founded upon a real event, which had been popularly told with great minuteness of detail; and the dramatist has evidently thought it necessary to present all the points of the story, and in so doing has of course sometimes divided and weakened the interest. Of invention, properly so called, there is necessarily very little; but there is still some invention, and that of a nature to show that the author had an imaginative conception of incident and character. Upon the whole, we should be inclined to regard it as the work of a young man; and the question then arises whether that young man was Shakspere. If "Arden of Feversham," like the "Yorkshire Tragedy," had been founded upon an event which happened in Shakspere's mature years, that circumstance would have been decisive against his being in any sense of the word the author. But whilst we agree with the writer in the *Edinburgh Review* that "both in conception and execution it is quite unlike even his earliest manner," we are not so confident that "its date cannot possibly be removed so far back as the time before which his own style had demonstrably been formed." Whether it be due to the absorbing nature of the subject, or to the mode in which the story is dramatically treated, we think that "Arden of Feversham" cannot be read for the first time without exciting a very considerable interest; and this interest is certainly not produced by any violent exhibitions of passion, any sudden transitions of situation, or any exciting display of rhetoric or poetry; but by a quiet and natural succession of incidents, by a tolerably consistent, if not highly forcible, delineation of character, and by equable and unambitious dialogue, in which there is certainly less extravagance of expression than we should readily find in any of the writers for the stage between 1585 and 1592. Do we then think that "Arden of Feversham" belongs to the early manhood of Shakspere? We do not think so with any confidence; but we do think that, considering its date, it is a very remarkable play, and we should be at a loss to assign it to any writer whose name is associated with that early period of the drama, except to Shakspere. In questions of this nature there may be a conviction resulting from an examination of the whole evidence, the reasons for which cannot be satisfactorily communicated to others. But we are less anxious to make our readers think with us than to enable them to think for themselves; and we shall endeavour to effect this object in the analysis to which we now proceed.

The murder of Arden of Feversham must have produced an extraordinary and even permanent sensation in an age when deeds of violence were by no means unfrequent. Holinshed's Chronicle was first published in 1577; the event happened twenty-six years before, but the writer of the Chronicle says—"The which murder, for the horribleness thereof, although otherwise it may seem to be but a private matter, and therefore as it were impertinent to this history, I have thought good to set it forth somewhat at large, having the instructions delivered to me by them that have used some diligence to gather the true understanding of the circumstances." The narrative in Holinshed occupies seven closely printed columns, and all the details are brought out with a remarkable graphic power. We have no doubt that this narrative strongly seized upon the imagination of the writer of the play. To judge correctly of the poetical art of that writer we must follow the narrative step by step. The relative position of the several parties is thus described:—

"This Arden was a man of a tall and comely personage, and matched in marriage with a gentlewoman, young, tall, and well favoured of shape and countenance, who chancing to fall in familiarity with one Mosbie, a tailor by occupation, a black swart man, servant to the Lord North, it happened this Mosbie upon some mistaking to fall out with her; but she being desirous to be in favour with him again, sent him a pair of silver dice by one Adam Foule, dwelling at the Flower-de-luce, in Feversham. After which he resorted to her again, and oftentimes lay in Arden's house; and although (as it was said) Arden perceived right well their mutual familiarity to be much greater than their honesty, yet because he would not offend her, and so lose the benefit he hoped to gain at some of her friends' hands in bearing with her lewdness, which he

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 471.

might have lost if he should have fallen out with her, he was contented to wink at her filthy disorder, and both permitted and also invited Mosbie very often to lodge in his house. And thus it continued a good space before any practice was begun by them against Master Arden. She at length, inflamed in love with Mosbie, and loathing her husband, wished, and after practised, the means how to hasten his end."

The first evidence of a sound judgment in the dramatist is the rejection of the imputation of the chronicler that Arden connived at the conduct of his wife from mercenary motives. In the opening scene he puts Arden in a thoroughly different position. The play opens with a dialogue between Master Arden and his friend Master Franklin, in which Franklin exhorts him to cheer up his spirits because the king has granted him letters-patent of the lands of the abbey of Feversham. This is the answer of Arden :—

" Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life ;
And but for thee, how odious were this life,
That shows me nothing, but torments my soul ;
And those foul objects that offend mine eyes,
Which make me wish that, for this veil of heaven,
The earth hung over my head and cover'd me!
Love-letters post 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,
And they have privy meetings in the town
Nay, on his finger did I spy the ring
Which, at our marriage, the priest put on :
Can any grief be half so great as this ? "

Presently Arden breaks out into a burst of passion, and Franklin thus counsels him :—

" Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me
To ease thy grief and save her chastity :
Entreat her fair ; sweet words are fittest engines
To raze the flint walls of a woman's breast :
In any case be not too jealous,
Nor make no question of her love to thee,
But, as securely, presently take horse,
And lie with me at London all this term ;
For women, when they may, will not,
But, being kept back, straight grow outrageous."

Alice, the wife of Arden, enters ; and he accuses her, but mildly, of having called on Mosbie in her sleep ; the woman dissembles, and they part in peace. We have then the incident of the silver dice sent to the paramour by Adam of the Flower-de-luce. The chronicler has represented Alice as the principal agent in procuring the murder of her husband ; and the dramatist has, it appears to us with considerable skill, shown the woman from the first under the influence of a headlong passion, which cannot stop to conceal its purposes, which has no doubts, no suspicions, no fears. The earnestness with which she proceeds in her terrible design is thoroughly tragic ; and her ardour is strikingly contrasted with the more cautious guilt of her chief accomplice. She avows her passion for Mosbie to the landlord of the Flower-de-luce ; she openly prompts Arden's own servant Michael to murder his master, tempting him with a promise to promote his suit to Mosbie's sister. The first scene between Mosbie and Alice is a striking one :—

" *Mosbie.* Where is your husband ?
Alice. 'Tis now high water, and he is at the quay.
Mosbie. There let him : henceforward, know me not.
Alice. Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths ?
Is this the fruit thy reconcilement buds ?
Have I for this given thee so many favours,
Incurr'd my husband's hate, and out, alas !
Made shipwreck of mine honour for thy sake ?
And dost thou say, henceforward know me not ?
Remember when I lock'd thee in my closet,
What were thy words and mine ? Did we not both
Decree to murder Arden in the night ?
The heavens can witness, and the world can tell,
Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,
'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech,
Arden to me was dearer than my soul,—
And shall be still. Base peasant, get thee gone,
And boast not of thy conquest over me,
Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery.
For what hast thou to countenance my love,
Being descended of a noble house,
And match'd already with a gentleman,
Whose servant thou may'st be ?—and so, farewell.
Mosbie. Ungentle and unkind Alice, now I see
That which I ever fear'd, and find too true :
A woman's love is as the lightning flame,
Which even in bursting forth consumes itself.
To try thy constancy have I been strange.
Would I had never tried, but liv'd in hopes !
Alice. What needs thou try me, whom thou never found false ?
Mosbie. Yet, pardon me, for love is jealous.
Alice. So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song ;
So looks the traveller to the basilisk.
I am content for to be reconcil'd,
And that I know will be mine overthrow.
Mosbie. Thine overthrow ? First let the world dissolve.
Alice. Nay, Mosbie, let me still enjoy thy love,
And, happen what will, I am resolute."

It is impossible to doubt, whoever was the writer of this play, that we have before us the work of a man of no ordinary power. The transitions of passion in this scene are true to nature ; and, instead of the extravagant ravings of the writers of this early period of our drama, the appropriateness of the language to the passion is most remarkable. There is poetry, too, in the ordinary sense of the word, but the situation is not encumbered with the ornament. We would remark also, what is very striking throughout the play, that the versification possesses that freedom which we find in no other writer of the time but Shakspere. Ulrici holds a contrary opinion, but we cannot consent to surrender our judgment to a foreign ear. There is, too, in this scene the condensation of Shakspere, that wonderful quality by which he makes a single word convey a complex idea :—

" Is this the fruit thy reconcilement *buds ?* "

is an example of this quality. The whole scene is condensed. A writer of less genius, whoever he was, would have made it thrice as long. The guilty pair being reconciled, Mosbie says that he has found a painter who can so cunningly produce a picture that the person looking on it shall die. Alice is for more direct measures—for a poison to be given in her husband's food. Here again the Chronicle is followed :—

" There was a painter dwelling in Feversham, who had skill of poisons, as was reported ; she therefore demanded of him whether it were true that he had such skill in feat or not ? And he denied not but that he had indeed. Yea, said she, but I would have such a one made as should have most vehement and speedy operation to despatch the eater thereof. That can I do, quoth he ; and forthwith made her such a one."

The painter enters, and his reward, it appears, is to be Susan Mosbie. The painter is a dangerous and wicked person, but he speaks of his art and of its inspiration with a high enthusiasm :—

" For, as sharp-witted poets, *whose sweet verse*
Make heavenly gods break off their nectar-draughts,
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,
Use humble promise to their sacred muse ;
So we, that are the poets' favourites,
Must have a love. Ay, love is the painter's muse,
That makes him frame a speaking countenance,
A weeping eye that witnesseth heart's grief."

The conference is interrupted by the entrance of Arden, of whom Mosbie readily asks a question about the abbey-lands. The following

* *For*—instead of.

scene ensues, and it is an example of the judgment with which the dramatist has adopted the passage from the Chronicle, that Arden "both permitted and also invited Mosbie very often to lodge in his house," without at the same time compromising his own honour :—

"*Arden.* Mosbie, that question we'll decide anon.
Alice, make ready my breakfast, I must hence. [*Exit* ALICE.
As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine
By letters-patent of his majesty.
But I must have a mandat for my wife;
They say you seek to rob me of her love:
Villain, what mak'st thou in her company?
She's no companion for so base a groom.
Mosbie. Arden, I thought not on her, I came to thee;
But rather than I'll put up this wrong——
Franklin. What will you do, sir?
Mosbie. Revenge it on the proudest of you both.
[*Then* ARDEN *draws forth* MOSBIE'S *sword.*
Arden. So, sirrah, you may not wear a sword,
The statute made against artificers forbids it.
I warrant that I do.* Now use your bodkin,
Your Spanish needle, and your pressing-iron;
For this shall go with me: And mark my words,—
You, goodman botcher, 'tis to you I speak,—
The next time that I take thee near my house,
Instead of legs, I'll make thee crawl on stumps.
Mosbie. Ah, master Arden, you have injur'd me,
I do appeal to God and to the world.
Franklin. Why, canst thou deny thou wert a botcher once?
Mosbie. Measure me what I am, not what I once was.
Arden. Why, what art thou now but a velvet drudge,
A cheating steward, and base-minded peasant?
Mosbie. Arden, now hast thou belch'd and vomited
The rancorous venom of thy mis-swoln heart.
Hear me but speak: As I intend to live
With God, and his elected saints in heaven,
I never meant more to solicit her,
And that she knows; and all the world shall see:
I lov'd her once, sweet Arden; pardon me:
I could not choose; her beauty fir'd my heart;
But time hath quenched these once-raging coals;
And, Arden, though I frequent thine house,
'Tis for my sister's sake, her waiting-maid,
And not for hers. May'st thou enjoy her long!
Hell fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonour her, or injure thee!
Arden. With these thy protestations,
The deadly hatred of my heart's appeas'd,
And thou and I'll be friends if this prove true.
As for the base terms that I gave thee late,
Forget them, Mosbie; I had cause to speak,
When all the knights and gentlemen of Kent
Make common table-talk of her and thee.
Mosbie. Who lives that is not touched with slanderous tongues?
Franklin. Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speech of men,
Upon whose general bruit all honour hangs,
Forbear his house.
Arden. Forbear it! nay, rather frequent it more:
The world shall see that I distrust her not.
To warn him on the sudden from my house
Were to confirm the rumour that is grown."

The first direct attempt of Alice upon her husband's life is thus told by the chronicler :—

"Now, Master Arden purposing that day to ride to Canterbury, his wife brought him his breakfast, which was wont to be milk and butter. He, having received a spoonful or two of the milk, misliked the taste and colour thereof, and said to his wife, Mistress Alice, what milk have you given me here? Wherewithal she tilted it over with her hand, saying, I ween nothing can please you. Then he took horse and rode towards Canterbury, and by the way fell into extreme sickness, and so escaped for that time.

* I justify that which I do.

In the tragedy the incident is exactly followed. Upon parting with her husband the dissembling of Alice is heart-sickening, but the scene is still managed naturally and consistently.

There is no division of this play into acts and scenes, but it is probable that the first act ends with the departure of Arden for London. Another agent appears upon the scene, whose motives and position are thus described in the Chronicle :—

"After this his wife fell in acquaintance with one Greene, of Feversham, servant to Sir Anthony Ager, from which Greene Master Arden had wrested a piece of ground on the back side of the Abbey of Feversham, and there had great blows and great threats passed betwixt them about that matter. Therefore she, knowing that Greene hated her husband, began to practise with him how to make him away; and concluded that, if he could get any that would kill him, he should have ten pounds for a reward."

The manner in which the guilty wife practises with this revengeful man is skilfully wrought out in the tragedy. She sympathizes with his supposed wrongs, she tells a tale of her own injuries, and then she proceeds to the open avowal of her purpose. Greene is to procure agents to murder her husband, and his reward, besides money, is to be the restoration of his lands. She communicates her proceedings to Mosbie, but he reproaches her for her imprudence in tampering with so many agents.

The course of the Chronicle continues to be followed with much exactness. The scene changes to the road for London, and the following description is then dramatized. It is so curious a picture of manners, as indeed the whole narrative is, that we need scarcely apologize for its length :—

"This Greene, having doings for his master Sir Anthony Ager, had occasion to go up to London, where his master then lay, and, having some charge up with him, desired one Bradshaw, a goldsmith of Feversham, that was his neighbour, to accompany him to Gravesend, and he would content him for his pains. This Bradshaw, being a very honest man, was content, and rode with him. And when they came to Rainhamdown they chanced to see three or four servingmen that were coming from Leeds; and therewith Bradshaw espied, coming up the hill from Rochester, one Black Will, a terrible cruel ruffian, with a sword and a buckler, and another with a great staff on his neck. Then said Bradshaw to Greene, We are happy that there cometh some company from Leeds, for here cometh up against us as murdering a knave as any is in England; if it were not for them we might chance hardly escape without loss of our money and lives. Yea, thought Greene (as he after confessed), such a one is for my purpose; and therefore asked, Which is he? Yonder is he, quoth Bradshaw, the same that hath the sword and buckler; his name is Black Will. How know you that? said Greene. Bradshaw answered, I knew him at Boulogne, where we both served; he was a soldier, and I was Sir Richard Cavendish's man; and there he committed many robberies and heinous murders on such as travelled betwixt Boulogne and France. By this time the other company of servingmen came to them, and they, going altogether, met with Black Will and his fellow. The servingmen knew Black Will, and, saluting him, demanded of him whither he went? He answered, By his blood (for his use was to swear almost at every word), I know not, nor care not; but set up my staff, and even as it falleth I go. If thou, quoth they, will go back again to Gravesend, we will give thee thy supper. By his blood, said he, I care not; I am content; have with you: and so he returned again with them. Then Black Will took acquaintance of Bradshaw, saying, Fellow Bradshaw, how dost thou? Bradshaw, unwilling to renew acquaintance, or to have aught to do with so shameless a ruffian, said, Why, do ye know me? Yea, that I do, quoth he; did not we serve in Boulogne together? But ye must pardon me, quoth Bradshaw, for I have forgotten you. Then Greene talked with Black Will, and said, When ye have supped, come to mine host's house at such a sign, and I will give you the sack and sugar. By his blood, said he, I thank you; I will come and take it, I warrant you. According to his promise he came, and there they made good cheer. Then Black Will and Greene went and talked apart from Bradshaw, and there concluded together, that if he would kill Master Arden he should have ten pounds for his labour. Then he answered, By his wounds, that I will if I may

know him. Marry, to-morrow in Paul's I will show him thee, said Greene. Then they left their talk, and Greene bad him go home to his host's house. Then Greene wrote a letter to Mistress Arden, and among other things put in these words,—We have got a man for our purpose; we may thank my brother Bradshaw. Now Bradshaw, not knowing anything of this, took the letter of him, and in the morning departed home again, and delivered the letter to Mistress Arden, and Greene and Black Will went up to London at the tide."

The scene in the play seizes upon the principal points of this description, but the variations are those of a master. Bradshaw, it seems, is a goldsmith, and he is involved in a charge of buying some stolen plate. He thus describes the man who sold it him, and we can scarcely avoid thinking that here is the same power, though in an inferior degree, which produced the description of the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet :—

Will. What manner of man was he?
Brad. A lean-faced writhen knave,
Hawk-nos'd and very hollow-eyed;
With mighty furrows in stormy brows;
Long hair down to his shoulders curl'd;
His chin was bare, but on his upper lip
A mutchado, which he wound about his ear.
Will. What apparel had he?
Brad. A watchet satin doublet all to-torn,
The inner side did bear the greater show:
A pair of threadbare velvet hose seam-rent;
A worsted stocking rent above the shoe;
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off;
'Twas bad, but yet it serv'd to hide the plate."

One of the sources of the enchaining interest of this drama is to be found in the repeated escapes of Arden from the machinations of his enemies. We have seen the poison fail, and now the ruffian, whom no ordinary circumstances deterred from the commission of his purpose, is to be defeated by an unforeseen casualty. The Chronicle says :—

"At the time appointed Greene showed Black Will Master Arden walking in Paul's. Then said Black Will, What is he that goeth after him? Marry, said Greene, one of his men. By his blood, said Black Will, I will kill them both. Nay, said Greene, do not so, for he is of counsel with us in this matter. By his blood, said he, I care not for that; I will kill them both. Nay, said Greene, in any wise do not so. Then Black Will thought to have killed Master Arden in Paul's churchyard, but there were so many gentlemen that accompanied him to dinner, that he missed of his purpose."

The dramatist presents the scene much more strikingly to the senses, in a manner which tells us something of the inconveniences of old London. The ruffians are standing before a shop; an apprentice enters saying—

"'Tis very late, I were best shut up my stall, for here will be old filching when the press comes forth of Paul's."

The stage direction which follows is—"Then lets he down his window, and it breaks Black Will's head." The accident disturbs the immediate purpose of the ruffians. The character of Black Will is drawn with great force, but there is probably something of a youthful judgment in making the murderer speak in high poetry :—

"I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller,
Whose lips are glued with summer-scorching heat,
Ne'er long'd so much to see a running brook
As I to finish Arden's tragedy."

The other ruffian is Shakebag, and in the same way he speaks in the language which a youthful poet scarcely knows how to avoid summoning from the depths of his own imagination :—

"I cannot paint my valour out with words:
But give me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the starven lioness,
When she is dry suck'd of her eager young,
Shows to the prey that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pity would I take."

The propriety of putting poetical images in the mouths of the low agents of crime cannot exactly be judged by looking at such passages apart from that by which they are surrounded. There is no comedy in "Arden of Feversham." The character and events are lifted out of ordinary life of purpose by the poet. The ambition of a young writer may have carried this too far, but the principle upon which he worked was a right one. He aimed to produce something higher than a literal copy of everyday life, and this constitutes the essential distinction between "Arden of Feversham" and the "Yorkshire Tragedy," as between Shakspere and Heywood, and Shakspere and Lillo. In the maturity of his genius Shakspere did not vulgarise even his murderers. At the instant before the assault upon Banquo, one of the guilty instruments of Macbeth says, in the very spirit of poetry,—

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."

Early in the drama, as we have seen, Alice proposes to her husband's servant to make away with his master. The circumstance has come to the knowledge of Greene, who, after the defeat of the plan through the apprentice's shutter, has to devise with his ruffians another mode of accomplishing Arden's death. The Chronicle thus tells the story :—

"Greene showed all this talk to Master Arden's man, whose name was Michael, which ever after stood in doubt of Black Will, lest he should kill him. The cause that this Michael conspired with the rest against his master was, for that it was determined that he should marry a kinswoman of Mosbie's. After this, Master Arden lay at a certain parsonage which he held in London, and therefore his man Michael and Greene agreed that Black Will should come in the night to the parsonage, where he should find the doors left open that he might come in and murder Master Arden."

The scene in which Michael consents to this proposal, with great reluctance, is founded upon the above text. We have a scene of Arden and Franklin, before they go to bed, in which Arden is torn with apprehension of the dishonour of his wife. There is great power here; but there is something of a higher order in the conflicting terrors of Michael when he is left alone, expecting the arrival of the pitiless murderer :—

"Conflicting thoughts, encamped in my breast,
Awake me with the echo of their strokes;
And I, a judge to censure either side,
Can give to neither wished victory.
My master's kindness pleads to me for life,
With just demand, and I must grant it him:
My mistress she hath forc'd me with an oath,
For Susan's sake, the which I may not break,
For that is nearer than a master's love:
That grim-fac'd fellow, pitiless Black Will,
And Shakebag stern, in bloody stratagem
(Two rougher ruffians never liv'd in Kent)
Have sworn my death if I infringe my vow—
A dreadful thing to be consider'd of.
Methinks I see them with their bolster'd hair,
Staring and grinning in *thy* gentle face,
And, in their ruthless hands their daggers drawn,
Insulting o'er thee with a peck of oaths,
Whilst thou, submissive, pleading for relief
Art mangled by their ireful instruments!
Methinks I hear them ask where Michael is,
And pitiless Black Will cries, 'Stab the slave;
The peasant will detect the tragedy.'

* *Old*—excessive.

The wrinkles of his foul death-threatening face
Gape open wide like graves to swallow men:
My death to him is but a merriment;
And he will murder me to make him sport.—
He comes! he comes! Master Franklin, help;
Call up the neighbours, or we are but dead."

This in a young poet would not only be promise of future greatness, but it would be the greatness itself. The conception of this scene is wholly original. The guilty coward, driven by the force of his imagination into an agony of terror so as to call for help, and thus defeat the plot in which he had been an accomplice, is a creation of real genius. The transition of his fears, from the picture of the murder of his master to that of himself, has a profundity in it which we seldom find except in the conceptions of one dramatist. The narrative upon which the scene is founded offers us a mere glimpse of this most effective portion of the story:—

"This Michael, having his master to bed, left open the doors according to the appointment. His master, then being in bed, asked him if he had shut fast the doors, and he said Yea; but yet afterwards, fearing lest Black Will would kill him as well as his master, after he was in bed himself he rose again, and shut the doors, bolting them fast."

In the drama the ruffians arrive, and are, of course, disappointed of their purpose by the closing of the doors. They swear revenge against Michael, but he subsequently makes his peace by informing them that his master is departing from London, and that their purpose may be accomplished on Rainhamdown.

The scene now changes, with a skilful dramatic management, to exhibit to us the guilty pair at Feversham. Mosbie is alone, and he shows us the depth of his depravity in the following soliloquy:—

"*Mosbie.* Disturbed thoughts drive me from company,
And dry my marrow with their watchfulness:
Continual trouble of my moody brain
Feebles my body by excess of drink,
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind
Doth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taste,
That tables not with foul suspicion;
And he but pines among his delicates
Whose troubled mind is stuff'd with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold;
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;
My daily toil begat me night's repose,
My night's repose made daylight fresh to me:
But since I climb'd the top-bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stary *gale doth shake my bed,
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
But whither doth contemplation carry me?
The way I seek to find where pleasure dwells
Is hedg'd behind me, that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to danger's gate.
Then, Arden, perish thou by that decree;
For Greene doth heir the land, and weed thee up
To make my harvest nothing but pure corn;
And for his pains I'll heave him up a while,
And after smother him to have his wax;
Such bees as Greene must never live to sting.
Then is there Michael, and the painter too,
Chief actors to Arden's overthrow,
Who, when they see me sit in Arden's seat,
They will insult upon me for my meed,
Or fright me by detecting of his end:
I'll none of that, for I can cast a bone
To make these curs pluck out each other's throat,
And then am I sole ruler of mine own:
Yet mistress Arden lives, but she's myself,
And holy church-rites make us two but one.
But what for that? I may not trust you, Alice!
You have supplanted Arden for my sake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
'Tis fearful sleeping in a serpent's bed;
And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.
But here she comes; and I must flatter her.
[*Here enters* ALICE."

* *Stary*—stirring. Our word *star* is supposed to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *stir-an*, to move.

The unhappy woman has already begun to pay the penalty of her sin; she has moments of agonizing remorse, not enduring, however, but to be swept away again by that tempest of passion which first hurried her into guilt. The following scene is, we think, unmatched by any other writer than Shakspere in a play published as early as 1592, perhaps written several years earlier. It might have been written by Webster or Ford, but they belong to a considerably later period. It possesses in a most remarkable degree that quiet strength which is the best evidence of real power. Except in Shakspere, it is a strength for which we shall vainly seek in the accredited writings of any dramatic poet who, as far as we know, had written for the stage some ten years before the close of the sixteenth century:—

"*Mosbie.* Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Where lies a heart that dies when thou art sad;
It is not love that loves to anger love.
Alice. It is not love that loves to murder love.
Mosbie. How mean you that?
Alice. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.
Mosbie. And then——
Alice. And then conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames!
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds:
Forget, I pray thee, what has pass'd betwixt us,
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.
Mosbie. What, are you chang'd?
Alice. Ay! to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name,
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.
Ah, Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin:
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven—
A mean artificer;—that low-born name!
I was bewitch'd—woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!
Mosbie. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import
That would have stated me above thy state;
Forslow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time;
Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth,
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee:
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapp'd my credit in thy company.
I was bewitch'd—that is no theme of thine,
And thou, unhallow'd, hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That show'd my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I view'd thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.
Alice. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,

Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,
Which, too incredulous, I ne'er believ'd.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two:
I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself;
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me,
I will do penance for offending thee,
And burn this prayer-book, where I here use
The holy word that hath converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? Is all thy love o'erwhelm'd?
Wilt thou not hear? What malice stops thine ears?
Why speak'st thou not? What silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak.
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all my good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks;
A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still;
Be clear again; I'll no more trouble thee.
Mosbie. O fie, no; I am a base artificer;
My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight:
Mosbie, fie! no, not for a thousand pound—
Make love to you—why 'tis unpardonable—
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are!
Alice. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise:
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens; roses grow on thorns;
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.
Mosbie. Ah! how you women can insinuate
And clear a trespass with your sweetest tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more."

The man who wrote that scene was no ordinary judge of the waywardness and wickedness of the human heart. It would be difficult to say that Shakspere at any time could have more naturally painted the fearful contest of a lingering virtue with an overwhelming passion.

We have seen the conspiracy to murder Arden on Rainhamdown. The devoted man again escapes by accident, and the Chronicle thus briefly records the circumstance:—

"When Master Arden came to Rochester, his man, still fearing that Black Will would kill him with his master, pricked his horse of purpose and made him to halt, to the end he might protract the time and tarry behind. His master asked him why his horse halted. He said, I know not. Well, quoth his master, when ye come at the smith here before (between Rochester and the hill-foot over against Chatham) remove his shoe, and search him, and then come after me. So Master Arden rode on; and ere he came at the place where Black Will lay in wait for him, there overtook him divers gentlemen of his acquaintance, who kept him company; so that Black Will missed here also of his purpose."

The dramatist shows us Greene and the two ruffians waiting for their prey, and the excuse of Michael to desert his master. Arden and Franklin are now upon the stage; and the dialogue which passes between them is a very remarkable example of the dramatic skill with which the principal characters are made to sustain an indifferent conversation, but which is still in harmony with the tone of thought that pervades the whole drama. Arden is unhappy in his domestic circumstances, and he eagerly listens to the tale of another's unhappiness. The perfect ease with which this conversation is managed appears to us a singular excellence, when we regard the early date of this tragedy:—

"*Frank.* Do you remember where my tale did cease?
Arden. Ay, where the gentleman did check his wife.
Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produc'd that took her with the deed,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her husband ask'd her whether it were not so.
Arden. Her answer then? I wonder how she look'd,
Having forsworn it with such vehement oaths,
And at the instance so approv'd upon her.
Frank. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face;
Then hemm'd she out, to clear her voice should seem,
And with a majesty address'd herself
To encounter all their accusations:—
Pardon me, master Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.
Arden. Come, we are almost now at Rainhamdown;
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;
I would you were in case to tell it out."

This "fighting at the heart," of which Franklin complains, is an augury of ill. Black Will and Shakebag are lurking around them; but the "divers gentlemen" of Arden's acquaintance arrive. Lord Cheinie and his men interrupt the murderers' purpose. Arden and his friend agree to dine with the nobleman the next day. They reach Feversham in safety. The occurrences of the next day are thus told in the Chronicle:—

"After that Master Arden was come home, he sent (as he usually did) his man to Sheppy, to Sir Thomas Cheinie's, then lord warden of the Cinque Ports, about certain business, and at his coming away he had a letter delivered, sent by Sir Thomas Cheinie to his master. When he came home, his mistress took the letter and kept it, willing her man to tell his master that he had a letter delivered him by Sir Thomas Cheinie, and that he had lost it; adding that he thought it best that his master should go the next morning to Sir Thomas, because he knew not the matter: he said he would, and therefore he willed his man to be stirring betimes. In this mean while, Black Will, and one George Shakebag, his companion, were kept in a storehouse of Sir Anthony Ager's, at Preston, by Greene's appointment; and thither came Mistress Arden to see him, bringing and sending him meat and drink many times. He, therefore, lurking there, and watching some opportunity for his purpose, was willed in any wise to be up early in the morning, to lie in wait for Master Arden in a certain broom-close betwixt Feversham and the ferry (which close he must needs pass), there to do his feat. Now Black Will stirred in the morning betimes, but missed the way, and tarried in a wrong place.

"Master Arden and his man coming on their way early in the morning towards Shornelan, where Sir Thomas Cheinie lay, as they were almost come to the broom-close, his man, always fearing that Black Will would kill him with his master, feigned that he had lost his purse. Why, said his master, thou foolish knave, couldst thou not look to thy purse but lose it? What was in it? Three pounds, said he. Why, then, go thy ways back again, like a knave (said his master), and seek it, for being so early as it is there is no man stirring, and therefore thou mayst be sure to find it; and then come and overtake me at the ferry. But nevertheless, by reason that Black Will lost his way, Master Arden escaped yet once again. At that time Black Will yet thought he should have been sure to have met him homewards; but whether that some of the lord warden's men accompanied him back to Feversham, or that being in doubt, for that it was late, to go through the broom-close, and therefore took another way, Black Will was disappointed then also."

The incident of the visit to Lord Cheinie is, as we have seen, differently managed by the dramatist. The escape of Arden on this occasion is very ingeniously contrived. A sudden mist renders it impossible for the ruffians to find their way. Black Will thus describes his misadventure:—

"*Mosbie.* Black Will and Shakebag, what make you here?
What! is the deed done? is Arden dead?
Will. What could a blinded man perform in arms?
Saw you not how till now the sky was dark,
That neither horse nor man could be discern'd?
Yet did we hear their horses as they pass'd."

As Arden and Franklin return, they are intercepted by Read, a sailor, who accuses Arden of a gross injustice, in depriving him of a piece of land. This incident is founded upon a statement of the chronicler, in accordance with the superstition of the times, that where the murdered body of Arden was first laid the grass did not grow for two years, and that of this very field he had wrongfully possessed himself:—

"Many strangers came in that mean time, beside the townsmen, to see the print of his body there on the ground in that field; which field he had, as some have reported, most cruelly taken from a woman that had been a widow to one Cooke, and after married to one Richard Read, a mariner, to the great hindrance of her and her husband, the said Read; for they had long enjoyed it by a lease, which they had of it for many years, not then expired; nevertheless he got it from them. For the which the said Read's wife not only exclaimed against him in shedding many a salt tear, but also cursed him most bitterly even to his face, wishing many a vengeance to light upon him, and that all the world might wonder on him."

There is surely great power in the following passage; and the denunciation of the sailor comes with a terrible solemnity after the manifold escapes to which we have been witness:—

"*Read.* What! wilt thou do me wrong and threaten me too?
Nay, then, I'll tempt thee, Arden; do thy worst.
God! I beseech thee show some miracle
On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this:
That plot of ground which thou detainest from me,—
I speak it in an agony of spirit,—
Be ruinous and fatal unto thee!
Either there be butcher'd by thy dearest friends,
Or else be brought for men to wonder at,
Or thou or thine miscarry in that place,
Or there run mad and end thy cursed days.
Frank. Fie, bitter knave! bridle thine envious tongue;
For curses are like arrows shot upright,
Which falling down light on the shooter's head.
Read. Light where they will, were I upon the sea,
As oft I have in many a bitter storm,
And saw a dreadful southern flaw at hand,
The pilot quaking at the doubtful storm,
And all the sailors praying on their knees,
Even in that fearful time would I fall down,
And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden, or some misevent,
To show the world what wrong the carle hath done.
This charge I'll leave with my distressful wife;
My children shall be taught such prayers as these;
And thus I go, but leave my curse with thee."

We have next a scene in which, by the device of Alice, Mosbie and Black Will fasten a pretended quarrel upon Arden and his friend; but Mosbie is wounded, and Black Will runs away. A reconcilement takes place through the subtilty of the wife. Arden invites Mosbie with other friends to supper, and the conspirators agree that their deed of wickedness shall be done that night. The chronicler briefly tells the story:—

"They conveyed Black Will into Master Arden's house, putting him into a closet at the end of his parlour. Before this they had sent out of the house all the servants, those excepted which were privy to the devised murder. Then went Mosbie to the door, and there stood in a nightgown of silk girded about him, and this was betwixt six and seven of the clock at night. Master Arden, having been at a neighbour's house of his, named Dumpkin, and having cleared certain reckonings betwixt them, came home, and, finding Mosbie standing at the door, asked him if it were supper-time? I think not (quoth Mosbie), it is not yet ready. Then let us go and play a game at the tables in the mean season, said Master Arden. And so they went straight into the parlour: and as they came by through the hall, his wife was walking there, and Master Arden said, How now, Mistress Alice? But she made small answer to him. In the mean time one chained the wicket-door of the entry. When they came into the parlour, Mosbie sat down on the bench, having his face toward the place where Black Will stood. Then Michael, Master Arden's man, stood at his master's back, holding a candle in his hand, to shadow Black Will, that Arden might by no means perceive him coming forth. In their play, Mosbie said thus (which seemed to be the watchword for Black Will's coming forth), Now may I take you, sir, if I will. Take me? quoth Master Arden; which way? With that Black Will stepped forth, and cast a towel about his neck, so to stop his breath and strangle him. Then Mosbie, having at his girdle a pressing iron of fourteen pounds weight, struck him on the head with the same, so that he fell down, and gave a great groan, insomuch that they thought he had been killed."

The tragedy follows, with very slight variation, the circumstances here detailed. The guests arrive; but Alice betrays the greatest inquietude: she gets rid of them one by one, imploring them to seek her husband, and in the meanwhile the body is removed. The dramatist appears here to have depended upon the terrible interest of the circumstances more than upon any force of expression in the characters. The discovery of the murder follows pretty closely the narrative of the chronicler:—

"*Here enter the* Mayor *and the* Watch.
Alice. How now, master Mayor? have you brought my husband home?
Mayor. I saw him come into your house an hour ago.
Alice. You are deceiv'd; it was a Londoner.
Mayor. Mistress Arden, know you not one that is called Black Will?
Alice. I know none such; what mean these questions?
Mayor. I have the council's warrant to apprehend him.
Alice. I am glad it is no worse. [*Aside.*
Why, master Mayor, think you I harbour any such?
Mayor. We are informed that here he is;
And therefore pardon us, for we must search.
Alice. Ay, search and spare you not, through every room:
Were my husband at home you would not offer this.

Here enter FRANKLIN.

Master Franklin, what mean you come so sad?
Frank. Arden, thy husband, and my friend, is slain.
Alice. Ah! by whom? master Franklin, can you tell?
Frank. I know not, but behind the abbey
There he lies murder'd, in most piteous case.
Mayor. But, master Franklin, are you sure 'tis he?
Frank. I am too sure; would God I were deceiv'd!
Alice. Find out the murderers; let them be known.
Frank. Ay, so they shall; come you along with us.
Alice. Wherefore?
Frank. Know you this hand-towel and this knife?
Susan. Ah, Michael! through this thy negligence,
Thou hast betrayed and undone us all. [*Aside.*
Mich. I was so afraid, I knew not what I did;
I thought I had thrown them both into the well. [*Aside.*
Alice. It is the pig's blood we had to supper.
But wherefore stay you? find out the murderers.
Mayor. I fear me you'll prove one of them yourself.
Alice. I one of them? what mean such questions?
Frank. I fear me he was murder'd in this house,
And carried to the fields; for from that place,
Backwards and forwards, may you see
The print of many feet within the snow;
And look about this chamber where we are,
And you shall find part of his guiltless blood,
For in his slip-shoe did I find some rushes,
Which argue he was murder'd in this room.
Mayor. Look in the place where he was wont to sit:
See, see his blood; it is too manifest.
Alice. It is a cup of wine that Michael shed.

Mich. Ay, truly.
Frank. It is his blood which, strumpet, thou hast shed;
But, if I live, thou and thy complices,
Which have conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it."

In a subsequent scene the unhappy woman makes confession :—

"*Mayor.* See, Mistress Arden, where your husband lies.
Confess this foul fault, and be penitent.
Alice. Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say?
The more I sound his name the more he bleeds.
This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth
Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.
Forgive me, Arden! I repent me now;
And would my death save thine thou shouldst not die.
Rise up, sweet Arden, and enjoy thy love,
And frown not on me when we meet in heaven:
In heaven I love thee, though on earth I did not."

The concluding scene shows us the principal culprits condemned to die :—

"*Mayor.* Leave to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall give:
Bear Mosbie and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed:
Bear Mistress Arden unto Canterbury,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt:
Michael and Bradshaw in Feversham
Must suffer death.
Alice. Let my death make amends for all my sin.
Mosbie. Fie upon women, this shall be my song."

After the play Franklin, in a sort of epilogue, somewhat inartificially tells us that Shakebag was murdered in Southwark, and Black Will burnt at Flushing; that Greene was hanged at Osbridge, and the painter fled. Bradshaw, according to the Chronicle and the dramatic representation, was an innocent person. The drama concludes with the following apologetical lines :—

"Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filed points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needs no other points of glozing stuff."

These lines appear to us as an indication that the author of "Arden of Feversham," whoever he might be, was aware that such a story did not call for the highest efforts of dramatic art. It was a "naked tragedy"—"simple truth"—requiring "no filed points" or "glozing stuff." It appears to us, however, to stand upon very different grounds from the "Yorkshire Tragedy." It is a higher attempt in art than that little play. It involves more conflicting passion. It is not such a mere endeavour to present a series of exciting facts to the senses of an audience. It was in all probability written twenty years before the "Yorkshire Tragedy;" and this is a most important circumstance in considering whether Shakspere was at all concerned in it. To a very young man, whose principles of art were not formed, and who had scarcely any models before him, this tragic story might have appeared not only easy to be dramatized, but a worthy subject for his first efforts. We have to consider, too, how familiar the fearful narrative must have been to the young Shakspere. The name of his own mother was Arden; perhaps the Kentish Arden had some slight relationship with her family; but it is evident that the play originally bore the name of Arden of Feversham, as if it were to mark the distinction between that family and the Ardens of Wilmecote. The tale, too, was narrated at uncommon length in the Chronicle with which Shakspere was very early familiar. There is considerable inequality in the style of this play, but that inequality is not sufficient to lead us to believe that more than one hand was engaged in it. The dramatic management is always skilful; the interest never flags; the action steadily goes forward; there are no secondary plots; and the little comedy that we find is not thrust in to produce a laugh from a few barren spectators. The writer, we think, was familiar with London, which is not at all inconsistent with the belief that it belongs to the youth of Shakspere. Still, the utter absence of external evidence must have left the matter exceedingly doubtful even if the tragedy had possessed higher excellences than belong to it. It was never attributed to Shakspere by any of his contemporaries; and yet it must have been a popular play, for it was reprinted forty years after its publication. Without doubt there may have been some writer, of whose name and works we know nothing, to whom this play may have been assigned; but if it be improbable that Shakspere had written it, it is equally improbable that any of the known dramatists who had attained a celebrity in 1592 should have written it. It has none of the characteristics of any one of them—their extravagance of language; their forced passion; their overloading of classical allusions; their monotonous versification. Its power mainly lies in its simplicity. The unhappy woman is the chief character in the drama; and it appears to us that the author especially exhibits in "Mistress Arden" that knowledge of the hidden springs of human guilt and weakness which is not to be found in the generalities of any of the early contemporaries of Shakspere. Still we must be understood as not attempting to pronounce any decided opinion upon the question of authorship. We neither hold with the German critics, whose belief approaches to credulity in this and other cases, nor with the English, who appear to consider, in most things, that scepticism and sound judgment are identical.

KING EDWARD III.

"THE Raigne of King Edward the third: As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London," was first published in 1596. It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company December 1st, 1595. The play was reprinted in 1599, and, judging from other entries in the Stationers' registers, also in 1609, 1617, and 1625. From that time the work was known only to the collectors of single plays, till, in 1760, Capell reprinted it in a volume entitled "Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry," as "a play thought to be writ by Shakespeare." The editor of that volume thus speaks of the play in his preface:—"But what shall be said of the poem that constitutes the second part? or how shall the curiosity be satisfied which it is probable may have been raised by the great name inserted in the title-page? That it was indeed written by Shakespeare, it cannot be said with candour that there is any external evidence at all something of proof arises from resemblance between the style of his earlier performances and the work in question; and a more conclusive one yet from consideration of the time it appeared in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play: the fable of it too is taken from the same books which that author is known to have followed in some other plays, to wit, Holinshed's 'Chronicle,' and a book of novels called 'The Palace of Pleasure.' But, after all, it must be confessed that its being his work is conjecture only, and matter of opinion; and the reader must form one of his own, guided by what is now before him, and by what he shall meet with in perusal of the piece itself." Capell was not a person to offer any critical reasons for his own belief; but the opinions of several able critics in our own time would show that he was not to be laughed at, as Steevens was inclined to laugh at him, for rescuing this play from the hands of the mere antiquarians. The anonymous critic whom we have often quoted says —"Capell was the first who directed attention to this play, as perhaps Shakspeare's; and it is in every respect one of the best dramas of its time. It is very unequal, and its plot is unskilfully divided into two parts; but through most scenes there reign a pointed strength of thought and expression, a clear richness of imagery, and an apt though rough delineation of character, which entitle it to rank higher than any historical play of the sixteenth century, excepting Shakspeare's admitted works of this class, and Marlowe's 'Edward II.'"† The opinion of Ulrici is very full and decided upon the authorship of "Edward III.," and we may as well present it at once to the reader in its general bearings.

"The play of 'Edward III. and the Black Prince,' &c., is entered not less than four times in the register of the Stationers' Company; first, on Dec. 1, 1595; and lastly, on Feb. 23, 1625. It was first printed in 1596, and reprinted in 1599, both editions being without the name of the author. Of any later edition I have no knowledge. Both these early editions, being anonymous, can, however, prove nothing. But even if the later editions were equally without the announcement of the author, this certainly rather striking fact may be satisfactorily explained by the nature of the piece itself. In the first two acts we find many bitter attacks upon the Scots, inspired by English patriotism: these were thoroughly in place during Elizabeth's lifetime, who, it is well known, loved her successor not much better than she did his mother, and ever stood in a guarded attitude against Scotland. To James I., on the contrary, these passages must have given offence. But Shakspere was indebted to James for many kindnesses; and he has praised and celebrated him in several of his plays. Thus, in order to avoid wounding his sense of gratitude, he may either have expressly denied the paternity of Edward III., or have refused to recognise it, and abandoned to its fate a piece that perhaps did not satisfy him upon other grounds. And in this way it may be also explained how a poem, which bears Shakspere's stamp so evidently, should have been overlooked or intentionally omitted by his friends Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio. That the piece probably belongs to Shakspere's earlier labours (without doubt two years at least before the date of its first being printed), is evident from the language and versification, from the many rhymed passages, but more particularly from the composition, which, if we consider the piece as one whole, is incontestably faulty. For the first two acts clearly stand alone much too independently; internally only partially united, and not at all externally, with the following three acts. In the first part the point of the action turns upon the love of the king for the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, whom he has released from the besieging Scottish army. The whole of this connection is no farther mentioned in the following part; it comes to a total conclusion at the end of the second act where the king, conquered, and at the same time strengthened, by the virtuous greatness of the countess, renounces his passion, and becomes again the master of himself. The countess then disappears wholly from the scene, which is changed to the victorious campaign of Edward III. and his heroic son the Black Prince. The play thus falls into two different Parts. But the fault which this involves wholly vanishes immediately that we take the two halves for two different pieces, united into a whole, in the same manner as the Two Parts of Henry IV. Everything then rounds itself into a complete and beautiful historical composition, which is throughout worthy of the great poet."

Of the value of this opinion of the very able German critic before us we shall endeavour to lead our readers to form their own judgment. If they come to the conclusion that the play is not Shakspere's, they will at least acquire a familiarity with some striking scenes and passages which are little known to English readers. The early editions are very rare; and Capell's volume is by no means a common book.

The view which Ulrici has taken that "The Reign of Edward III." must be considered as a play in Two Parts is perfectly just. But it must also be borne in mind that Shakspere has himself furnished us no example of such a complete division of the action in any *one* historical play which he has left us. The Two Parts of Henry IV. comprised two distinct plays, each complete in itself, each performed on a separate day, but each connected with the other by a chorus which fills up the gap of time. So the Three Parts of Henry VI. and Richard III. are perfectly separate, although essentially connected. The plan pursued in the "Edward III." is, to say the least, exceedingly inartificial. If the writer of this play had possessed more dramatic skill, he might have made the severance of the action less abrupt. As it is, the link is snapped short. In the first two acts we have the Edward of romance—a puling lover, a heartless seducer, a despot, and then a penitent. In the last three acts we have the

* Steevens, in a note upon the entry in the Stationers' register, says—"This is ascribed to Shakspeare by the compilers of ancient catalogues." This was one of the modes in which Steevens thought it clever to insult Capell by a contemptuous neglect.

† *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxxi. p. 471.

Edward of history—the ambitious hero, the stern conqueror, the affectionate husband, the confiding father. The one portion of the drama pretty closely follows the apocryphal and inconsistent story in "The Palace of Pleasure," how "A King of England loved a daughter of one of his noblemen, which was Countess of Salisbury." And here the author has certainly produced some powerful scenes, and considerably improved upon the fable which he in great part followed. In the latter portion of the play he has Froissart before him; and, dealing with those incidents which were calculated to call forth the highest poetical efforts, such as the battle of Poitiers and the siege of Calais, the dramatist is strikingly inferior to the fine old chronicler. When Shakspere dealt with heroic subjects, as in his Henry V., he kept pretty closely to the original narratives; but he breathed a life into the commonest occurrences, which leaves us to wonder how the exact could be so intimately blended with the poetical, and how that which is the most natural should, through the force of a few magical touches, become the most sublime. We do not trace this wonderful power in the play before us: talent there certainly is, but the great creative spirit is not visible.

The play opens with Robert of Artois explaining to Edward III. the claims which he has to the crown of France through his mother Isabelle. This finished, the Duke of Lorraine arrives to summon Edward to do homage to the King of France for the dukedom of Guienne. The scene altogether reminds us of the second scene of the first act of Henry V., where the Archbishop of Canterbury expounds the Salic law, and the ambassadors of France arrive with an insolent message to Henry from the Dauphin. The parallel scenes in both plays have some resemblance to the first scene of King John, where Chatillon arrives with a message from France. It is probable that the Henry V. of Shakspere was not written till after this play of "Edward III.;" and the King John, as we now have it, might probably be even a later play: but the original King John, in Two Parts, belongs, without doubt, to an earlier period than the "Edward III.," and the same resemblance in this scene holds good with that play. Upon the departure of Lorraine, the rupture of the league with the Scots is announced to Edward, with the further news that the Countess of Salisbury is besieged in the castle of Roxburgh. The second scene shows us the countess upon the walls of the castle, and then King David of Scotland enters, and thus addresses himself to Lorraine:—

> "*Dav.* My lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France
> Commend us, as the man in Christendom
> Whom we most reverence and entirely love.
> Touching your embassage, return, and say,
> That we with England will not enter parley,
> Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
> But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
> With eager roads beyond their city York.
> And never shall our bonny riders rest;
> Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
> Their light-borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;
> Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail;
> Nor hang their staves of grained Scottish ash
> In peaceful wise upon their city walls;
> Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
> Dismiss their biting whinyards,—till your king
> Cry out 'Enough; spare England now for pity.'
> Farewell: and tell him, that you leave us here
> Before this castle; say, you came from us
> Even when we had that yielded to our hands."

If this speech be not Shakspere's, it is certainly a closer imitation of the freedom of his versification, and the truth and force of his imagery, than can be found in any of the historical plays of that period. We do not except even the "Edward II." of Marlowe, in which it would be difficult to find a passage in which the poetry is so little conventional as the lines which we have just quoted. And this brings us to the important consideration of the date of "Edward III." Ulrici holds that it was written at least two years before it was published. We cannot see the reason for this opinion. It was entered on the Stationers' registers on the 1st of December, 1595, and we have pretty good evidence in many cases that such entry was concurrent with the time of the original performance. If the "Edward III," then, was first produced in 1595, there can be no doubt that several of Shakspere's historical plays were already before the public—the Henry VI. and Richard III.—in all probability the Richard II. Bearing this circumstance in mind, we can easily understand how a new school of writers should, in 1595, have been formed, possessing, perhaps, less original genius than some of the earlier founders of the drama, but having an immense advantage over them in the models which the greatest of those founders had produced. Still this consideration does not wholly warrant us in hastily pronouncing the play before us not to be Shakspere's. As in the case of "Arden of Feversham," we have to look, and we look in vain, for some known writer of the period whose works exhibit a similar combination of excellences.

The Countess of Salisbury is speedily relieved from her besiegers by the arrival of Edward with his army. The king and the countess meet, and Edward becomes her guest. His position is a dangerous one, and he rushes into the danger. There is a very long and somewhat ambitious scene, in which the king instructs his secretary to describe his passion in verse. It is certainly not conceived in a real dramatic spirit. The action altogether flags, and the passion is very imperfectly developed in such an outpouring of words. The next scene, in which Edward avows his passion for the countess, is conceived and executed with far more success:—

> "*Cou.* Sorry I am to see my liege so sad:
> What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
> This gloomy consort, sullen melancholy?
> *Edw.* Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot straw
> The flowers of solace in a ground of shame:—
> Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.
> *Cou.* Now, God forbid, that any in my house
> Should think my sovereign wrong! Thrice gentle king,
> Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.
> *Edw.* How near then shall I be to remedy?
> *Cou.* As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
> Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.
> *Edw.* If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress:
> Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
> And I am joyful, countess; else, I die.
> *Cou.* I will, my liege.
> *Edw.* Swear, countess, that thou wilt.
> *Cou.* By heaven, I will.
> *Edw.* Then take thyself a little way aside;
> And tell thyself a king doth dote on thee:
> Say, that within thy power it doth lie
> To make him happy; and that thou hast sworn
> To give me all the joy within thy power:
> Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy.
> *Cou.* All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign:
> That power of love, that I have power to give,
> Thou hast with all devout obedience;
> Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.
> *Edw.* Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.
> *Cou.* If on my beauty, take it if thou canst;
> Though little, I do prize it ten times less:
> If on my virtue, take it if thou canst;
> For virtue's store by giving doth augment:
> Be it on what it will, that I can give,
> And thou canst take away, inherit it.
> *Edw.* It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
> *Cou.* O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
> And dispossess myself, to give it thee:
> But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life:
> Take one, and both; for, like an humble shadow,
> It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.
> *Edw.* But thou mayst lend it me to sport withal.
> *Cou.* As easy may my intellectual soul
> Be lent away, and yet my body live,
> As lend my body, palace to my soul,

Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me."

The Earl of Warwick, father to the Countess of Salisbury, is required by Edward, upon his oath of duty, to go to his daughter, and command her to agree with his dishonourable proposals. This very unnatural and improbable incident is found in the story of "The Palace of Pleasure;" but it gives occasion to a scene of very high merit—a little wordy, perhaps, but still upon the whole natural and effective. The skill with which the father is made to deliver the message of the king, and to appear to recommend a compliance with his demands, but so at the same time as to make the guilty purpose doubly abhorrent, indicates no common power:—

"*War.* How shall I enter in this graceless errand?
I must not call her child; for where's the father
That will, in such a suit, seduce his child?
Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin?
No, he's my friend; and where is found the friend
That will do friendship such endamagement?
Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.
I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
But an attorney from the court of hell;
That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
To do a message to thee from the king.
The mighty king of England dotes on thee:
He, that hath power to take away thy life,
Hath power to take thine honour; then consent
To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life;
Honour is often lost, and got again;
But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass;
The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee.
The poets write that great Achilles' spear
Could heal the wound it made: the moral is
What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
And grace his foragement, by being mild
When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
The king will in his glory hide thy shame;
And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
Whose hugy vastures can digest the ill,
And make it lose his operation?
The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,
And give the bitter potion of reproach
A sugar'd sweet and most delicious taste
Besides, it is no harm to do the thing
Which without shame could not be left undone.
Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.
Cou. Unnatural besiege! Woe me, unhappy,
To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
And to be ten times worse invir'd by friends!
Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
But to corrupt the author of my blood,
To be his scandalous and vile solicitor?
No marvel, though the branches be infected,
When poison hath encompassed the root:
No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
Why, then, give sin a passport to offend,
And youth the dangerous rein of liberty:
Blot out the strict forbidding of the law;
And cancel every canon that prescribes
A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will
Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.
War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak:
And mark how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteem'd
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake:
An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is:
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe:
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! [*Exit.*
Cou. I'll follow thee: And, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! [*Exit.*"

There is a line in the latter part of this scene which is to be found also in one of Shakspere's Sonnets—the Ninety-fourth:—

"Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds."

We are decidedly of opinion that the line was original in the Sonnet, and transplanted thence into this play. The point was material in considering the date of the Sonnet, but it throws no light either upon the date of this play or upon its authorship.

During the tempest of Edward's passion the Prince of Wales arrives at the Castle of Roxburgh, and the conflict in the mind of the king is well imagined:—

"*Edw.* I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye;
Who, being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that
Which cannot check itself on poverty.—
Now, boy, what news?
Pri. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs in France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.
Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,
Who, looking wistly on me, made me blush;
For faults against themselves give evidence:
Lust is a fire; and men, like lanthorns, show
Light lust within themselves, even through themselves.
Away, loose silks of wavering vanity!
Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
By me be overthrown? and shall I not
Master this little mansion of myself?
Give me an armour of eternal steel;
I go to conquer kings and shall I then
Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend?
It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance!
Let's with our colours sweep the air of France.
Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
Desires access unto your majesty.
[*Advancing from the door and whispering him.*
Edw. Why, there it goes! that very smile of hers
Hath ransom'd captive France; and set the king,
The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends. [*Exit* PRINCE."

The countess enters, and with the following scene suddenly terminates the ill-starred passion of the king :—

"*Edw.* Now, my soul's playfellow! art thou come,
To speak the more than heavenly word of yea,
To my objection in thy beauteous love?
Cou. My father on his blessing hath commanded—
Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.
Cou. Ay, dear my liege, your due.
Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
Than right for right, and tender love for love.
Cou. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.—
But,—sith I see your majesty so bent,
That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
Your high estate, nor no respect respected
Can be my help, but that your mightiness
Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
I bind my discontent to my content,
And, what I would not, I'll compel I will;
Provided that yourself remove those lets
That stand between your highness' love and mine.
Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.
Cou. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.
Edw. Whose lives, my lady?
Cou. My thrice loving liege,
Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband;
Who living have that title in our love,
That we cannot bestow but by their death.
Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.
Cou. So is your desire: If the law
Can hinder you to execute the one,
Let it forbid you to attempt the other:
I cannot think you love me as you say,
Unless you do make good what you have sworn.
Edw. No more; thy husband and the queen shall die.
Fairer thou art by far than Hero was;
Beardless Leander not so strong as I:
He swom an easy current for his love:
But I will, through a helly spout of blood,
Arrive that Sestos where my Hero lies.
Cou. Nay, you'll do more; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.
Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.
Cou. O perjur'd beauty! more corrupted judge!
When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.
Edw. What says my fair love? is she resolute?
Cou. Resolute to be dissolv'd; and, therefore, this,—
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.
[*Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.*
Here by my side do hang my wedding knives:
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies;
And with the other I'll despatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart:
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike; therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to:
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me;
Or else, by heaven [*kneeling*], this sharp-pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.
Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavour of so many pens
Arise; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream."

The remarks of Ulrici upon this portion of the play are conceived upon his usual principle of connecting the action and characterization of Shakspere's dramas with the development of a high moral, or rather Christian, principle. He is sometimes carried too far by his theory, but there is something far more satisfying in the criticism of his school than in the husks of antiquarianism with which we have been too long familiar :—"We see, in the first two acts, how the powerful king (who in his rude greatness, in his reckless iron energy, reminds us of the delineations of character in the elder King John, Henry VI., and Richard III.) sinks down into the slough of common life before the virtue and faithfulness of a powerless woman; how he, suddenly enchained by an unworthy passion, abandons his great plans in order to write verses and spin intrigues. All human greatness, power, and splendour, fall of themselves, if not planted upon the soil of genuine morality; the highest energies of mankind are not proof against the attacks of sin, when they are directed against the weak unguarded side—this is the substance of the view of life here taken, and it forms the basis of the First Part. But true energy is enabled again to elevate itself; it strengthens itself from the virtues of others, which by God's appointment are placed in opposition to it. With this faith, and with the highest, most masterly, deeply-penetrating, and even sublime picture of the far greater energy of a woman, who, in order to save her own honour and that of her royal master, is ready to commit self-murder, the second act closes. This forms the transition to the following second Part, which shows us the true heroic greatness, acquired through self-conquest, not only in the king, but also in his justly celebrated son. For even the prince has also gone through the same school: he proves this, towards the end of the second act, by his quick silent obedience to the order of his father, although directly opposed to his wishes."

In the third act we are at once in the heart of war; we have the French camp, where John with his court hears of the arrival of Edward's fleet, and the discomfiture of his own. The descriptions of these events are, as we think, tedious and overstrained; at any rate they are undramatic. The writer is endeavouring to put out his power, where the highest power would be wasted. There is less ambition, but much more force, in the following speech of a poor Frenchman who is flying from the invaders :—

"Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France!
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land:
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houses' tops;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And, unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far as I did direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven;
And, as the leaking vapour in the wind
Turned aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come."

Before the battle of Cressy we have an interview between the rival kings. The debate is not managed with any very great dignity on either side. Upon the retiring of John and his followers, the Prince of Wales is solemnly armed upon the field :—

"And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms."

The famous incident of the battle of Cressy, that of the king refusing to send succour to his gallant son, is thus told by Froissart :—

"They with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill; then the knight said to the king, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you, that you and your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado.' Then the king said, 'Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth felled?' 'No, sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the king, 'return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.' Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repined in that they had sent to the king as they did."

The dramatist has worked out this circumstance with remarkable spirit; it is, we think, the best business scene in the play—not overwrought, but simple, and therefore most effective :—

"*Drums. Enter* KING EDWARD *and* AUDLEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chase,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.
Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit* AUDLEY. *Retreat.*
Edw. Just-dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves!

Enter ARTOIS *hastily.*

Art. Rescue, king Edward! rescue for thy son!
Edw. Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or, by violence, fell beside his horse?
Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 'tis impossible that he should 'scape,
Except your highness presently descend.
Edw. Tut! let him fight; we gave him arms to-day
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY *hastily.*

Der. The prince, my lord! the prince! O, succour him;
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!
Edw. Then will he win a world of honour too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, what remedy? We have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY *hastily.*

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Franticly rends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.
Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his green courage with those thoughts,
That, if he break'th out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.
Der. Ah! but he shall not live to see those days.
Edw. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.
Aud. Yet, good my lord, 'tis too much wilfulness
To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.
Edw. Exclaim no more; for none of you can tell
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no;
Perhaps he is already slain, or ta'en:
And dare a falcon when she's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like:
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.
Aud. O, cruel father!—Farewell, Edward, then!
Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry!
Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death!
Edw. But, soft; methinks I hear [*Retreat sounded.*
The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat:
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him;
Some will return with tidings, good or bad.

Flourish. Enter PRINCE EDWARD *in triumph, bearing in his hand his shivered lance: his sword and battered armour borne before him, and the body of the* KING OF BOHEMIA, *wrapped in the colours:* Lords *run and embrace him.*

Aud. O joyful sight! victorious Edward lives!
Der. Welcome, brave prince!
Edw. Welcome, Plantagenet!"

There is a fine scene where the Prince of Wales is surrounded by the French army before the battle of Poitiers: but it is something too prolonged and rhetorical; it has not the Shaksperian rush which belongs to such a situation. One specimen will suffice, where the prince exhorts his companion in arms, old Audley, to fly from the danger :—

"Now, Audley, sound those silver wings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time
Thyself art bruis'd and bent with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texed in thine honourable face;
Thou art a married man in this distress,
But danger wooes me as a blushing maid;
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.
Aud. To die is all as common as to live,
The one in choice, the other holds in chase;
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die:
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed;
Then presently we fall; and, as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it?
Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner:
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate:
For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.
Pri. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armours
These words of thine have buckled on my back:

Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murdering death!
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when He that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent."

The victory of Poitiers ensues; but, previous to the knowledge of this triumph, the celebrated scene of the surrender of Calais is thus dramatized:—

"*Enter from the town, Six* Citizens *in their shirts, and bare-footed, with halters about their necks.*

Cit. Mercy, king Edward! mercy, gracious lord!
Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries:—
Sound drums; [*alarum*] draw, threat'ning swords!
1 *C.* Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made;
The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.
Edw. My promise? well, I do confess as much:
But I require the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.
2 *C.* The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.
Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand;
We take possession of the town in peace:
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel:
This is your doom:—Go, soldiers, see it done.
Que. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
It is a glorious thing to 'stablish peace;
And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men:
As thou intendest to be king of France,
So let her people live to call thee king:
For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,
Is held in reputation none of ours.
Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controll'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer other by the dint of sword.
Philippe, prevail; we yield to thy request;
These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself."

This assuredly we think is not what Shakspere would have made of such a situation. How altogether inferior is it in the higher requisites of poetry to the exquisite narrative of Froissart!—

"Then the barriers were opened, the burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town. When Sir Walter presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down, and held up their hands and said, 'Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants; we have brought the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high noblesse.' Then all the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damage and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf. Then Sir Walter of Manny said, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore, now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainously; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company.' Then the king wryed away from him and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, 'They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in like wise.' Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down, and, sore weeping, said, 'Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you; therefore, now I humbly require you, in the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you, wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure, and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty."

The concluding scene, in which the Prince of Wales offers up to the Most High a prayer and thanksgiving, is imbued with a patriotic spirit, but it has not the depth and discrimination of Shakspere's patriotism:—

"Now, father, this petition Edward makes:
To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest shield,
That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories!—
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty fold;
So that hereafter ages, when they read
The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire,
Might, at their presence, tremble, and retire!"

We have thus presented to our readers some of the most striking passages of this play. It does not, in our opinion, bear the marks of being a very youthful performance of any man. Its great fault is tameness; the author does not rise with the elevation of his subject. To judge of its inferiority to the matured power of Shakspere, dealing with a somewhat similar theme, it should be compared with the Henry V. The question then should be asked, Will the possible difference of age account for this difference of power? We say possible, for we have no evidence that the "Edward III." was produced earlier than 1595, nor have we evidence that the Henry V., in some shape, was produced later. Ulrici considers that this play forms an essential introduction to that series of plays commencing with Richard II.

If Shakspere wrote that wonderful series upon a plan which necessarily included Henry V., we think he would advisedly have omitted Edward III.; for the main subject of the conquest of France would be included in each play. The concluding observation of Ulrici is—"Truly, if this piece, as the English critics assert, is not Shakspere's own, it is a shame for them that they have done nothing to recover from forgetfulness the name of this second Shakspere, this twin-brother of their great poet." Resting this opinion upon one play only, the expression "twin-brother" has somewhat an unnecessary strength. Admitting, which we do not, that the best scenes of this play display the same poetical power, though somewhat immature, which is found in Shakspere's historical plays, there is one thing wanting to make the writer a "twin-brother," which is found in *all* those productions. Where is the *comedy* of "Edward III.?" The heroic of Shakspere's histories might be capable of imitation; but the genius which created Falconbridge, and Cade, and Pistol, and Fluellen (Falstaff is out of the question), could not be approached.

GEORGE-A-GREENE.

"A PLEASANT conceyted Comedie of George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," bears upon the title-page that it was acted by the servants of the Earl of Sussex. The earliest edition known is that of 1599. In Henslowe's "Diary" we have an entry of "George-a-Greene" being played by the Earl of Sussex his men on the 28th of December, 1593. This play was formerly ascribed, by Winstanley and others, to John Heywood, the friend of Sir Thomas More. Such an opinion argues the most complete ignorance of the state of our language, and of dramatic poetry especially, at the time when John Heywood wrote. No English critic, we believe, ever thought of assigning the play to Shakspere; but the Germans, finding it reprinted in Dodsley's collection as the work of an unknown author, seize upon it as another production of the great English dramatist, rescued by them from the wallet of Time. Tieck translates it. He remarks—"It is traditionally said that the '*Pinner of Wakefield*' is a play of Shakspere's. I must acknowledge for myself that any tradition would have more weight than the narrow-minded criticisms of the English editors, which, proceeding wholly on false premises, naturally take little notice of such productions. If it is by Shakspere it must be an early work." We know not where the tradition is to be found, and, indeed, the play is now pretty confidently assigned to Robert Greene. It is included in Mr. Dyce's edition of his works, for a reason thus given:—

"It has been thought right to include in the present collection 'George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,' 1599, in consequence of the following MS. notes having been found on the title-page of a copy of that piece, which was formerly in the library of Mr. Rhodes:

'Written by . a minister who acted the piners pt in it himself. Teste, W. Shakespeare.

'Ed. Juby * saith it was made by Ro. Greene.'

These two memoranda are by different persons, and in handwriting of about the time when the play was printed. The probability of Greene's having been 'a minister' we have noticed before."

This evidence is not absolutely decisive as to the authorship of the play, but, conjoined with the internal evidence, we have no doubt that Mr. Dyce exercised a sound discretion in printing it in his collection of Greene's dramatic works.

Tieck, having translated the play in his "Alt Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspere," as one of "those dramas which Shakspere produced in his youth, and which Englishmen, through a misjudging criticism and a tenderness for his fame (as they thought), have refused to recognise," is of course decided in his opinion as to the merits of this performance. He says—"It seems to me a model of a popular comedy (Volks-comödie—people's comedy); the cheerful joyousness, that never overflows, but keeps within the bounds of moderation, and does us good; the merry clown; the agreeable character of the principal person, whose official zeal and heroic courage are so nicely softened down with a few milder features; and the genius which plays through the whole;—everything is such that Shakspere himself would have no cause to be ashamed of this, though we cannot show any other piece of his worked out in a similar style." The criticism of Horn is more temperate. George-a-Greene, the hero of the play, "equals, in his invincibility, waggery, and love of jesting, our Siegfried in the 'Niebelungen.'" He acknowledges, however, that there is not a trace of humour in the performance, and that there is a great want of dramatic art in the construction. To say nothing of the feebleness of the blank verse, we believe that the entire absence of wit or humour in the comic parts, and the inartificial management of the incidents, decide at once that the play could not belong to Shakspere at any period of his life. There is a rude activity in the working out of the plot, but no real creative power. That any high poetical power was not in the writer does not require, we think, a very laboured proof. One example of this deficiency of the higher quality may suffice. There is an incident in the play founded on the fine old ballad of "The Jolly Pinder of Wakefield," which undoubtedly was in existence before 1593, and, compared with that ballad, the tameness of the dramatic version of it appears to us very striking. We will give a passage from each:—

BALLAD OF THE JOLLY PINDER.

"In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinder,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pinder,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espied the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pinder,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one;
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,
And my merry men, every one;
For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I tried with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And live in the green-wood with me?
'At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee.'"

GEORGE-A-GREENE.

"*Geo.* Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.
Rob. That were great shame. Now, by my soul, proud sir,

* An actor who wrote a play in conjunction with Rowley.

We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.
Come, we will forward despite of him.
Geo. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But must you make a path over the corn?
Rob. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter three?
We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.
Geo. Sirrah,
The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three merry men,
I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the pinner what he dares perform.
Scar. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well might'st be a champion for a king:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.
Geo. Sirrah, darest thou try me?
Scar. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE-A-GREENE *beats him.*
Much. How now? what, art thou down?
Come, sir, I am next.
[*They fight, and* GEORGE-A-GREENE *beats him.*
Rob. Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.
Geo. Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.
[*They fight;* ROBIN HOOD *stays.*
Rob. Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.
Geo. Soft you, sir; by your leave, you lie,
You never yet laid hands on me.
Rob. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?
Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee."

The principal action of "George-a-Greene" is founded upon an old romance which describes an insurrection of nobles in the time of Richard I., which was resisted and finally put down by the Pinder of Wakefield; that is, the keeper of the pinfolds. The best scene in the play is where Sir Nicholas Mannering comes before the justices of Wakefield to demand provisions for the rebels. George-a-Greene undertakes to speak for his townsmen; and, on being asked "Who art thou?" thus replies:—

"Why, I am George-a-Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these
Should brook the braves of any traitorous squire.
You of the bench, and you, my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him even in our mother's womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirrah, we have
Nothing left for traitors but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and die
Against you, before we send you any victuals."

The Richard of the romance has become, it is thus seen, the Edward of the play. The writer has puzzled Mr. Grose, the antiquarian, with this change, the good man wisely arguing that Robin Hood and Edward IV., whom he supposes to be king of the piece, did not live at the same time. He concludes, therefore, that the drama has slight foundation in history. We quite agree with him. In the scene before the justices George-a-Greene makes Mannering eat his commission, seals and all. This is an incident of the old romance, which was transferred, as our readers will recollect, to the play of "Sir John Oldcastle;" and was a practical joke which Robert Greene himself played off upon an apparitor. After this feat the Pinder of Wakefield goes forward with his club chivalry. As the crowning work of some stratagems he kills one of the rebel lords, and takes the other two prisoners; he fights, as we have seen, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John; and he soundly beats the shoemakers of Bradford, in the presence of King Edward and the King of Scots, who are come in disguise to see the rustic hero. George-a-Greene of course arrives at riches and honour; and as, during the play, we have occasional glimpses of his being in love, the king rewards him also with his mistress:—

"*Edw.* George-a-Greene, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.
Geo. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
That which I did against the earl of Kendal,
It was but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merits such good words.
Edw. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.
Say what king Edward may perform,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.
Geo. I have a lovely leman,
As bright of blee as is the silver moon,
And old Grime, her father, will not let her match
With me, because I am a pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.
Edw. Where is she?
Geo. At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent, which is my great grief, my lord.
Edw. If this be all, I will despatch it straight;
I'll send for Grime, and force him give his grant!
He will not deny king Edward such a suit."

We have no doubt that this little play was amusing enough to an uncritical audience; but to seek for the hand of Shakspere amongst these coarse and feeble scenes is as fruitless as to look for Claudes and Correggios amongst the alehouse signs.

FAIR EM.

In the "Theatrum Poetarum" of Edward Phillips we have the following notice of the authorship of this play:—"Robert Green, one of the Pastoral Sonnet-makers of Qu. Elizabeth's time, contemporary with Dr. Lodge, with whom he was associated in the writing of several comedies, namely, 'The Laws of Nature,' 'Lady Alimony,' 'Liberality and Prodigality,' and a masque called 'Luminalia;' besides which he wrote alone the comedies of 'Friar Bacon' and 'Fair Emme.'" Langbaine contradicts this statement, as far as regards Greene's association with Lodge; but he admits the assertion regarding "Friar Bacon," and says nothing of "Fair Em." Mr. Dyce thinks that it is possible that Greene might have written "Fair Em." "A Pleasante Comedie of Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester, with the Love of William the Conqueror. As it was sundry times publiquely acted in the Honourable Citie of London, by the right Honourable the Lord Strange his seruants," was published in 1631. Possibly this may not have been the first edition, and the play may be as early as the time of Greene; but of this we are greatly inclined to doubt. The versification does not often exhibit that antiquated structure which we occasionally meet with in Greene and his contemporaries. The dramatic movement is more lively and skilful than we find in the conduct of Greene's pieces. The plot, which is a double one, has much of the complexity of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have little doubt that the play belongs to a period subsequent to the death of Shakspere. Upon what principle the German critics have assigned it to Shakspere we are at a loss to say. Tieck, who has translated the "Fair Em," calls it a youthful production of our poet, and Horn agrees with him. Ulrici dissents from this opinion. The play is lively enough, with a good deal of talent. Although a legend of love stories, it has the remarkable merit, for that period, of being conducted without offence to propriety. What comedy there is in it is altogether vapid and ridiculous. Let us hastily run through the plot, giving a few extracts.

The story carries us back to the days of William the Conqueror. There is a tilting-match, in which the king is victor; but he has on a sudden "cast away his staff," and left the field. Lubeck, a Danish knight, has borne upon his shield the picture of a beautiful woman; and the king has fallen in love with the picture, which is a portrait of Blanche, a daughter of the King of Denmark. The amorous monarch immediately delegates his authority to certain lords, and sets out for the Danish court, to behold and obtain the object of his passion. The miller and his daughter, Fair Em, now present themselves. He is no real miller, but Sir Thomas Goddard. Weighty circumstances compelled him to this course of life; and his daughter submits to her change of fortune with a becoming resignation. The father thus counsels the maiden:—

> *Miller.* Thanks, my dear daughter; these, thy pleasant words,
> Transfer my soul into a second heaven
> And in thy settled mind, my joys consist,
> My state reviv'd, and I in former plight.
> Although our outward pomp be thus abas'd,
> And thrall'd to drudging, stayless of the world,
> Let us retain those honourable minds
> That lately govern'd our superior state,
> Wherein true gentry is the only mean
> That makes us differ from true millers born:
> Though we expect no knightly delicates,
> Nor thirst in soul for former sovereignty,
> Yet may our minds as highly scorn to stoop
> To base desire of vulgar's worldliness,
> As if we were in our precedent way.
> And, lovely daughter, since thy youthful years
> Must needs admit as young affections,
> And that sweet love unpartial perceives
> Her dainty subjects through every part,
> In chief receive these lessons from my lips,
> The true discoverers of a virgin's due;
> Now requisite, now that I know thy mind
> Something inclin'd to favour Manvile's suit,
> A gentleman, thy lover in protest:
> And that thou may'st not be by love deceiv'd,
> But try his meaning, fit for thy desert,
> In pursuit of all amorous desires,
> Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighs,
> Nor earnest vows importing fervent love,
> Render thee subject to the wrath of lust;
> For that, transform'd to former sweet delight,
> Will bring thy body and thy soul to shame.
> Chaste thoughts and modest conversations,
> Of proof to keep out all enchanting vows,
> Vain sighs, forced tears, and pitiful aspects,
> Are they that make deformed ladies fair;
> Poor wretch! and such enticing men
> That seek of all but only present grace,
> Shall, in perseverance of a virgin's due,
> Prefer the most refusers to the choice
> Of such a soul as yielded what they thought."

Our readers will scarcely think that the commonplaces of this very long speech savour of Shakspere. The miller's man now presents himself as a suitor to fair Em; and having learnt the necessity for concealment, she rather evades than repulses his advances. But she is not long destined to equivocate with the clown. Manvile, Valingford, and Mountney, all lords of William's court, come separately, disguised, to woo the maiden. Manvile's suit, as we have learnt by her father's speech, was somewhat favoured. He overhears the two other lords communicating their love for the same object, and agreeing to unite their efforts to obtain her, leaving the rest to chance. Manvile, of course, becomes jealous; and he thus reproaches his mistress:—

> "Two gentlemen attending on duke William,
> Mountney and Valingford as I heard them nam'd,
> Ofttimes resort to see and to be seen,
> Walking the street fast by thy father's door,
> Whose glancing eyes up to windows cast
> Give testes of their masters' amorous heart.
> This, Em, is noted, and too much talk'd on;
> Some see it without mistrust of ill,
> Others there are that, scorning, grin thereat,
> And saith, there goes the milier's daughter's wooers.
> Ah me! whom chiefly and most of all it doth concern,
> To spend my time in grief, and vex my soul,
> To think my love should be rewarded thus,
> And for thy sake abhor all womankind."

The lover departs in a rage, and Mountney comes to prefer his suit. The fair Em resolves to vindicate her constancy; and to this admirer, therefore, she feigns deafness. In a subsequent scene Valingford approaches her; and to him, upon the same principle of stratagem, she affects to be blind, "by mishap on a sudden." Mountney and

Valingford meet and quarrel; but their mutual accusations bring about the conviction that the lady has deceived them both. The action advances by Manvile complaining to the miller of his daughter's conduct; and Mountney and Valingford appear on the scene to demand of the miller how it is that Em has become blind and deaf. The miller replies—

"Marry, God forbid! I have sent for her. Indeed, she hath kept her chamber this three days. It were no little grief to me if it should be so.

Man. This is God's judgment for her treachery."

Em is led on by the miller's man, whom she has persuaded to assist her in maintaining the pretences she has assumed. Her stratagem is successfully supported, to the grief of her father, and the conviction of the rest. Manvile exclaims—

"Both blind and deaf! then she is no wife for me;
And glad I am so good occasion is happen'd."

Mountney also gives her up with considerable indifference; but Valingford resolves to stay and prosecute his love, still suspecting there may be a "feigned invention." Manvile seeks another love—Elner, the daughter of a wealthy merchant; but Valingford declares that no misfortune can alter the constancy of his affection; and Em, learning the faithlessness of her former lover, discloses the conduct she has pursued.

During the progress of this, the main portion of the plot, we have a succession of scenes alternating with those in which the miller's daughter is concerned, exhibiting the history of the love adventures of the disguised king at the Danish court. William is disappointed in the reality of the lady, with whose picture he became enamoured. But he as readily falls in love with Mariana, a Swedish captive, the chosen fair of the Marquis of Lubeck. Blanche, however, the Danish king's daughter, falls in love with William; and we have then a pretty succession of jealousies and quarrels, which terminate in William carrying off the princess to England, masked, and disguised as Mariana. Upon their arrival in England, the king and his fair companion fall into the hands of some barons who are in arms. The mistakes are of course cleared up; and the King of Denmark offers his daughter to the King of England, who has resumed his state. He has to decide upon the claims of the fair Em, and of Elner, to the hand of Manvile. The scene on this occasion is perhaps the best passage in the play:—

"*Em.* I lov'd this Manvile so much, that still methought,
When he was absent, did present to me
The form and feature of that countenance
Which I did shrine an idol in my heart:
And never could I see a man, methought,
That equall'd Manvile in my partial eye.
Nor was there any love between us lost,
But that I held the same in high regard,
Until repair of some unto our house,
Of whom my Manvile grew thus jealous,
As if he took exception I vouchsaf'd
To hear them speak, or saw them when they came;
On which I straight took order with myself,
To avoid the scruple of his conscience,
By counterfeiting that I neither saw nor heard:
Any ways to rid my hands of them.
All this I did to keep my Manvile's love,
Which he unkindly seeks for to reward.
Man. And did my Em, to keep her faith with me,
Dissemble that she neither heard nor saw?
Pardon me, sweet Em, for I am only thine.
Em. Lay off thy hands, disloyal as thou art!
Nor shalt thou have possession of my love,
That canst so finely shift thy matters off.
Put case I had been blind, and could not see,
As oftentimes such visitation falls,
That pleaseth God, which all things doth dispose;
Shouldst thou forsake me in regard of that?
I tell thee, Manvile, hadst thou been blind,
Or deaf, or dumb, or else what impediments
Might befall to man, Em would have lov'd, and kept,
And honour'd thee; yea, begg'd, if wealth had fail'd,
For thy relief.
Man. Forgive me, sweet Em.
Em. I do forgive thee with my heart,
And will forget thee too, if case I can;
But never speak to me, nor seem to know me.
Man. Then farewell frost:
Well fare a wench that will:
Now, Elner, I am thy own, my girl.
Elner. Mine, Manvile? thou never shalt be mine;
I so detest thy villainy,
That whilst I live I will abhor thy company."

This issue of the contest produces a singular effect upon the King of England. He determines that "women are not general evils;" and so he accepts the hand of Blanche. Valingford is united to the fair Em, and Sir Thomas Goddard is restored to his rank and fortune.

It is exceedingly difficult for us to understand how a man of great ability, like Tieck, perfectly conversant with the dramatic art and style of Shakspere—sometimes going far beyond Shakspere's own countrymen in sound as well as elevated criticism—should fancy that a play like this could have been written by our great poet. Whatever merit it possesses, and it is certainly in some respects a lively and spirited performance, arises out of the circumstance that the author had good models before him. But we look in vain for all that sets Shakspere so high above his contemporaries; his wit, his humour his poetry, his philosophy, his intimate knowledge of man, his exquisite method. Scenes such as these pass before our eyes like the tricks of the fantoccini. There is nothing of vitality in them; they

"Come like shadows, so depart."

MUCEDORUS.

THE first known edition of this "comedy" is that of 1598:—"A most pleasant Comedy of Mucedorus, the Kings Sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the Kings Daughter of Arragon. With the merry Conceits of Mouse." There are repeated reprints of this play up to 1639, denoting an extraordinary popularity; and, what is more remarkable, the piece is revived after the Restoration, and the edition before us of 1668 is "Amplifyed with new Additions, as it was Acted before the King's Majestie at White-hall on Shrove-sunday night." A more rude, inartificial, unpoetical, and altogether effete performance the English drama cannot, we think, exhibit. Popularity, however, is not obtained by mere accident. Mediocrity and positive stupidity will often command it; but in the case of "Mucedorus" it appears to us that the piece was expressly adapted for a very common audience. Whilst the highest and the best educated of the land were captivated by Shakspere and Jonson, there must necessarily have been rude farces and melodramas for theatres lower than the Globe and Blackfriars. There were strolling companies, too, who in many cases were unable to procure copies of the best plays, and who would justly think that other wares than poetry and philosophy would be demanded in the barn of the alehouse or in the hall of the squire. We have a curious example of the long-during popularity of "Mucedorus." After the suppression of the theatres in 1647, clandestine performances in London were put down by provost-marshals and troopers. But in the country the wandering players sometimes dared to lift their heads; and as late as 1653 a company went about playing "Mucedorus." They had acted in several villages in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but, upon the occasion of its performance at Witney, an accident occurred, by which several persons lost their lives, and others were wounded. A pamphlet immediately appeared from the pen of an Oxford divine, showing that this calamity was an example of the Divine vengeance against stage performances. But "Mucedorus," as we have seen, had a higher popularity in reserve. It was revived for the entertainment of the King's Majesty, the tastes of whose court were pretty much upon a level with those of the Witney peasants and blanket-makers; and, what is not the least wonderful part in the history of this comedy, "very delectable and full of conceited mirth," some one rises up and says it is written by Shakspere. The tradition is handed down in old catalogues; and the Germans apply themselves seriously to discuss the point, whether a play which is too silly to be ascribed to any known writer of the time, might not be a youthful performance of the great poet himself.

To attempt any detailed analysis of the story of "Mucedorus" would be a waste of time. Mucedorus, the Prince of Valentia, has heard of the beauty of Amadine, the Princess of Aragon, and he resolves to go in disguise to her father's court. The shepherd-prince, upon his arrival in Aragon, immediately saves the princess from the attack of a bear, who has rushed upon her, when in company with Segasto, a sort of lover, who takes to his heels in a very ungallant style. The lady, of course, falls in love with the shepherd, and the shepherd is very soon turned out of the court for his own presumptuous love. But the princess resolves to run away with him, and they appoint to meet and live in the forest, unscared by hunger or by bears. A wild man of the woods, however, seizes upon the lady; but Mucedorus, disguised as a hermit, very opportunely kills the wild man. The King of Valentia comes to look after his son. The lovers return to court. The gentleman who ran away from the bear withdraws his claims to the princess, and the whole terminates with great felicity. We can easily understand how such a story would be popular, and how any surplusage of wit or poetry would have lessened its popularity. The serious adventures are relieved by the constant presence of a clown, who, to do him justice, is never guilty of the slightest cleverness, but produces a laugh by his exquisite stupidity. One specimen of the poetry will suffice. Mucedorus, clothed as a hermit, meets Bremo, the wild man of the woods, who has got Amadine safe in his grasp; and, justly considering that a wild man of the woods must be an excellent judge of rhetoric, and liable to be moved to pity by the force of fine words, thus addresses him:—

> "In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
> Did lead their lives in loathsome cells and woods,
> And wholly gave themselves to witless will,
> A rude unruly root, then man to man became
> A present prey; then might prevail'd,
> The weakest men went to walls:
> Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all.
> As men thus liv'd in their great courage,
> Behold, one Orpheus came (as poets tell),
> And them from rudeness unto reason brought,
> Who, led by reason, soon forsook the woods;
> Instead of caves, they built them castles strong,
> Cities and towns were founded by them then
> Glad were they they found such ease;
> And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
> Weighing their former wickedness,
> They term'd the time wherein they lived then
> A golden age, a good golden age.
> Now, Bremo (for so I heard thee call'd),
> If men which liv'd tofore, as thou dost now,
> Wild in woods, addicted all to spoil,
> Returned were by worthy Orpheus' means,
> Let me (like Orpheus) cause thee to return
> From murther, bloodshed, and such-like cruelties
> What, should we fight before we have a cause?
> No, let's live, and love together faithfully:
> I'll fight for thee."

There are one or two passages in "Mucedorus" which indicate some poetical power, but they are inappropriate to the situation and character. Whenever we compare Shakspere with other writers, the difference which perhaps, upon the whole, makes the most abiding impression is the marvellous superiority of his judgment.

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN.

THE first known edition of this play was published in 1662, under the following title:—"The Birth of Merlin: or, The Childe hath found his Father: as it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by William Shakespear and William Rowley." Of this very doubtful external evidence two of the modern German critics have applied themselves to prove the correctness. Horn has written a criticism of fourteen pages upon "The Birth of Merlin," which he decides to be chiefly Shakspere's, possessing a high degree of poetical merit, with much deep-thoughted characterization. Tieck has no doubt of the extent of the assistance that Shakspere gave in producing this play:—"This piece is a new proof of the extraordinary riches of the period, in which such a work was unnoticed among the mass of intellectual and characteristic dramas. The modern English, whose weak side is poetical criticism, have left it almost to accident what shall be again revived; and we seldom see, since Dodsley, who proceeded somewhat more carefully, any reason why one piece is selected and others rejected." He adds, "None of Rowley's other works are equal to this. What part has Shakspere in it?—has he taken a part?—what induced him to do so?—can only be imperfectly answered, and by supposition. Why should not Shakspere for once have written for another theatre than his own? Why should he not, when the custom was so common, have written in companionship with another though less powerful poet?" Ulrici takes a different, and, as we think, a much juster view. The play, he holds, must have been produced late in Shakspere's life. If he had written in it at all, he would have put out his matured strength. All the essentials—plan, composition, and character—belong to Rowley. Peculiarities of style and remarkable turns of thought are not sufficient to furnish evidence of authorship, for they are common to other contemporary poets. It is not very easy to trace the exact progress of William Rowley. He was an actor in the company of which Shakspere was a proprietor. We find his name in a document of 1616, and again in 1625. The same bookseller that published "The Birth of Merlin" associated his name with other writers of eminence besides Shakspere. He is spoken of by Langbaine as "an author that flourished in the reign of King Charles I.;" but there is no doubt that he may be considered as a successful writer in the middle period of James I. It is impossible to think that he could have been associated with Shakspere in writing a play until after Shakspere had quitted the stage; and we must, therefore, bear in mind that Rowley's supposed associate was at that period the author of Othello and Lear, of Twelfth Night and As You Like It.

A few years after the accession of James I. the fondness of the court for theatrical entertainments, and the sumptuousness of the masques that were got up for its especial delight, appear to have produced a natural influence upon the public stage, in rendering some of the pieces performed more dependent upon scenery and dresses and processions than in the later years of Elizabeth. "The Birth of Merlin" belongs to the class of show-plays; and the elaboration of that portion which is addressed merely to the eye has imparted a character to those scenes in which the imagination is addressed through the dialogue. There is an essential want of refinement as well as of intellectual force, partly arising from this false principle of art, which addresses itself mainly to the senses. We have a succession of incidents without any unity of action. The human interest and the supernatural are jumbled together, so as to render each equally unreal. Extravagance is taken for force, and what is merely hideous is offered to us as sublime. The story, of course, belongs to the fabulous history of Britain. Its movements are so complicated that we should despair of tracing it through its scenes of war and love, and devilry and witchcraft. The Britons are invaded by the Saxons, but the British army is miraculously preserved by the power of Anselm, a hermit. The Saxons sue for peace to Aurelius, the King of Britain, but the monarch suddenly falls in love with Artesia, the daughter of the Saxon general, and marries her, against the wishes of all his court. Uter Pendragon, the brother of Aurelius, has been unaccountably missing, and he, it seems, had fallen in love with the same lady during his rambles. Upon the return of Prince Uter to his brother's court, the queen endeavours to obtain from him a declaration of unlawful attachment. Her object is to sow disunion amongst the Britons, to promote the ascendancy of the Saxons. She is successful, and the weak Aurelius joins his invaders. During the progress of these events we have love episodes with the daughters of Donobert, a British nobleman. The character of Modestia, one of the daughters, who is resolved to dedicate herself to a religious life, is drawn with considerable skill, and she expresses herself with a quiet strength which contrasts advantageously with the turmoil around her:—

"Noble and virtuous! could I dream of marriage,
I should affect thee, Edwin. Oh, my soul,
Here's something tells me that these best of creatures,
These models of the world, weak man and woman,
Should have their souls, their making, life, and being,
To some more excellent use if what the sense
Calls pleasure were our ends, we might justly blame
Great Nature's wisdom, who rear'd a building
Of so much art and beauty, to entertain
A guest so far incertain, so imperfect:
If only speech distinguish us from beasts,
Who know no inequality of birth and place,
But still to fly from goodness; oh! how base
Were life at such a rate. No, no! that Power
That gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom,
Gave it for thankfulness. To Him alone
That made me thus, may I thence truly know,
I'll pay to Him, not man, the love I owe."

The supernatural part of this play is altogether overdone, exhibiting no higher skill in the management than a modern fairy spectacle for the Easter holidays. Before Merlin appears we have a Saxon magician produced who can raise the dead, and he makes Hector and Achilles come into the Saxon court very much after the fashion of the apparition of Marshal Saxe in the great gallery at Dresden. The stage direction for this extraordinary exhibition is as follows:—

> *Enter* PROXIMUS, *bringing in* HECTOR, *attired and armed after the Trojan manner, with target, sword, and battle-axe; a trumpet before him, and a* Spirit *in flame-colours with a torch at the other door,* ACHILLES, *with his spear and falchion, a trumpet, and a* Spirit *in black before him; trumpets sound alarm, and they manage their weapons to begin the fight, and after some charges the* Hermit *steps between them, at which, seeming amazed, the* Spirits *tremble.*"

That the poet who produced the caldron of the weird sisters should be supposed to have a hand in this child's play is little less

* See Wraxall's Memoirs.

than miraculous itself. But we soon cease to take an interest in mere Britons and Saxons, for a clown and his sister arrive at court, seeking a father for a child which the lady is about to present to the world. After some mummery which is meant for comedy, we have the following stage direction:—"Enter the Devil in man's habit richly attired, his feet and his head horrid;" and the young lady from the country immediately recognises the treacherous father. After another episode with Modestia and Edwin, thunder and lightning announce something terrible; the birth of Merlin has taken place, and his father the Devil properly introduces him reading a book and foretelling his own future celebrity. We have now prophecy upon prophecy, and fight upon fight, blazing stars, dragons, and Merlin expounding all amidst the din. We learn that Artesia has poisoned her husband, and that Uter has become King Pendragon. The Saxons are defeated by the new king, by whom Artesia, as a murderess, is buried alive. In the meantime the Devil has again been making some proposals to Merlin's mother, which end greatly to his discomfiture, for his powerful son shuts him up in a rock. Merlin then, addressing his mother, proposes to her to retire to a solitude he has prepared for her, "to weep away the flesh you have offended with;" "and when you die," he proceeds—

> "I will erect a monument
> Upon the verdant plains of Salisbury,—
> No king shall have so high a sepulchre,—
> With pendulous stones, that I will hang by art,
> Where neither lime nor mortar shall be used,—
> A dark enigma to the memory,
> For none shall have the power to number them;
> A place that I will hallow for your rest;
> Where no night-hag shall walk, nor were-wolf tread,
> Where Merlin's mother shall be sepulchred."

As this is a satisfactory account of the origin of Stonehenge, we might here conclude; but there is a little more to tell of this marvellous play. Uter, the triumphant king, desires Merlin to

> "show the full event,
> That shall both end our reign and chronicle."

Merlin thus consents:—

> "What Heaven decrees, fate hath no power to alter:
> The Saxons, sir, will keep the ground they have,
> And by supplying numbers still increase,
> Till Britain be no more: So please your grace,
> I will, in visible apparitions,
> Present you prophecies, which shall concern
> Succeeding princes, which my art shall raise,
> Till men shall call these times the latter days. [MERLIN *strikes. Hautboys. Enter a* King *in armour, his shield quartered with thirteen crowns. At the other end enter divers* Princes, *who present their crowns to him at his feet, and do him homage; then enters* Death, *and strikes him; he, growing sick, crowns* CONSTANTINE."

This Merlin explains to represent Uter's son, Arthur, and his successor; at which the prince, much gratified, asserts—

> "All future times shall still record this story,
> Of Merlin's learned worth, and Arthur's glory."

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

We close our imperfect record of the plays ascribed to Shakspere with the performance of a true poet, whoever he may be.

"The Merry Deuill of Edmonton: As it hath been sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banke-side," was originally published in 1608. On the 22nd of October, 1607, there is an entry of the title of the play on the Stationers' registers; but on the 5th of April, 1608, we have a more precise entry of "A book called the Lyfe and Deathe of the Merry Devill of Edmonton, with the pleasant pranks of Smugge the Smyth, Sir John, and mine Hoste of the George, about their stealing of venison. By T. B." This was, in all probability, a Second Part. Steevens says—"The initial letters at the end of this entry sufficiently free Shakspeare from the charge of having been its author." It has been supposed that these initials represent Tony, or Antony, Brewer, a dramatic writer of the time of James I., highly lauded by some of his contemporaries. Kirkman, a bookseller, first affixed Shakspere's name to it in his catalogue. In "The Companion to the Playhouse," published in 1764, it is stated, upon the authority of a laborious antiquary, Thomas Coxeter, who died in 1747, to have been written by Michael Drayton; and in some posthumous papers of another diligent inquirer into literary history, Oldys, the same assertion is advanced. Charles Lamb, who speaks of this play with a warmth of admiration which is probably carried a little too far—and which, indeed, may in some degree be attributed to his familiarity with the quiet rural scenery of Enfield, Waltham, Cheshunt, and Edmonton, in which places the story is laid—says, 'I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece: it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that panegyrist of my native earth; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honourable mention; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology."* "The Merry Devil" was undoubtedly a play of great popularity. We find, from the account books of the Revels at Court, that it was acted before the king in the same year, 1618, with Twelfth Night and A Winter's Tale. In 1616, Ben Jonson, in his Prologue to "The Devil is an Ass," thus addresses his audience:—

> "If you'll come
> To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
> And show this but the same face you have done
> Your dear delight, The Devil of Edmonton."

Its popularity seems to have lasted much longer: for it is mentioned by Edmund Gayton, in 1654, in his "Notes on Don Quixote."† The belief that the play was Shakspere's has never taken any root in England. Some of the German critics, however, adopt it as his without any hesitation. Tieck has translated it; and he says that it undoubtedly is by Shakspere, and must have been written about 1600. It has much of the tone, he thinks, of The Merry Wives of Windsor, and 'mine host of the George' and 'mine host of the Garter' are alike. It is surprising that Tieck does not see that the one character is, in a great degree, an imitation of the other. Shakspere, in the abundance of his riches, is not a poet who repeats himself. Horn declares that Shakspere's authorship of "The Merry Devil" is incontestable. Ulrici admits the bare possibility of its being a very youthful work of Shakspere's. The great merit, on the contrary, of the best scenes of this play consists in their perfect finish. There is nothing careless about them; nothing that betrays the very young adventurer; the writer is a master of his art to the extent of his power. But that is not Shakspere's power.

Fuller, in his "Worthies," thus records the merits of Peter Fabel, the hero of this play:—"I shall probably offend the gravity of some to insert, and certainly curiosity of others to omit, him. Some make him a friar, others a lay gentleman, all a conceited person, who, with his merry devices, deceived the Devil, who by grace may be resisted, not deceived by wit. If a grave bishop in his sermon, speaking of Brute's coming into this land, said it was but a *bruit*, I hope I may say without offence that this Fabel was but a *fable*, supposed to live in the reign of King Henry the Sixth." His fame is more confidingly recorded in the Prologue to "The Merry Devil:"—

> "'Tis Peter Fabel, a renowned scholar,
> Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
> By all the writers of this latter age.
> In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
> Not full seven miles from this great famous city;
> That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
> Was call'd the Merry Fiend of Edmonton.
> If any here make doubt of such a name,
> In Edmonton, yet fresh unto this day,
> Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
> His monument remaineth to be seen:
> His memory yet in the mouths of men,
> That whilst he liv'd he could deceive the devil."

The Prologue goes on to suppose him at Cambridge at the hour when the term of his compact with the fiend is run out. We are not here to look for the terrible solemnity of the similar scene in Marlowe's "Faustus;" but, nevertheless, that before us is written with great poetical power. Coreb, the spirit, thus addresses the magician:—

> "*Coreb.* Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires;
> I must depart, and come to claim my due.
> *Fabel.* Hah! what is thy due?
> *Coreb.* Fabel, thyself.
> *Fabel.* O let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
> Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
> And leave the world to look upon my woe:
> Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
> And let a little sparrow with her bill
> Take but so much as she can bear away,
> That, every day thus losing of my load,
> I may again, in time, yet hope to rise."

While the fiend sits down in the necromantic chair Fabel thus soliloquises:—

> "*Fabel.* O that this soul, that cost so dear a price
> As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
> Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone,
> Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
> Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;
> When men in their own praise strive to know more
> Than man should know!

* Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.

† Collier's Annals of the Stage, vol. iii. p. 417.

For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven:
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil."

But the magician has tricked the fiend; the chair holds him fast, and the condition of release is a respite for seven years. The supernatural part of the play may be said here to end; for although throughout the latter scenes there are some odd mistakes produced by the devices of Fabel, they are such as might have been accomplished by human agency, and, in fact, appear to have been so accomplished. Tieck observes, "It is quite in Shakspere's manner that the magical part becomes nearly superfluous." This, as it appears to us, is not in Shakspere's manner. In Hamlet, in Macbeth, in the Midsummer Night's Dream, in The Tempest, the magical or supernatural part is so intimately allied with the whole action that it impels the entire movement of the piece. Shakspere knew too well the soundness of the Horatian maxim—

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus"—

to produce a ghost, a witch, or a fairy without necessity. However, the magical part here finishes; and we are introduced to the society of no equivocal mortal, the host of the George, at Waltham. Sir Arthur Clare, his wife Dorcas, his daughter Millisent, and his son Harry, arrive at the inn, where the host says, "Knights and lords have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies." This company have arrived at the George to meet Sir Richard Mounchensey and his son Raymond, to whom Millisent is betrothed; but old Clare informs his wife that he is resolved to break off the match, to send his daughter for a year to a nunnery, and then to bestow her upon the son of Sir Ralph Jerningham. Old Mounchensey, it seems, has fallen upon evil days:—

"*Clare.* For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath overrun his annual revenue,
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year:
The nostrils of his chimneys are still stuff'd
With smoke more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fattest hogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.
Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,
A Turkey-merchant, hath sure suck'd the knight,
By means of some great losses on the sea;
That (you conceive me) before God, all's nought,
His seat is weak; thus, each thing rightly scann'd,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land."

Fabel, the kind magician, who has been the tutor to Raymond, arrives at the same time with the Mounchensey party. He knows the plots against his young friend, and he is determined to circumvent them:—

"Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We'll first hang Envil* in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen;
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep, in every field.
We may perhaps be cross'd; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me."

Harry Clare, Ralph Jerningham, and Raymond Mounchensey are strict friends; and there is something exceedingly delightful in the manner in which Raymond throws away all suspicion, and the others resolve to stand by their friend, whatever be the intrigues of their parents:—

"*Fern.* Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections: but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore:
Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
And with regardless jesting mock'd my love?
How many a sad and weary summer's night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark
An hour before she should have list to sing:
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.
Moun. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars;
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
There time, nor death, can by their power control.
Fabel. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would say,
He were as fine a metall'd gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?
Young Clare. Raymond Mounchensey, I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air, whose love I cherish,
And whose soul I love, more than Mounchensey's:
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.
Moun. Then, care away! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of so true a friend."

Charles Lamb, who gives the whole of this scene in his "Specimens," speaks of it rapturously:—"This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and good-naturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a 'saint in Essex;' and how sweetly his friend reminds him!"

* *Envil*—Enfield.

The ancient plotters, Clare and Jerningham, are drawn as very politic but not overwise fathers. There is, however, very little that is harsh or revolting in their natures. They put out their feelers of worldly cunning timidly, and they draw them in with considerable apprehension when they see danger and difficulty before them. All this is in harmony with the thorough good-humour of the whole drama. The only person who is angry is old Mounchensey :—

"*Clare.* I do not hold thy offer competent;
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.
Old Moun. Too good for thee: and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion: that thy wife doth know.
Lady Clare. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.
Clare. Hold thy chat, quean.
Old Moun. To which I harken'd willingly, and the rather,
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do;
Nor is my poor distressed state so low
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.
Clare. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.
Old Moun. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same."

For his "frantic and untamed passion" Fabel reproves him. The comic scenes which now occur are exceedingly lively. If the wit is not of the highest order, there is real fun and very little coarseness. We are thrown into the midst of a jolly set, stealers of venison in Enfield Chase, of whom the leader is Sir John, the priest of Enfield. His humour consists of applying a somewhat pious sentence upon every occasion—"Hem, grass and hay—we are all mortal—let 's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end." Mine host of the George is an associate of this goodly fraternity. The comedy is not overloaded, and is very judiciously brought in to the relief of the main action. We have next the introduction of Millisent to the Prioress of Cheston (Cheshunt) :—

"*Lady Clare.* Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.
Prioress. Jesus' daughter! Mary's child!
Holy matron! woman mild!
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a requiem.
Sir Arthur. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,
We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear blessing, in mean time,
We pray may prosper this intended work.
Prioress. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
Millisent. Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge.
Prioress. First, a mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy;
For your busk attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys:
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray, and fast.
You must read the morning mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.
Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy aves, and your creeds:
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun."

The sweetness of some of these lines argues the practised poet. Indeed, the whole play is remarkable for its elegance rather than its force; and it appears to us exactly such a performance as was within the range of Drayton's powers. The device of Fabel proceeds, in the appearance of Raymond Mounchensey disguised as a friar. Sir Arthur Clare has disclosed to him all his projects. The "holy young novice" proceeds to the priory as a visitor sent from Waltham House to ascertain whether Millisent is about to take the veil "from conscience and devotion." The device succeeds, and the lovers are left together :—

"*Moun.* Life of my soul! bright angel!
Millisent. What means the friar?
Moun. O Millisent! 'tis I.
Millisent. My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.
You? who are you? the holy Virgin bless me!
Tell me your name; you shall ere you confess me.
Moun. Mounchensey, thy true friend.
Millisent. My Raymond! my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?
Moun. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who, in the habit of friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so deliver'd to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.
Millisent. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life, I was a dream'd to-night,
That, as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me, as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery: and methought
He came in the most glorious angel shape
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha! thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eyes so glorious as thine own.
Moun. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
Thou bright unsetting star, which, through this veil,
For very envy mak'st the sun look pale.
Millisent. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father;
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.
Moun. But do you yet repent you of the same.
Millisent. I' faith I cannot.
Moun. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial:
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses;
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage :—
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow-ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase:
No more reply if that you yield consent:
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.
Millisent. Sweet life, farewell! 'tis done, let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes."

The votaress is carried off by her brother and Jerningham; but in the darkness of the night they lose their way, and encounter the deer-stealers and the keepers. A friendly forester, however, assists them, and they reach Enfield in safety. Not so fortunate are Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, who are in pursuit of the unwilling nun. They are roughly treated by the keepers, and, after a night of toil, find a resting-place at Waltham. The priest and his companions are terrified by their encounters in the Chase: the lady in white, who has been hiding from them, is taken for a spirit; and the sexton has seen a vision in the church porch. The morning, however, arrives, and we see "Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham trussing their points, as newly up." They had made good their retreat, as they fancied, to the inn of mine host of the George, but the merry devil of Edmonton had set the host and the smith to change the sign of the house with that of another inn; and at the real George the lovers were being happily married by the venison-stealing priest, in the company of their faithful friends. Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph are, of course, very angry when the truth is made known; but reconcilement and peace are soon accomplished:—

"*Fabel.* To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mounchensey: you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham. To cross this match
I used some pretty sleights, but, I protest,
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art;
No conjurations nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy;
These, for his love who once was my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks, 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match; since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent:
Smile then upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love.
Sir Arthur. Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence:
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart;
Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part.
Host. Why, sir George, send for Spindle's noise presently:
Ha! ere 't be night I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.
Sir John. Grass and hay, mine host; let 's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end."

We lament with Tieck that the continuation of the career of "the merry devil" is possibly lost. We imagine that we should have seen him expiating his fault by doing as much good to his fellow-mortals as he could accomplish without the aid of necromancy. Old Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," has no great faith in his art magic:—"Here (at Edmonton) lieth interred under a seemelie Tome, without Inscription, the Body of Peter Fabell (as the report goes) upon whom this Fable was fathered, that he by his wittie devises beguiled the devill: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some sleighty trickes for his owne disports. He lived and died in the raigne of Henry the Seventh, saith the booke of his merry pranks."

A BRIEF NOTICE OF OPINION

ON THE

WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

§ I.

THE rank as a writer which Shakspere took amongst his contemporaries is determined by a few decided notices of him. These notices are as ample and as frequent as can be looked for in an age which had no critical records, and when writers, therefore, almost went out of their way to refer to their literary contemporaries, except for purposes of set compliment. We believe that, as early as 1591, Spenser called attention to Shakspere, as

> "the man whom Nature self had made
> To mock herself, and Truth to imitate;"

describing him also as

> "that same *gentle* spirit, from whose pen
> Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow."

We know that the envy of Greene, in 1592, pointed at him as "an absolute Johannes factotum, in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country;" and we receive this bitterness of the unfortunate dramatist against his more successful rival as a tribute to his power and his popularity. We consider that the apology of Chettle, who had edited the posthumous work of Greene containing this effusion of spite, was an acknowledgment of the established opinion of Shakspere's excellence as an author:—"Divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art." This was printed in 1592; and yet the man who had won this reluctant testimony to his art, by "his facetious grace in writing," is held by modern authorities to have then been only a botcher of other men's works, as if "facetious grace" were an expression that did not most happily mark the quality by which Shakspere was then most eminently distinguished above all his contemporaries—his comic power—his ability above all others to produce

> "Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
> Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

Passages such as these, however, which it is morally impossible to apply to any other man than Shakspere, are still only indirect evidence of the opinion which was formed of him when he was yet a very young writer. But a few years later we encounter the most *direct* testimony to his pre-eminence. He it was that in 1598 was assigned his rank, not by any vague and doubtful compliment, not with any ignorance of what had been achieved by other men ancient and modern, but by the learned discrimination of a scholar; and that rank was with Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Phocylides, and Aristophanes amongst the Greeks; Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius-Italicus, Lucan, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudian amongst the Latins; and Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Marlowe, and Chapman amongst the English. According to the same authority, it was "in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare" that "the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives." This praise was applied to his Venus and Adonis, and other poems. But for his dramas he is raised above every native contemporary and predecessor:—"As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins; so Shakspeare among the English is *the most excellent* in both kinds for the stage." These are extracts from "The Wits' Commonwealth" of Francis Meres, "Master of Arts of both Universities"—a book largely circulated, and mentioned with applause by contemporary writers. The author delivers not these sentences as his own peculiar opinion; he speaks unhesitatingly, as of a fact admitting no doubt, that Shakspere, among the English, is the most excellent for Comedy and Tragedy. Does any one of the other "excellent" dramatic writers of that day rise up to dispute the assertion, galling, perhaps, to the self-love of some amongst them? Not a voice is heard to tell Francis Meres that he has overstated the public opinion of the supremacy of Shakspere. Thomas Heywood, one of this illustrious band, speaks of Meres as an approved good scholar, and says that his account of authors is learnedly done.* Heywood himself, indeed, in lines written long after Shakspere's death, mentions him in stronger terms of praise than he applies to any of his contemporaries.† Lastly, Meres, after other comparisons of Shakspere with the great writers of antiquity and of his own time, has these words, which nothing but a complete reliance upon the received opinion of his day could have warranted him in applying to any living man:—"As Epius Stolo said that the Muses would speak with Plautus' tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English."

Of the popularity of Shakspere in his own day the external evidence is more decisive than the testimony of any contemporary writer. He was at one and the same time the favourite of the people and of the Court. There is no record whatever known to exist of the public performances of Shakspere's plays at his own theatres. Had such an account existed of the receipts at the Blackfriars and the Globe as Henslowe kept for his company, we should have known something precise as to the extent of his popularity. But the facts connected with the original publication of Shakspere's plays sufficiently prove how eagerly they were for the most part received by the readers of the drama. From 1597 to 1600 ten of these plays were published from authentic copies, undoubtedly with the consent of the author. The system of publication did not commence before 1597; and, with four exceptions, it was not continued beyond 1600. Of these plays there were published, before the appearance of the collected edition of 1623, four editions of Richard II., six of the First Part of Henry IV., six of Richard III., four of Romeo and Juliet, six of Hamlet, besides repeated editions of the plays which were surreptitiously published—the maimed and imperfect copies described by the editors of the first folio. Of the thirty-six plays contained in the folio of 1623, only one-half was published, whether genuine or piratical, in the author's lifetime; and it is by no means improbable that many of those which were originally published with his concurrence were not permitted to be reprinted, because such publication might be considered injurious to the great theatrical property with which he was connected. But the constant demand for some of the plays is an evidence of their popularity which cannot be mistaken, and is decisive as to the people's admiration of Shakspere. As for that of the Court, the testimony, imperfect as it is, is entirely conclusive:—

> "Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
> To see thee in our waters yet appear,
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
> That so did take Eliza and our James,"

* Apology for Actors (1612).

† Hierarchy of Blessed Angels (1635).

is no vague homage from Jonson to the memory of his "beloved friend," but the record of a fact. The Accounts of the Revels at Court, between the years 1588 and 1604, the most interesting period in the career of Shakspere, have not been discovered in the depositories for such papers. We have, indeed, memoranda of payments to her Majesty's players during this period, but nothing definite as to the plays represented. We know not what "so did take Eliza;" but we are left in no doubt as to the attractions for "our James." It appears from the Revels Book that, from Hallowmas-day, 1604, to the following Shrove-Tuesday, there were thirteen plays performed before the King, eight of which were Shakspere's, namely, Othello, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Henry V., and The Merchant of Venice twice, that being "again commanded by the King's Majesty." Not one of these, with the possible exception of Measure for Measure, was recommended by its novelty. The series of the same accounts is broken from 1605 to 1611; and then from Hallowmas-night to Shrove-Tuesday, which appears to have been the theatrical season of the Court, six different companies of players contribute to the amusements of Whitehall and Greenwich by the performance of twelve plays. Of five which are performed by the King's players two are by Shakspere—The Tempest and the Winter's Tale. If the records were more perfect, this proof of the admiration of Shakspere in the highest circle would no doubt be more conclusive. As it is, it is sufficient to support this general argument.*

During the life of Shakspere his surpassing popularity appears to have provoked no expression of envy from his contemporaries, no attempt to show that his reputation was built upon an unsolid foundation. Some of the later commentators upon Shakspere, however, took infinite pains to prove that Jonson had ridiculed him during his life, and disparaged him after his death. Every one knows Fuller's delightful picture of the convivial exercises in mental strength between Jonson and Shakspere:—"Many were the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Few would imagine that a passage such as this should have been produced to prove that there was a quarrel between Jonson and Shakspere; that the wit-combats of these intellectual gladiators were the consequence of their habitual enmity. By the same perverse misinterpretation have the commentators sought to prove that when Jonson, in his prologues, put forth his own theory of dramatic art, he meant to satirize the principles upon which Shakspere worked. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd than the attempts to show, from supposed allusions in Jonson, that he was an habitual detractor of Shakspere. The reader will find these "proofs of Jonson's malignity" brought forward, and dismissed with the contempt that they deserve, in a paper appended to Gifford's "Memoir of Jonson."

The private opinion of Jonson with regard to Shakspere would not be so much a reflection of the popular judgment as that of the critical few who would apply the tests of ancient art, not only to the art of Shakspere, but to the art of that great body of writers who had founded the English drama upon a broader foundation than the precepts of Aristotle. The art of Jonson was opposed to the art of Shakspere. He satisfied the few, but the many rejected him. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Jonson, in his free conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, in January, 1619, should say that "Shakspere wanted art." When Jonson said this he was in no laudatory mood. Drummond heads his record of the conversation thus:—"His censure of the English poets was this." Censure is here, of course, put for opinion, although Jonson's opinions are by no means favourable to any one of whom he speaks. And so, during more than two centuries, a mob of critics have caught up the word, and echoed—"Shakspere wanted art." But a cunning interpolator, who knew the temper of the critics, the anonymous editor of Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," took the "heads of a conversation" between Jonson and Drummond, prefixed to Drummond's works in 1711, and bestowed a few finishing touches upon them after his own fashion. And thus, to the great joy of the denouncers of anachronisms and other Shaksperean absurdities, as they are pleased to call them, we have read as follows for upwards of a hundred years:—"He said, Shakespear wanted Art, *and sometimes Sense;* for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Jonson, indeed, makes the observation upon the shipwreck in Bohemia, but without any comment upon it; and it is impossible to receive his words as any support of the absurd opinion that Shakspere worked without labour and without method. Jonson's own testimony, delivered five years after the conversation with Drummond, offers the most direct evidence against such a construction of his expression:—

> "Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
> My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
> For though the poet's matter Nature be,
> His art doth give the fashion: and that he
> Who casts to write a living line must sweat
> (Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
> Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same
> (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
> Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
> For a good poet's made as well as born:
> And such wert thou."

There can be no difficulty in understanding Jonson's dispraise of Shakspere, small as it was, when we look at the different characters of the two men. In his "Discoveries," written in his last years, there is the following passage:—

> "I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too."

The players had said, in their preface to the first folio—"His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Jonson, no doubt, alludes to this assertion. But we are not, therefore, to understand that Shakspere took no pains in perfecting what, according to the notion of his editors, he delivered with such easiness. The differences between the earlier and the later copies of some of his plays show, as we have repeatedly pointed out, the unremitting care and the exquisite judgment with which he revised his productions. The expression "without a blot" might, nevertheless, be perfectly true; and the fact, no doubt, impressed upon the minds of Heminge and Condell what they were desirous to impress upon others, that Shakspere was a writer of unequalled facility—"as he was a happy imitator of nature, he was a most gentle expresser of it." Jonson received this evidence of facility as a reproof to his own laborious mode of composition. He felt proud, and wisely so, of the commendations of his admirers, that his works cost him much sweat and much oil; and when the players told him that Shakspere never blotted out a line, he had his self-satisfied retort, "Would he had blotted a thousand."

But if Jonson expressed himself a little petulantly, and perhaps inconsiderately, about the boast of the players, surely nothing can be nobler than the hearty tribute which he pays to the memory of Shakspere:—"I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." Unquestionably this is language which shows that the memory of Shakspere was cherished by others even to idolatry; so that Jonson absolutely adopts an apologetical tone in venturing an observation which can scarcely be considered disparaging—"he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." It was the facility that excited Jonson's critical comparison of Shakspere with himself; and it was in the same way that, when he wrote his noble verses "To the Memory of my Beloved Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us," he could not avoid drawing a comparison between his own profound scholarship and Shakspere's practical learning. Yet it is perfectly clear that Jonson only meant to say that Shakspere was not an imitator. The same tone of commendation was taken in Shakspere's time by other writers. Digges says that he neither borrows from the Greeks, imitates the Latins, nor translates from vulgar languages. Drayton has these lines:—

* Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, by Peter Cunningham.

"Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that traffick'd with the stage."

To argue from such passages that the writers meant to reproach Shakspere as an ignorant or even as an unlearned man, in the common sense of the word, was an absurdity that was not fully propounded to the world till the discovery of Dr. Farmer, that, because translations existed from Latin, Italian, and French authors in the time of Shakspere, he was incapable of consulting the originals.

The verses of Jonson, prefixed to the folio of 1623, conclude with these remarkable lines:—

"Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

From 1616, the year of Shakspere's death, to 1623, the date of the first edition of his collected works, Jonson himself had written nothing for the stage. Beaumont had died the year before Shakspere; but Fletcher alone was sustaining the high reputation which he had won with his accomplished associate. Massinger had been in London from 1606, known certainly to have written in conjunction with other dramatists before the period of Shakspere's death, and, without doubt, assisting to fill the void which he had left, for "The Bondman" appears in the list of the Master of the Revels in 1623. The indefatigable Thomas Heywood was a writer for the stage from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the suppression of the theatres. Webster was a poet of Shakspere's own theatre, immediately after his death, and a leading character in "The Duchess of Malfi" was played by Burbage. Rowley produced some of his best works at the same period. Chapman had not ceased to write. Ford was known as a rising poet. Many others were there of genius and learning who at this particular time were struggling for the honours of the drama, and some with great success. And yet Jonson does not hesitate to say that since the death of Shakspere the stage mourns like night.

We have said enough, we think, to show how inconsiderate is the assertion that Shakspere's "pre-eminence was not acknowledged by his contemporaries." Should this fact, however, be still thought to be a matter of opinion, we will place the opinion of a real critic, not the less sound for being an enthusiastic admirer, against this echo of the babble of the cold and arrogant school of criticism that still has its disciples and its imitators:—"Clothed in radiant armour, and authorized by titles sure and manifold as a poet, Shakspeare came forward to demand the throne of fame, as the dramatic poet of England. *His excellences compelled even his contemporaries to seat him on that throne, although there were giants in those days contending for the same honour.*"

§ II.

"Shakespear was not so much esteemed, even during his life, as we commonly suppose; and after his retirement from the stage he was all but forgotten."† So we read in an authority too mighty to enter upon evidence. The oblivion after his retirement and death is the true *pendant* to the neglect during his life. When did the oblivion begin? It could scarcely have existed when, in 1623, an expensive folio volume of many hundred pages was published, without regard to the risk of such an undertaking; and it was a risk indeed, if the author had been neglected and was forgotten. But the editors of the volume do not ask timidly for support of these neglected and forgotten works. They say to the reader, "Though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit, to arraign plays daily, know these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals." Did the oblivion continue when, in 1632, a second edition of this large work was brought out? There was one man, certainly—a young and ardent scholar—who was not amongst the oblivious. John Milton was twenty-four years of age when these verses were published:—

"An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shakespeare.

What need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The author of these lines could not have known the works of the "admirable dramatic poet" while that poet was in life; but sixteen years after his death he was the dear son of memory, the great heir of fame; his bones were honoured, his relics were hallowed, his works were a lasting monument, his book was priceless, his lines were oracular, Delphic. Is this oblivion? But it may be said that Milton was a young enthusiast, one who saw farther than the million; that the public opinion of a writer (and we are not talking of his positive excellence, apart from opinion) must be sought for in the voice of the people, or at any rate in that of the leaders of the people. How are we to arrive at the knowledge of this expression? We can only know incidentally that an author was a favourite either of a king or of a cobbler. We know that Shakspere was the favourite of a king in these times of his oblivion. A distinguished writer says—"The Prince of Wales had learned to appreciate Shakspeare, not originally from reading him, but from witnessing the court representations of his plays at Whitehall. Afterwards we know that he made Shakspeare his closet companion, for he was reproached with doing so by Milton."‡ The concluding words are founded upon a mistake of a passage in Milton. Charles is not *reproached* with reading Shakspere. The great republican does not condemn the king for having made the dramatic poet the closet companion of his solitudes; but, speaking of the dramatic poet as a well-known author with whom the king was familiar, he cites out of him a passage to show that pious words might be found in the mouth of a tyrant. The passage alluded to not only proves the familiarity of Charles with Shakspere, but it evidences also Milton's familiarity; and, what is of more importance, the familiarity even of those stern and ascetic men to whom Milton was peculiarly addressing his opinions.

A few years before—that is, in 1645—Milton had offered another testimony to Shakspere in his "L'Allegro," then published:—

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Milton was not afraid to publish these lines, even after the suppression of the theatres by his own political party. No one can doubt of his affection for Shakspere, and of his courage in avowing that affection, living as he was in the heat of party opinion which was hostile to all such excellence. We have simply "Jonson's learned sock;" but the "native wood-notes wild" of Shakspere are associated with the most endearing expressions. He is "sweetest Shakespear," he is "Fancy's child." And in his later years, after a life of contention and heavy responsibility, Milton still clung to his early delights.

In 1633 was published the celebrated "Histrio-Mastix, the Player's Scourge," of William Prynne. In his Address to the Christian Reader he has a distinct allusion to the popularity of Shakspere's collected works:—"Some play-books since I first undertook this subject are grown from quarto into folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that, I cannot but with grief relate it, they are now new printed in far better paper than most octavo or quarto bibles, which hardly find such vent as they." The two folio editions of Shakspere are the only play-books grown from quarto to folio to which the zealous Puritan can allude, with the exception of Jonson's own edition of his plays, completed in 1631; those of Beaumont and Fletcher were not collected till 1647. The very fact of the publication of the first two folios of Shakspere is a proof of his popularity with general readers. They were not exclusively the studies of the scholar, such as Milton, or of the play-haunters whom Prynne denounces. A letter in the Bodleian Library, written by a Dr. James, about this period, testifies how generally they were read:—"A young gentle lady of your acquaintance, having read the

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 53.
† Life of Shakespear in Lardner's Cyclopædia.
‡ Mr. De Quincey's Life of Shakspeare in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

works of Shakspere, made me this question," &c.* When the London theatres were provided with novelties in such abundance that, according to Prynne, "one study was scarce able to hold the new play-books," the plays of Shakspere were still in such demand for the purposes of the stage, that his successors in the theatrical property of the Globe and Blackfriars found it their interest to preserve the monopoly of their performance (which they had so long enjoyed) by a handsome gratuity to the Master of the Revels. The people clearly had not yet forgotten the "delight and wonder of the stage." Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, were never favourites; but the people could not forget Shakspere. Neither was he forgotten by the great. In the very year of the publication of Prynne's book, the name of Shakspere was as familiar to the royal circle as in the days of James. From November 17th to January 6th there were eight performances at St. James's and Whitehall, three of which were plays of Shakspere; namely, Richard III., Taming of the Shrew, and Cymbeline; and Sir Henry Herbert records of the last, "well liked by the King." † These office accounts have great *lacunæ;* but, wherever we find them during the reign of Charles, there we find a record of the admiration of Shakspere.

Dryden lived near enough to the times of Charles I. to be good evidence as to the judgment which the higher circles formed of Shakspere. After the Restoration he was intimate with men who had moved in those circles. His "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," which was first printed in 1668, contains the following passage, which has been often cited. Dryden is speaking in his own person, in an imaginary conversation in which the Earl of Dorset bears a part:—

> "To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,
>
> Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.
>
> The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him."

No testimony can be more positive than this, that the two greatest contemporaries of Shakspere never equalled him in the public estimation during his own time; and that in the succeeding period of Charles I., when the reputation of Jonson was at the highest, Suckling, one of the wittiest and sprightliest of men, and the greater part of the courtiers, set Shakspere far above him. But it was not the gay alone, according to Dryden, who thus reverenced Shakspere. He tells us what was the opinion of "Mr. Hales of Eton," who is known as the "learned" Hales, and the "ever-memorable" Hales.

From the death of Shakspere to the shutting up of the theatres in 1642, a period is embraced of twenty-six years. We have seen the prodigious activity in the production of novelties which existed ten years before the suppression of the theatres. There is too much reason to know that the stage had acquired a more licentious tone after Shakspere's time; and although the Puritans were over-zealous in their indiscriminating violence against all theatrical performances, there is just cause to believe that the senses of the people were stimulated by excitements of plot and character, mingled with profane and licentious language, much more than in the days when Shakspere rested for his attractions on a large exhibition of natural passion and true wit, and when he produced play after play, history, comedy, tragedy—"works truly excellent and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions." ‡ The nation was much divided then, as it was long afterwards, between the followers of extreme opinions in morals—the over-strict on one hand, the wholly careless on the other. Prynne tells us that upon his first arrival in London he had "heard and seen in four several plays, to which the pressing importunity of some ill acquaintance drew me whiles I was yet a novice, such wickedness, such lewdness, as then made my penitent heart to loathe, my conscience to abhor, all stage-plays ever since." Prynne came to London after 1620. Fletcher was then the living idol of the theatre; and any one who is acquainted with his plays, full of genius as they are, must admit that Prynne had too much cause for his disgust. The principal demoralising power of the plays of that period consisted in their false representations of human character and actions. Take, for example, "the frightful contrasts," as they have justly been called, between the women of Beaumont and Fletcher and those of Shakspere. *He* kept at all times in the high-road of life. He "has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day." § But this very truth and purity of Shakspere must have greatly diminished his attractions amidst a crowd who wrote upon opposite principles. Nothing but the unequalled strength of his artistical power could have preserved the unbroken continuance of his supremacy.

And this leads us to the consideration of another cause why the popular admiration of him would have been diminished and interrupted within a very few years after his death, and certainly long before the suppression of the theatres, if his excellences had not so completely triumphed over every impediment to his enduring popular fame. His plays were to a certain extent mixed up with the reputation of the actors by whom they were originally represented. In that curious play "The Return from Parnassus," which was acted by the students in St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1606, and which was clearly written by an academical person inclined to satirize the popular poets and players of his day, we have a testimony to the widespread popularity of two of the original representatives of Shakspere's clowns and heroes—Kempe and Burbage. Kempe died before Shakspere; Burbage within three years after him. Burbage is almost identified with some of Shakspere's greatest characters, and especially with Richard III.; and yet the attraction of the great tragic plays died not with Burbage. Before the suppression of the theatres this actor had his immediate successors; and during the eighteen years in which the theatres were closed the original hits and points of the Richards, and Hamlets, and Macbeths, and Lears were diligently recorded, and immediately after the Restoration actors again arose, ambitious to realise the mighty conceptions of the great master of the dramatic art. During the period when the theatres were shut, the readers of plays would still be numerous, and they probably would be most found among the younger men who had a vivid recollection of the representations of the successors of Shakspere. We can understand what the later taste was by the mode in which Shirley, in his preface to the collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, speaks of these writers. To the gay cavaliers Beaumont and Fletcher would, perhaps, be more welcome than Shakspere; but assuredly this is not oblivion of the latter.

§ III.

The theatres were thrown open at the Restoration. Malone has ransacked the series of papers connected with the office of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, who appears to have kept an eye upon theatrical performances, with a view to demanding his fees if he should be supported by the higher powers. From these and other sources, Malone infers that "such was the lamentable taste of those times that the plays of Fletcher, Jonson, and Shirley were much oftener exhibited than those of Shakspeare." The plays acted by this company, as he collects from these documents, were Henry IV., Merry Wives of Windsor, Othello, and Julius Cæsar. At D'Avenant's theatre, which boasted of the great actor Betterton, we learn from Malone that the plays performed were Pericles, Macbeth, The Tempest, Lear, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Henry VIII., Twelfth Night, Taming of the Shrew, Henry V. Malone does not do justice to the value of his own documents; for, when he gives us one list, he points out that there are only three plays of Shakspere—"a melancholy proof" of his decline; and at another list he shakes his head, reciting "the following plays of Shakspeare, and these *only*." Now, it appears to us that if any proof were wanting of the wonderful hold which Shakspere had taken of the English mind, under circumstances the

* See Mr. Halliwell's Character of Falstaff, p. 19.
† See Malone's Historical Account of the English Stage.
‡ Coleridge.
§ Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 79.

most adverse to his continued popularity, it would be found in these imperfect lists, which do not extend over more than eight or nine years. Here are absolutely fourteen plays of Shakspere revived—for that is the phrase—in an age which was prolific of its own authors, adapting themselves to a new school of courtly taste. All the indirect testimony, however meagre, exhibits the enduring popularity of Shakspere. Killigrew's new theatre in Drury Lane is opened with Henry IV. Within a few months after the Restoration, when heading and hanging are going forward, Pepys relates that he went to see Othello. In 1661 he is attracted by Romeo and Juliet, and in 1662 by A Midsummer Night's Dream. Here, upon unquestionable authority, we have a fifteenth play added to the fourteen previously cited. But why need we search amongst such chance entries for evidence of the reputation of Shakspere immediately after the Restoration? Those who talk of Shakspere as *emerging* some century ago into celebrity after having fallen into neglect for a lengthened period; those who flippantly affirm that "the preface of Pope was the first thing that procured general admiration for his works," are singularly ignorant of the commonest passages of literary history. To the vague and random assertions and assumptions, whether old or new, about the neglect into which Shakspere had fallen as a popular dramatist, may be opposed the most distinct testimony of one especially who was a most accurate and minute chronicler of the public taste. Colley Cibber, who himself became an actor, in 1690, in the one privileged company of London, of which Betterton was the head—a company formed out of the united strength of the two companies which had been established at the Restoration—after describing the state of the stage at the period of the first revival of dramatic performances, says—"What eager appetites from so long a fast must the guests of those times have had to that high and fresh variety of entertainments *which Shakespeare had left prepared for them! Never was a stage so provided.* A hundred years are wasted, and another silent century well advanced,* and yet what unborn age shall say Shakespeare has his equal? How many shining actors have the warm scenes of his genius given to posterity!" Betterton is idolized as an actor, as much as the old man venerates Shakspere; but whenever Cibber speaks of Betterton's wondrous excellence, it is always in connection with Shakspere. The two companies had an agreement as to their performances:—"All the capital plays of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were divided between them by the approbation of the court, and their own alternate choice. So that, when Hart was famous for Othello, Betterton had no less a reputation for Hamlet." Still the test of histrionic excellence was Shakspere. So far from Shakspere being neglected at this period, it is almost evident that the performance of him was overdone; for every one knows that a theatrical audience, even in the largest city, is, in a considerable degree, composed of regular frequenters of the theatre, and that novelty is therefore an indispensable requisite to continued success.

There can be no doubt that most of the original performances of Shakspere, immediately after the Restoration, were given from his unsophisticated text; but D'Avenant, to make head against the success of the King's company, "was forced to add spectacle and music to action." In the alterations of The Tempest, which were made by D'Avenant and Dryden in 1669, and which continued to possess the English stage for nearly a century and a half, it is impossible now not to feel how false was the taste upon which they were built. Dryden says of this play that D'Avenant, to put the last hand to it, "designed the counterpart to Shakespear's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other." Nothing can be weaker and falser in art than this mere duplication of an idea. But still it was not done irreverently; while the prologue to this altered Tempest is of itself an answer to the asinine assertion that Dryden, in common with the public of his day, was indifferent to the memory of Shakspere.† Of Dryden's personal admiration of Shakspere, of his profound veneration for Shakspere, there is abundant proof. He belonged to the transition period of English poetry. His better judgment was sometimes held in subjection to the false taste that prevailed around him. But for genial hearty admiration of the great master of the romantic drama no one ever went beyond him.

With his repeated acknowledgments of Shakspere's supremacy, it is at first difficult to understand how, in 1665, Dryden should have written, "Others are now generally preferred before him." The age, as he himself tells us, differed in this respect from that of Shakspere's own age, and also from that of Charles I. He says, in the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher—"Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespear's or Jonson's." But this is not neglect or oblivion of Shakspere. We learn pretty clearly from Dryden, though he does not care to say so, for that would have been self-condemnation, that a licentiousness which was not found in Shakspere was an agreeable thing to a licentious audience. The highest things in Shakspere can only be fitly appreciated by a people amongst whom there is a high moral tone, capable of understanding and of originating the highest poetical things. With all their faults, the ages of Elizabeth and James possessed this tone; and it is impossible now to estimate how greatly Shakspere contributed to its preservation. But nine years after the Restoration there was no public principle in England, and little private honour. The keenest relish for Shakspere most probably existed out of the Court; and Betterton, in all likelihood, felt the applause of the pit more truly valuable than that of the king's box. One thing is perfectly clear: that when Dryden is addressing the *people*, he speaks of Shakspere as *their* especial favourite. He is then "*your* Shakespear."

"The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," which contains a more condensed view of Dryden's opinions of Shakspere than any other of his prefaces, is held by Dr. Johnson to be an answer to the "Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined," by the celebrated Thomas Rymer. Rymer's book was originally published in 1678; and Dryden's Preface to Troilus and Cressida, in which the supposed answer is contained, appeared in the following year. Of Rymer's work we can only say that it is almost painful to consider that an author to whose gigantic labours all students of English history are so deeply indebted should have put forth the most ludicrous criticisms upon Shakspere that exist in the English language. We cannot agree with the author of an able article in the *Retrospective Review* that "Rymer's attacks on Shakespear are very curious, as evincing how gradual has been the increase of his fame;" that "their whole tone shows that the author was not advancing what he thought the world would regard as paradoxical or strange;" that "he speaks as one with authority to decide." So far from receiving Rymer's frenzied denunciations as an expression of public opinion, we regard them as the idiosyncrasies of a very singular individual, who is furious in the exact proportion that the public opinion differs from his own. Dryden, the great critical authority of his day, before whose opinions all other men bowed, had in 1679 thus spoken of the origin of his great scene between Troilus and Hector:—"The occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury by saying that it is an imitation of the scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, do me an honour by supposing I could imitate the incomparable Shakespear." Dryden then goes on to contrast the modes in which Euripides, Fletcher, and Shakspere have managed the quarrel of two virtuous men, raised to the extremity of passion, and ending in the renewal of their friendship; and he says—"The particular groundwork which Shakespear has taken is incomparably the best." This decision of Dryden would in those days dispose of the matter as a question of criticism. But out comes Rymer, who, in opposition to Dryden's judgment and Betterton's applause, tells us that Brutus and Cassius here act the part of mimics; are bullies and buffoons; are to exhibit "a trial of skill in huffering and swaggering, like two drunken Hectors for a twopenny reckoning." It may be true that "the author was not advancing what *he thought* the world would regard as paradoxical and strange;" for it is the commonest of self-delusions, even to the delusions of insanity, to believe that the whole world agrees with the most extravagant mistakes and the strangest paradoxes; and when Rymer, upon his critical throne, "speaks as one with authority to decide," his authority is as powerless as that of the madman in Hogarth, who sits in solitary nakedness upon his straw, with crown on head and sceptre in hand. Rymer is a remarkable example of an able man, in his own province, meddling with that of which he has not the slightest true conception. He is, perhaps, more denuded of the poetical sense than any man who ever attempted to be a critic in poetry: but he had real learning. Shakspere fell into worse hands after Rymer. The "Man Mountain" was fastened to

* Cibber is writing as late as 1740.

† Lardner's Cyclopædia, &c.

the ground by the Lilliputians, and the strings are only just now broken by which he was bound.

The age laid its leaden sceptre upon the smaller minds, and especially upon those who approached Shakspere with a cold and creeping admiration. Of such was Charles Gildon. In 1694 he appeared in the world with "Some Reflections on Mr. Rymer's Short View of Tragedy, and an Attempt at a Vindication of Shakespear." It would, however, be a waste of time to produce the antagonist of Rymer armed *cap-à-pie*, and set these two doughty combatants in mortal fight with their sacks of sand.

The redoubted John Dennis was another of the antagonists of Rymer. He carried heavier metal than Gildon, and had a just appreciation of Shakspere as far as he went; but he nevertheless belonged to the cuckoo school of "rules of art." It was this eternal gabble about rules of art, this blindness to the truth that the living power of Shakspere had its own organization, that set the metre-mongers of that day upon the task of improving Shakspere. Dennis was himself one of the great improvers. Poetical justice was one of the rules for which they clamoured. Duncan and Banquo ought not to perish in Macbeth, nor Desdemona in Othello, nor Cordelia and her father in Lear, nor Brutus in Julius Cæsar, nor young Hamlet in Hamlet. Dennis argues:—"The good and the bad perishing promiscuously in the best of Shakspere's tragedies, there can be either none or very weak instruction in them." And in this spirit he sets to work to remodel Coriolanus. Dennis is not only a mender of Shakspere's catastrophes, but he applies himself to make Shakspere's verses all smooth and proper, according to the rules of art. One example will be sufficient. He was no common man who attempted to reduce the following lines to classical regularity:—

> "Boy! False hound!
> If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
> That, like an eagle in a dovecote, I
> Flutter'd your Volsces in Corioli.
> Alone I did it—Boy!"

John Dennis has accomplished the feat:—

> This boy, that, like an eagle in a dovecote,
> Flutter'd a thousand Volsces in Corioli,
> And did it without second or acquittance,
> Thus sends their mighty chief to mourn in hell."

The alteration of The Tempest by D'Avenant and Dryden was, as we have mentioned, an attempt to meet the taste of the town by music and spectacle. Shadwell went further, and turned it into a regular opera; and an opera it remained even in Garrick's time, who tried his hand upon the same experiment. Dennis was a reformer both in comedy and tragedy. He metamorphosed The Merry Wives of Windsor into "The Comical Gallant," and prefixed an essay to it on the degeneracy of the taste for poetry. D'Avenant changed Measure for Measure into "The Law against Lovers," which was in principle one of the worst of these alterations; for it was a hash of two plays—of Measure for Measure, and of Much Ado about Nothing. This was indeed to destroy the organic life of the author. But it is one of the manifestations of the vitality of Shakspere that, going about their alterations in the regular way, according to the rules of art, the most stupid and prosaic of his improvers have been unable to deprive the natural man of his vigour, even by their most violent depletions. His robustness was too great even for the poetical doctors to destroy it. Lord Lansdowne actually stripped the flesh off Shylock, but the anatomy walked about vigorously for sixty years, till Macklin put the muscles on again. Colley Cibber turned King John into "Papal Tyranny," and the stage King John was made to denounce the Pope and Guy Faux for a century, till Mr. Macready gave us back again the weak and crafty king in his original truth of character. Nahum Tate deposed the Richard II. of Shakspere wholly and irredeemably, turning him into "The Sicilian Usurper." How Cibber manufactured Richard III. is known to all men. Durfey melted down Cymbeline with no slight portion of alloy. Tate remodelled Lear—and such a Lear! D'Avenant mangled Macbeth; but we can hardly quarrel with him for it, for he gave us the music of Locke in company with his own verses. It has been said, as a proof how little Shakspere was once read, that D'Avenant's alteration is quoted in the *Tatler* instead of the original. This is the reasoning of Steevens; but he has not the candour to tell us, that in the *Tatler*, No. 111, there is a quotation from Hamlet, with the following remarks:—"This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience." The early Essayists offer abundant testimonies of their general admiration of the poet. In No. 68 of the *Tatler* he is "the great master who ever commands our tears." In No. 160 of the *Spectator* Shakspere is put amongst the first class of great geniuses, in company with Homer; and this paper contains a remarkable instance of a juster taste than one might expect from the author of "Cato:"—"We are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienséance* in an allusion has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we could make some amends for our want of force and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions." In the *Spectator*, No. 419, Shakspere's delineations of supernatural beings are thus mentioned:—

> "Among the English, Shakspeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild, and yet so solemn, in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them; and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them."

We have again an instance of Addison's good taste in his remarks upon the critical notions of poetical justice, which he calls "a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism." Of the best plays which end unhappily he mentions Othello, with others, and adds, "King Lear is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty." All this exhibits a better taste than we find in Gildon and Dennis; and it certainly is very remarkable that Addison, who in his own tragedy was laboriously correct, as it was called, should have taken no occasion to comment upon the irregularities of Shakspere.

§ IV.

The commencement of the eighteenth century produced the first of the critical editions of Shakspere. In 1709 appeared "Shakespeare's Plays Revised and Corrected, with an Account of his Life and Writings, by N. Rowe." We should mention that the third edition of Shakspere's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, in folio, appeared in 1664. It has been said that the greater number of the copies of this edition were destroyed in the Fire of London; and a writer whom we must once more quote says—"During a whole century, only four editions of his complete works, and these small, were published; and there would only have been three, but for the destructive Fire of London in 1666." * The destruction by the fire is just as much proved as the smallness of the edition. One of our best bibliographers, Mr. Lowndes, whose "Bibliographer's Manual" is a model of accuracy, doubts the statement of the destruction by the fire, "though it has been frequently repeated." Upon the face of it the statement is improbable. If it were a good speculation to print the book two years before the fire, and the stock so printed had been destroyed in the fire, it would have been an equally good speculation to have reprinted it immediately after the fire; and yet the fourth edition did not appear till 1685. Some of the copies of the third edition bear the date of 1663; and we have no doubt that the book was then generally published; for Pepys, under the date of December 10th, 1663, says:—"To St. Paul's Churchyard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's 'History of Paul's,' Stow's 'London,' Gesner, 'History of Trent,' besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's 'Worthies,'" &c. These two folio editions supplied the readers of Shakspere for more than forty years, but we are not hence to conclude that he was neglected. Of Ben Jonson during the same period there was only one edition; of Beaumont and Fletcher only one; of Spenser only one. Rowe's edition of Shakspere, we doubt not, supplied a general want. Its critical merits were but small. The facts of the Life which he prefixes have been sufficiently noticed by us in another place.† The

* Life of Shakespear in Lardner's Cyclopædia.

† See our "William Shakspere: a Biography."

opinions expressed in that Life are few, and are put forth with little pretension. As might be expected, they fully admit the excellence of Shakspere, but they somewhat fall into the besetting sin of attempting to elevate his genius by depreciating his knowledge. Rowe also falls into the notion that Shakspere did not arrive at his perfection by repeated experiment and assiduous labour—a theory which still has its believers; and he then enters into a brief criticism of some of the leading plays. A second edition of his work appeared in 1714.

In 1725 Pope produced his edition, magnificent as far as printing went, in six volumes quarto. His Preface is a masterly composition, containing many just views elegantly expressed. The criticism is neither profound nor original; but there is a tone of quiet sense about it which shows that Pope properly appreciated Shakspere's general excellence. He believes, in common with most of his time, that this excellence was attained by intuition; and that the finest results were produced by felicitous accidents. Much of the Preface is occupied with illustrations of Pope's opinion that Shakspere's works have come down to us defaced with innumerable blunders and absurdities which are not to be attributed to the author. We cannot at all yield our consent to this opinion, which goes upon the assumption, that, whenever there is an obscure passage; whenever "mean conceits and ribaldries" are found; whenever "low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns" are very prominent; there the players have been at work; and he thus argues upon the assumption:—

"If we give in to this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him! And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors! From one or other of these considerations I am verily persuaded that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us."

There is a larger question even than this that Pope propounds. *Are* these parts and passages low and vicious? *Have* we these corruptions and imperfections? We believe not. Pope accepted Shakspere in the spirit of his time, and that was not favourable to the proper understanding of him.

In 1726 Lewis Theobald published a tract entitled "Shakespear Restored, or Specimens of Blunders Committed and Unamended in Pope's Edition of this Poet." In Pope's second edition of Shakspere, which appeared in 1728, was inserted this contemptuous notice:—

"Since the publication of our first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare published by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when we, by public advertisements, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author), we have inserted, in this impression, as many of 'em as are judged of any the least advantage to the poet; the whole amounting to about twenty-five words."

In the same year came out "The Dunciad," of which Theobald was the hero:—

> "High on a gorgeous seat that far outshone
> Henley's gilt tub, or Flecknoe's Irish throne,
> Great Tibbald nods."

But Theobald took a just revenge. In 1733 he produced an edition of Shakspere, in seven volumes octavo, which annihilated Pope's quartos and duodecimos. The title-page of Theobald's Shakspere bore that it was "collated with the oldest copies, and corrected, with Notes." Pope's edition was not again reprinted in London; but of Theobald's there have been many subsequent editions, and Steevens asserts that of his first edition thirteen thousand copies were sold. Looking at the advantage which Pope possessed in the pre-eminence of his literary reputation, the preference which was so decidedly given to Theobald's editions is a proof that the public thought for themselves in the matter of Shakspere. Pope was not fitted for the more laborious duties of an editor. He collated, indeed, the early copies, but he set about the emendation of the text in a manner so entirely arbitrary, suppressing passage after passage, upon the principle that the players had been at work here, and a blundering transcriber there, that no reader of Shakspere could rely upon the integrity of Pope's version. Theobald states the contrary mode in which *he* proceeded:—

"Wherever the author's sense is clear and discoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial), I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old copies have done.

"Where, through all the former editions, a passage has laboured under flat nonsense and invincible darkness, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a transposition in the pointing, I have restored to him both sense and sentiment, such corrections, I am persuaded, will need no indulgence.

"And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavoured to support my corrections and conjectures by parallel passages and authorities from himself, the surest means of expounding any author whatsoever."

Johnson does not exhibit his usual good sense and knowledge of mankind when he attributes Theobald's success to the world's compassion. He calls him weak and ignorant, mean and faithless, petulant and ostentatious; but he affirms that this editor, "by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised whom no man can envy." This is mere fine writing. The real secret of Theobald's success is stated by Johnson himself:—"Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right." It was because Theobald was "anxiously scrupulous," because he did not attempt "to do more" than an editor ought to do, that he had the public support.

There is little in Theobald's Preface to mark the progress of opinion on the writings of Shakspere. Some parts of this Preface are held to have been written by Warburton; but, if so, his arrogance must have been greatly modified by Theobald's judgment. There is not much general remark upon the character of the poet's writings; but what we find is sensibly conceived and not inelegantly expressed.

Undeterred by the failure of Pope in his slashing amputations, Sir Thomas Hanmer appeared, in 1744, with a splendid edition in six volumes quarto, printed at the Oxford University Press, which was intended as a monument to the memory of Shakspere. Capell says truly of Hanmer that he "pursues a track in which it is greatly to be hoped he will never be followed in the publication of any authors whatsoever, for this were in effect to annihilate them if carried a little further." Collins's "Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare's Works" is an elegant, though not very vigorous, attempt to express the universal admiration that the people of England felt for the great national poet. The verse-homage to Shakspere after the days of Milton had no very original character. The cuckoo-note with which these warblers generally interspersed their varied lays was the echo of Milton's "wood-notes wild," which they did not perceive had a limited application to some particular play—As You Like It, for instance.

To Hanmer succeeded Warburton, with a new edition of Pope enriched with his own most original notes. If it were not painful to associate Shakspere, the great master of practical wisdom, with a critic who delights in the most extravagant paradoxes, we might prefer the amusement of Warburton's edition to toiling through the heaps of verbal criticism which later years saw heaped up. Warburton, of course, belonged to the school of slashing emendators. There is little in his Preface which possesses any lasting interest, perhaps with the exception of his defence against the charge that editing Shakspere was unsuitable to his clerical profession.

§ V.

In the year 1741 David Garrick at once leaped into eminence as an actor, such as had not been won by any man for half a century. He was the true successor of Betterton, Harris, and Burbage. His principal fame was, however, like theirs, founded upon Shakspere. But it is a mistake to imagine that there had not been a constant succession of actors of Shakspere's great characters from the death of Betterton to Garrick's appearance. His first character in London was Richard III. He made all the great parts of Shakspere familiar to the play-going public for five-and-thirty years. "The Alchymist" and the "Volpone" of Ben Jonson were sometimes played; "The Chances," and "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," of Beaumont and

Fletcher; but we are told by Davies, in his "Dramatic Miscellanies," that, of their fifty-four plays, only these two preserved their rank on the stage. This is a pretty convincing proof of what the public opinion of Shakspere was in the middle of the last century. It is tolerably evident, too, from the whole tenor of Dr. Johnson's celebrated Prologue, which was spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747, that of the early dramatists Shakspere reigned upon the stage supreme, if not almost alone. It has been the fault of actors and their flatterers to believe that a dramatic poet is only known to the world through their lips. Garrick is held to have given life to Shakspere: but Charles Lamb has truly described the inscription on Garrick's tomb in Westminster Abbey as "a farrago of false thoughts and nonsense." Up to this time there had been thirteen editions of Shakspere's collected works, nine of which had appeared during the preceding forty years. Of Ben Jonson there had been three editions in the seventeenth century, and one in the eighteenth; of Beaumont and Fletcher two in the seventeenth century, and one in the eighteenth. Yet, absurd and impertinent as it may be to talk of immortal Garrick calling the plays of Shakspere back to day, it cannot be denied that the very power of those plays to create a school of great actors was in itself a cause of their extension amongst readers. The most monstrous alterations, perpetrated with the worst taste, and with the most essential ignorance of Shakspere's art, were still in some sort tributes to his power. The actors sent many to read Shakspere with a true delight; and then it was felt how little he needed the aid of acting, and how much indeed of his highest excellence could only be received into the mind by reverent meditation.

In 1765 appeared, in eight volumes octavo, "The Plays of William Shakspeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators: to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson." This was the foundation of the variorum editions, the principle of which has been to select from all the commentary, or nearly all, that has been produced, every opinion upon a passage, however conflicting. The respective value of the critics who had preceded him is fully discussed by Johnson in the latter part of his Preface; while the larger portion of it not only to a certain extent represents the tone of opinion in Johnson's age, but is written with so much pomp of diction, with such apparent candour, and with such abundant manifestations of good sense, that, perhaps, more than any other production, it has influenced the public opinion of Shakspere up to this day; but that the influence has been for the most part evil, we have no hesitation in believing.

It was observed by Warburton, in 1747, that the fit criticism for Shakspere was not such "as may be raised mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Bossu have collected from antiquity; and of which such kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the husks." But he goes on to infer that "crude and superficial judgments on books and things" had taken the place of the older mechanical criticism; and that there was "a deluge of the worst sort of critical jargon—*that which looks most like sense*." The rules of art, as they were called, having been rejected as inapplicable to Shakspere, a swarm of writers arose who considered that he was to be judged without the application of any general principles at all. They held that he wrote without a system; that the absence of this system produced his excellences and his faults; that his absurdities were as striking as his beauties; that he was the most careless and hasty of writers; and that therefore it was the business of all grave and discreet critics to warn the unenlightened multitude against his blunders, his contradictions, his violations of sense and decency. This was the critical *school of individual judgment*, which has lasted for more than a century amongst us; and which, to our minds, is a far more corrupting thing than the pedantries of all the Gildons and Dennises who have ate paper and drunk ink. Before the publication of Johnson's Preface the impertinences which were poured out by the feeblest minds upon Shakspere's merits and demerits surpass all ordinary belief. Mrs Charlotte Lennox, in whose "Shakespear Illustrated" Johnson himself is reputed to have had some hand, is an average specimen of the insolence of that critical jargon "which looks most like sense." This work was published in 1753. Nothing can be a greater proof of the advance of *some* critical knowledge amongst us than the shuddering with which all persons of decent information now regard the utter trash of this lady. She was evidently a very small-minded person attempting to form a judgment upon a very high subject. But it was not only the small minds which uttered such babble in the last century.

Samuel Johnson himself, in some of his critical opinions upon individual plays, is not very far above the good lady whom he patronised. The truth is that this learned, sensible, sometimes profound, and really great man, having trampled upon the unities and other tests of poetical merit, the fashion of Dryden's age, but not of his own, is perpetually groping about in the mists of his private judgment, now pursuing a glimmering of light, now involved in outer darkness. This system of criticism upon Shakspere was rotten to the foundation. It was based upon an extension and a misapplication of Ben Jonson's dogmatic assertion—"He wanted art." The art of Shakspere was not revealed to the critics of the last century. Let us hear one to whom the principles of this art were revealed:—

> "It is a painful truth, that not only individuals, but even whole nations, are oftimes so enslaved to the habits of their education and immediate circumstances, as not to judge disinterestedly even on those subjects the very pleasure arising from which consists in its disinterestedness, namely, on subjects of taste and polite literature. Instead of deciding concerning their own modes and customs by any rule of reason, nothing appears rational, becoming, or beautiful to them but what coincides with the peculiarities of their education. In this narrow circle individuals may attain to exquisite discrimination, as the French critics have done in their own literature; but a true critic can no more be such, without placing himself on some central point, from which he may command the whole,—that is, some general rule, which, founded in reason, or the faculties common to all men, must therefore apply to each,—than an astronomer can explain the movements of the solar system without taking his stand in the sun." *

Samuel Johnson proposes to inquire, in the Preface before us, "by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen." He answers the question at considerable length by displaying what he holds to be the great peculiarity of his excellence:—"Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare—that his drama is the mirror of life." Such is the leading idea of the critic. He sees nothing higher in Shakspere than an exhibition of the *real*. "He who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions." When Johnson is unable to trace this actual picture of life in Shakspere, when he perceives any deviations from the regular "transactions of the world," or the due "progress of the passions," then he is bewildered; and he generally ends in blaming his author. The characteristic excellence, he says, of the tragedy of Hamlet is "variety." According to his notion that in all Shakspere's dramas we find "an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time and exhilarated at another," he holds that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth." But in the conduct of the plot the business of life and the course of the passions do not proceed with the regularity which he desires:—"Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause. . Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has by the stratagem of the play convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him. The catastrophe is not very happily produced." Where is the mistake in all this? It is in taking a very limited view of the object and scope of Art.

The inconsistencies into which the critic is betrayed show the narrowness and weakness of his foundations. The drama of Shakspere is "a mirror of life;" and yet, according to the critic, it is the great sin of Shakspere that he is perpetually violating "poetical justice." Thus Johnson says in the Preface—"He makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." Johnson could not have avoided seeing that, if Shakspere had not carried his persons "indifferently through right and wrong," he would not have exhibited "the real state of sublunary nature." But there was something much higher that Shakspere would not then have done. Had he gone upon the principle of teaching an impracticable, and therefore an unnatural, theory of rewards and punishments in human affairs, if he had not intended that "his precepts and axioms" *should* "drop casually from him," he would have lost his supereminent power of gradually raising the mind into a compre-

* Coleridge's Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 63.

hension of what belongs to the spiritual part of our nature; of exciting a deep sympathy with strong emotion and lofty passion; of producing an expansion of the heart, which embraces all the manifestations of human goodness and human sorrow; and, what is more, which penetrates into the abysses of guilt and degradation, and shows that there is no true peace, and no real resting-place, for what separates us from our fellow-men and from our God. This is not to be effected by didactic precepts *not* dropped casually; by false representations of the course of worldly affairs and the workings of man's secret heart. The mind comprehends the *whole* truth, when it is elevated by the art of the poet into a fit state for its comprehension. The *whole* moral purpose is then evolved, through a series of deductions in the mind of him who is thus moved. This is the highest logic, because it is based upon the broadest premises. Rymer sneers at Shakspere when he says that the moral of Othello is, that maidens of quality should not run away with blackamoors. The sarcasm only tells upon those who demand any literal moral in a high work of art.

Because Johnson only saw in Shakspere's dramas "a mirror of life," he prefers his comedy to his tragedy. "His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct." When the poet is working with grander materials than belong to the familiar scenes of life, however natural and universal, the critic does not see that the region of literal things is necessarily abandoned—that skill must be more manifest in its effects. We are then in a world of higher reality than every-day reality. "In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study what is written at last with little felicity." This now strikes the most superficial student of Shakspere as monstrous. We open "Irene," and we understand it. "He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting for the sake of those which are more easy." It is a great privilege of the art of Shakspere that in his most tragical scenes he never takes us out of the region of pleasurable emotions. It was his higher art, as compared with the lower art of Otway. He does reject "those exhibitions which would be more affecting," but not "for the sake of those which are more easy." Let any one try which is the more easy, "to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop," as Charles Lamb describes the tragic art of Webster; or to make a Desdemona, amidst the indignities which are heaped upon her, and the fears which subdue her soul, move tranquilly in an atmosphere of poetical beauty, thinking of the maid that

> "had a song of—willow;
> An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
> And she died singing it."

It is a rude conception which Johnson has of Shakspere's art when he says of the play of Hamlet—"The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity. The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth; the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness; and every personage produces the effect intended." True. But it was no intended effect of the madness of Hamlet to cause "much mirth." Every word that Hamlet utters has something in it which sounds the depths of our intellectual being, because every word is consistent with his own character, which, of all poetical creations, sends us most to search into the mysteries of our own individual natures. This, if we understand it aright, is *poetry*. But Johnson says—"Voltaire expresses his wonder that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation which has seen the tragedy of 'Cato.' Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in 'Cato' innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation, impregnated with genius." If Addison speaks "the language of poets," properly so called, "Cato" *is* poetry. If Shakspere speaks the language of men, as distinct from the language of poets, Othello is *not* poetry. It needs no further argument to show that the critic has a false theory of the poetical art. He has here narrowed the question to an absurdity.

From what Johnson says of "the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire," it appears that the English critics fancied that, doing Shakspere ample justice themselves, they were called upon to defend him from the mistaken criticisms of a foreign school. Every Englishman, from the period of Johnson, who has fancied himself absolved from the guilt of not admiring and understanding Shakspere has taken up a stone to cast at Voltaire. Those who speak of Voltaire as an ignorant and tasteless calumniator of Shakspere forget that his hostility was based upon a system of art which he conceived, and rightly so, was opposed to the system of Shakspere. He had been bred up in the school of Corneille and Racine, the glories of his countrymen; and it is really a remarkable proof of the vigour of his mind that he tolerated so much as he did in Shakspere, and admired so much; in this respect going further, perhaps, than many of our own countrymen of no mean reputation, such as Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke in 1730. But Voltaire's intolerance is more intelligible than the apologies of Shakspere's defenders in England. We must confess that we have more sympathy with his earnest attack upon Shakspere than with Mrs. Montagu's maudlin defence.

Apologies for Shakspere, lamentations over his defects, explanations of the causes of them, rude age, unlettered audience, the poet himself working without knowledge—all this, the invariable language of the English critics, is eagerly laid hold of, not only to justify the hostility of Voltaire, but to perpetuate the reign of a system altogether opposed to the system of Shakspere, up to the present hour. M. Villemain, in the new edition of his "Essay upon Shakspeare," published in 1839, gives us as much interjectional eulogy of our national poet as might satisfy the most eager appetite of those admirers who think such praise worth anything. The French critic, of nearly a century later than Voltaire, holds that Shakspere has no other system than his genius. It is in this chaos that we must seek his splendour. His absurdities, his buffooneries, belong to the gross theatre of his period. In judging Shakspere, we must reject the mass of barbarism and false taste with which he is surcharged. But then, apart from any system, "quelle passion! quelle poésie! quelle éloquence!" "This rude and barbarous genius discovers an unknown delicacy in the development of his female characters." And why? "The taste which is so often missing in him is here supplied by a delicate instinct, which makes him even anticipate what was wanting to the civilization of his time." The critic reposes somewhat on English authority:—"Mrs. Montagu has repelled the contempt of Voltaire by a judicious criticism of some defects of the French theatre, but she cannot palliate the enormous extravagances of the pieces of Shakspere. Let us not forget, she says, that these pieces were played in a miserable inn before an unlettered audience, scarcely emerging out of barbarism."* But Mrs. Montagu is not alone in this. Others, as angry with Voltaire, as prodigal of their admiration of Shakspere, quietly surrender what Voltaire really attacks, forgetting that his praises have been nearly as strong, and sometimes a little more judicious, than their own. Hear Martin Sherlock apostrophizing Shakspere:—

> "*Always therefore study Nature.*
>
> "It is she who was thy book, O Shakspeare; it is she who was thy study day and night; it is she from whom thou hast drawn those beauties which are at once the glory and delight of thy nation. Thou wert the eldest son, the darling child, of Nature; and, like thy mother, enchanting, astonishing, sublime, graceful, thy variety is inexhaustible. Always original, always new, thou art the only prodigy which Nature has produced. Homer was the first of men, but thou art more than man. The reader who thinks this eulogium extravagant is a stranger to my subject. To say that Shakspeare had the imagination of Dante, and the depth of Machiavel, would be a weak encomium: he had them, and more. To say that he possessed the terrible graces of Michael Angelo, and the amiable graces of Correggio, would be a weak encomium: he had them, and more. To the brilliancy of Voltaire he added the strength of Demosthenes; and to the simplicity of La Fontaine, the majesty of Virgil.—But, say you, we have never seen such 'a being.' You are in the right; Nature made it, and broke the mould." †

David Hume, to the charm of whose style most readers once surrendered their judgment, thus writes of Shakspere:—"Born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from books." The consequence of this national and individual ignorance was a necessary one:—"A reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold." What right have we to abuse Voltaire, when we hear this from an English writer of the same period?

We regret that we can no more than briefly allude to the large and interesting subject of the history of Shaksperean opinion in Germany. The translation of Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," in 1815, in conjunction with the admirable Lectures of Coleridge, gave

* Essai sur Shakspeare, Paris (1839).

† A Fragment on Shakspeare (1786).

a new direction amongst the thinking few to our national opinion of Shakspere. Other critics of a higher school than our own race of commentators had preceded Schlegel in Germany; and it would not, perhaps, be too much to say that, as the reverent study of Shakspere has principally formed their æsthetic school, so that æsthetic school has sent us back to the reverent study of Shakspere. He lived in the hearts of the people, who knew nothing of the English critics. The learned, as they were called, understood him least. Let the lovers of truth rejoice that their despotism is over.

§ VI.

Our rapid sketch of critical opinion upon Shakspere in England has now brought us to what may be called the second race of commentators.

The English editors of Shakspere have certainly brought to their task a great variety of qualities, from which combination we might expect some very felicitous results. They divide themselves into two schools, which, like all schools, have their subdivisions. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Johnson, belong to the school which did not seek any very exact acquaintance with our early literature, and which probably would have despised the exhibition, if not the reality, of antiquarian and bibliographical knowledge. A new school arose, whose acquaintance with what has been called black-letter literature was extensive enough to produce a decided revolution in Shaksperean commentary. Capell, Steevens, Malone, Reed, Douce, are the representatives of the latter school. The first school contained the most brilliant men; the second, the most painstaking commentators. The dullest of the first school, Theobald, was unquestionably the best of the first race of editors. Rowe was indolent, Pope flashy, Warburton paradoxical, Johnson pedantic. Theobald brought his common sense to the task; and has left us, we cannot avoid thinking, the best of all the conjectural emendations. Of the other school, the real learning, and sometimes sound judgment, of Capell, is buried in an obscurity of thought and style—to say nothing of his comment being printed separately from his text—which puts all ordinary reading for purposes of information at complete defiance. Of Steevens and Malone, they have had, more or less, the glory of having linked themselves to Shakspere for more than half a century. Reed and Chalmers were mere supervisors and abridgers of what they did.

The edition of Capell was published in ten small octavo volumes, three years after that of Johnson—that is, in 1768. His Preface is printed in what we call the variorum editions of Shakspere, but Steevens has added to it this depreciating note:—"Dr. Johnson's opinion of this performance may be known from the following passage in Mr. Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson:'—'If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purpose with words, for, as it is, he doth gabble monstrously.'" Certainly "the man" does write a most extraordinary style; and it is impossible to do full justice to his edition, from the great bulk of the notes and various readings "being published in a separate form," with references to previous editors so obscure and perplexed, that few would take the trouble to attempt to reach his meaning. Capell was a man of fortune; and he devoted a life to this labour, dying in the midst of it. Steevens never mentions him but to insult him; and amongst the heaps of the most trashy notes that encumber the variorum editions, raked together from the pamphlets of every dabbler in commentary, there is, perhaps, not one single-minded quotation from Capell. John Collins, the publisher of his posthumous Notes and Various Readings, brings a charge against Steevens which may account for this unrelenting hostility to a learned and amiable man labouring in a pursuit common to them both. He says that Capell's edition "is made the groundwork of what is to pass for the genuine production of these combined editors" (Johnson and Steevens). This, he says, may be proved by a comparison of their first edition of 1773 with that of Johnson's of 1765, Capell's having been published during the interval. He then proceeds further in the charge:—

"But the re-publication of their work, as it 'is revised and augmented,' makes further advances upon the same plan, abounding with fresh matter and accumulated evidence in proof of the industry with which the purloining trade has been pursued, and of the latitude to which it has been extended, in each of the above-mentioned particulars. For, differing as it does from its former self in numberless instances, in all of them it is still found to agree with that edition, which, we are gravely told in so many words by the apparent manager of the business, 'has not been examined beyond one play.'"

But there was another cause of the hostility of Steevens and his school of commentators. Farmer was their Coryphæus. Their souls were prostrate before the extent of his researches, in that species of literature which possesses this singular advantage for the cultivator, that if he studies it in an original edition, of which only one or two copies are known to exist (the merit is gone if there is a baker's dozen known), he is immediately pronounced learned, judicious, laborious, acute. And this was Farmer's praise. He wrote "An Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," which has not one passage of solid criticism from the first page to the last, and from which, if the name and the works of Shakspere were to perish, and one copy—a unique copy is the affectionate name for these things—could be miraculously preserved, the only inference from the book would be that William Shakspere was a very obscure and ignorant man, whom some misjudging admirers had been desirous to exalt into an ephemeral reputation, and that Richard Farmer was a very distinguished and learned man, who had stripped the mask off the pretender. The first edition of Farmer's pamphlet appeared in 1767. Capell, who had studied Shakspere with far more accuracy than this mere pedant, who never produced any literary performance in his life except this arrogant pamphlet, held a contrary opinion to Farmer—that Shakspere "was very well grounded, at least in Latin, at school;" that it was "evident that he had some knowledge of the Italian;" and that "of the French language he was somewhat a greater master than of the two that have gone before."

The principle of Capell's edition was to give the plays of Shakspere as "set out by himself in quarto, or by the players, his fellows, in folio." His introduction consists of an analysis of the value of these various authorities; and he discriminates very justly between those plays in quarto which "have much resemblance to those in the folio," and those which were "first drafts or else imperfect and stolen copies." His text is formed upon this discriminating principle, not attaching an equal value to all the original copies in quarto, or superseding the text of the folio by thrusting in passages out of the first drafts and imperfect copies. To say that his text is the result invariably of a sound judgment would be to say too much; and, indeed, some of his emendations approach a little to the ridiculous. But we have no hesitation in saying that it is a better text, because approaching more nearly to the originals, than that of many of those who came after him, and went on mending and mending for half a century, till the world was tired with the din of their tinkering.

The first labour of Steevens, which preceded the edition of Capell by two years, was to reprint in fac-simile "twenty of the plays of Shakspeare, being the whole number printed in quarto during his lifetime, or before the Restoration; collated where there were different copies, and published from the originals." Most accurately did he execute this laborious duty. We have carefully collated these re-impressions by Steevens; and, with the exception, upon an average, of half-a-dozen of the minutest deviations in each play, we are as well contented with our copy for all purposes of utility as if we possessed the rarest edition of the most self-satisfied collector. The next progressive movement of Steevens was still in the same safe path. He became united with Johnson in the edition of 1773. In his advertisement he says—"The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boast that many valuable readings have been retrieved; though it may be fairly asserted that the text of Shakspeare is restored to the condition in which the author, or rather his first publishers, appear to have left it, such emendations as were absolutely necessary alone admitted." He defines what are absolutely necessary, such as a supply of particles when indispensable to the sense. He rejects with indignation all attempts to tamper with the text by introducing a syllable in aid of the metre. He declines suggestions of correspondents "that might have proved of great advantage to a more daring commentator." Upon such safe foundations was the edition of 1773 reared. In 1778 it was "revised and augmented," and in 1785 it was reprinted with additions by Isaac Reed, Steevens having declined the further care of the work. Steevens also, in 1779, rendered an acceptable service to the students of our dramatic history by the publication of "Six old plays, on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure, Comedy of Errors, Taming the Shrew, King John, King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Lear."

In 1780 Malone appeared as an editor of Shakspere. He came forward with "A Supplement" to the edition of 1778, in which he republished the poems of Shakspere, and the seven doubtful plays which had been printed as his in the third and fourth folios. The

encouragement which he had received induced him, in 1790, when Steevens had retired from his editorial labours in connection with the booksellers' edition, to publish a complete edition of his own, but which was still a variorum edition, "with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators." In this first appeared his "Dissertation on the Three Parts of Henry VI.," and his "Historical Account of the English Stage." Malone professes the same anxiety to adhere to the genuine text of Shakspere as Steevens had professed before him; but he opened a wide field for editorial license, in his principle of making up a text out of the folio edition and the previous quartos; and, to add to the apparent value of his own labours, he exaggerated, as others have since done, the real value of these quartos:—"They *in general* are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio; for this plain reason, because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labour, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect, and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest, edition; in some instances with additions and alterations of their own." Those of our readers who have paid attention to our observations on the "State of the Text" which precede each play will know that this is not an accurate statement of the question; for the large additions to the folio copy when compared with the quartos, the careful emendations, and even the omissions, which are seldom without some sound apparent reason, could not have been the additions and alterations of the editors of the folio, but must have been the result of the author's labours, perhaps during a series of years. It appears from Malone's Preface that a feeling was gaining ground that the constant accession of notes to Shakspere was becoming an evil; and he disagrees with the following observation of Johnson:—"It is not (he remarks) very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him." The new editor, with a pardonable complacency towards his calling, says—"He certainly was read, admired, studied, and imitated, at the period mentioned; but surely not in the same degree as at present. The succession of editors has effected this; it has made him understood; it has made him popular; it has shown every one who is capable of reading how much superior he is not only to Jonson and Fletcher, whom the bad taste of the last age from the time of the Restoration to the end of the century set above him, but to all the dramatic poets of antiquity." Jonson and Fletcher were not set above Shakspere, as we have demonstratively shown, from the time of the Restoration to the end of the century. But even if they were, it was not the succession of editors that had made Shakspere popular. A plain reprint of Shakspere without a single note, but with the spelling modernised, would have made him more popular than all the critical editions which the eighteenth century had produced. Malone says that during that century "thirty thousand copies of Shakspere have been dispersed through England." The number would have been quadrupled if Shakspere had been left to his own unaided power. Much of what the commentators did, especially in the illustration of Shakspere's phraseology and the explanation of his fugitive allusions, they did well. But they must needs be critics, without having any system of criticism more profound than the easy task of fault-finding; and thus they rendered Shakspere less popular than he would have been in an age when criticism was little understood, and men's eyes were dazzled by an array of names to support some flippant remark upon Shakspere's want of art, some exhibition of his ignorance, some detection of his anachronisms, some discovery of a quibble beyond the plain meaning of the word. It is scarcely possible to read a scene of the variorum Shaksperes without feeling the utter want of a reverent spirit towards the author. These things sank more deeply into the minds of the readers of Shakspere than the general expressions of the commentators' admiration, which, after all, seemed little more than compliments to themselves in their association with the poet. We open a play at a venture, to see how far in the spirit of a modest appreciation of themselves, and an earnest admiration of their author, the editors laboured to render Shakspere popular. It is Hamlet. Let us put down a few of their annotations:—

"*Angry parle.* This is one of the affected words introduced by Lyly."—STEEVENS.

"*A mote it is*, &c. These lines are in the enlarged quarto of 1604. Many of its (Hamlet's) absurdities as well as beauties arose from the quantity added after it was first written."—STEEVENS.

"*Shall I strike at it with my partizan.* I am unwilling to suppose that Shakspeare could appropriate these absurd effusions to Horatio."—STEEVENS.

"*I am too much i' the sun.* I question whether a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended."—FARMER.

"*To school in Wittenberg.*" The anachronism is first pointed out by MALONE; and then we are told by RITSON that Shakspere derived his knowledge of this famous university from a trumpery book called "The Life of Jack Wilton."

"*Nemean.* The right prosody is accidental."—MALONE.

"*Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.*" The skill displayed in the management of the Ghost is contrasted with his management of other preternatural beings: "They are but weak and inefficacious pageants."—STEEVENS.

Conclusion of Scene I. Act II. "The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet."—JOHNSON.

"*Being a good kissing carrion.*" Warburton's reading being given: "This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author."—JOHNSON.

"*The satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards.*" Warburton says that the allusion is to Juvenal, Satire X. "If Shakspeare had read Juvenal he could not have wrongly accented Posthumus."—FARMER.

"*Now might I do it*, &c. This speech is too horrible to be read or to be uttered."—JOHNSON. "Yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent calamities were owing to this savage refinement of revenge."—M. MASON.

"*Heaven's face doth glow*, &c. In Shakspeare's licentious diction the meaning may be," &c.—MALONE.

End of Act IV. "Shakspeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation as not to leave him room for a conclusion suited to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the Ghost, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence."—STEEVENS.

> "*Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine*
> *It sends some precious instance of itself*
> *After the thing it loves.*

These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected."—JOHNSON.

"*It was that very day that young Hamlet was born.* The poet in the fifth act had forgotten what he wrote in the first."—BLACKSTONE.

> "*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,*
> *Rough-hew them how we will.*

Dr. Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; 'He could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*.' To shape the ends of *wool-skewers*, i.e. to *point* them, requires a degree of skill; any one can *rough-hew* them. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers*."—STEEVENS.

Concluding Remarks.—"The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious."—JOHNSON.

"Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play. . . . . Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakspeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character."—STEEVENS.

The editors of the first collection of the works of Shakspere, in their "Address to the great Variety of Readers," say—"Read him therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." This was advice that could not have proceeded from any common mind. The foundation of a right understanding of Shakspere is love. Steevens read again and again without love, and therefore without understanding. Boswell, the editor of Malone's posthumous edition, speaking of a note of Steevens on Hamlet, says that Steevens has expressed himself "with as much asperity as if he had had a personal quarrel with the author." Steevens had a pettifogging mind, without a particle of lofty feeling, without imagination, without even a logical apprehension of the small questions to which he applied himself. But he was wonderfully laborious. Knowing nothing of the principles of philosophical criticism, he spared no pains in hunting up illustrative facts; he dabbled in classical learning so as to be able to apply a quotation with considerable neatness; and he laboured his style into epigrammatic smartness which passed for wit. The vicious style of the "Letters of Junius" was evidently his model; and what

that cowardly libeller had been in the political world, Steevens was ambitious to be in the literary. He very often attacked, under a mask, those with whom he mixed in intimate companionship, till at last his name became a byword for meanness and malignity. He became an editor of Shakspere. He was associated with Johnson in the preparation of an edition, and what he did in his own way was far superior to what his colleague had effected without him. He gave a new tone to the critical illustration of Shakspere, by bringing not only the elegant literature of Shakspere's own age to compare with him, but by hunting over all the sweepings of the book-stalls of the same age, to find the application of a familiar allusion, or the meaning of an uncommon word. But he became ambitious to show his power of writing, as well as his diligence. If we turn over the variorum editions, and light upon a note which contains something like a burst of genial admiration for the author, we find the name of Warburton affixed to it. Warburton's intellect was capacious enough for love of Shakspere. But he delighted in decorating his opinions with the tinsel of his own paradoxes. Steevens was the man to pull off the tinsel. Having retired for fifteen years from the editorship of Shakspere, in 1793 he returned with renewed vigour to his labour of love —that of defacing him. Malone, in the interval, had been working hard, though perhaps with no great talent, in the endeavour to preserve every vestige of his author. He was successful, and Steevens was thenceforward his enemy. He would no longer walk in the path that he had once trod. He rejected all his old conservative opinions. In his edition of 1793 he says in his Advertisement—

"As we are often reminded by our 'brethren of the craft' that this or that emendation, however apparently necessary, is not the *genuine text of Shakspeare*, it might be imagined that we had received this text from its fountain-head, and were therefore certain of its purity. Whereas few literary occurrences are better understood than that it came down to us discoloured by 'the variation of every soil' through which it had flowed, and that it stagnated at last in the muddy reservoir of the first folio: in plainer terms, that the vitiations of a careless theatre were seconded by those of as ignorant a press. The integrity of dramas thus prepared for the world is just on a level with the innocence of females nursed in a camp and educated in a bagnio. As often, therefore, as we are told that, by admitting corrections warranted by common sense and the laws of metre, we have not rigidly adhered to the text of Shakspere, we shall entreat our opponents to exchange that phrase for another 'more germane,' and say, instead of it, that we have deviated from the text of the publishers of single plays in quarto, or their successors, the editors of the first folio; that we have sometimes followed the suggestions of a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, or a Tyrwhitt, in preference to the decisions of a Hemings or a Condell, notwithstanding their choice of readings might have been influenced by associates whose high-sounding names cannot fail to enforce respect, viz., William Ostler, John Shanke, William Sly, and Thomas Poope."

Again :—

"It is time, instead of a timid and servile adherence to ancient copies, when (offending against sense and metre) they furnish no real help, that a future editor, well acquainted with the phraseology of our author's age, should be at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to his corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification. The latter (as already has been observed) may be frequently effected by the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been omitted, notwithstanding the declaration of Hemings and Condell, whose fraudulent preface asserts that they have published our author's plays 'as absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.' Till somewhat resembling the process above suggested be authorized, the public will ask in vain for a commodious and pleasant text of Shakspeare. Nothing will be lost to the world on account of the measure recommended, there being folios and quartos enough remaining for the use of antiquarian or critical travellers, to whom a jolt over a rugged pavement may be more delectable than an easy passage over a smooth one, though they both conduct to the same object."

And this, then, is the text of Shakspere that England has rejoiced in for half a century! These are the labours, whether of correction or of critical opinion, that have made Shakspere "popular!" The critical opinions have ceased, we believe, to have any effect except amongst a few pedantic persons, who fancy that it is cleverer to dispraise than to admire. But the text as corrupted by Steevens is that which was generally put into the hands of the readers of Shakspere. The number of editions of the text alone of Shakspere printed during the first half of this century was by no means inconsiderable; and of these editions there were many thousand copies year by year supplying the large and increasing demand for a knowledge of our greatest poet. With very few exceptions, indeed, all these editions were copies of some edition whose received text is considered as a standard —even to the copying of typographical errors. That received text, to use the words of the title-page of what is called the trade edition, is "From the text of the corrected copies left by the late George Steevens, Esq., and Edmund Malone, Esq." If we were to suppose, from this title, that Steevens and Malone had agreed together to leave a text for the benefit of posterity, we should be signally deceived. The received text is that produced by Steevens, when he fancied himself "at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to Shakspere's corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification." Malone was walking in his own track, that of extreme caution, and an implicit reliance on the very earliest copies. The text of his edition of 1821, though deformed with abundant marks of carelessness, is an honest text, if we admit the principle upon which it is founded. But the text of Steevens, in which the peculiar versification of Shakspere especially, its freedom, its vigour, its variety of pause, its sweetness, its majesty, are sacrificed to what he called "polished versification," was received for nearly half a century as the standard text.

Hayley, the head of the school of English poetry "in the most high and palmy state" of Steevens, wrote his epitaph, which concludes with these lines :—

> "This tomb may perish, but not so his name
> Who shed new lustre upon Shakspeare's fame."

This may run by the side of Johnson's praise of a sermonising note of Warburton :—"It almost sets the critic on a level with the author." Steevens shedding new lustre upon Shakspere! Warburton almost upon a level with Shakspere! Thus men talked in those days, when their notion of poetry was simply that it was not prose. Something in which the mechanical form was to be obviously distinguished from other forms of composition—a sermon, an essay—was poetry. They looked for no inner life in poetry, no organization of its own, that should determine its form. They looked for eight or ten syllable verse, for blank verse or couplet. They looked for syllabic regularity in Shakspere, and a moral. When they found not the moral they shook their heads. When they found what they called "superfluous syllables" in Shakspere's lines, out went the syllables, by carrying over a word to the next line, sometimes of two, sometimes of three syllables. If there was a gap left, it was filled up with rubbish. The excess of the second line was carried over to the third, till a halting-place was found or made. This was mending the metre. Mending the moral was not quite so easy to the editors; they left that task to the players, who, to do them justice, were in no degree slow to set about the work with the most laudable emulation of the labours of the critics. They cut out a scene here, and put in another there. Lear was to end with a jig, and Hamlet with a song. The manager-botchers, however, in time grew timid. They wanted new Tates to make new happy endings, but the age of George III. was not luxuriant enough to produce such daring geniuses. The managers, therefore, were obliged to be content with the glorious improvements of the seventeenth century in all essentials. But they did what they could. Shakspere's songs were poor, simple things; they had no point; not much about love in them; nothing of loyalty; and so Shakspere's comedies were always presented with new songs by the salaried poet of "the house," for "the house" kept a poet, as the maker of razor-strops did in those days. But Garrick, the twin-star of Shakspere—

> "Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine,
> And earth irradiate with a beam divine"—

had many a twinkle of his own. In the "Biographia Dramatica" we have a list of thirty-nine plays by Garrick :—"He is well known to have been the author of the following, some of which are originals, and the rest translations or alterations from other authors, with a design to adapt them to the present taste of the public." (A predecessor printed upon the title of a tragedy of which in a similar way he was "the author," "King Lear, a Tragedy: by Nahum Tate.") Garrick's Shaksperean authorship was confined to Romeo and Juliet, "The Fairies" (Midsummer Night's Dream), The Tempest, "Catherine and Petrucio" (Taming of the Shrew), "Florizel and Perdita" (Winter's Tale), Cymbeline, Hamlet. This was pretty well for a twin-star. Is it uncharitable to infer that the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 was something as much for the honour of David Garrick as of William Shakspere? On this memorable occasion the Corporation of Stratford opened their proceedings by thus addressing Garrick :—"Sir, you who have done the memory of Shakspere so much honour are esteemed the fittest person to be appointed the first steward of his jubilee." The ode upon dedicating the Town-hall, and erecting a

statue to Shakspere, was written by Garrick, as well as spoken by him. It is quite as good as birthday odes used to be. It would be beyond our limits to describe the effect which this ode produced; how rapturous was the public dinner; how brilliant were the transparencies in the hall; and how appropriate were the characters of the masquerade, at which a thousand persons were present. Garrick spoke an oration in honour of Shakspere, which he is also said to have composed. The beginning and end of it are commonplace enough; but it contains passages which are so far in advance of the critical opinions of his day, and which appear to us so contrary to the habits of thought which Garrick must have acquired from his theatrical practice—so opposed to the recorded opinions to which he was in the habit of looking up with slavish reverence—that we cannot receive the records of the Stratford Jubilee as evidence that he wrote it. Nay, we can hardly think he knew the full force of what he was uttering.

It would be a dreary task to attempt to trace all that was published about Shakspere from the date of Johnson's first edition to the close of the eighteenth century. A few out of the heap of these forgotten emanations of the critical mind, the multitude of which proves the strong direction of the national admiration, may not be unprofitably noticed. Johnson, when he has dismissed Shakspere from the shackles of the unities, says, "I am almost frightened at my own temerity." He dreaded the advocates of a contrary opinion, "as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy when he saw Neptune shaking the wall." A Neptune arrived from Scotland, in the shape of "Cursory Remarks on Tragedy." This work, though it dropped into oblivion, was the performance of W. Richardson, "Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow." A small specimen will suffice:—"With an impartiality which becomes every man that dares to think for himself, let us allow him (Shakspere) great merit as a comic writer, greater still as a poet, but little, very little, as a tragedian. . And is then poor Shakespeare to be excluded from the number of great tragedians? He is; but let him be banished, like Homer from the republic of Plato, with marks of distinction and veneration; and may his forehead, like the Grecian bard's, be bound with an honourable wreath of ever-blooming flowers." There can be no doubt of the paternity of this production. The same Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow produced, in the same year, "A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of some of Shakespeare's Characters;" and this book has gone, with the appendage of new characters, through many editions, and is allied, moreover, to Essays on this and that Shaksperean thing, and a "perilous shot" indeed in "An Essay on the Faults of Shakespeare." We shall give no more than a sentence:—"I am inclined to believe, and shall now endeavour to illustrate, that the greatest blemishes in Shakespeare have proceeded from his want of consummate taste. Having no perfect discernment, proceeding from rational investigation of the true cause of beauty in poetical composition, he had never established in his mind any system of regular process, or any standard of dramatic excellence." Yet this solemn person, who thinks that Shakspere had never established in his mind any system of regular process, had no perfect discernment of the true cause of beauty, has the temerity to write a book of four hundred pages on his dramatic characters. Something of a very different description was produced three years after: "An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff." The author was Maurice Morgann, once Under-Secretary of State. The book is far above the age. The author is a thinker, and one who has been taught to think by Shakspere. Take an example:—"In the groups of other poets, the parts which are not seen do not in fact exist. Those characters in Shakespeare which are seen only in part are yet capable of being unfolded and understood in the whole; every part being in fact relative, and inferring all the rest." The "Remarks on Some of the Characters of Shakespeare," by Thomas Whately, published in 1785, is something different from the performance of the Scotch professor. What could induce his eminent relation, who republished it in 1839, to write thus?—

"Mr. Whately, it should be observed, is merely pointing out that such and such speeches *do* indicate character; not that they were, in each case, written with that *design*. If, then, they really *are* characteristic, the criticism is fully borne out, whatever may have been the design of Shakespeare. I doubt whether Shakespeare ever had any thought at all of making his personages speak characteristically. In most instances, I conceive—probably in all—he drew characters correctly, because he *could not avoid it;* and would never have attained, in that department, such excellence as he has, if he had made any studied efforts for it. And the same, probably, may be said of Homer, and of those other writers who have excelled the most in delineating characters."

Was the "Paul preaching at Athens," with the apostle characterized in his majesty, the sceptic in his doubt, and the enthusiast in his veneration (characters marked as deeply as the Richard and Macbeth upon which the relation of the Archbishop of Dublin writes)—was this produced by Raffaelle because he could not avoid it? There is one more work, and one only, to which we may point as being superior to the ordinary criticism of that age—"the butterwoman's rank to market." It is Mr. Whiter's "Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare," published in 1794. We have often quoted it, which may be sufficient to mention for our present purpose.

Amidst the crowd of writers, from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century, who were adding to the mass of comment upon Shakspere, whether in the shape of essay, letter, poem, philosophical analysis, illustration, there was one who, not especially devoting himself to Shaksperean criticism, had a considerable influence in the gradual formation of a sound national taste. The "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," by Thomas Percy, originally published in 1765, showed to the world that there was something in the early writers beyond the use to which they had been applied by Shakspere's commentators. In these fragments it would be seen that England, from the earliest times, had possessed an inheritance of real poetry; and that he who had breathed a new life into the forms of the past, and had known how to call up the heroes of chivalry,—to

> "Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
> Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage,"—

was not without models of earnest passion and noble simplicity in the ancient ballads. The publication of these "Reliques" led the way, though slowly, to the study of our elder poets; and every advance in this direction was a step towards the more extended knowledge, and the better understanding, of Shakspere himself. Percy, in one part of his first volume, collected "such ballads as are quoted by Shakespeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings." He did this with his usual good taste; and every one knows with what skill he connected, in the tale of "The Friar of Orders Grey," those "innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads" which we find dispersed through the plays of Shakspere. In his introduction to this division of his work he gives some very sensible observations upon the origin of the English stage; while in his remarks on the Histories of our poet he takes a different, and we think a juster, view of their origin and purpose than Malone and the other commentators. Although Percy puts his own opinions cautiously, if not timidly, he had higher notions of Shakspere as an artist than those who were arrogating to themselves the merit of having made him "popular."

"The History of English Poetry," by Thomas Warton, published in 1774, was another of those works which advanced the study of our early literature in the spirit of elegant scholarship as opposed to bibliographical pedantry. Warton was an ardent lover of Shakspere, as we may collect from several little poems; but he was scarcely out of the trammels of the classical school. His education had taught him that Shakspere worked without art, and, indeed, he held that most of the Elizabethan poets so worked.

Scattered about the periodical essayists are many papers on Shakspere worth consulting by the student, which, if not very valuable in themselves, indicate at least the progress of opinion. Joseph Warton, in the *Adventurer*, where he reviews The Tempest and Lear, is a great stickler for the unities. Mackenzie, in the *Mirror*, has a higher reverence for Shakspere, and a more philosophical contempt for the application of the ancient rules to works having their own forms of vitality. Cumberland, in the *Observer*, contrasts Macbeth and Richard III.; and he compares Shakspere with Æschylus in a way which exhibits the resources of his scholarship and the elegance of his taste. All the fragmentary critical opinions upon Shakspere, from the time of Johnson's Preface to the end of the century, exhibit some progress towards the real faith; some attempt to cast off not only the authority of the ancient rules of art, but the smaller authority of that lower school of individual judgment, which the Shaksperean commentators had been propping up, as well as they could, upon their own weak shoulders. Coleridge has well described their pretensions to authority:—"Every critic, who has or has not made a collection of black-letter books,—in itself a useful and respectable amusement,—puts on the seven-league boots of self-opinion, and strides at once from an illustrator into a supreme judge, and, blind and deaf, fills his three-ounce phial at the waters of Niagara; and determines positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more

nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive." Such a critic was Mr. Francis Douce, who has been at the pains of making a formal essay "On the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspeare." The words by which Mr. Douce describes these are, of course, "absurdities," "blunders," "distortions of reality," "negligence," "absurd violations of historical accuracy." Some concessions are, however, made by the critic:—"His bestowing the epithet of *gipsy* on Cleopatra is whimsical; but may, perhaps, admit of defence." It is perfectly clear that a man who talks thus has not the slightest philosophical comprehension of the objects of Art, and the mode in which Art works. The domain of the literal and the ideal is held to be one and the same. It was truly said of the formative arts, by a painter who knew the philosophy of his own art as much as he excelled in its practice, that "a servile attention to the letter of description as opposed to its translatable spirit, accuracy of historic details, exactness of costume, &c., are not essential in themselves, but are valuable only in proportion as they assist the demands of the art, or produce an effect on the imagination. This may sufficiently explain why an inattention to these points, on the part of great painters (and poets, as compared with mere historians), has interfered so little with their reputation."*

We have little of importance left to notice before we reach the close of the eighteenth century, about which period we ought to rest. Opinions upon our contemporaries, except very general ones, would be as imprudent as misplaced. Perhaps we should notice in a few words the extraordinary forgeries of William Henry Ireland. We consider them as the result of the all-engrossing character of Shaksperean opinion in the days of the rivalries and controversies of Steevens and Malone, of Ritson and Chalmers. A clever boy, who had a foolish father whose admiration of Shakspere took the form of longing, with an intensity which Mrs. Pickle could not have equalled, for the smallest scraps of Shakspere's writing, thought he would try his hand at the manufacture of a few such scraps—a receipt; a mortgage deed; a Protestant Confession of Faith by William Shakspere, to be placed in opposition to another forgery of a Roman Catholic Confession of Faith. Learned men came to read the confession of faith, and one affirmed that it was finer than anything in the Church Liturgy. Witty conundrums succeeded; letters to Anne Hathaway; memorandums connected with the theatre; a new edition of King Lear, with the author's last alterations; and, to crown the whole, an original play, "Vortigern and Rowena." The documents were published in the most expensive form. All the critics in the land came to look upon the originals. Some went upon their knees and kissed them. The "black-letter dogs" began to tear each other in pieces about their authenticity. Hard names were given and returned; dunce and blockhead were the gentlest vituperations. The whole controversy turned upon the colour of the ink, the water-mark of the paper, the precise mode of superscription to a letter, the contemporary use of a common word, the date of the first use of promissory notes, the form of a mortgage. Scarcely one of the learned went boldly to the root of the imposture, and showed that Shakspere could not have written such utter trash. The *people*, however, settled the question. The play was brought out at Drury Lane, with a prologue by Sir James Bland Burgess. As they were invited to do, the people *did* pronounce their "dread decree." When Mr. Kemble uttered the line—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er"—

"the most discordant howl echoed from the pit that ever assailed the organs of hearing." Shakspere was vindicated.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century a new school of criticism began to establish itself amongst us. Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt led the way in approaching Shakspere, if not wholly in the spirit of Æsthetics, yet with love, with deep knowledge, with surpassing acuteness, with unshackled minds. But a greater arose. A new era of critical opinion upon Shakspere, as propounded by Englishmen, may be dated from the delivery of the Lectures of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at the Surrey Institution, in 1814. What that great man did for Shakspere during the remainder of his valuable life can scarcely be appreciated by the public. For his opinions were not given to the world in formal treatises and ponderous volumes. They were fragmentary; they were scattered, as it were, at random; many of them were the oral lessons of that wisdom and knowledge which he poured out to a few admiring disciples. But they have had their effect. For ourselves, personally, we owe a debt of gratitude to that illustrious man that can never be repaid. If, during the progress of this edition, we have been enabled to present Shakspere to the popular mind under new aspects, looking at him from a central point, which should permit us, however imperfectly, to comprehend something of his wondrous SYSTEM, we owe the desire so to understand him ourselves to the germs of thought which are scattered through the works of that philosopher; to whom the homage of future times will abundantly compensate for the partial neglect of his contemporaries. We desire to conclude this outline of the opinions of others upon the works of Shakspere, in connection with the imperfect expression of our own sense of those opinions, with the name of

COLERIDGE.

* Preface to Kugler's History of Painting, by C. L. Eastlake, Esq., R.A.

INDEXES

TO THE

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPERE.

It has been found convenient to arrange the references under two heads.

The First Index is for the most part Glossarial, but it also refers to explanations which are more diffuse in their character. The words in *Italic* are those which may be explained briefly, and often by the addition of another word, approaching to a synonyme, which gives the sense. The words in Roman, principally referring to *objects*, *customs*, and ancient and proverbial *expressions*, require a more lengthened explanation, which will be found under the passages referred to, either in a foot-note (designated by *n.*) or an illustration (designated by *i.*).

The Second Index is of the Dramatis Personæ, showing the names of the Characters which occur in each Play, and the particular Act and Scene in which each appears.

The references are not made to Volume and Page, but to Play, *Act and Scene.* The Poems are referred to by their titles. All the references are abridged as follows:—

G. V. Two Gentlemen of Verona.
L. L. L. Love's Labour's Lost.
M. W. Merry Wives of Windsor.
C. E. Comedy of Errors.
T. S. Taming of the Shrew.
M. N. D. A Midsummer Night's Dream.
M. V. The Merchant of Venice.
A. W. All's Well that Ends Well.
M. A. Much Ado about Nothing.
T. N. Twelfth Night.
A. L. As You Like It.
M. M. Measure for Measure.
W. T. A Winter's Tale.
T. Tempest.
J. King John.

R. S. King Richard II.
H. 4, F. P. King Henry IV., Part I.
H. 4, S. P. King Henry IV., Part II.
H. F. King Henry V.
H. 6, F. P. King Henry VI., Part I.
H. 6, S. P. King Henry VI., Part II.
H. 6, T. P. King Henry VI., Part III.
R. T. King Richard III.
H. E. King Henry VIII.
R. J. Romeo and Juliet.
H. Hamlet.
Cy. Cymbeline.
O. Othello.
T. Ath. Timon of Athens.

L. King Lear.
M. Macbeth.
T. C. Troilus and Cressida.
Cor. Coriolanus.
J. C. Julius Cæsar.
A. C. Antony and Cleopatra.
T. And. Titus Andronicus.
P. Pericles.
T. N. K. Two Noble Kinsmen.
V. A. Venus and Adonis.
Luc. The Rape of Lucrece.
So. Sonnets.
L. C. A Lover's Complaint.
P. P. The Passionate Pilgrim.

INDEX I.

A

A or *'a*—he. M. A. iii. 3, *n.* (and in many other passages).
How if *a* will not stand?

Abhor, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, *n.*
I utterly *abhor*, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge.

Abhorred—disgusted. H. v. 1, *n.*
And now how *abhorred* my imagination is!

Abide (v.)—sojourn. W. T. iv. 2.
There's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but *abide.*

Abraham Cupid. R. J. ii. 1, *n.*
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.

Abridgment—pastime. M. N. D. v. 1, *n.*
Say, what *abridgment* have you for this evening?

Abroad—not at hand, far off. Cy. iii. 4. *n.*
Your means *abroad*,
You have me, rich.

Absey book—A, B, C, book. J. i. 1, *n.*
And then comes answer like an *Absey book.*

Abstract. A. C. iii. 6, *n.*
Being an *abstract* 'tween his lust and him.

Aby (v.)—suffer for. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
Thou shalt *aby* it.

Accept—consent to certain articles of a treaty. H. F. v. 2, *n.*
We will, suddenly,
Pass our *accept* and peremptory answer.

Accommodation. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
A soldier-like word.

According to the trick—according to the fashion of banter and exaggeration. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
I spoke it but *according to the trick.*

ADD

Aches—pronounced as a dissyllable. T. i. 2, *i.*
Fill all thy bones with *aches.*

Achievement. H. F. iii. 5, *n.*
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for *achievement*, offer us his ransom.

Achieves her goodness. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
She derives her honesty, and *achieves her goodness.*

Achilles and Hector. T. C. iii. 3, *i.*
I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.

"Accidence of Armourie," passage from. H. v. 1, *i.*
Was he a gentleman?

Acknown. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Be not *acknown* on 't.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy—inform yourselves with a most careful inquiry. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't.

Acquaintance—used in the singular as a noun of multitude. O. ii. 1, *n.*
How does my old *acquaintance* of this isle?

Actæon, story of. T. N. i. 1, *i.*
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Actors, profits of. H. iii. 2, *i.*
A fellowship in a cry of players.

Acture—action. L. C. *n.*
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with *acture* they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.

Addition. L. ii. 2, *n.*
One whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy *addition.*

Address'd—prepared. A. L. v. 4, *n.*
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power.

AFF

Address'd—prepared. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
Our navy is *address'd*, our power collected.

Address'd—prepared. Luc. *n.*
At length *address'd* to answer his desire.

Address'd—ready. J. C. iii. 1, *n.*
He is *address'd*: press near, and second him.

Addrest—ready. M. N. D. v. 1, *n.*
So please your grace, the prologue is *addrest.*

Adriatic. T. S. i. 2, *i.*
Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatic* seas.

Advantage—used as a verb. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
Whose hours the peasant best *advantages.*

Advertisements. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
He set up his bills.

Advice—government, municipal or civil. Luc. *n.*
Advice is sporting while infection breeds.

Advisedly—attentively. Luc. *n.*
This picture she *advisedly* perus'd.

Afar off—in a remote degree. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
He who shall speak for her is *afar off* guilty,
But that he speaks.

Affect (v.)—incline towards; metaphorically, love. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
I do *affect* the very ground.

Affect the letter—affect alliteration. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
I will something *affect the letter*; for it argues facility.

Affect a sorrow, than to have. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
Lest it be rather thought you *affect a sorrow, than to have.*

Affection—affectation. L. L. L. v. 1, *n.*
Witty without *affection.*

INDEX I.

Affection—imagination. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Affection ! thy intention stabs the centre.

Affection, master of passion. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
For *affection*,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.

Affectioned—affected. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
An *affectioned* ass, that cons state without book.

Affeer'd. M. iv. 3, *n.*
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs,
The title is *affeer'd*.

Affront (v.)—encounter, confront. H. iii. 1, *n.*
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Affront—encounter. Cy. v. 3, *n.*
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the *affront* with them.

Affy (v.)—betroth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
For daring to *affy* a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king.

Against your sacred person—aught against your sacred person. H. E. ii. 4, *n.*
If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away.

Agate. M. A. iii. 1, *n.*
An *agate* very vilely cut.

Agate. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
I was never manned with an *agate* till now.

Age—seniority. T. And. i. 1, *n.*
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine *age* with this indignity.

Age's steepy night. So. lxiii. *n.*
When his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to *age's steepy night*.

Aglet-baby. T. S. i. 2, *n.*
Marry him to a puppet, or an *aglet-baby*.

Agnize (v.)—confess, acknowledge. O. i. 3, *n.*
I do *agnize*
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness.

Aigre—sharp, sour. H. i. 5, *n.*
It doth posset
And curd, like *aigre* droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.

Aim—purpose. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.

Aim—conjecture. O. i. 3, *n.*
As in these cases where the *aim* reports.

Aim'd at—guessed at. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not *aim'd at*.

Air—appearance. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
The quality and *air* of our attempt
Brooks no division.

Alcides' shoes. J. ii. 1, *i.*
As great *Alcides' shoes* upon an ass.

Alder-liefest—dearest of all. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
With you mine *alder-liefest* sovereign.

Ale—rural festival. G. V. ii. 5, *n.*
As go to the *ale* with a Christian.

All the world's a stage, parallels with. A. L. ii. 7, *i.*

All amort—dispirited. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
What, sweeting, *all amort ?*

All a-mort—dispirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks ?
What, *all a-mort ?*

Alla stoccata—Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier. R. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Alla stoccata carries it away.

All-hallown summer—summer in November. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Farewell, thou latter spring ! Farewell *All-hallown summer !*

All-to—entirely, altogether. V. A.
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him *all-to* naught.

Allow (v.)—approve. W. T. iv. 1, *n.*
Of this *allow*,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now.

Allow (v.)—approve. Luc. *n.*
Who, wondering at him, did his words *allow*.

Allow (v.)—approve. So. cxii. *n.*
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good *allow*.

Alter thy course for Tyre—pursue not the course for Tyre. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Thither, gentle mariner ;
Alter thy course for Tyre.

Althea. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*)
The fatal brand *Althea* burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Althea's dream. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*
Away, you rascally *Althea's dream*, away !

Am, have, and will be. H. E. iii. 2, *n.*
For your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own ; that *am, have, and will be*.

Amaimon. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *i.*
He of Wales, that gave *Amaimon* the bastinado.

Amaze (v.)—confuse. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
You *amaze* me, ladies.

Ambassadors sent from Antony to Octavius Cæsar,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 10, *i.*
Let him appear that's come from Antony.

America, discovery of. C. E. iii. 2, *i.*
Where *America*, the Indies ?

Amiss—fault. So. xxxv. *n.*
Myself corrupting, salving thy *amiss*.

Amiss—fault. So. cli. *n.*
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my *amiss*,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.

Amurath III. H. 4, S. P. v. 2, *i.*
Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds.

Anachronisms in King John. J. i. 1, *i.*
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

Anchor—anchoret. H. iii. 2, *n.*
An *anchor's* cheer in prison be my scope !

Ancient—bearer of the ensign. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Sir, *ancient* Pistol's below.

Andirons. Cy. ii. 4, *i.*
Her *andirons*
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids.

Andren. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
Met in the vale of *Andren*.

Andrew—name of a ship. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand.

Angel on English coins. M. V. ii. 7, *i.*
A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*.

Angel—coin. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Your ill *angel* is light.

Angel—bird. T. N. K. i. 1, *n.*
Not an *angel* of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence.

Angerly—angrily. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
How *angerly* I taught my brow to frown.

Answer—statement of objections to certain articles of a treaty. H. F. v. 2, *n.*
We will, suddenly,
Pass our accept and peremptory *answer*.

Answer me declin'd. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And *answer me declin'd*.

Anthropophagi and headless men. O. i. 3, *i.*
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Antipathies. M. V. iv. 1, *i.*
Some men there are, &c.

Antony,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. ii. 1, *i.*
Let *Antony* and Cæsar fall together.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, conference of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iv. 1, *i.*
These many then shall die, &c.

Antony and Cleopatra, amusements of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. i. 1, *i.*
To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.

Antony and Octavia, marriage of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 2, *i.*
Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.

Antony's cook,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 2, *i.*
Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.

Antony and Cleopatra, first meeting of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 2, *i.*
When she first met Mark Antony, &c.

Antony's angling,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 5, *i.*
'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling, &c.

Antony, Cæsar, and Pompey, meetings of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 6, *i.*
Your hostages I have, so have you mine, &c.

Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 6, *i.*
In Alexandria—here's the manner of it,—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd.

Antony's preparations for battle,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 7, *i.*
O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.

Antony's reception of Cæsar's messenger,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 11, *i.*
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Antony, desertion of, by the god Hercules,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iv. 3, *i.*
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Antony, defeat of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iv. 10, *i.*
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.

Antony's last speech to Cleopatra, and death,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iv. 13, *i.*
O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Ape—expression of kindly familiarity applied to a young man. R. J. ii. 1, *n.*
The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him.

Ape-bearer. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
An *ape-bearer*.

Apostle spoons. H. E. v. 2, *i.*
You'd spare your *spoons*.

Apothecary, Romeo's description of. R. J. v.
I do remember an *apothecary*.

Apparent to my heart—next to my heart. W. T. i. 2, *i.*
Apparent to my heart.

Appay'd—satisfied, pleased. Luc. *n.*
But Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes ; and thou art well *appay'd*
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

Apperil. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
Let me stay at thine *apperil*, Timon.

Apprehension—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
To scourge you for this *apprehension*.

Approbation—probation. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her *approbation*.

Approbation—proof. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for *approbation*.

Approve our eyes—confirm what we have seen. H. i. 1, *n.*
That, if again this apparition come,
He may *approve our eyes*, and speak to it.

Approv'd—proved, experienced. G. V. v. 4, *n.*
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still *approv'd*,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Apricocks—apricots. R. S. iii. 4, *n.*
Go, bind thou up yon' dangling *apricocks*.

April-day—spring-time of life. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the *April-day* again.

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From whence an issue I might propagate ;
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Arm him—take him in your arms. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
Come ; *arm him*.

Arm your prize—offer your arm to the lady you have won. T. N. K. v. 3, *n.*
Arm your prize :
I know you will not lose her.

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Aroint thee, explanation of. L. iii. 4, *i.*
Aroint thee, witch, *aroint thee*.

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Baynard's castle. R. T. iii. 5, *i.*
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Be borne—to be borne. R. J. iv. 1, *n.*
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave:
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault:

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'Tis very good I must *be circumstanc'd.*

Be comfortable—become susceptible of comfort. A. L. ii. 6, *n.*
For my sake, *be comfortable,* hold death awhile at the arm's end.

Be moved—have compassion. G. V. ii. 1, *n.*
O, be not like your mistress; *be moved, be moved.*

Be naught awhile. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Marry, sir, be better employed, and *be naught awhile.*

Beacon to this under globe. L. ii. 2, *n.*
Approach, thou *beacon to this under globe,*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!

Beadsman. G. V. i. 1, *i.*
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My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do *bear a brain.*

Bear-baiting. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
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Bear-garden on the Bankside. H. E. v. 3, *i.*
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Look thee, a *bearing-cloth* for a squire's child!

Bears (v.)—figures, is seen. M. M. iv. 4, *n.*
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Bears (the Nevils). H. 6, S. P. v. 1, *n.*
Call hither to the stake my two brave *bears.*

Beat on a crown—are intent on a crown. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown.

Beated—participle of the verb to beat. So. lxii. *n.*
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity.

Beauty—pronounced booty. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
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Beaver—helmet. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
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Beaver. H. i. 2, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *i.*)
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Becomed—becoming. R. J. iv. 2, *n.*
And gave him what *becomed* love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Bedded jet—jet embedded or set. L. C. *n.*
A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of *bedded jet.*

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The country gives me proof and precedent
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Beetle. M. M. iii. 1, *i.*
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In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

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Beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's—death. A. C. v. 2, *n.*
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BEG

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So *beguil'd*
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
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I should have been *beholding* to your paper.

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Belly and the members, fable of. Cor. i. 1, *i.*
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Bergomask dance—an Italian dance. M. N. D. v. 1, *n.*
Hear a *Bergomask dance*, between two of our company.

Besmirch (v.)—sully. H. i. 3, *n.*
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The virtue of his will.

Bestill'd—dissolved. H. i. 2, *n.*
Whilst they, *bestill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

Bestow'd—stowed, deposited. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
In what safe place you have *bestow'd* my money.

Bestraught—distraught, distracted. T. S. Induction, 2, *n.*
What! I am not *bestraught*.

Beteem (v.)—pour forth. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Beteem (v.)—allow, suffer. H. i. 2, *n.*
So loving to my mother,
That he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

Better skill—with better skill. Luc. *n.*
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st *better skill*.

Bevel—bent in an angle. So. cxxi. *n.*
I may be straight, though they themselves be *bevel*.

Bevis of Southampton. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, *i.*
As *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon Ascapart.

Bevy. H. E. i. 4, *n.*
None here, he hopes,
In all this noble *bevy*, has brought with him
One care abroad.

Bewray (v.)—discover. H. 6, T. P. i. 1, *n.*
Here comes the queen, whose looks *bewray* her anger.

Bewray (v.)—reveal. L. ii. 1, *n.*
He did *bewray* his practice.

Beyond beyond—further than beyond. Cy. iii. 2, *n.*
O, not like me;
For mine's *beyond beyond*.

Bezonians—term of contempt. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Great men oft die by vile *bezonians*.

Bias of the world. J. ii. 2, *n.*
Commodity, the *bias of the world*.

Bid the wind a base—challenge the wind to speed. V. A. *n.*
To *bid the wind a base* he now prepares.

Bilboes—bar of iron with fetters attached to it. H. v. 2, *n.*
Methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the *bilboes*.

Bills. M. A. iii. 3, *n.*
We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's *bills*.

Bills. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, *n.*
My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our *bills?*

Bills. T. Ath. iii. 4, *n.*
Phi. All our *bills*.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em.

Bills on their necks. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
With *bills on their necks*,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Bills placed on Junius Brutus' statue. J. C. i. 3, *i.*
Good Cinna, take this paper, &c.

Bird-bolts. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
Challenged Cupid at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the *bird-bolt*.

BOL

Birds of Italy. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, &c.

Birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes. V. A. *n.*
Even as poor *birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes*,
Do surfeit by the eye.

Birnam wood. M. v. 4, *i.*
Siw. What wood is this before us?
Ment. The *wood* of *Birnam*.

Birth-hour's blot—corporal blemish. Luc. *n.*
Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot*.

Bishop, costume of. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *i.*
Whose white investments figure innocence.

Bisson—blind. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
What harm can your *bisson* conspectuities glean out of this character?

Biting the thumb. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
I will *bite my thumb* at them.

Black—dark. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
That now she is become as *black* as I.

Black—swarthy, dark. M. A. iii. 1, *n.*
If fair fac'd,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;
If *black*, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot.

Black-Monday, origin of. M. V. ii. 5, *i.*
Black-Monday.

Blasts—used as a verb neuter. Luc. *n.*
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still *blasts*, and ne'er grows old!

Blenches—deviations. So. cx. *n.*
These *blenches* gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.

Blessed thistle, supposed virtues of. M. A. iii. 4, *i.*
Carduus Benedictus.

Blessing the marriage-bed. M. N. D. v. 2, *i.*
To the best bride-bed will we.

Blessing, begging of. H. iii. 4, *n.*
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll *blessing beg* of you.

Block. L. iv. 6, *n.*
This a good *block!*

Blood—natural disposition. T. Ath. iv. 2, *n.* (See Cy. i. 1, *n.*)
Strange, unusual *blood*,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Bloodless. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and *bloodless*,
Being all descended to the labouring heart.

Blood-letting. R. S. i. 1, *i.*
Our doctors say, this is no month to *bleed*.

Blood will I draw. H. 6, F. P. i. 5, *n.*
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Blossoms—young men, flower of the nobility. L. C. *n.*
Whose rarest havings made the *blossoms* dote.

Blows (v.)—swells. A. C. iv. 6, *n.*
This *blows* my heart.

Blue of heaven's own tinct. Cy. ii. 2, *n.*
The enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Board (v.)—address. T. N. i. 3, *n.*
Accost is, front her, *board* her, woo her, assail her.

Boarded—accosted. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
Certain it is I lik'd her,
And *boarded* her i' the wanton way of youth.

Boarded—accosted. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
I would he had *boarded* me.

Boar's Head Tavern. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *i.*
Eastcheap. A Room in the *Boar's Head Tavern*.

Bob—rap. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the *bob*.

Bodg'd. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, *n.*
But, out, alas!
We *bodg'd* again.

Bodkin—small sword. H. iii. 1, *n.*
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare *bodkin*.

Bolingbroke. R. S. i. 1, *i.*
Then, *Bolingbroke*.

Boll'n—swollen. Luc. *n.*
Here one being throng'd bears back, all *boll'n* and red.

Bolter'd—begrimed, besmeared. M. iv. 1, *n.*
For the blood-*bolter'd* Banquo smiles upon me.

BRI

Bombast—from bombagia, cotton-wool used as stuffing. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
As *bombast*, and as lining to the time.

Bonneted. Cor. ii. 2, *n.* (See O. i. 2, *n.*)
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, *bonneted*, without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report.

Book of Songs and Sonnets. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
I had rather than forty shillings, I had my *book of Songs and Sonnets* here.

Book, sense of the term. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
By that time will our *book*, I think, be drawn.

Book uncross'd. Cy. iii. 3, *n.*
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his *book uncross'd*.

Boord (v.)—accost. H. ii. 2, *n.*
I'll *boord* him presently.

Boot—advantage. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
Could I, with *boot*, change for an idle plume.

Boot—compensation. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no *boot*.

Boot—into the bargain. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
The other Edward dead to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but *boot*, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Boots. G. V. i. 1, *i.*
Nay, give me not the *boots*.

Bores—wounds, thrusts. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
At this instant
He *bores* me with some trick.

Borne in hand—encouraged by false hopes. M. iii. 1, *n.*
How you were *borne in hand;* how cross'd.

Borrower's cap. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*
The answer is as ready as a *borrower's cap*.

Bosom—wish, heart's desire. M. M. iv. 3, *n.*
And you shall have your *bosom* on this wretch.

Bosom multiplied. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
How shall this *bosom multiplied* digest
The senate's courtesy?

Boson—boatswain. T. i. 1, *n.*
Where is the master, *boson?*

Bound—boundary, obstacle. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
Our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each *bound* it chafes.

Bourn—boundary. L. iv. 6, *n.*
From the dread summit of this chalky *bourn*.

Bowls. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
A very good *bowler*.

Brach—dog of a particular species. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman.

Brach—female harrier. L. iii. 6, *n.* (See L. i. 4, *n.*)
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym.

Braid—crafty. A. W. iv. 2, *n.*
Since Frenchmen are so *braid*,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid.

Brakes of ice. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
Some run from *brakes of ice*, and answer none.

Brass. H. F. iv. 4, *n.*
Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me *brass?*

Brave—bravado. J. v. 2.
There end thy *brave*, and turn thy face in peace.

Braved—made fine. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
Thou hast *braved* many men.

Bravery—finery. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
His *bravery* is not on my cost.

Brawls. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
A French *brawl*.

Break up (v.)—open. M. V. ii. 4, *n.*
An it shall please you to *break up* this.

Break with him—break the matter to him. G. V. i. 3, *n.*
Now will we *break with him*.

Break the parle—begin the parle. T. And. v. 3, *n.*
Rome's emperor, and nephew, *break the parle*.

Breast—voice. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*.

Breath'd. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
Breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness.

Breathe in your watering—take breath when you are drinking. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
When you *breathe in your watering*, they cry—hem!

Bribe. Cy. iii. 3, *n.*
O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a *bribe*.

BRI

Bride-cup. T. S. iii. 2, *i.*
"A health," quoth he.

Brief—letter. H. 4, F. P. iv. 4, *n.*
Bear this sealed *brief*,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal.

Bring in—call to the drawers for more wine. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—*bring in.*

Bring me out—put me out. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Ros. Sweet, say on.
Cel. You *bring me out.*

Brize—gad-fly. T. C. i. 3, *n.*
The herd hath more annoyance by the *brize*
Than by the tiger.

Brize—gad-fly. A. C. iii. 8, *n.*
The *brize* upon her, like a cow in June.

Brock—badger. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Marry, hang thee, *brock!*

Brogues—rude shoes. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
And put
My clouted *brogues* from off my feet.

Broken with—communicated with. H. E. v. 1, *n.*
With which they mov'd,
Have *broken with* the king.

Brokes—transacts business for others. A. W. iii. 5, *n.*
And *brokes* with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid.

Brooch—an ornament. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
And love to Richard
Is a strange *brooch* in this all-hating world.

Brooch'd—adorned as with a brooch. A. C. iv. 13, *n.*
Not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be *brooch'd* with me.

Brother Cassius. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
Sir, 'tis your *brother Cassius* at the door.

Brother father. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
And you, good *brother father.*

Brother's sides. T. A. iv. 3, *n.*
It is the pasture lards the *brother's sides*,
The want that makes him lean.

Brought you Cæsar home?—did you accompany Cæsar home? J. C. i. 3. *n.*
Good even, Casca: *Brought you Cæsar home?*

Brown bills—bills for billmen, infantry. L. iv. 6, *n.*
Bring up the *brown bills.*

Brownists. T. N. iii. 2, *i.*
I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician.

Bruit—report. H. 6, T. P. iv. 7, *n.*
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The *bruit* thereof will bring you many friends.

Brutus and Cassius,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i. 2, *i.*
Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus and Portia,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i, *i.*
Let not our looks, &c.

Brutus and Antony, orations of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iii. 2, *i.*
Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Brutus the night before the battle,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. v. 1, *i.*
Be thou my witness that, against my will, &c.

Brutus, death of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. v. 5, *i.*
Come, poor remains of friends, &c.

Buckle (v.)—bend. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, *buckle* under life.

Bucklersbury. M. W. iii. 3, *i.*
Bucklersbury in simple-time.

Bugs—hobgoblins. T. S. i. 2, *n.*
Tush! tush! fear boys with *bugs.*

Bugs—terrors. Cy. v. 3, *n.*
Those that would die or ere resist are grown
The mortal *bugs* o' the field.

Bulk. O. v. 1, *n.*
Here, stand behind this *bulk.*

Bulk—the whole body. Luc. *n.*
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her *bulk*, that his hand shakes withal.

Bully-rook. M. W. i. 3, *n.*
What says my *bully-rook?*

Bumbards—ale-barrels. H. E. v. 3, *n.*
And here ye lie baiting of *bumbards*, when
Ye should do service.

Burgonet—helmet. A. C. i. 5, *n.*
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And *burgonet* of men.

Burn day-light—waste time. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
We *burn day-light:*—here, read, read.

CAL

Burst—broken. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
Pay for the glasses you have *burst.*

Burton-heath. T. S. Induction, 2, *i.*
Old Sly's son of *Burton-heath.*

Busky—bosky, woody. H. 4, F. P. v. (See H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *i.*)
How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon *busky* hill!

But—unless. T. S. iii. 1, *n.*
For, *but* I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

But—except. J. iii. 1, *n.*
But on this day, let seamen fear no wrack.

But justly—but as justly. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

But now—just now. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, *n.*
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd.

But one—except one. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please—marry to each—*but one.*

But poor a thousand crowns. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, *but poor a thousand crowns.*

But thou love me—so thou do but love me. R. J. ii. 2, *n.*
And, *but thou love me*, let them find me here.

Butt. T. i. 2, *n.*
Where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a *butt.*

Butter-woman's rank to market. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
It is the right *butter-woman's rank to market.*

Buxom—obedient, disciplined. H. F. iii. 6, *n.*
Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
Of *buxom* valour, &c.

Buz—interjection of ridicule. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
Should be? should? *buz!*

By day and night—always, constantly. L. i. 3, *n.*
By day and night he wrongs me.

By him—by his house. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
Now, good Metellus, go along *by him.*

By nature—by the impulses of nature. C. E. i. 1, *n.*
Witness that my end
Was wrought *by nature*, not by vile offence.

By-peeping—clandestinely peeping. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
Then, *by-peeping* in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light.

By'rlakin—by our ladykin, our little lady. M. N. D. iii. 1, *n.*
By'rlakin, a parlous fear.

Byron's "Bride of Abydos," lines from. A. L. iv. 1, *i.*
Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned.

Byron's "Stanzas for Music." M. M. iii. 1, *i.*
For all thy blessed youth, &c.

C.

Caddis-garter—garter of ferret. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Puke-stocking, *caddis-garter*, smooth-tongue, &c.

Cade—cask. H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, *n.*
Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father—
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a *cade* of herrings.

Cæsar and his fortune,—passage in Plutarch. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which *Cæsar and his fortune* bare at once.

Cæsar's fear of Cassius,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i. 2, *i.*
Let me have men about me that are fat, &c.

Cæsar, offer of the crown to,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i. 2, *i.*
Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.

Cæsar, assassination of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iii. 1, *i.*
All the Senators rise.

Cæsar's grief for the death of Antony,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. v. 1, *i.*
Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Cæsar's interview with Cleopatra,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. v. 2, *i.*
Which is the queen of Egypt?

Caitiff. R. S. i. 2, *n.*
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A *caitiff* recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Calen o Custure me. H. E. iv. 4, *n.*
Quality! *Calen o Custure me.* Art thou a gentleman?

CAP

Caliver—small musket. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Put me a *caliver* into Wart's hand.

Calkins—horse-shoes, turned up to prevent slipping. T. N. K. v. 4, *n.*
On this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the *calkins*
Did rather tell than trample.

Call. J. iii. 4, *n.*
If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a *call*
To train ten thousand English to their side.

Call there—call it. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
What do you *call there?*

Callet. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, *n.*
A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless *callet* know herself.

Calling—name. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that *calling*,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Calm—used by Hostess for qualm. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Sick of a *calm.*

Calphurnia's dreams,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. ii. 2, *i.*
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, &c.

Calves'-guts. Cy. ii. 3, *n.*
It is a voice in her ears, which horse-hairs and *calves'-guts*, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Camelot. L. ii. 2, *i.*
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot.*

Campanella, passage from,—with parallel references to Milton and Coleridge. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
Sit, Jessica, &c.

Can—knows. P. P. *n.*
Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music *can.*

Can for additions—began as additions. L. C. *n.*
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Can for additions.

Canary—an old lively dance. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
Canary to it.

Candle-wasters—bookworms. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
Make misfortune drunk
With *candle-wasters.*

Cane-coloured beard. M. W. i. 4, *n.*
A little yellow beard; a *cane-coloured beard.*

Canker. G. V. i. 1, *i.*
In the sweetest bud
The eating *canker* dwells.

Canker—dog-rose. M. A. i. 3, *i.*
I'd rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a rose in his grace.

Canker—dog-rose. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke.

Canker-blooms—flowers of the canker or dog-rose. So. liv. *n.*
The *canker-blooms* have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.

Cannibals, imaginary nation of. T. ii. 1, *i.*
No kind of traffic, &c.

Cannibals—used by Pistol for Hannibals. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Compare with Cæsars and with *Cannibals.*

Canon. H. i. 2, *n.*
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter.

Cantle—corner, portion, parcel. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous *cantle* out.

Cantle—portion. A. C. iii. 8, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. i, *n.*)
The greater *cantle* of the world is lost
With very ignorance.

Cantons—cantos. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Write loyal *cantons* of contemned love.

Capable—able to receive. A. L. iii. 5, *n.*
Lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and *capable* impressure,
Thy palm some moment keeps.

Capitulate (v.)—settle the heads of an agreement. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up.

Capocchia—shallow skonce, loggerhead. T. C. iv.
Alas, poor wretch! a poor *capocchia!*

Captain—used adjectively for chief. So. lii. *n.*
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.

INDEX I.

CAP

Captious and intenible—capable of receiving, but not of retaining. A. W. i. 3, *n.*
Yet, in this *captious and intenible* sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love.

Capulet's feast, season of. R. J. i. 2, *i.*
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast.

Carack—vessel of heavy burden. O. i. 2, *n.*
'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carack*.

Carbonado—rasher on the coals. H. 4, F. P. v. 3, *n.*
Let him make a *carbonado* of me.

Carcanet—chain, necklace. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
To see the making of her *carcanet*.

Carcanet—necklace. So. lii. *n.*
Or captain jewels in the *carcanet*.

Card. H. v. 1, *n.*
We must speak by the *card*, or equivocation will undo us.

Card of ten—proverbial expression. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
Yet I have faced it with a *card of ten*.

Carded. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools.

Cards. J. v. 2, *i.*
Have I not here the best *cards* for the game?

Careers—a term of the manège. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
And so conclusions passed the *careers*.

Carl—churl. Cy. v. 2, *n.*
Could this *carl*,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me.

Carlot—churl, peasant. A. L. iii. 5, *n.*
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds,
That the old *carlot* once was master of.

Carpet. P. iv. 1, *n.*
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a *carpet* hang upon thy grave.

Carpet knights. T. N. iii. 4, *i.*
He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on *carpet consideration*.

Carpets laid. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
The *carpets laid*, and everything in order.

Carping—jesting. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Mingled his royalty with *carping* fools.

Carriages in the time of Shakspere. A. W. iv. 4, *i.*
Our waggon is prepar'd.

Carrying coals. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals*.

Case—skin. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy *case*.

Case—outside. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
O form!
How often dost thou with thy *case*, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools.

Case—outward show. L. C. *n.*
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his *case*.

Case of lives—several lives. H. F. iii. 2, *n.*
For mine own part, I have not a *case of lives*.

Cassius and Brutus, quarrel between,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iv. 2, *i.*
Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Cassius, death of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. v. 3, *i.*
Fly further off, my lord.

Castilian. M. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Thou art a *Castilian*.

Castiliano-vulgo. T. N. i. 3, *n.*
What, wench? *Castiliano-vulgo;* for here comes sir Andrew Ague-face.

Castle—stronghold, power. T. And. iii. 1, *n.*
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's *castle*.

Cat and bottle. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
Hang me in a *bottle* like a *cat*, and shoot at me.

Cat i' the adage. M. i. 7, *n.*
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor *cat i' the adage*.

Cataian. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
I will not believe such a *Cataian*.

"Catch that Catch can," notice of the work. A. L. iv. 2, *i.*
What shall he have that kill'd the deer?

Catling—lute-string. R. J. iv. 5, *n.*
What say you, Simon *Catling?*

Cato's wish. Cor. i. 4, *n.*
Thou wast a soldier
Even to *Cato's wish*.

Caucasus, origin of the name of. R. S. i. 3, *i.*
The frosty *Caucasus*.

Cause you come—cause on which you come. R. S. 1, *n.*
As well appeareth by the *cause you come*.

Causeless. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
To make modern and familiar things supernatural and *causeless*.

CHA

Cautel—crafty way to deceive. H. i. 3, *n.*
And now no soil, nor *cautel*, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.

Cautelous—wary, circumspect. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
Swear priests, and cowards, and men *cautelous*.

Cautels—deceitful purposes. L. C. *n.*
In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.

Caviare. H. ii. 2, *i.*
'Twas *caviare* to the general.

Cawdor Castle. M. i. 3, *i.*
Thane of *Cawdor*.

Cease (v. used actively)—stop. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, *n.*
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To *cease!*

Ceilings ornamented. Cy. ii. 4, *i.*
The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.

Censure (v.)—give an opinion. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
Should *censure* thus on lovely gentlemen.

Censure—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
To give their *censure* of these rare reports.

Censure—opinion. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his *censure*.

Censure (v.)—judge. H. 6, F. P. v. 5, *n.*
If you do *censure* me by what you were.

Censure—comparison. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
And no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in *censure*.

Censure—opinion. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our *censure*.

Censure well—approve. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Say, you consent, and *censure well* the deed.

Censur'd—sentenced. M. M. i. 5, *n.*
Isab. Doth he so
Seek his life?
Lucio. Hath *censur'd* him already.

Censures—opinions. R. T. ii. 2, *n.*
Will you go
To give your *censures* in this weighty business?

Censures—judges, estimates. So. cxlviii. *n.*
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That *censures* falsely what they see aright?

Cerns—concerns. T. S. v. 1, *n.*
What *cerns* it you if I wear pearl and gold?

Chairs. J. iv. 1, *i.*
Fast to the *chair*.

Challenge, legal use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, *n.*
And make my *challenge*
You shall not be my judge.

Change (v.)—vary, give a different appearance to. A. C. i. 2, *n.*
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must *change* his horns with garlands!

Change the cod's head for the salmon's tail—exchange the more delicate fare for the coarser. O. ii. 1, *n.*
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To *change the cod's head for the salmon's tail*.

Changeling—child procured in exchange. M. N. D. 1, *n.*
She never had so sweet a *changeling*.

Changeling—a child changed. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
This is some *changeling*.

Channel—kennel. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, *n.*
As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea.

Chapman—a seller. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Base sale of *chapmen's* tongues.

Character—description. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
There lie; and there thy *character*.

Character—handwriting. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Ay, though thou didst produce
My very *character*.

Characters—the help of letters. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
I say, without *characters*, fame lives long.

*Charact*s—inscriptions, official designations. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
So may Angelo,
In all his dressings, *charact*s, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain.

Chared. T. N. K. iii. 2, *n.*
How stand I then?
All's *chared* when he is gone.

Chares—work. A. C. iv. 13, *n.*
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest *chares*.

Charge—burden. P. i. 2, *n.*
Let none disturb us: why should this *charge* of thoughts,—
The sad companion, dull-eyed Melancholy,
By me so used a guest.

Chariest—most cautious. H. i. 3, *n.*
The *chariest* maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

CHU

Charing Cross. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *i.*

Chariot drawn by lion at the baptism of Henry Prince of Scotland. M. N. D. iii. 1, *i.*
A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

Chariot of night. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.

Charles' wain—constellation of the Great Bear. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Charles' wain is over the new chimney.

Charm'd. Cy. v. 3, *n.*
I, in mine own woe *charm'd*,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan.

Charneco—name of a wine. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Here's a cup of *charneco*.

Charnel-house. R. J. iv. 3, *i.*
As in a vault.

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," M. V. v. 1, *i.*
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.

Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," M. N. D. i. 1, *i.*
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.

Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
Even till the eastern gate.

Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," M. N. D. iv. 1, *i.*
Go one of you, find out the forester.

Chaucer's description of Hector and Troilus. T. C. i. 2, *i.*
That's *Hector*, &c.

Chaucer's description of the parting of Troilus and Cressida. T. C. iv. 4, *i.*
Be thou but true of heart.

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," extract from. T. C. v. 2, *i.*
Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Chaudron—entrails. M. iv. 1, *n.*
Add thereto a tiger's *chaudron*,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

Cheater. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame *cheater*, he.

Cheer—face. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*.

Cheer—countenance. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Methinks your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd.

Chertsey, monastery of. R. T. i. 2, *i.*
Come now, toward *Chertsey* with your holy load.

Cheverel—kid-skin. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
O, here's a wit of *cheverel*, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Cheveril—kid-skin. H. E. ii. 3, *n.*
The capacity
Of your soft *cheveril* conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Cheveril glove—kid glove, easy-fitting glove. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
A sentence is but a *cheveril glove* to a good wit.

Chewet. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *n.*
Peace, *chewet*, peace.

Chide (v.)—rebuke, resound. H. F. ii. 4, *n.*
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall *chide* your trespass, and return your mock.

Chief—eminence, superiority. H. i. 3, *n.*
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous *chief* in that.

Child. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
A boy, or a *child*, I wonder?

Childing—producing. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
The *childing* autumn.

China dishes. M. M. ii. 1, *i.*
They are not *China dishes*, but very good dishes.

Chiromancy. M. V. ii. 2, *i.*
Go to, here's a simple line of life!

Chivalry, usages of. Luc. *n.*
Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote.

Chopine. H. ii. 2, *i.*
By the altitude of a *chopine*.

Chopping French—French which changes the meaning of words. R. S. v. 3, *n.*
The *chopping French* we do not understand.

Christendom—christening. J. iv. 1, *n.*
By my *christendom*,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long.

Christom child. H. F. ii. 3, *n.*
'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any *christom child*.

Chuffs—swollen, pampered gluttons. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, *n.*
Ye fat *chuffs*.

CIC

Cicero,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. ii. 1, *i.*
But what of *Cicero?*

Cide—decide. So. xlvi. *n.*
To *'cide* this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts.

Cinna, the poet, death of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iii. 3, *i.*
Enter *Cinna, the Poet.*

Circummur'd—walled round. M. M. iv. 1, *n.*
He hath a garden *circummur'd* with brick.

Circumstance, in two senses: 1. circumstantial deduction; 2. position. G. V. i. 1, *n.*
So, by your *circumstance*, I fear, you'll prove.

Circumstance—circumlocution. O. i. 1, *n.*
With a bombast *circumstance*,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators.

Citizens to their dens. A. C. v. 1, *n.*
The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And *citizens to their dens.*

Cittern-head—head of a cittern or guitar. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A *cittern-head.*

City feasts. A. W. ii. 5, *i.*
Like him that leaped into the custard.

Civil—grave. T. N. iii. 4, *n.*
He is sad, and *civil.*

Civil—decorous. L. C. *n.*
Shook off my sober guards, and *civil* fears.

Clamour your tongues. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Clap thyself my love. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And *clap thyself my love.*

Classical allusions. T. S. i. 1, *i.*
O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.

Clean kam—nothing to the purpose. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
This is *clean kam.*

Clear-stories—clere-stories. T. N. iv. 2, *n.*
And the *clear-stories* towards the south-north are as lustrous as ebony.

Clear thy crystals—dry thine eyes. H. F. ii. 3, *n.*
Go, *clear thy crystals.*

Cleave to my consent—unite yourself to my fortunes. M. ii. 1, *n.*
If you shall *cleave to my consent*,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Cleft the root—(in archery). G. V. v. 4, *n.*
How oft hast thou with perjury *cleft the root!*

Cleopatra, flight of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 8, *i.*
Naught, naught, all naught!

Cleopatra taken by Proculeius,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. v. 2, *i.*
Guard her till Cæsar come.

Cleopatra, death of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. v. 2, *i.*
Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey.

Clinquant—bright with jingling ornaments. H. E. 1, *n.*
To-day, the French,
All *clinquant*, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English.

Clothier's yard. L. iv. 6, *n.*
That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a *clothier's yard.*

Clubs, bills, and partisans. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Coaches. M. W. ii. 2, *i.* (See A. W. iv. 4, *i.*)
Coach after *coach.*

Coasteth—advanceth. V. A. *n.*
And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

Coats in heraldry. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
Two of the first, *like coats in heraldry.*

Cock—cock-boat. L. iv. 6, *n.*
And yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her *cock.*

Cock and pye, swearing by. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, *i.*
By *cock and pye.*

Cock-a-hoop. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set *cock-a-hoop!*

Cockle—weed amongst the corn. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
We nourish 'gainst our senate
The *cockle* of rebellion, insolence, sedition.

Cockney. L. ii. 4, *i.*
Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the eels.

COM

Cock-shut time—cock-roost time, time at which the cock goes to rest. R. T. v. 3, *n.*
Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about *cock-shut time*, from troop to troop,
Went through the army.

Coffer of Darius. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, *n.*
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewell'd *coffer of Darius.*

Coffin—crust of a pie. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
A custard *coffin*, a bauble, a silken pie.

Coffin—crust of a raised pie. T. And. v. 2, *n.*
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a *coffin* I will rear.

Coffin—coffer. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin *coffin.*

Cog (v.)—term applied to dice. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Since you can *cog*, I'll play no more with you.

Cognizance—badge. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
This pale and angry rose,
As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear.

Colbrand and Guy of Warwick, combat of. J. i. 1, *i.*
Colbrand the giant.

Cold—unmoved. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
All out of work, and *cold* for action.

Coleridge, passage from "Literary Remains." A. L. i. 1, *i.*
Of all sorts enchantingly beloved.

Coleridge, passage from. R. J. ii. 2, *i.*
Well, do not swear, &c.

Coleridge, extract from. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?

Coleridge's "Essay on Method," passage from. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *i.*
Marry, if thou wert an honest man, &c.

Coleridge's remarks on Shakspere's philosophy of presentiments. R. J. iii. 5, *i.*
O God! I have an ill-divining soul.

Collection—consequence deduced from premises. Cy. v. 5, *n.*
When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no *collection* of it.

Collied—black, smutted. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Brief as the lightning in the *collied* night.

Collied—blackened, discoloured. O. ii. 3, *n.*
And passion, having my best judgment *collied*,
Assays to lead the way.

Collins's dirge to Fidele. Cy. iv. 2, *i.*
We have done our obsequies.

Colour'd hat and cloak. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
Tranio, at once
Uncase thee; take my *colour'd hat and cloak.*

Colours—deceits. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
I love no *colours.*

Colt (v.)—trick. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, *n.*
What a plague mean ye to *colt* me thus?

Combinate—betrothed. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Her *combinate* husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Combined—bound. M. M. iv. 3, *n.*
I am *combined* by a sacred vow.

"Come o'er the Bourn, a songe betwene the Queene's Majestie and Englande." L. iii. 6, *i.*
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.

Comforting—encouraging. W. T. ii. 3, *n.*
Yet that dares
Less appear so, in *comforting* your evils,
Than such as most seem yours.

Commings—meetings in assault. H. iv. 7, *n.*
We'll make a solemn wager on your *commings.*

Commodity—interest. J. ii. 2, *n.*
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling *commodity.*

Common—make common, interchange thoughts. H. 5, *n.*
Laertes, I must *common* with your grief.

Common and several. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be.

Compact—compounded, made up of. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
If he, *compact* of jars, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Compact—confederate. L. ii. 2, *n.*
When he, *compact*, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind.

Compact of credit—credulous. C. E. iii. 2, *n.*
Being *compact of credit*, that you love us.

Companies—companions. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
To seek new friends and stranger *companies.*

Companies—companions. H. F. i. 1, *n.*
His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow.

CON

Companion—fellow. Cy. ii. 1, *n.*
It is not fit your lordship should undertake every *companion* that you give offence to.

Company—companion. A. W. iv. 3, *n.*
I would gladly have him see his *company* anatomized.

Compass (v.)—used ambiguously. G. V. iv. 2, *n.*
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may *compass* yours.

Compass'd—arched. V. A. *n.*
His braided hanging mane
Upon his *compass'd* crest now stand on end.

Compassed window—bow-window. T. C. i. 2, *n.*
She came to him the other day into the *compassed window.*

Compassionate—complaining. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
It boots thee not to be *compassionate.*

Competitor—associate. A. C. i. 4, *n.*
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great *competitor.*

Competitors—confederates. T. N. iv. 2, *n.*
The *competitors* enter.

Competitors—associates. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
And every hour more *competitors*
Flock to the rebels.

Complain of good breeding—complain of the want of good breeding. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may *complain of good breeding.*

Complain myself—the French se plaindre. R. S. i. 2, *n.*
Where then, alas! may I *complain myself?*

Complain'd—formerly used without a subjoined preposition. Luc. *n.*
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late *complain'd*
Her wrongs to us.

Complement extern—outward completeness. O. i. 1, *n.*
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In *complement extern*, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve.

Complements—ceremonies. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
A man of *complements.*

Compliment—respect for forms. R. J. ii. 2, *n.*
But farewell *compliment!*

Compose (v.)—agree, come to agreement. A. C. 2, *n.*
If we *compose* well here, to Parthia.

Composition—agreement. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Her promised proportions
Came short of *composition.*

Comptible—apt to take into account, susceptible. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very *comptible*, even to the least sinister usage.

Concave as a covered goblet. A. L. iii. 4, *n.*
I do think him as *concave as a covered goblet.*

Conceited—ingenious, imaginative. Luc. *n.*
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the *conceited* painter drew so proud.

Conceited characters—fanciful figures worked. L. C. *n.*
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had *conceited characters.*

Conclusions—experiments. Cy. i. 6, *n.*
Is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other *conclusions?*

Conclusions to be as kisses. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
So that, *conclusions to be as kisses*, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Condition—temper. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
Yet such is now the duke's *condition*,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

Condition—temper. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my *condition.*

Condition—art. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
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.*

Conduce (v.)—in the Latin sense of lead to. T. C. v. 2, *n.*
Within my soul there doth *conduce* a fight
Of this strange nature.

Conduct—conductor. Luc. *n.*
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case.

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Go to, then; your *considerate stone*.

Consign'd—confirmed, ratified. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, *consign'd*.

Consist—stands on. P. i. 4, *n.*
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To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be *convented*.

Convents—serves, agrees, is convenient. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
When that is known, and golden time *convents*,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.

Conversion—change of condition. J. i. 1, *n.*
For new-made honour doth forget
names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,
For your *conversion*.

Convert (v.)—turn. T. Ath. iv. 1, *n.*
To general filths
Convert, o' the instant, green virginity.

Convertite—convert. J. v. 1, n.
But, since you are a gentle *convertite*.

Convey (v.)—manage. L. i. 2, *n.*
Convey the business as I shall find means.

Conveyance—theft. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
Since Henry's death, I fear there is *conveyance*.

Conveyance—juggling, artifice. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, *n.*
I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly *conveyance*.

Conveyers—fraudulent appropriators of property, jugglers. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—*Conveyers* are you all.

Convicted—overpowered. J. iii. 4, *n.*
A whole armado of *convicted* sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Convince (v.)—overcome. Cy. i. 5.
Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to *convince* the honour of my mistress.

Convince (v.)—overpower. M. i. 7, *n.*
His two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*.

Convince (v.)—overcome. P. i. 2, *n.*
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er *convince*.

Cooks. R. J. iv. 2, *i.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning *cooks*.

Copatain hat—high-crowned hat. T. S. v. 1, *n.*
A scarlet cloak! and a *copatain hat!*

Cope (v.)—encounter. A. L. ii. 1, *n.*
I love to *cope* him in these sullen fits.

Cords', knives', drams' precipitance. T. N. K. i. 1, *n.*
None fit for the dead!
Those that with *cords'*, *knives'*, *drams' precipitance*,
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents.

Coriolanus, love of, for his mother. Cor. i. 3, *i.*
I pray you, daughter, sing.

Coriolanus standing for the consulship,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. ii. 2, *i.*
It then remains
That you do speak to the people.

Coriolanus, condemnation of,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. iii. 3, *i.*
First, hear me speak.

Coriolanus, banishment of,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. iii. 3, *i.*
Our enemy is banish'd.

Coriolanus, departure of, from Rome,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. iv. 1, *i.*
Come, leave your tears.

Coriolanus, reconcilement of, with Aufidius, — from North's Plutarch. Cor. iv. 4, *i.*
A goodly city is this Antium.

Coriolanus, mission of ambassadors to,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. v. 1, *i.*
He would not seem to know me.

Coriolanus, intercession of the mother and wife of,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. v. 3, *i.*
My wife comes foremost.

Coriolanus, death of,—from North's Plutarch. Cor. v. 5, *i.*
Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.

Corollary—surplus number. T. iv. 1, *n.*
Bring a *corollary*,
Rather than want a spirit.

Corporal of his field. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
And I to be a *corporal of his field*.

Corpse, bleeding, superstition respecting. R. T. i. 2, *i.*
Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!

Corsive—corrosive. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Away! though parting be a fretful *corsive*,
It is applied to a deathful wound.

Costard—head. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Here's a *Costard* broken in a shin.

Coster-monger times—times of petty traffic. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Virtue is of so little regard in these *coster-monger times*.

Coted—quoted. L. L. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Her amber hairs for foul have amber *coted*.

Coted—overtook, went side by side. H. ii. 2, *n.*
We *coted* them on the way.

Cotswold Hills, sports on. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
I heard say he was out-run on *Cotsall*.

Coucheth—causes to couch. Luc. *n.*
This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade.

Countenance—behaviour, bearing. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
The something that nature gave me his *countenance* seems to take from me.

Countenance—false appearance. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In *countenance*.

Counter. A. L. ii. 7, *i.*
What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?

Counter—upon a wrong scent. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.* (See C. E. iv. 2, *i.*)
You hunt *counter*, hence! avaunt!

Counterfeit—likeness or copy. Luc. *n.*
The poor *counterfeit* of her complaining.

Counterfeit—portrait. So. xvi. *n.*
Much liker than your painted *counterfeit*.

Counterfeit—portrait. So. liii. *n.*
Describe Adonis, and the *counterfeit*
Is poorly imitated after you.

Counterpoints—counterpanes. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, *counterpoints*.

Counties—nobles. J. v. 1, *n.*
Our discontented *counties* do revolt.

Countries in her face. C. E. iii. 2, *i.*
I could find out *countries in her*.

Country-base—game of prison bars, or prison base. Cy. v. 3, *n.*
Lads more like to run
The *country-base*, than to commit such slaughter.

Couplement—union. So. xxi. *n.*
Making a *couplement* of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.

Couplets of the dove. H. v. 1, *i.*
Anon, as patient as the female *dove*, &c.

Court of guard—enclosed space where a guard is held. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Let us have knowledge at the *court of guard*.

Court-cupboard. R. J. i. 5, *i.*
Remove the *court-cupboard*.

Courtesies—makes his courtesy. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Toby approaches; *courtesies* there to me.

Courtship—paying courtesies. O. ii. 1, *n.*
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own *courtship*.

Cousin—kinsman. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
Nay sit, nay sit, good *cousin* Capulet.

Cousins—relations, kinsfolks. R. T. ii. 2, *n.*
My pretty *cousins*, you mistake me both.

Cover—set out the table. A. L. ii. 5, *n.*
Sirs, *cover* the while; the duke will drink under this tree.

Cowl-staff—used for carrying a basket. M. W. iii. 3, *n.*
Where's the *cowl-staff?*

Coy (v.)—caress. M. N. D. iv. 1.
While I thy amiable cheeks do *coy*.

Cozier—botcher. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
Ye squeak out your *coziers'* catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice.

Cranking—bending. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
See how this river comes me *cranking* in.

Cranks (v.)—winds. V. A. *n.*
With what care
He *cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles.

Crare—small vessel. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
To show what coast thy sluggish *crare*
Might easiliest harbour in.

Craven. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
No cock of mine, you crow too like a *craven*.

Credent—credible. W. T. i. 2.
Then, 'tis very *credent*.

Credit—belief, thing believed. T. N. iv. 3, *n.*
And there I found this *credit*,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

Credit his own lie. T. i. 2, *n.*
Like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To *credit his own lie*.

Cresset-light. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
Burning *cressets*.

Crest. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'Tis not the devil's *crest*.

Crooked age. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
And thy unkindness be like *crooked age*,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

Crosby-house. R. T. iii. 1, *i.*
At *Crosby-house* there shall you find us both.

Cross—a coin. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
He speaks the mere contrary, *crosses* love not him.

Cross—piece of money stamped with a cross. A. L. 4, *n.*
I should bear no *cross* if I did bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your purse.

Cross-gartering. T. N. ii. 5, *i.*
Wished to see thee ever *cross-gartered*.

Crow-keeper—one who keeps crows from corn. L. iv. 6, *n.*
That fellow handles his bow like a *crow-keeper*.

Crowned swords. H. F. ii. Chorus, *i.*
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.

Cruel—used in a double sense: 1, in its ordinary sense; 2, a loosely-woven, narrow woollen fabric. L. ii. 4, *n.*
Ha, ha; he wears *cruel* garters!

Crush'd—overpowered. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a *crush'd* necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries.

Cruzadoes. O. iii. 4, *i.*
I had rather have lost my purse
Full of *cruzadoes*.

Cry aim. M. W. iii. 2, *n.* (See G. V. iii. 1, *n.*)
To these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*.

CRY

Cry of clubs. H. E. v. 3, *i.*
Who cried out, *Clubs!*

Cry sleep to death—destroy sleep. L. ii. 4, *n.*
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it *cry sleep to death.*

Cry'd game. M. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Cry'd game? said I well?

Crystal. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
Brandish your *crystal* tresses in the sky.

Cuckoo and hedge-sparrow. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *i.*
As that ungentle gull the *cuckoo's* bird
Useth the *sparrow.*

Cunning—knowing, learned. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
For to *cunning* men
I will be very kind.

Cunning—skilful. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Wherein *cunning,* but in craft?

Cunning—knowledge. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Virtue and *cunning* were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches.

Cupid and Vulcan. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
Cupid is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter.

Cupid's bow. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf.

Curb (v.)—bend. H. iii. 4, *n.*
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, *curb* and woo, for leave to do him good.

Curiosity—niceness, delicacy. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
They mocked thee for too much *curiosity.*

Curiosity—exact scrutiny. L. i. 1, *n.*
For qualities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Curiosity—fastidiousness. L. i. 2, *n.*
Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The *curiosity* of nations to deprive me?

Curious—scrupulous. T. S. iv. 4, *n.*
For *curious* I cannot be with you.

Curled hair. Luc. *n.*
Let him have time to tear his *curled hair.*

Currance—current. H. F. i. 1, *n.*
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heavy *currance.*

Current—rush. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
And all the *current* of a heady fight.

Curry favel. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, *i.*
I would *curry* with master Shallow.

Curst—shrewish. L. L. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Do not *curst* wives hold that self-sovereignty?

Curst—shrewish. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
I was never *curst;*
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.

Curst—crabbed. T. N. iii. 2, *n.*
Be *curst* and brief.

Curst—mischievous. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
They are never *curst,* but when they are hungry.

Curtall dog. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Hope is a *curtall dog* in some affairs.

Cust-alorum—abridgment of Custos Rotulorum. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*
Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum.*

Cut—horse. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
If thou hast her not i' the end, call me *Cut.*

Cut and long-tail. M. W. iii. 4, *n.*
Ay, that I will, come *cut and long-tail.*

Cypress. T. N. ii. 4, *n.*
And in sad *cypress* let me be laid.

Cyprus. T. N. iii. 1, *n.* (See T. N. ii. 4, *n.*)
A *cyprus,* not a bosom,
Hides my heart.

Cyprus, invasion of, by the Turks in 1570. O. i. 3, *i.*
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

D.

Daff—to put aside. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
Canst thou so *daff* me?

Daff'd—put aside. M. A. ii. 3, *n.*
I would have *daff'd* all other respects, and made her half myself.

Dafts—puts me aside. O. iv. 2, *n.*
Every day thou *dafts* me with some device.

Dagger, mode of wearing. R. J. v. 3, *n.*
O, heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This *dagger* hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Dagger of lath. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a *dagger of lath.*

DEL

Damask-coloured. T. N. i. 3, *n.*
A *damask-coloured* stock.

Dancing horse. L. L. L. i. 2, *i.*
The *dancing horse* will tell you.

Danger—power. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
You stand within his *danger,* do you not?

Danger—power. V. A. *n.*
Come not within his *danger* by thy will.

Daniel's "Civil Wars." H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *i.*
Hath wrought the mure, &c.

Danish intemperance. H. i. 4, *i.*
The king doth wake to-night, &c.

Danskers—Danes. H. ii. 1, *n.*
Inquire me first what *Danskers* are in Paris.

Dark house—house which is the seat of gloom and discontent. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
War is no strife
To the *dark house,* and the detested wife.

Darraign (v.)—prepare. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, *n.*
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Datchet mead. M. W. iii. 3, *i.*
Send him by your two men to *Datchet mead.*

Dateless—endless, having no certain time of expiration. So. xxx. *n.*
For precious friends hid in death's *dateless* night.

Day of season—seasonable day. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
I am not a *day of season.*

Day-woman. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
She is allowed for the *day-woman.*

Dead waste. H. i. 2, *n.* (See T. i. 2, *n.*)
In the *dead waste* and middle of the night.

Dealt on lieutenantry—made war by lieutenants. A. C. iii. 9, *n.*
He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war.

Dear. T. N. v. 1, *n.* (See R. T. i. 3, *n,* and H. i. 2, *n.*)
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so *dear,*
Hast made thine enemies.

Dear—harmful. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy *dear* exile.

Dear cause—important business. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Some *dear cause*
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.

Dearer merit—more valued reward. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
A *dearer merit,* not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

Dearest—best. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Summon up your *dearest* spirits.

Dearest—greatest. H. i. 2, *n.* (See R. S. i. 3, *n.*)
Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven.

Dearest. So. xxxvii. *n.*
So I, made lame by fortune's *dearest* spite.

Dearling—used in a plural sense. O. i. 2, *n.*
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled *dearling* of our nation.

Dearly—extremely. A. L. i. 3, *n.*
My father hated his father *dearly.*

Death and the Fool. M. M. iii. 1, *i.*
Merely, thou art death's fool.

Deck—pack of cards. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, *n.*
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the *deck.*

Deck'd. T. i. 2, *n.*
When I have *deck'd* the sea with drops full salt.

Deer, tears of the. A. L. ii. 1, *i.*
The big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance. O. i. 3, *n.*
Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.

Defeatures—want of beauty. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
Then is he the ground
Of my *defeatures.*

Defect of judgment. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for *defect of judgment,*
As oft the cause of fear.

Defend—forbid. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
God *defend* the lute should be like the case!

Defunct—functional. O. i. 3, *n.*
Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In me *defunct* and proper satisfaction).

Delations—secret accusations. O. iii. 3, *n.*
They're close *delations,* working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Delighted. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
And the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods.

DIS

Deliverance, legal. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *i.*
I do desire *deliverance,* &c.

Demanded of—demanded by. H. iv. 2, *n.*
Besides, to be *demanded of* a sponge!

Demerits—merits. O. i. 2, *n.*
And my *demerits*
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

Demerits—merits. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius.

Demoniacs. L. iii. 4, *i.*
That hath laid knives under his pillow.

Denay'd—denied. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship.

Denied you had in him no right—denied you had in him a right. C. E. iv. 2, *n.*
First, he *denied you had in him no right.*

Denunciation—annunciation. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
She is fast my wife,
Save that we do the *denunciation* lack
Of outward order.

Depart (v.)—part. T. N. K. ii. 1, *n.*
I may *depart* with little, while I live.

Deprive your sovereignty of reason—displace the sovereignty of your reason. H. i. 4, *n.*
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might *deprive your sovereignty of reason.*

Derne—solitary. P. iii. Gower, *n.*
By many a *derne* and painful perch.

Descant (in music)—variation. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
And mar the concord with too harsh a *descant.*

Desdemona's handkerchief. O. iii. 4, *i.*
That *handkerchief.*

Design (v.)—designate, point out, exhibit. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice *design* the victor's chivalry.

Despised arms—arms which we despise. R. S. ii. 3, *n.*
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of *despised arms.*

"Destruction of Troy," extract from. T. C. iv. 2, *i.*
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

"Destruction of Troy," extract from. T. C. iv. 5, *i.*
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.

"Destruction of Troy," extract from. T. C. v. 5, *i.*
Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.

"Destruction of Troy," extract from. T. C. v. 9, *i.*
Rest, sword, &c.

Determine—come to an end. Cor. v. 3, *n.*
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars *determine.*

Determin'd—ended. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me?

Devil of the old Mysteries. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
Ho, ho! ho, ho!

Dew. Luc. *n.*
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.

Dial. A. L. ii. 7, *i.*
And then he drew a *dial* from his poke.

"Dialogue on Taste," specimen of criticism in. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *i.*
Who then, affrighted, &c.

Diana's priest. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
Should he make me
Live like *Diana's priest.*

Did comply—was complaisant. H. v. 2, *n.*
He *did comply* with his dug, before he sucked it.

Dido. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
In such a night,
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand.

Difference—heraldic distinction. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Let him bear it for a *difference* between himself and his horse.

Differing—discordant. Cy. iii. 6, *n.*
Laying by
That nothing gift of *differing* multitudes.

Diffused—wild. M. W. iv. 4, *n.*
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some *diffused* song.

Dig-you-den—corruption of "give you good e'en." L. L. L. iv. 1, *n.*
God *dig-you-den* all!

Digges's prognostication. M. N. D. iii. 1, *i.*
Look in the almanac; find out moonshine.

Digression—transgression. Luc. *n.*
Then my *digression* is so vile, so base.

Dint—impression. J. C. iii. 2, *n.*
And, I perceive, you feel
The *dint* of pity.

Disable (v.)—detract from. A. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Disable all the benefits of your own country.

DIS

Disabled—impeached. A. L. v. 4, *n.* (See A. L. i, *n.*)
If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled* my judgment.

Discandering—dis-squandering, squandering. A. C. ii, *n.*
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the *discandering* of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless.

Discourse. H. iv. 4, *n.* (See H. i. 2, *n.*)
Sure, he, that made us with such large *discourse.*

Discourse of reason—discursion of reason, faculty of pursuing a train of thought. H. i. 2, *n.*
O, heaven! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason,*
Would have mourn'd longer.

Discourse of thought. O. iv. 2, *n.*
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in *discourse of thought,* or actual deed.

Disease—uneasiness. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, *n.*
First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my *disease.*

Dislike—displease. R. J. ii. 2, *n.*
Jul. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee *dislike.*

Dismes—tenths. T. C. ii. 2, *n.*
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand *dismes.*

Dispark'd my parks. R. S. iii. 1, *n.*
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods.

Dispos'd—made terms with. A. C. iv. 12, *n.*
You did suspect
She had *dispos'd* with Cæsar.

Disputable—disputatious. A. L. ii. 5, *n.*
He is too *disputable* for my company.

Dissemble (v.)—disguise. T. N. iv. 2, *n.*
Well, I'll put it on, and I will *dissemble* myself in 't.

Dis-stain'd—unstained. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
I live *dis-stain'd,* thou, undishonoured.

Distemper'd. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
It is but as a body yet *distemper'd,*
Which to his former strength may be restor'd.

Distractions—detachments. A. C. iii. 7, *n.*
His power went out in such *distractions,*
As beguil'd all spies.

Dive-dapper—dabchick. V. A. *n.*
Like a *dive-dapper* peering through a wave.

Diverted blood—affections alienated and turned out of their natural course. A. L. ii. 3, *n.*
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a *diverted blood,* and bloody brother.

Division, in music. R. J. iii. 5, *n.*
Some say, the lark makes sweet *division*
This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Do withal—help it. M. V. iii. 4, *n.*
I could not *do withal.*

Does yet depend—is yet depending. Cy. iv. 3, *n.*
But our jealousy
Does yet depend.

Dogs of war. H. F. i. Chorus, *i.*
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, &c.

Dole—lot. W. T. i. 2, *n*
Happy man be his *dole!*

Dolours. L. ii. 4, *n.*
Thou shalt have as many *dolours* for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Dolts. A. C. iv. 10, *n.*
Most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for *dolts.*

Domestic fools. M. V. i. 1, *i.*
Let me play the *Fool.*

Domestic fools. A. W. i. 3, *i.*
What does this knave here? &c.

Done—destroyed. V. A. *n.*
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and *done.*

Done—destroyed. Luc. *n.*
O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done.*

Double. O. i. 2, *n.*
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As *double* as the duke's.

Double set. O. ii. 3, *n.*
He'll watch the horologe a *double set,*
If drink rock not his cradle.

Doubt (v.)—awe. H. F. iv. 2, *n.*
And *doubt* them with superfluous courage.

EAR

Dout (v.)—extinguish. H. i. 4, *n.*
The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often *dout,*
To his own scandal.

Doves, presents of. M. V. ii. 2, *i.*
I have here a dish of *doves.*

Dowle—feather, particle of down. T. iii. 3, *n.*
As diminish
One *dowle* that's in my plume.

Drawers—waiters. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *i.*
Tom, Dick, and Francis.

Drawn—drawn out into the field. Luc. *n.*
Before the which is *drawn* the power of Greece.

Dream of Andromache, presaging. T. C. v. 3, *i.*
My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Dress (v.)—set in order, prepare. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
Admonishing
That we should *dress* us fairly for our end.

Drew—I drew. L. ii. 4, *n.*
Having more man than wit about me, *drew.*

Drink the free air—live, breathe. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him *Drink the free air.*

Ducat. G. V. i. 1, *i.*
Not so much as a *ducat.*

Ducdâme. A. L. ii. 5, *i.*
Ducdâme, ducdâme, ducdâme.

Dudgeon—handle of a dagger. M. ii. 1, *n.*
And on thy blade and *dudgeon* gouts of blood.

Due—pay as due. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, *due* thee withal.

Duelling. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
A duellist, a duellist.

Duke. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Happy be Theseus, our renowned *duke!*

Duke—commander. H. F. iii. 2, *n.*
Abate thy rage, great *duke!*

Dumb show. H. iii. 2, *i.*
The *dumb show* enters.

Dump—a mournful elegy. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
Tune a deploring *dump.*

Dump. R. J. iv. 5, *n.* (See G. V. iii. 2, *n.*)
O, play me some merry *dump,* to comfort me.

Dumps—melancholy airs. Luc. *n.*
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes *dumps* when time is kept with tears.

"Dun is in the mire." R. J. i. 4, *i.*
Tut! dun's the mouse.

Dunsinane Hills. M. v. 5, *i.*
As I did stand my watch upon the hill.

Dupp'd—did up. H. iv. 5, *n.*
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And *dupp'd* the chamber-door.

Dure (v.)—endure. T. N. K. i. 3, *n.*
Yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To *dure* ill-dealing fortune.

Dusty death. M. v. 5, *n.*
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to *dusty death.*

Dwell (v.)—continue. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
I'll rather *dwell* in my necessity.

E.

Eager—sour, sharp. H. 6, T. P. ii. 6, *n.*
If so thou think'st, vex him with *eager* words.

Eager—sour. So. cxviii. *n.*
With *eager* compounds we our palate urge.

Eanlings—lambs just dropped. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
That all the *eanlings* which were streak'd and pied.

Ear (v.)—plough. R. S. iii. 2, *n.*
And let them go
To *ear* the land.

Ear (v.)—plough. V. A. Dedication, *n.*
Never after *ear* so barren a land.

Earl Marshal of England. R. S. i. 3, *i.*

Ears, tingling of. M. A. iii. 1, *i.*
What fire is in mine *ears?*

Earth—inheritance, possession. R. S. iii. 2, *n.*
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth.*

Earth-treading stars. R. J. i. 2, *n.*
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light.

Earthly happier. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
But *earthly happier* is the rose distill'd.

Earthquake. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
The goats ran from the mountains.

Earthquake of 1580. R. J. i. 3, *i.*
'Tis since the *earthquake* now eleven years.

ENV

Easy—used adverbially. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
My lords, these faults are *easy,* quickly answer'd.

Eche—eke out. P. iii. Gower, *n.*
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly *eche.*

Education of women. T. S. ii. 1, *i.*
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books.

Edward III.'s seven sons. R. S. i. 2, *i.*
Edward's seven sons.

Edward III.'s tomb. R. S. iii. 3, *i.*
By the honourable *tomb* he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones.

Eftest—quickest. M. A. iv. 2, *n.*
Yea, marry, that's the *eftest* way.

Eggs for money. W. T. i. 2, *i.*
Will you take *eggs for money?*

Egypt—the queen of Egypt. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to *Egypt.*

Egyptian soothsayer,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. ii. 3, *i.*
Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Eight and six—alternate verses of eight and six syllables. M. N. D. iii. 1, *n.*
It shall be written in *eight and six.*

Eld—old age, old people. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
And doth beg the alms
Of palsied *eld.*

Element—constituent quality of mind. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
One, certes, that promises no *element*
In such a business.

Ely Place. R. T. iii. 4, *i.*
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

Embarquements—embargoes. Cor. i. 10, *n.*
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury.

Emboss'd—swollen. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
The poor cur is *emboss'd.*

Embossed—exhausted. A. W. iii. 6, *n.*
But we have almost *embossed* him.

Embossed—swollen, puffed up. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, *n.*
Why, thou whoreson, impudent, *embossed* rascal.

Empiricutick. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *empiricutick.*

Enchantingly beloved—beloved to a degree that looks like enchantment. A. L. i. 1, *n.* (See A. L. i. 1, *i.*)
Full of noble device; of all sorts *enchantingly beloved.*

Engag'd—retained as a hostage. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, *n.*
Suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be *engag'd* in Wales.

Engag'd—held as surety. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, *n.*
For I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was *engag'd,* did bear it.

England, defenceless state of. H. F. i. 2, *i.*
My great grandfather,
Never went with his forces into France, &c.

Engle—gull. T. S. iv. 2, *n.*
But at last I spied
An ancient *engle* coming down the hill.

English bottoms. J. ii. 1, *i.*
A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the *English bottoms* have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.

English travellers, ignorance of. M. V. i. 2, *i.*
He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.

Engross (v.)—make gross. R. T. iii. 7, *n.*
Not sleeping, to *engross* his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

Enridged. L. iv. 6, *n.*
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the *enridged* sea.

Ensconce (v.)—fortify. So. xlix. *n.*
Against that time do I *ensconce* me here.

Entertainment—engagement for pay. Cor. iv. 3, *n.*
The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the *entertainment.*

Entrance—mouth, surface. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
No more the thirsty *entrance* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

Envious—malicious. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
With *envious* looks still laughing at thy shame.

ENV

Envy—malice. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his *envy's* reach.

Ephesus, unlawful arts of. C. E. ii. 2, *i.*
This is the fairy land.

Ercles—Hercules. M. N. D. i. 2, *n.*
This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein.

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay. So. lxviii. *n.* (See M. V. iii. 2, *i.*)
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.

Eros, death of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iv. 12, *i.*
My mistress lov'd thee, &c.

Erring—wandering. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.

Erring—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 3, *n.*
Betwixt an *erring* barbarian and super-subtle Venetian.

Escoted—paid. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Who maintains them? how are they *escoted?*

Esil. H. v. 1, *i.*
Woul 't drink up *Esil?*

Esperancé—motto of the Percy family. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*

Esperancé. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*)
Now,—*Esperancé!*—Percy!—and set on.

Espials—spies. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, *n.*
The prince's *espials* have informed me.

Essay—trial, examination. L. i. 2, *n.*
He wrote this but as an *essay* or taste of my virtue.

Estimation—conjecture. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
I speak not this in *estimation*
As what I think might be.

Eton. M. W. iv. 6, *i.*
With him at *Eton*
Immediately to marry.

Even—equal, indifferent. W. T. iii. 2, *n.*
Which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.

Even (v.)—make even. T. N. K. i. 4, *n.*
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and *even* each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect.

Even Christian—fellow-Christian. H. v. 1, *n.*
And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their *even Christian.*

Ever strike—continue to strike. Cor. i. 2, *n.*
'Tis sworn between us we shall *ever strike*
Till one can do no more.

"Every Man out of his Humour." A. L. ii. 7, *i.*
Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him, &c.

Evils. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our *evils* there?

Exchange. G. V. ii. 2, *i.*
Why then we'll make *exchange.*

Excommunication, ceremony of. J. iii. 3, *i.*
Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.

Excrements—hair, nails, feathers, &c. H. iii. 4, *n.*
Your bedded hair, like life in *excrements,*
Starts up, and stands on end.

Exempt—released, acquitted. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
Be it my wrong, you are from me *exempt.*

Exempt—excluded. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry.

Exeter, John Duke of. R. S. v. 3, *i.*
Our trusty brother-in-law.

Exhibition—stipend, allowance. G. V. i. 3, *n.*
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.

Exhibition—allowance. L. i. 2, *n.*
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd his power!
Confin'd to *exhibition!*

Exigent—end. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, *n.*
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent.*

Expedient. J. ii. 1, *n.*
His marches are *expedient* to this town.

Expedient—prompt, suitable. R. S. i. 4, *n.* (See J. ii. 1, *n.*)
Expedient manage must be made, my liege.

Expedient—expeditious. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
A breach that craves a quick *expedient* stop!

Expedient—expeditious. R. T. i. 2, *n.*
I will with all *expedient* duty see you.

FAL

Expediently—promptly. A. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Do this *expediently,* and turn him going.

Expense—expenditure. L. ii. 1, *n.*
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' *expense* and waste of his revenues.

Expense—passing away. So. xxx. *n.*
And moan the *expense* of many a vanish'd sight.

Expiate. R. T. iii. 3, *n.*
Make haste, the hour of death is *expiate.*

Express (v.)—make known. T. N. ii. 1, *n.*
Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to *express* myself.

Exsufflicate—exaggerated, extravagant. O. iii. 3, *n.*
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such *exsufflicate* and blow'd surmises.

Extend him—appreciate his good qualities, but only within the real limits of what they are. Cy. i. 1, *n.*
I do *extend him,* sir, within himself.

Extended—seized upon. A. C. i. 2, *n.*
Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates.

Extent—stretch. T. N. iv. 1, *n.*
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust *extent*
Against thy peace.

Extent—legal term. A. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Make an *extent* upon his house and lands.

Extracting—absorbing. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
A most *extracting* frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

Extravagant—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 1, *n.*
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an *extravagant* and wheeling stranger.

Eyas-musket—sparrow-hawk. M. W. iii. 3, *n.*
How now, my *eyas-musket?*

Eye—tinge, shade. T. ii. 1, *n.*
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an *eye* of green in 't.

Eye—character. H. i. 3, *n.*
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers;—
Not of the *eye* which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits.

Eysell—vinegar. So. cxi. *n.*
I will drink
Potions of *eysell,* 'gainst my strong infection.

F.

Fa, sol, la, mi. L. i. 2, *i.*
O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol, la, mi.*

Faced—made facings to. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
Thou hast *faced* many things.

Factions in Jerusalem. J. ii. 2, *i.*
The mutines of Jerusalem.

Factious. J. C. i. 3, *n.*
Be *factious* for redress of all these griefs.

Fadge (v.)—agree, fit. L. L. L. v. 1, *n.*
We will have, if this *fadge* not, an antic.

Fadge (v.)—suit, agree. T. N. ii. 2, *n.*
How will this *fadge?*

Fadings—a dance. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
With such delicate burdens of "dildos and *fadings.*"

Fain—glad. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Yea, man and birds are *fain* of climbing high.

Fair (used substantively)—beauty. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
My decay'd *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

Fair—beauty. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Demetrius loves your *fair.*

Fair—beauty. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the *fair* of Rosalind.

Fair—beauty. V. A. *n.*
Having no *fair* to lose, you need not fear.

Fair—beauty. So. xvi. *n.*
Neither in inward worth, nor outward *fair.*

Fair—beauty. So. lxviii. *n.*
Before these bastard signs of *fair* were born.

Fair vestal—allusion to Elizabeth. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i.*
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st, &c.

Faith—confidence in a friend. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
He wears his *faith* but as the fashion of his hat.

Falconry. R. J. ii. 2, *i.*
O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Fall—used as a verb active. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
As easy may'st thou *fall*
A drop of water in the breaking gulf.

FAV

Fall—used actively. M. N. D. v. 1, *n.*
And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall.*

Fall—cadence. T. N. i. 1, *i.*
That strain again;—it had a dying *fall.*

Fall—used as an active verb. T. N. K. i. 1, *n.*
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness *fall*
Upon thy tasteful lips.

Fall (v.)—let fall. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
Did in eaning-time
Fall particolour'd lambs.

Fall (v.)—let fall. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
And rather cut a little,
Than *fall,* and bruise to death.

Falls—lets fall. O. iv. 1, *n.*
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

Falls—lets fall. Luc. *n.*
For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

Falls on the other. M. i. 7, *n.*
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And *falls on the other.*

False—used as a verb. Cy. ii. 3, *n.* (See C. E. ii. 2, *n.*)
'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers *false* themselves.

False beards and hair. M. N. D. iv. 2, *i.*
Good strings to your *beards.*

False hair. M. V. iii. 2, *i.*
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

Falsing—participle of the verb to false. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing.*

Fan, fashion of. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
My *fan,* Peter.

Fancy—love. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Wishes, and tears, poor *fancy's* followers.

Fancy—love. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my *fancy.*

Fancy—love. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, *n.*
Yet so my *fancy* may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

Fancy—love. P. P. *n.*
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as *fancy,* partial might.

Fancy—used in two senses: 1, love; 2, humour. M. A. iii. 2, *n.*
Claud. Yet, say I, he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of *fancy* in him, unless it be a *fancy* that he hath to strange disguises.

Fancy—one possessed by fancy. L. C. *n.*
Towards this afflicted *fancy* fastly drew.

Fancy's slave—love's slave. Luc. *n.*
A martial man to be soft *fancy's slave.*

Fangled. Cy. v. 4, *n.*
'Be not, as in our *fangled* world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.

Fantastical—belonging to fantasy, imaginary. M. i. 3, *n.*
Are ye *fantastical,* or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?

Fap—cant word for drunk. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
And being *fap,* sir, was, as they say, cashier'd.

Farced title. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
The *farced title* running 'fore the king.

"Farewell, dear heart," ballad of. T. N. ii. 3, *i.*
Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Farmer's "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," extract from. H. F. v. 2, *i.*
Notre très cher fils, &c.

Fashions—farcins, or farcy. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
Infected with the *fashions.*

Favour—features, appearance, countenance. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Sickness is catching; O, were *favour* so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go.

Favour—countenance. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
Of every line and trick of his sweet *favour.*

Favour—appearance. H. F. v. 2, *n.*
Which to reduce into our former *favour*
You are assembled.

Favour—appearance. J. C. i. 3, *n.*
And the complexion of the element
In *favour's* like the work we have in hand.

Favour—countenance. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of *favour.*

FAV

Favour—countenance. So. cxiii. *n.*
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet *favour*, or deformed'st creature.

Favours—features, countenances. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Yet I well remember
The *favours* of these men.

Favours—features. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
And stain my *favours* in a bloody mask.

Fear (v.)—affright. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.

Fear (v.)—affright. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, *n.*
Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withal.

Fear—matter or occasion of fear. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it *fear*, sin,
To speak a truth.

Fear me—make me afraid. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
The people *fear me*.

Fear no colours. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
He that is well hanged in this world needs to *fear no colours*.

Fearful guard—guard that is the cause of fear. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
See to my house, left in the *fearful guard*
Of an unthrifty knave.

Fears (v.)—used in the active sense. T. S. v. 2, *n.*
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio *fears* his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me if I be afeard.

Feated. Cy. i. 1, *n.*
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature,
A glass that *feated* them.

Feature (form or fashion)—applied to the body as well as the face. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
He is complete in *feature*, and in mind.

Federary—confederate. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
Camillo is
A *federary* with her.

Fee-simple. M. W. iv. 2, *n.*
If the devil have him not in *fee-simple*, with fine and recovery.

Feeders—servants. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
To be abus'd
By one that looks on *feeders*.

Feeding—pasture. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy *feeding*.

Fell—skin. L. v. 3, *n.*
The good years shall devour them, flesh and *fell*,
Ere they shall make us weep.

Fellow—companion. T. N. iii. 4, *n.*
Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but *fellow*.

Fen—pestilential abode. Cor. iv. 1, *n.*
Though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his *fen*
Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen.

Feodary. M. M. ii. 4, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *i.*)
Else let my brother die,
If not a *feodary*, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Feodary. Cy. iii. 2, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *i.*)
Senseless bauble,
Art thou a *feodary* for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?

Fere—companion, husband. T. And. iv. (See H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *i.*)
And swear with me,—as with the woful *fere*,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame.

Feres. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *i.*)
Indent with *feres*,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves.

Fern-seed. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *i.*
We have the receipt of *fern-seed*.

Fet—fetched. H. F. iii. 1, *n.*
On, on, you nobless English,
Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof!

Fet—fetched. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
To see my tears, and hear my deep-*fet* groans.

Fewer—low. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak *fewer*.

Fierce—violent, excessive. T. Ath. iv. 2, *n.*
O, the *fierce* wretchedness that glory brings us!

Fife. M. V. ii. 5, *i.*
The wry-neck'd *fife*.

Fife. O. iii. 3, *i.*
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing *fife*.

Fights—short sails, fighting sails. M. W. ii. 2, *n.*
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your *fights*.

FLY

File—number. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise.

File. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Now, if you have a station in the *file*,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it.

Filed—polished. L. L. L. v. 1, *n.*
His discourse peremptory, his tongue *filed*.

Fil'd—defiled. M. iii. 1, *n.*
For Banquo's issue have I *fil'd* my mind.

Fil'd up—gave the last polish to. So. lxxxvi. *n.*
But when your countenance *fil'd up* his line,
Then lack'd I matter.

Fills—thills, shafts. T. C. iii. 2.
An you draw backward, we'll put you i' the *fills*.

Find his title—deduce a title. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
To *find his title*, with some shows of truth, &c.

Find him not—find him not out. H. iii. 1, *n.*
If she *find him not*,
To England send him.

Fine—conclusion. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
And the *fine* is (for the which I may go the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

Fine (v.)—sentence. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To *fine* the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Fine (v.)—to bring to an end. Luc. *n.*
Time's office is to *fine* the hate of foes.

Fineless—endless. O. iii. 3, *n.*
But riches, *fineless*, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Fire-drake. H. E. v. 3, *n.*
That *fire-drake* did I hit three times on the head.

Fire-new—bran-new. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
A man of *fire-new* words.

First—noblest. Cor. iv. 1, *n.*
My *first* son,
Whither wilt thou go?

First and second cause. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.* (See R. J. ii. 4, *i.*)
The *first and second cause* will not serve my turn.

First-born of Egypt. A. L. ii. 5, *n.*
I'll rail against all the *first-born of Egypt*.

Fitted—subjected to fits. So. cxix. *n.*
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*!

Fixed figure for the time of scorn. O. iv. 2, *n.*
But, alas! to make me
The *fixed figure for the time of scorn*
To point his slow and moving finger at.

Flap-dragoned it. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
To see how the sea *flap-dragoned it*.

Flask—soldier's powder-horn. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
The carv'd-bone face on a *flask*.

Flaw—sudden gust of wind. H. 6. S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Calm the fury of this mad-bred *flaw*.

Flaws. M. M. ii. 3, *n.*
A gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the *flaws* of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report.

Flaws—crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As *flaws* congealed in the spring of day.

Flaws—fragments. L. ii. 4, *n.*
But this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand *flaws*.

Flaws—violent blasts. V. A. *n.*
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts, and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

Flecked—dappled. R. J. ii. 3, *n.*
And *flecked* darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path.

Fleet—float. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
Our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and *fleet*, threat'ning most sealike.

Flemish drunkard. M. W. ii. 1, *i.*
This *Flemish drunkard*.

Florentius' love. T. S. i. 2, *i.*
Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*.

Flourish (v.)—bestow propriety and ornament. M. M. iv. 1, *n.*
The justice of your title to him
Doth *flourish* the deceit.

Flying at the brook—hawking at waterfowl. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Believe me, lords, for *flying at the brook*,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day.

FOR

Foil—leaf of metal used in setting jewellery. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Foining—thrusting. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your *foining* fence.

Foison—plenty. T. ii. 1, *n.*
All *foison*, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Foison of the year—autumn, or plentiful season. So. liii. *n.*
Speak of the spring, and *foison of the year*.

Follow'd—driven. A. C. v. 1, *n.*
O Antony!
I have *follow'd* thee to this.

Folly—wickedness. Luc. *n.*
Or tyrant *folly* lurk in gentle breasts.

Fond—indulgent. M. V. iii. 3, *n.*
I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so *fond*
To come abroad with him at his request.

Fond—foolish. Luc. *n.*
True grief is *fond* and testy as a child.

Fond—foolish. So. iii. *n.*
Or who is he so *fond* will be the tomb
Of his self-love?

Fool-begg'd patience. C. E. ii. 1, *n.* (See L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*)
This *fool-begg'd patience* in thee will be left.

Fools. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
You cannot beg us.

Fools (court). L. i. 4, *i.*
Here's my coxcomb.

For—because. A. W. iii. 5, *n.*
He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, *for* the king had married him
Against his liking.

For—because. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults.

For—on account of. T. i. 1, *n.*
I'll warrant him *for* drowning.

For—in consequence of. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, *n.*
These cheeks are pale *for* watching for your good.

For—because. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law.

For—on account of, because of. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine.

For—because. So. xl. *n.*
I cannot blame thee *for* my love thou usest.

For—instead of. H. v. 1, *n.*
For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

For catching cold—lest they should catch cold. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
Yet here they shall not lie, *for catching cold*.

For coining. L. iv. 6, *n.*
No, they cannot touch me *for coining*.

For inequality. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Do not banish reason
For inequality.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. H. iii. 2, *n.* (See L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*)
Whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*.

For the heavens—a petty oath. M. V. ii. 2, *n.*
Away! says the fiend, *for the heavens*.

For two ordinaries—during two ordinaries at the same table. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
I did think thee, *for two ordinaries*, to be a pretty wise fellow.

Force (v.)—enforce. H. E. iii. 2, *n.*
If you will now unite in your complaints
And *force* them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Force (v.)—value, regard. Luc. *n.*
For me, I *force* not argument a straw.

Foredoes—destroys, undoes. H. ii. 1, *n.*
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property *foredoes* itself.

Fore-done—destroyed. L. v. 3, *n.*
Your eldest daughters have *fore-done* themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Fore-slow—delay, loiter. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.

FOR

Foreign commercial laws. C. E. i. 1, *i.*
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Forestall'd remission—pardon supplicated, not offered freely. H. 4, S. P. v. 2, *n.*
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and *forestall'd remission*.

Forfeit (v.)—transgress. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
Double and treble admonition, and still *forfeit* in the same kind?

Forfeiters. Cy. iii. 2, *n.*
Though *forfeiters* you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.

Forgetive—inventive. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, *n.*
Makes it apprehensive, quick, *forgetive*.

Forked heads—the heads of barbed arrows. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Should, in their own confines, with *forked heads*
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Formal—reasonable. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Why, this is evident to any *formal* capacity.

Form'd as marble will. Luc. *n.*
For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they *form'd as marble will*.

Former ensign—ensign in the van. J. C. v. 1, *n.*
Coming from Sardis, on our *former ensign*
Two mighty eagles fell.

Forres, moors near. M. i. 2, *i.*
A Camp near *Forres*.

Forres, town of. M. i. 4, *i.*
Forres. A Room in the Palace.

Forspent—wearied out. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
After him came, spurring hard,
A gentleman almost *forspent* with speed.

Forspent—wearied. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Forspent with toil, as runners with a race.

Forspoke—spoken against. A. C. iii. 7, *n.*
Thou hast *forspoke* my being in these wars.

Fortune—chance. T. N. K. ii. 2, *n.*
Arcite shall have a *fortune*,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover.

Forty pence—I lay forty pence. H. E. ii. 3, *n.*
How tastes it? is it bitter? *forty pence*, no.

Forwearied—wearied. J. ii. 1, *n.*
Your king, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Craves harbourage within your city walls.

Foul—homely. A. L. iii. 3, *n.*
I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am *foul*.

Fouler. Cor. iv. 7, *n.*
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights *fouler*.

Fountains. T. S. v. 2, *i.*
A woman mov'd is like a *fountain* troubled.

Fourteen years' purchase. T. N. iv. 1, *n.*
These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after *fourteen years' purchase*.

Fox, Mr., strange tale of. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Fox—sword. H. F. iv. 4, *n.*
Thou diest on point of *fox*.

Foysons—abundant provision. M. iv. 3, *n.*
Scotland hath *foysons* to fill up your will.

Frame—ordinance, arrangement. M. A. iv. 1, *n.*
Chid I for that at frugal nature's *frame?*

Frampold—fretful, uneasy. M. W. ii. 2, *n.*
She leads a very *frampold* life with him.

Franciscan order of friars. R. J. v. 2, *i.*
Going to find a barefoot brother out.

Frank—sty. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*
Doth the old boar feed in the old *frank?*

Franklins. Cy. iii. 2, *i.*
A *franklin's* housewife.

Fraughting—constituting the fraught, or freight. T. i. 2, *n.*
The *fraughting* souls within her.

Free—free from offence. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Make mad the guilty, and appal the *free*.

Free expressions, old mode of. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
Of this, sir reverence, love.

GAP

Free maids. T. N. ii. 4, *n.*
And the *free maids* that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it.

Frescoes at Grove House. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *i.*
The German hunting in water-work.

Frets. T. S. ii. 1, *n.* (See H. iii. 2, *n.*)
I did but tell her she mistook her *frets*.

Frets—wires fixed across the finger-board of a lute or guitar. H. iii. 2, *n.*
Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me, you cannot play upon me.

Friar Tuck. G. V. iv. 1, *i.*
Robin Hood's fat friar.

"Friar of Orders Grey." T. S. iv. 1, *i.*
It was the *friar of orders grey*.

Frogmore. Duel of Dr. Caius and Sir H. Evans, place of. M. W. ii. 3, *i.*
Go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*.

From—before, a short distance off. P. iii. Gower, *n.*
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches *from* the mouse's hole.

From sun to sun—from the rising to the setting of the sun. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun.

Front (v.)—face. H. E. i. 2, *n.*
And *front* but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Frontier. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody *frontier* of a servant brow.

Frontiers—forts. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets.

Froth and lime. M. W. i. 3, *n.*
Let me see thee *froth and lime*.

Fruit to that great feast. H. ii. 2, *n.*
My news shall be the *fruit to that great feast*.

Frush (v.)—break to pieces. T. C. v. 6, *n.*
I like thy armour well;
I'll *frush* it, and unlock the rivets all.

Fulfill'd—completely filled. Luc. *n.*
O, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults that they are so *fulfill'd*
With men's abuses!

Fulfilling bolts—bolts filling full. T. C. Prologue, *n.*
With massy staples,
And corresponsive and *fulfilling bolts*.

Full of bread. H. iii. 3, *n.*
He took my father grossly, *full of bread;*
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May.

Full of knight. M. W. iv. 2, *n.*
Pray heaven it be not *full of knight* again.

Fulvia, death of,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. i. 2, *i.*
Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Furbish (v.)—polish. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
And *furbish* new the name of John of Gaunt.

Fust (v.)—become mouldy. H. iv. 4, *n.*
Gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To *fust* in us unus'd.

G.

Gadshill. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at *Gadshill*.

Gait—progress, the act of going. H. i. 2, *n.*
To suppress
His further *gait* therein.

Galliard, coranto, sink-a-pace. T. N. i. 3, *i.*
Why dost thou not go to church in a *galliard*, and come home in a *coranto?.....sink-a-pace*.

Galliard—ancient dance. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
There's naught in France
That can be with a nimble *galliard* won.

Galliasses—vessels of burthen. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
Besides two *galliasses*,
And twelve tight galleys.

Gallimaufry—confused heap. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
And they have a dance which the wenches say is a *gallimaufry* of gambols.

Gallow (v.)—scare. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.

Gamester—adventurer at a game. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Now will I stir this *gamester*.

Gamut. T. S. iii. 1, *i.*
Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.

Gaping—shouting. H. E. v. 3, *n.*
Ye rude slaves, leave your *gaping*.

Gaping pig. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
Some men there are love not a *gaping pig*.

GIR

Garboils—disorders, commotions. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read
The *garboils* she awak'd.

Gardon—guerdon. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Gardon—remuneration.

Gargantua's mouth—the mouth of the giant of Rabelais. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
You must borrow me *Gargantua's mouth* first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size.

Garters. G. V. ii. 1, *i.*
He, being in love, could not see to *garter* his hose.

Gate—got, procured. L. C. *n.*
Who, glaz'd with crystal, *gate* the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

Gaudy night—night of rejoicing. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
Let 's have one other *gaudy night*.

Gave—was inclined to, made a movement towards. L. C. *n.*
These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often *gave* to tear.

Gear—matter. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
I'll grow a talker for this *gear*.

Geck—person derided. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
And made the most notorious *geck* and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on.

General—people. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
The *general*, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part.

Generous—used in its Latin sense. M. M. iv. 6, *n.*
The *generous* and gravest citizens.

Gentle—high-born, noble. T. i. 2, *n.*
He's *gentle*, and not fearful.

Gentle—well-born. Luc. *n.*
Or tyrant folly lurk in *gentle* breasts.

German clocks. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
Like a *German clock*.

Germens—seeds of matter. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Crack nature's moulds, all *germens* spill at once.

Germins—seeds of matter. M. iv. 1, *n.*
Though the treasure
Of nature's *germins* tumble all together.

Gest. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
To let him there a month, behind the *gest*
Prefix'd for 's parting.

Get her love to part—prevail upon her love that we may part. A. C. i. 2, *n.*
I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And *get her love to part*.

Get within him—close with him. C. E. v. 1, *n.*
Some *get within him*, take his sword away.

Ghebers. L. L. L. iv. 3, *i.*
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde.

Ghost of Banquo. M. iii. 4, *i.*
Enter the *Ghost of Banquo*, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Ghosts they have depos'd—ghosts of those whom they have deposed. R. S. iii. 2, *n.*
Some haunted by the *ghosts they have depos'd*.

Gib—cat. H. iii. 4, *n.*
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a *gib*,
Such dear concernings hide?

Gib cat—male cat. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
I am as melancholy as a *gib cat*, or a lugged bear.

Giglot. Cy. iii. 1, *n.*
O, *giglot* fortune!

Giglots—wantons. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Away with those *giglots* too.

Gilded loam. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Men are but *gilded loam*, or painted clay.

Gilly'vors—gillyflowers. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streak'd *gilly'vors*.

Gimmal bit—double-bit. H. F. iv. 2.
And in their pale dull mouths the *gimmal bit*
Lies foul with chaw'd grass.

Gimmers. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
I think, by some odd *gimmers* or device,
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on.

Ging—gang. M. W. iv. 2, *n.*
There's a knot, a *ging*, a pack, a conspiracy against me.

Gird (v.)—scoff, jeer. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Men of all sorts take a pride to *gird* at me.

Gird. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
Being mov'd, he will not spare to *gird* the gods.

GIV

Give away thyself in paper—be ruined by the securities you give. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt *give away thyself in paper* shortly.

Give you good night—God give you good night. H. 1, *n.*
Give you good night.

Glamis Castle. M. i. 3, *i.*
Thane of *Glamis.*

Glasses. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *i.*
Glasses, glasses.

Glassy margents of such books. Luc. *n.* (See R. J. i. 3, *i.*)
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the *glassy margents of such books.*

Gleek (v.)—joke. M. N. D. iii. 1, *n.*
Nay, I can *gleek* upon occasion.

Gloves. G. V. ii. 1, *i.*
Sir, your *glove.*

Gloves, perfumed. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
A pair of sweet *gloves.*

Glow-worm. M. N. D. iii. 1, *i.*
And light them at the fiery *glow-worm's* eyes.

Gloze (v.)—explain, expound. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
Which Salique land the French unjustly *gloze*
To be the realm of France.

Glut (v.)—swallow. T. i. 1, *n.*
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to *glut* him.

Go to the world—marry. A. W. i. 3, *n.*
If I may have your ladyship's good-will to *go to the world.*

God before—God being my guide. H. F. iii. 6, *n.*
Yet, *God before,* tell him we will come on.

God 'ild you—God yield you, give you recompense. A. L. iii. 3, *n.*
God 'ild you for your last company.

God 'ild you—God requite you. H. iv. 5, *n.*
Well, *God 'ild you!*

God of love, old song of. M. A. v. 2, *i.*
The *god of love.*

God-eyld. M. i. 6, *n.*
Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid *God-eyld* us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Godfathers—jurymen so called. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
In christening, thou shalt have two *godfathers;*
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more.

Goes every one to the world—every one is married. M. A. ii. 1, *n.* (See A. W. i. 3, *n.*)
Thus *goes every one to the world* but I, and I am sun-burned.

Goîtres. T. iii. 3, *i.*
Mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.

Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, passage in. Cy. i. 4, *i.*
I would have broke mine eye-strings, &c.

Gondola. M. V. ii. 8, *i.*
That in a *gondola* were seen together.

Gondolier. O. i. 1, *i.*
Transported with no worse, nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a *gondolier.*

Good. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, *good.*

Good deed—indeed. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Yet, *good deed,* Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord.

Good den—good evening. J. i. 1, *n.*
Good den, sir Richard.

Good kissing carrion. H. ii. 2, *n.*
For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a *good kissing carrion.*

Good life—alacrity, energy, spirit. T. iii. 3, *n.*
So, with *good life,*
And observation strange.

Good my glass—used metaphorically. L. L. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Here, *good my glass,* take this for telling true.

Good my complexion!—small oath. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, &c.

Good old Mantuan. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
Ah, *good old Mantuan!*

Good years. L. v. 3, *n.*
The *good years* shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep.

Goodwin Sands. M. V. iii. 1, *i.*
The *Goodwins,* I think they call the place.

Gor'd—wounded. So. cx. *n.*
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

GUA

Gormandize, origin of the word. M. V. ii. 5, *i.*
Thou shalt not *gormandize.*

Gossamer. L. iv. 6, *i.*
Hadst thou been aught but *gossamer.*

Gourd, fullam, high, low—cant terms for false dice. M. W. i. 3, *n.*
Let vultures gripe thy guts! for *gourd* and *fullam* holds,
And *high* and *low* beguile the rich and poor.

Gower's "Confessio Amantis." M. V. v. 1, *i.*
In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs, &c.

Gower's "Confessio Amantis," extracts from. P. i. ii. iii. iv. v. *i.*

Graces, metrical. M. M. i. 2, *i.*
Lucio. I think thou never wast where grace was said.
2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.
1 *Gent.* What? in metre?

Gracious—beautiful. So. lxii. *n.*
Methinks no face so *gracious* is as mine.

Grain, high price of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *i.*
Never joyed since the price of oats rose.

Grand-guard—armour for equestrians. T. N. K. iii. 6, *n.*
Arc. You care not for a *grand-guard?*
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses.

Grange—lone farmhouse. O. i. 1, *n.* (See M. M. iii. 1, *i.*)
What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a *grange.*

Grates—offends. A. C. i. 1, *n.*
Att. News, my good lord, from Rome—
Ant. *Grates* me.

Grave (v.)—engrave. V. A. *n.*
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never *grave* it.

Grave our acquaintance. T. N. K. ii. 2, *n.*
Envy of ill men
Grave our acquaintance.

Gravedigger's song. H. v. 1, *i.*
In youth, when I did love, did love.

Graymalkin—cat. M. i. 1, *n.*
I come, *Graymalkin.*

"Green Sleeves." M. W. ii. 1, *i.*
Green sleeves.

Green-eyed monster. O. iii. 3, *n.*
O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the *green-eyed monster,* which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

Greenly—unwisely. H. iv. 5, *n.*
And we have done but *greenly,*
In hugger-mugger to inter him.

Gregory Nazianzen's poem. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
O, and is all forgot?

Grey—said to be used as blue. V. A. *n.*
Mine eyes are *grey,* and bright, and quick in turning.

Grief, in two senses: 1. bodily pain: 2. mental sorrow. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with *grief,* being now enrag'd with *grief.*

Griefs—grievances. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3; *n.*
He bids you name your *griefs.*

Griefs—grievances. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
And find our *griefs* heavier than our offences.

Griefs—grievances. J. C. iv. 2, *n.*
Speak your *griefs* softly.

Grise—step. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a *grise.*

Grize—step, degree. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
For every *grize* of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below.

Growing to me—accruing to me. C. E. iv. 1, *n.*
Even just the sum that I do owe to you,
Is *growing to me* by Antipholus.

Grunt—loud lament. H. iii. 1, *n.*
To *grunt* and sweat under a weary life.

Grype—bird of prey. Luc. *n.*
Like a white hind under the *grype's* sharp claws.

Gualtree forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *i.*
'Tis *Gualtree forest,* an't shall please your grace.

Guard (v.)—border, ornament. J. iv. 2, *n.*
Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
To *guard* a title that was rich before.

Guarded—ornamented, fringed. M. V. ii. 2, *n.*
Give him a livery
More *guarded* than his fellows'.

HAR

Guarded—trimmed. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
The body of your discourse is sometime *guarded* with fragments.

Guarded—faced, bordered. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Led on by bloody youth, *guarded* with rags,

Guards—hem of a garment. L. L. L. iv. 3, *n.*
O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.

Guarini's "Pastor Fido." A. L. i. 1, *i.*
Fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Guidon—leader's standard. H. F. iv. 2, *n.*
I stay but for my *guidon.*

Guiled—deceiving. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
To a most dangerous sea.

Guiltless blood-shedding—shedding guiltless blood. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, *n.*
These hands are free from *guiltless blood-shedding.*

Guilty to—guilty of. C. E. iii. 2, *n.*
But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong.

Gules—red, in the language of heraldry. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Head to foot
Now is he total *gules.*

Gull. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *i.*)
As that ungentle *gull* the cuckoo's bird.

H.

Hack—be common. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
These knights will *hack.*

Haggard—term of falconry, wild. O. iii. 3, *n.*
If I do prove her *haggard,*
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off.

Haggards of the rock. M. A. iii. 1, *i.*
Coy and wild
As *haggards of the rock.*

Halcyon beaks. L. ii. 2, *n.*
Turn their *halcyon beaks*
With every gale and vary of their masters.

Half-faced groats. J. i. 1, *i.*
A *half-faced groat.*

Half-fac'd sun—device of Edward III. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Whose hopeful colours
Advance our *half-fac'd sun,* striving to shine.

Half-pence—used for small particles or divisions. M. A. ii. 3, *n.*
O! she tore the letter into a thousand *half-pence.*

Halidom—holiness. G. V. iv. 2, *n.*
By my *halidom,* I was fast asleep.

Hallowmas—1st of November. R. S. v. 1, *n.*
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like *Hallowmas,* or short'st of day.

Hand fire-arms. A. W. iii. 2, *i.*
Smoky muskets.

Handfast—betrothal or contract of marriage. Cy. i. 6, *n.*
The remembrancer of her, to hold
The *handfast* to her lord.

Hand-kercher—handkerchief. J. iv. 1, *n.*
I knit my *hand-kercher* about your brows.

Handlest in thy discourse. T. C. i. 1, *n.*
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach.

Handsaw—heron. H. ii. 2, *n.*
I know a hawk from a *handsaw.*

Hang by the walls. Cy. iii. 4, *i.*
And, for I am richer than to *hang by the walls,*
I must be ripp'd.

Hang hog. M. W. iv. 1, *n.*
Hang hog is Latin for bacon.

Hannibal. H. 6, F. P. i. 5, *n.*
A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal,*
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.

Happies—makes happy. So. vi. *n.*
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which *happies* those that pay the willing loan.

Harlot—hireling. C. E. v. 1, *n.*
While she with *harlots* feasted in my house.

Harmuir. M. i. 3, *i.*
A Heath.

Harold, outrage committed on the body of. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, *i.*
With a new wound in your thigh.

Harpy. T. iii. 3, *i.*
Enter Ariel like a *harpy.*

Harried—vexed, tormented. A. C. iii. 3, *n.*
I repent me much
That so I *harried* him.

Harrows. H. i. 1, *n.*
It *harrows* me with fear and wonder.

HAT

Hat, penthouse-like. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
With your *hat penthouse-like.*

Hath put himself—he hath put himself. L. ii. 4, *n.*
'Tis his own blame; *hath put himself* from rest.

Haughmond Hill. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *i.*
How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill!

Haughty—lofty, spirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 3, *n.*
These *haughty* words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot.

Hautboy. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
The case of a treble *hautboy* was a mansion for him.

Have done—we, his successors, have done. M. W. 1, *n.*
Ay, that I do; and *have done* any time these three hundred years.

Have I—if I have. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, *n.*
A sceptre shall it have, *have I* a soul,
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Have their free voices—have sent their free voices. H. E. ii. 2, *n.*
All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices.

Have uncheck'd theft—have their theft uncheck'd. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft.

Have what shall have no end. So. cx. *n.*
Now all is done, *have what shall have no end.*

Having—possession. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Your *having* in beard is a younger brother's revenue.

Having—estate. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
Of what *having*, breeding.

Havings. L. C. *n.*
Whose rarest *havings* made the blossoms dote.

Havock—no quarter. J. C. iii. 1, *n.*
Cry "*Havock*," and let slip the dogs of war.

Hawks' bells. A. L. iii. 3, *i.*
The falcon her *bells.*

He not look'd. A. C. iii. 4, *n.*
Most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: *he not look'd,*
Or did it from his teeth.

Headly—headstrong, rash, passionate. H. F. iii. 3, *n.*
The cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of *headly* murther, spoil, and villainy.

Heart's attorney. V. A. *n.*
But when the *heart's attorney* once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

Heat—heated. J. iv. 1, *n.*
The iron of itself, though *heat* red-hot.

Heavy—dark. O. v. 1, *n.*
'Tis *heavy* night.

Hector's challenge in Chapman's Homer. T. C. i. 3, *i.*
Kings, princes, lords, &c.

Hector, death of—from Chapman's Homer. T. C. 5, *i.*
Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him?

Hector's horse. T. C. v. 5, *i.*
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse.

Hector, death of. T. C. v. 9, *i.*
Strike, fellows, strike.

Heers. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Will you go on, *heers?*

Hefts—heavings. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
He cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent *hefts.*

Helmed—steered through. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
And the business he hath *helmed*, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation.

Helpless—that afford no help. V. A. *n.*
As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw.

Hemp. C. E. iv. 4, *i.*
Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Henbane. H. i. 5, *i.*
With juice of cursed hebenon.

Henchman—page. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my *henchman.*

Henry of Monmouth. R. S. v. 3, *i.*
Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?

Henry V., character of. H. F. i. 1, *i.*
Hear him but reason in divinity.

Hent (v.)—take hold of. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
And merrily *hent* the stile-a.

HOL

Hent—grasp. H. iii. 3, *n.*
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid *hent.*

Her affections—what she affected, liked. T. N. K. i. 3, *n.*
Her affections (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking.

Her noble suit in court—noble suit made to her in court. L. C. *n.*
Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late *her noble suit in court* did shun.

Her sweet perfections. T. N. i. 1, *n.*
When liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(*Her sweet perfections,*) with one self king!

Heralds. H. F. iii. 6, *i.*
There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Herb-grace. H. iv. 5, *n.*
There's rue for you, and here's some for me:—we may call it, *herb-grace* o' Sundays.

Here—used as a noun. L. i. 1, *n.*
Thou losest *here*, a better where to find.

Hereby—as it may happen. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
That's *hereby.*

Hermits—beadsmen, bound to pray for a benefactor. M. i. 6, *n.*
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your *hermits.*

Herne's Oak. M. W. v. 1, *i.*
Be you in the park about midnight, at *Herne's oak.*

Hide the false seems true. M. M. v. 1.
But let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And *hide the false seems true.*

Hide fox—name of a boyish sport. H. iv. 2, *n.*
Hide fox, and all after.

Higher—upper. A. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Let *higher* Italy
(Those, bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

Hild—held. Luc. *n.*
O, let it not be *hild*
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd.

Hilding—mean-spirited person. T. S. ii. 1, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*)
For shame, thou *hilding*, of a devilish spirit.

Hilding—cowardly, spiritless. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
He was some *hilding* fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on.

His—its. V. A. *n.*
And all this dumb play had *his* acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

His—its. V. A. *n.*
And hearing him thy power had lost *his* power.

His grand sea—the grand sea that he (the dewdrop) arose from. A. C. iii. 10, *n.*
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To *his grand sea.*

His honesty rewards him in itself. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself.

His subject—those subject to him. H. i. 2, *n.*
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of *his subject.*

Hit the white—term in archery. T. S. v. 2, *n.*
'Twas I won the wager, though you *hit the white.*

Ho—stop. A. C. iv. 2, *n.*
Ho, ho, ho!

Hob, nob—at random, come what will. T. N. iii. 4, *n.*
Hob, nob, is his word.

Hobby-horse. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
The *hobby-horse* is forgot.

Hoist with his own petar—blown up with his own engine. H. iii. 4, *n.*
For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar.

Hold a goodly manor. A. W. iii. 2, *n.*
I know a man that had this trick of melancholy *hold a goodly manor* for a song.

Hold, or cut bow-strings. M. N. D. i. 2, *n.*
Enough. *Hold, or cut bow-strings.*

Hold, therefore—hold, therefore, our power. M. M. 1, *n.*
Hold, therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself.

Holding—burden of the song. A. C. ii. 7, *n.*
Then the boy shall sing;
The *holding* every man shall bear, as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

HUR

Holla—enough, soft, soft, no more of that. V. A. *n.*
What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "*holla*," or his "Stand, I say"?

Holy crosses in Italy. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
She doth stray about
By *holy crosses.*

Holy wells. G. V. iv. 2, *i.*
At Saint Gregory's *well.*

Honesty—liberality. T. Ath. iii. 1, *n.*
Every man has his fault, and *honesty* is his.

Honey-seed—used by Hostess for homicide. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
O thou *honey-seed* rogue! thou art a *honey-seed.*

Honeysuckle—used by Hostess for homicidal. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
O thou *honeysuckle* villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's?

Honorificabilitudinitatibus. L. L. L. v. 1, *i.*
Not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus.*

Honour—a style of nobility. V. A. Dedication, *n.*
I leave it to your honourable survey, and your *honour* to your heart's content.

Hoodman comes—allusion to the game of blind-man's buff, formerly called hoodman-blind. A. W. iv. 3, *n.*

Hoodman-blind—blind-man's buff. H. iii. 4, *n.*
What devil was 't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at *hoodman-blind?*

Hope (v.)—expect. A. C. ii. 1, *n.*
I cannot *hope*
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.

Hopes—expectations. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's *hopes.*

Hopes not surfeited to death. O. ii. 1, *n.*
Therefore my *hopes, not surfeited to death,*
Stand in bold cure.

Horse—used in the plural. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
Pet. Grumio, my *horse.*
Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready.

Horse, qualities of the. T. S. iii. 2, *i.*
His *horse* hipped.

House—representative of the family. L. ii. 4, *n.*
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Do you but mark how this becomes the *house?*

Household's grave. T. N. K. i. 5, *n.*
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From course requir'd.

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Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the *humorous* night.

Humphrey Hower. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
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That ever grac'd me in thy company?
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To breakfast once, forth of my company.

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Impitious—unpitying. H. iv. 5, *n.*
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more *impitious* haste,
Than young Laertes.

Impleach'd—interwoven. L. C. *n.*
And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd.*

Importance—importunity. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
Maria writ
The letter, at sir Toby's great *importance.*

Importance—import. W. T. v. 2, *n.*
The wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the *importance* were joy or sorrow.

Importance—importunity. J. ii. 1, *n.*
At our *importance* hither is he come.

Importance—import. Cy. i. 5, *n.*
Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature.

Important—importunate. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
If the prince be too *important*, tell him there is measure in everything.

Impose—command. G. V. iv. 3, *n.*
According to your ladyship's *impose.*

Impossible slanders. M. A. 1, *n.*
His gift is in devising *impossible slanders.*

In—into. R. T. i. 2, *n.*
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow *in* his grave.

In—during. P. i. Gower, *n.*
And lords and ladies, *in* their lives,
Have read it for restoratives.

In at the window. J. i. 1, *n.*
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.

In blood—term of the forest. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
If we be English deer, be then *in blood.*

In good time—very well. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Duke. Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.
Prov. In good time.

In great measure—abundantly. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Leon. Did he break out into tears?
Mess. In great measure.

In lieu—in consideration of, in exchange for. T. i. 2, *n.*
Which was, that he, *in lieu* o' the premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine.

In place—there present. H. 6, T. P. iv. 1, *n.*
But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there *in place.*

In print—with exactness. G. V. ii. 1, *n.*
All this I speak *in print.*

In that—because. M. A. v. 4, *n.*
But *in that* thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

In the quill—written. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
And then we may deliver our supplications *in the quill.*

In their poor praise he humbled—in their poor praise he being humbled. A. W. i. 2, *n.*
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.

In use—in trust. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
He will let me have
The other half *in use.*

In your books—in your favour. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books.*

Incensed—incited. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Incontinent—immediately. A. L. v. 2, *n.*
They have made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb *incontinent.*

Incony—knowing, cunning. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my *incony* Jew!

Increase—produce. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
The mazed world,
By their *increase*, now knows not which is which.

Index. H. iii. 4, *n.*
Ah me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the *index?*

Indies, Linschoten's map of, allusion to. T. N. iii. 2, *i.*
He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies.

Indifferent knit—party-coloured knitting. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Their garters of an *indifferent knit.*

Indifferently—tolerably well. H. iii. 2, *n.*
We have reformed that *indifferently* with us, sir.

INV

Indigest—disordered, indigested state of affairs. J. v. 7, *n.*
You are born
To set a form upon that *indigest.*

Induction. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our *induction* full of prosperous hope.

Inexecrable—most execrable. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
O, be thou damn'd, *inexecrable* dog!

Infection. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against *infection* and the hand of war.

Infection. V. A. *n.*
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive *infection* from the dangerous year.

Infinite—infinity. G. V. ii. 7, *n.*
And instances of *infinite* of love.

Inform on that—give information on that point. A. W. iv. 1, *n.*
Inform on that.

Informal—without sense. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
These poor *informal* women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member.

Ingag'd—pledged. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
I stood *ingag'd.*

Ingener—contriver, designer. O. ii. 1, *n.*
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the *ingener.*

Inhabit them. M. iii. 4, *n.*
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I *inhabit them*, protest me
The baby of a girl.

Inhabitable—uninhabitable. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground *inhabitable.*

Inherit (v.)—obtain possession. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
This, or else nothing, will *inherit* her.

Inherit us—cause us to receive. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
It must be great, that can *inherit us*
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Inkhorn mate. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an *inkhorn mate.*

Inn—dwelling. R. S. v. 1, *n.*
Thou most beauteous *inn*,
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?

Insane root—henbane. M. i. 3, *n.*
Or have we eaten on the *insane root*,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Insconce it—defend it, fortify it. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
I must get a sconce for my head, and *insconce it* too.

Instance—example, corroboration. R. T. iii. 2, *n.*
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without *instance.*

Instances—solicitations, inducements. H. iii. 2, *n.*
The *instances* that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

Instruction. O. iv. 1, *n.*
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some *instruction.*

Insurrection of the Roman plebeians against the patricians, Plutarch's account of. Cor. i. 1, *i.*
Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain.

Intend (v.)—direct. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
For if thou dost *intend*
Never so little show of love to her.

Intend to sell. T. C. iv. 1, *n.*
We'll not commend what we *intend to sell.*

Intending—pretending. R. T. iii. 5, *n.*
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.

Intending—pretending. Luc. *n.*
Intending weariness with heavy spright.

Intendments—intentions. V. A. *n.*
And now her sobs do her *intendments* break.

Intention—eagerness of attention. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Affection! thy *intention* stabs the centre.

Interess'd. L. i. 1, *n.*
To whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be *interess'd.*

Intituled—having a title to, or in. Luc. *n.*
But beauty, in that white *intituled*,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.

Intrinse—closely tied. L. ii. 2, *n.*
Which are too *intrinse* t' unloose.

Invention—imagination. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
Whilst my *invention*, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel.

Invis'd—invisible. L. C. *n.*
The diamond, why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his *invis'd* properties did tend.

Invisible—unlooked at, disregarded. J. v. 7, *n.*
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them *invisible*.

Inward—intimate. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
Sir, I was an *inward* of his.

Inward—intimate, in confidence. R. T. iii. 4.
Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?

Iona, cathedral at. M. ii. 4, *i.*
Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to *Colme-kill*.

Irish rhyme. A. L. iii. 2, *i.*
I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat.

Irks—is irksome to. A. L. ii. 1, *n.*
And yet it *irks* me the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Irregulous—irregular, disorderly. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
Conspir'd with that *irregulous* devil, Cloten.

Italian division of time. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
Is it good den?

Italian gardens. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Italian mode of interment. R. J. iv. 1, *i.*
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.

Italian nights. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.

Iteration—repetition. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
O, thou hast damnable *iteration*.

"Ivanhoe," reference to. R. S. i. 2, *i.*
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom.

J.

Jack. R. T. iv. 2, *n.* (See R. S. v. 5, *n.*)
Because that, like a *Jack*, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

Jack-a-lent—puppet thrown at in Lent. M. W. iii. 3, *n.*
You little *Jack-a-lent*.

Jack at bowls. Cy. ii. 1, *n.*
When I kissed the *jack*, upon an up-cast to be hit away!

"Jack Drum's entertainment." A. W. iii. 6, *i.*

Jack o' the clock—automaton that strikes the hours. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock*.

Jacks—leathern drinking vessels. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Be the *jacks* fair within, the jills fair without.

Jacks—small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike the strings of a virginal. So. cxxviii. *n.*
Do I envy those *jacks*, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand.

Jades. H. F. iii. 7, *n.*
He is, indeed, a horse; and all other *jades* you may call beasts.

Jades. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the *jades*
That drag the tragic melancholy night.

Janus, two-headed. M. V. i. 1, *i.*
Now, by *two-headed Janus*.

Jape—belonging to a buffoon, a japer. T. N. K. iii. 5, *n.*
Ye most coarse frieze capacities, ye *jape* judgments.

Jar o' the clock—tick of the pendulum. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
I love thee not a *jar o' the clock* behind
What lady she her lord.

Jauncing—jaunting, hurriedly moving. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke.

Jay of Italy. Cy. iii. 4, *n.*
Some *jay of Italy*,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.

"Jephthah, Judge of Israel," passage from the ballad of. H. ii. 2, *i.*
One fair daughter, and no more.

Jerkins. G. V. ii. 4, *i.*
My *jerkin* is a doublet.

Jerusalem Chamber. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *i.*
In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.

Jesses—term of falconry, footstraps. O. iii. 3, *n.*
If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune.

Jest—a masque, or pageant. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
As gentle and as jocund, as to *jest*,
Go I to fight.

Jews, toleration of, in Venice, and practice of usury by. M. V. i. 3, *i.*
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Jews in Venice. M. V. ii. 2, *i.*
Which is the way to master Jew's?

Jig—ludicrous interlude. H. ii. 2, *n.*
He's for a *jig*, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.

Jills—cups or measures of metal. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Be the jacks fair within, the *jills* fair without.

"Jog on, jog on." W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way.

John-a-dreams—heavy, lethargic fellows. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.

Johnson's criticism on Edgar's description of the cliff. L. iv. 6, *i.*
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!

Joint-ring, Dryden's description of. O. iv. 3, *i.*
A *joint-ring*.

Joy—used as a verb. R. S. ii. 3, *n.*
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to *joy*, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd.

Judicious—judicial. Cor. v. 5, *n.*
His last offences to us
Shall have *judicious* hearing.

Jump (v.)—risk. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
And wish
To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it.

Jump—just, exactly. T. N. K. i. 2, *n.*
Where not to be even *jump*
As they are.

Just—merely. T. And. iv. 2, *n.*
Ay, *just* a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

Just occasion. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
And nature, stronger than his *just occasion*,
Made him give battle to the lioness.

Justicer. Cy. v. 5, *n.*
Some upright *justicer*.

Jutty (v.)—jut over. H. F. iii. 1, *n.*
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded base.

K.

Katharine of France. H. F. iii. 4, *i.*
Alice, tu as été, &c.

Keech. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
I wonder
That such a *keech* can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun.

Keel (v.)—scum. L. L. L. v. 2.
While greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot.

Keep (v.)—restrain. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
A cur cannot *keep* himself in all companies.

Keep (v.)—care for. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Reason thus with Life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would *keep*.

Keep (v.)—dwell. V. A. *n.*
And sometime where earth-delving conies *keep*.

Keeps—dwells. M. M. i. 4, *n.*
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery *keeps*.

Kendal green—livery of Robin Hood. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Three misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green* came at my back.

Kenilworth, pageants at. M. N. D. iii. 1, *i.*
Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Kerne. H. F. iii. 7, *i.*
A *kerne* of Ireland.

Kernes. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, *n.* (See H. F. iii. 7, *i.*, and M. i. 2, *i.*)
Of Gallowglasses, and stout *Kernes*.

Kernes and gallowglasses. M. i. 2, *i.* (See H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, *n.*)
Of *kernes and gallowglasses* is supplied.

Ketch—tub, cask. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-*ketch*.

Key-cold—cold as a key. Luc. *n.*
And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream.

Kill—ancient word of onset in the English army. L. iv. 6, *n.*
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then, *kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill*.

Killingworth—Kenilworth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
My gracious lord, retire to *Killingworth*.

Kind—kindly affections. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Whether that thy youth and *kind*
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make.

Kind—natural. Luc. *n.*
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so *kind*.

Kindle (v.)—instigate. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither.

Kindly—naturally. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs.

Kindly gird—reproof meant in kindness. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Sweet king!—the bishop hath a *kindly gird*.

"King Cophetua," ballad of. R. J. ii. 1, *i.*
When *king Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid.

Kings, of our fear. J. ii. 2, *n.*
We do lock
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear.

King's chamber. R. T. iii. 1, *i.*
Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

King's evil, cure of. M. iv. 3, *i.*
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.

King's wards. A. W. i. 1, *i.*
To whom I am now in *ward*.

Kiss—as a form of affiancing. R. S. v. 1, *n.* (See G. V. ii. 2, *i.*)
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me,
And yet not so, for with a *kiss* 'twas made.

Kissing cherries. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
Thy lips, those *kissing cherries*.

Knee—used as a verb. Cor. v. 1, *n.*
A mile before his tent fall down, and *knee*
The way into his mercy.

Knight, use of the term. Cy. iii. 1, *i.*
Thy Cæsar *knighted* me.

Knight of the sun. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
Phœbus,—he, that wandering *knight* so fair.

Knot-grass—a low reptant herb. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
You minimus, of hind'ring *knot-grass* made.

Knots—beds. R. S. iii. 4, *n.* (See L. L. L. i. 1, *i.*)
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her *knots* disorder'd.

Knotted gardens. L. L. L. i. 1, *i.*
Curious-*knotted garden*.

L.

Labras—lips. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
Word of denial in thy *labras* here.

Lace (v.)—embellish, ornament. So. lxvii. *n.*
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And *lace* itself with his society.

Laced mutton. G. V. i. 1, *n.*
I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a *laced mutton*.

Lad of the castle. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
My old *lad of the castle*.

Lady of the Strachy. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
The *lady of the Strachy* married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Lady of my earth. R. J. i. 2, *n.*
She is the hopeful *lady of my earth*.

Lady brach—female harrier. L. i. 4, *n.*
Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when the *lady brach* may stand by the fire and stink.

Laid on with a trowel—coarsely. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
Well said; that was *laid on with a trowel*.

Lamentation of the French. H. F. v. Chorus, *i.*
As yet the *lamentation of the French*, &c.

Land-damn. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
'Would I knew the villain,
I would *land-damn* him.

Lapwing. C. E. iv. 2, *i.*
Far from her nest the *lapwing* cries, away.

Lash'd with woe. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
Why, headstrong liberty is *lash'd with woe*.

Latch (v.)—lay hold of. So. cxiii. *n.*
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, or flower, or shape, which it doth *latch*.

Latch them—lay hold of them. M. iv. 3, *n.*
But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not *latch them*.

Latch'd—fastened. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
But hast thou yet *latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
With the love juice?

LAT

Late—lately. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
Too *late* he died that might have kept that title.

Late—recently. Luc. *n.*
I did give that life
Which she too early and too *late* hath spill'd.

Late, five thousand. T. Ath. ii. 1, *n.*
And *late, five thousand.*

Lated—obstructed, hindered. A. C. iii. 9, *n.*
I am so *lated* in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever.

Latin. T. S. i. 2, *i.*
Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in *Latin.*

Latten bilbo—sword of thin latten plate. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
I combat challenge of this *latten bilbo.*

Laugh mortal. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves *laugh mortal.*

Launch'd—lanced. L. ii. 1, *n.*
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, *launch'd* mine arm.

Laund—lawn, plain among trees. H. 6, T. P. iii. 1, *n.*
For through this *laund* anon the deer will come.

Laund—lawn. V. A. *n.*
And homeward through the dark *laund* runs apace.

Laund'ring—washing. L. C. *n.*
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.

Laundry—launder or laundress. M. W. i. 2, *n.*
His cook, or his *laundry.*

Laurel—used adjectively. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
Upon your sword
Sit *laurel* victory.

Lavoltas. H. F. iii. 5, *i.*
They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach *lavoltas* high.

Law, and heraldry. H. i. 1, *n.*
Who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by *law, and heraldry.*

Lay by—stop. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Got with swearing—*lay by.*

Lead apes in hell—die unmarried. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, *lead apes in hell.*

League, war of the. C. E. iii. 2, *i.*
Making war against her hair.

Leasing—falsehood. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Now Mercury endue thee with *leasing*, for thou speakest well of fools!

Leave (v.)—part with. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
It seems you loved her not to *leave* her token.

Leave—license. V. A. *n.*
Chiefly in love, whose *leave* exceeds commission.

Leaven'd. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
We have with a *leaven'd* and prepared choice
Proceeded to you.

Leek, custom of wearing the. H. F. v. 1, *i.*
Why wear you your *leek* to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Leer—feature. A. L. iv. 1, *n.*
But he hath a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you.

Leer—complexion, hue. T. And. iv. 2, *n.*
Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer.*

Leese (v.)—lose. So. v. *n.*
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Left on your right hand—being, as you pass, left. A. L. iv. 3.
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand.

'Leges—alleges. T. S. i. 2, *n.*
Nay, 'tis no matter, what he *'leges* in Latin.

Leiger—resident ambassador. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger.*

Lenten—sparing. H. ii. 2, *n.*
What *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive from you.

L'envoy. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
No *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Less than kind. H. i. 2, *n.*
King. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and *less than kind.*

LIM

Lesser linen. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to *lesser linen.*

Let (v.)—stay. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
I'll give him my commission,
To *let* him there a month.

Let (v.)—forbear. Luc. *n.*
When Collatine unwisely did not *let*
To praise the clear unmatched red and white.

Let (v.)—obstruct. Luc. *n.*
Who with a lingering stay his course doth *let.*

Let them work. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
Then, no more remains:
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;
And *let them work.*

Lets—hinders. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
What *lets*, but one may enter at her window?

Lets—obstructs. H. i. 4, *n.*
Unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.

Let'st slip. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
Before the game's afoot thou still *let'st slip.*

Letter—syllable. Cy. iv. 3, *n.*
I heard no *letter* from my master.

Letters, formal conclusions of. M. A. i. 1, *i.*
Ere you flout old ends any further.

Letters, ancient forms of conclusions to. Luc. *n.*
So I commend me from our house in grief.

Level—aim. W. T. iii. 2, *n.*
My life stands in the *level* of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Levy. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
Forthwith a power of English shall we *levy.*

Lewd—wicked. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
The which he hath detain'd for *lewd* employments.

Lewdly—wickedly. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
A sort of naughty persons, *lewdly* bent.

Libbard—leopard. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
With *libbard's* head on knee.

Liberal—licentiously free. M. A. iv. 1, *n.*
Who hath, indeed, most like a *liberal* villain.

Liberal—licentious. O. ii. 1, *n.*
Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?

Liberal—unrestrained, uncontrolled. O. v. 2, *n.*
No, I will speak as *liberal* as the north.

Licence to kill (beasts during Lent). H. 6, S. P. iv. 3, *n.*
The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a *licence to kill* for a hundred lacking one.

Lie (v.)—reside. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
She must *lie* here on mere necessity.

Lie for you—be imprisoned in your stead. R. T. i. 1, *n.*
I will deliver you or else *lie for you.*

Liefest—dearest. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.* (See H. 6, S. P. i. 1, *n.*)
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My *liefest* liege to be mine enemy.

Lies—sojourns, dwells. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
The king *lies* by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him.

Lies—dwells. H. 6, F. P. ii. 2, *n.*
To visit her poor castle where she *lies.*

Lifter—thief. T. C. i. 2, *n.*
Is he so young a man, and so old a *lifter?*

Ligarius,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. ii. 1, *i.*
Here is a sick man, &c.

Light o' love. G. V. i. 2, *i.*
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love.*

"Light o' love." M. A. iii. 4, *i.*
Clap us into—"*Light o' love.*"

Lightly—commonly. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring.

Like—probable. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
O, that it were as *like* as it is true!

Likeness—comeliness. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
How may *likeness*, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times.

Likes—pleases. G. V. iv. 2, *n.*
How do you, man? the music *likes* you not.

Liking—substance. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, *n.*
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some *liking.*

Limbeck—alembic, part of a vessel through which distilled liquor passes. M. i. 7, *n.*
And the receipt of reason
A *limbeck* only.

Limited—legalised. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
For there is boundless theft
In *limited* professions.

LOS

Limited—appointed. M. ii. 3, *n.*
I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my *limited* service.

Limits—calculations, estimates. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
And many *limits* of the charge set down
But yesternight.

Lin'd—delineated. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
All the pictures, fairest *lin'd*,
Are but black to Rosalind.

Line. T. iv. 1, *i.*
Come, hang them on this *line.*

Line—genealogy. H. F. ii. 4, *n.*
He sends you this most memorable *line*,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you, overlook this pedigree.

Linen, price of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, *i.*
Holland of eight shillings an ell.

Linstock—match. H. F. iii. Chorus, *n.*
And the nimble gunner
With *linstock* now the devilish cannon touches.

Lion in Book of Job. M. M. i. 4, *i.*
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey.

Lions make leopards tame. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Give me his gage:—*Lions make leopards tame.*

List—limit, bound. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the *list* of my voyage.

List—bound, barrier. O. iv. 1, *n.*
Confine yourself but in a patient *list.*

Lists—limits. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
Your own science
Exceeds, in that, the *lists* of all advice.

Litters. J. v. 3, *i.*
To my *litter* straight.

Little—miniature. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in *little* show.

Little world. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
And these same thoughts people this *little world.*

Live in thy tongue and heart. M. M. i.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart.

Livelihood—liveliness, cheerfulness. R. T. iii. 4, *n.*
What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any *livelihood* he show'd to-day?

Livery, the nature of suing out of. R. S. ii. 1, *i.*
Call in the letters-patents that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His *livery.*

Livery. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, *n.* (See R. S. ii. 1, *i.*)
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his *livery.*

Livery coats. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, *i.*
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.

Living—estate, means of living. L. i. 4, *n.*
If I gave them all my *living*, I'd keep my coxcombs myself.

Load-star. M. N. D. i. 1, *i.*
Your eyes are *load-stars.*

Lob—looby, lubber, lubbard. M. N. D. ii. 1, *n.*
Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits, I'll be gone.

Lockram—coarse linen. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest *lockram* 'bout her reechy neck.

Loggats. H. v. 1, *i.*
To play at *loggats* with them.

Lombardy. T. S. i. 1, *i.*
Fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.

Long of you—through you. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
'Tis *long of you* that spur me with such questions.

Long one—long reckoning. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
A hundred mark is a *long one* for a poor lone woman to bear.

Longing—used as a substantive. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
As to a bed
That *longing* had been sick for.

Lord have mercy on us—inscription on houses visited with the plague. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Write, "*Lord have mercy on us*," on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies.

Lord's sake. M. M. iv. 3, *n.*
And, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the *Lord's sake.*

Lordship—authority. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his *lordship.*

Loss—exposure. W. T. ii. 3, *n.*
Poor thing, condemn'd to *loss!*

Lost—caused to be lost. T. N. ii. 2, *n.*
That, methought, her eyes had *lost* her tongue.

LOT

Lots to blanks—the whole number to a proportion. Cor. v. 2, *n.*
It is *lots to blanks*
My name hath touch'd your ears.

Louvre. H. F. ii. 4, *i.*
He'll make your Paris *Louvre* shake for it.

Love—used as the queen of love. C. E. iii. 2, *n.*
Let *love*, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Lover—mistress. M. M. i. 5, *n.*
Your brother and his *lover* have embrac'd.

Lovers—companions, friends. T. N. K. v. 4, *n.*
Lead your lady off;
And call your *lovers* from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends.

"Lover's Complaint," ballad of. O. iv. 3, *i.*
She had a song of "willow."

Lowted—treated with contempt. H. 6, F. P. iv. 3, *n.*
And I am *lowted* by a traitor villain.

Lozel—one that has cast off his own good and welfare. W. T. ii. 3, *n.*
Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Lucilius, capture of,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. 4, *i.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Lucrece, seal of. T. N. ii. 5, *i.*
The impressure her *Lucrece*.

Lucrece, Shakspere's. Cy. ii. 2, *i.*
Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes.

Lucy family, arms of. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Ludlow Castle. R. T. ii. 2, *i.*
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be fet.

Lud's town. Cy. iii. 1, *i.*
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made *Lud's town* with rejoicing fires bright.

Luke's iron crown. R. T. iv. 1, *i.*
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.

Lunatics, treatment of. T. N. iii. 4, *i.*
We'll have him in a dark room, and bound.

Lunes—courses, humours. M. W. iv. 2, *n.*
Your husband is in his old *lunes* again.

Lupercalian feast,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i. 2, *i.*
Our elders say, &c.

Lurch'd. Cor. ii. 2, *n.*
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He *lurch'd* all swords o' the garland.

Lush. T. ii. 1, *n.*
How *lush* and lusty the grass looks!

Lustick—lusty. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Par. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says.

Lutestring. M. A. iii. 2, *i.*
His jesting spirit; which is now crept into a *lutestring*.

Lydgate's description of Priam's palace. Luc. *n.*
And little stars shot from their fixed places, &c.

Lyly's "Euphues and his England," passage from. H. F. i. 2, *i.*
So work the honey bees.

Lyly's "Alexander and Campaspe," passage from. Cy. ii. 3, *i.*
Hark! hark! the lark.

Lym—limmer, hunting dog. L. iii. 6, *n.*
Hound or spaniel, brach or *lym*.

M.

Macbeth's castle at Inverness. M. i. 5, *i.*

Macduff's castle at Fife. M. iv. 2, *i.*

Maculate—stained. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
Most *maculate* thoughts.

Made against you—closed against you. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
Why at this time the doors are *made against you*.

Magnificoes—nobles of Venice. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
Enter the Duke, the *Magnificoes*.

Mahomet. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
Was *Mahomet* inspired with a dove?

Main—main land. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*.

Main of light—mass or flood of light. So. lx. *n.*
Nativity, once in the *main of light*,
Crawls to maturity.

Mained—lamed. H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, *n.*
Thereby is England *mained*, and fain to go with a staff.

Make (v.)—make up. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can *make*.

MAS

Make—invent. M. M. i. 5, *n.*
Sir, *make* me not your story.

Make it speak. H. iii. 2, *n.*
And there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you *make it speak*.

Make the doors—make fast the doors. A. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Make the doors upon a woman's wit.

Makeless—mateless. So. ix. *n.*
The world will wail thee, like a *makeless* wife.

Makes not up—does not conclude, decide. L. i. 1, *n.*
Election *makes not up* in such conditions.

Malkin. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
The kitchen *malkin* pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.

Mallet—mallard. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
There is no more conceit in him than is in a *mallet*.

Malt-worms—drunkards. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
None of these mad, mustachio purple-hued *malt-worms*.

Mammering—doubting, hesitating. O. iii. 3, *n.*
I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so *mammering* on.

Mammets—puppets. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
This is no world
To play with *mammets* and to tilt with lips.

Man in the moon. M. N. D. v. 1, *i.*
Myself the *man i' th' moon* do seem to be.

Man my haggard—tame my wild hawk. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Another way I have to *man my haggard*.

Manage—management, government. J. i. 1, *n.*
Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Mandragora—mandrake, a powerful opiate. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Not poppy, nor *mandragora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.

Mane. O. ii. 1, *n.*
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *mane*.

Mane—used as a plural noun. V. A. *n.*
His braided hanging *mane*
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end.

Manes of horses, superstition respecting. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
This is that very Mab
That plats the *manes of horses* in the night.

Mankind—masculine. W. T. ii. 3, *n.*
A *mankind* witch!

Mankind—woman with the roughness of a man. Cor. iv. 2, *n.*
Sic. Are you *mankind?*
Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?

Manner. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
The manner of it is, I was taken with the *manner*.

Manner, taken with the—taken with a stolen thing in hand. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.* (See L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*)
Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert *taken with the manner*.

Manners—morals. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
If thou never saw'st good *manners* then thy manners must be wicked.

Mansions, old mode of building. H. E. v. 2, *i.*
At a window above.

Mantua, notice of. R. J. v. 1, *i.*

Marches—boundaries, borders. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
They of those *marches*, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

Marchpane—almond-cake. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
Good thou, save me a piece of *marchpane*.

Mark—cross. R. J. iii. 2, *i.*
God save the *mark!*

Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd." M. W. iii. 1, *i.*
To shallow rivers, to whose falls.

Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," lines from. A. L. iii. 3, *i.*
Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"

Marseilles—pronounced as a trisyllable. A. W. iv. 4, *n.*
His grace is at *Marseilles;* to which place
We have convenient convoy.

Martians, house of the,—from Plutarch. Cor. ii. 3, *i.*
What stock he springs of.

Martlemas—11th of November. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*
And how doth the *martlemas*, your master?

Masks. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
Sun-expelling *mask*.

MER

Masks. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
These happy *masks*, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.

Master of fence. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
At sword and dagger with a *master of fence*.

Master person. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
Good morrow, *master person*.

Mastick. T. C. i. 3, *n.*
When rank Thersites opes his *mastick* jaws.

Mated—made senseless. C. E. iii. 2, *n.*
Not mad, but *mated;* how, I do not know.

Mated—amated, dismayed. M. v. 1, *n.*
My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight.

Mated—confounded. V. A. *n.*
Her more than haste is *mated* with delays.

Material fool—fool with matter in him. A. L. iii. 3, *n.*
A *material fool!*

Mates—destroys, confounds. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
For that is good deceit
Which *mates* him first that first intends deceit.

Maund—basket. L. C. *n.*
A thousand favours from a *maund* she drew.

May-day. M. N. D. i. 1, *i.*
To do observance to a *morn of May*.

Mazes. T. iii. 3, *i.*
Here's a *maze* trod, indeed,
Through forthrights and meanders!

Meal'd—compounded. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
Were he *meal'd*
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous.

Mean (in music)—tenor. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
There wanteth but a *mean* to fill your song.

Mean (in music)—an intermediate part. L. L. L. v 2, *n.*
Nay, he can sing
A *mean* most meanly.

Means—tenors, intermediate voices. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Means and bases.

Means—resources, powers, capacities. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Full oft 'tis seen
Our *means* secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

Meant love—meant as love. R. J. iii. 5, *n.*
But thankful even for hate, that is *meant love*.

Measure—grave dance. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
To tread a *measure* with you on this grass.

Measure. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
We'll measure them a *measure*.

Measures—solemn dances. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Clamours of hell, be *measures* to our pomp.

Med'cine potable. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in *med'cine potable*.

Medea, Ovid's invocation of. T. v. 1, *i.*
Ye elves of hills, &c.

Meeds—merits. H. 6, T. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.

Meet—even. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
He'll be *meet* with you, I doubt it not.

Meiny—retinue, attendants. L. ii. 4, *n.*
They summon'd up their *meiny*, straight took horse.

Mendicancy, laws for the suppression of. L. iii. 4, *i.*
Whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.

Merchant—merchant-vessel. T. ii. 1, *n.*
The masters of some *merchant*, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe.

Merchant—used in opposition to gentleman. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
What saucy *merchant* was this?

Mercy—reference to Ecclesiasticus. M. V. iv. 1, *i.*
The quality of *mercy* is not strain'd.

Mere—sole, unmixed, absolute. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Upon his *mere* request.

Mere—absolute. H. E. iii. 2, *n.*
To the *mere* undoing
Of all the kingdom.

Mere—entire. O. ii. 2, *n.*
Certain tidings now arrived, importing the *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.

Mere—absolute, certain. P. iv. 3, *n.*
Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a *mere* profit.

Mere—absolute. T. N. K. ii. 2, *n.*
I see two comforts rising, two *mere* blessings.

Mered—marked, limited. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
At such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The *mered* question.

MER

Merely—absolutely. T. i. 1, *n.*
We are *merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards.

Merely—entirely. A. C. iii. 7, *n.*
The horse were *merely* lost.

Mermaid—synonymous with syren. V. A. *n.*
Thy *mermaid's* voice hath done me double wrong.

Messes. W. T. i. 2, *i.*
Lower *messes*.

Metal of India. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
How now, my *metal of India!*

Metaphysical—supernatural. M. i. 5, *n.*
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and *metaphysical* aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Methinks, already. W. T. v. 3, *n.*
Would I were dead, but that, *methinks, already*—
What was he that did make it?

Methoughts—a form found in old writers. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, *methoughts*, I did recoil
Twenty-three years.

Mettle—temper, disposition. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
So much against the *mettle* of your sex.

Mew'd—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 4, *n.*
To-night she's *mew'd* up to her heaviness.

Micher—truant. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher?*

Miching mallecho. H. iii. 2, *n.*
Marry, this is *miching mallecho;* it means mischief.

Middleton's "Witch." M. iv. 1, *i.*
Black spirits, &c.

Might—will. M. N. D. v. 1, *n.*
Noble respect takes it in *might*, not merit.

Might—power. P. P. *n.*
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial *might*.

Mile-end. A. W. iv. 3. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. *i.*)
He had the honour to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end*.

Mill-sixpences. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
Seven groats in *mill-sixpences*.

Milton, notice of a passage in. R. J. ii. 3, *i.*
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.

Mimic—actor. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
And forth my *mimic* comes.

Mine enemy. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
Norfolk,—so far as to *mine enemy*.

Mineral—mine, compound mass of metals. H. iv. 1, *n.*
Like some ore,
Among a *mineral* of metals base,
Shows itself pure.

Mines—undermines, seeks to destroy. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
And, as much as in him lies, *mines* my gentility with my education.

Mingled damask. A. L. iii. 5, *n.*
Betwixt the constant red, and *mingled damask*.

Misconster—misconstrue. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor *misconster*
The mind of Talbot.

Miscreate—spurious. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
With opening titles *miscreate*, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.

Miser—wretch, miserable creature. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, *n.*
Decrepit *miser!* base ignoble wretch!

Misprising—undervaluing. M. A. iii. 1, *n.*
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on.

'Miss—amiss, fault. V. A. *n.*
He saith she is immodest, blames her *'miss*.

Missingly—missing him. W. T. iv. 1, *n.*
But I have, *missingly*, noted he is of late much retired from court.

Mistaken—misapprehended. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something *mistaken* in 't.

Mo—more. Luc. *n.*
Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many *mo?*

Mo—more. L. C. *n.*
Found yet *mo* letters sadly penn'd in blood.

Mobled—muffled up. H. ii. 2, *n.*
The *mobled* queen?

Mock-water. M. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Ah, monsieur *Mock-water*.

Model—thing formed or fashioned. R. S. iii. 2, *n.*
And that small *model* of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

Modena, battle near,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. i. 4, *i.*
When thou once
Wast beaten from *Modena*, &c.

MOR

Modern—common. A. C. v. 2, *n.*
As we greet *modern* friends withal.

Modern—trite, common. So. lxxxiii. *n.*
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a *modern* quill doth come too short.

Modo and Mahu. L. iii. 4, *i.*
The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's call'd, and *Mahu*.

Moiety. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Methinks, my *moiety*, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.

Moiety—small portion, share. L. i. 1, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*)
Curiosity in neither can make choice of either's *moiety*.

Moiety—portion. Luc. Dedication, *n.*
But a superfluous *moiety*.

Moiety—portion. So. xlvi. *n.*
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's *moiety*, and the dear heart's part.

Moist star—moon. H. i. 1, *n.*
And the *moist star*,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Moll Cutpurse. T. N. i. 3, *i.*
Like mistress Mall's picture.

Mome—blockhead. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Monarch. A. W. i. 1, *n.* (See L. L. L. iv. 1, *i.*)
And you, *monarch*.

Monarch of the north. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, *n.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly *monarch of the north*,
Appear.

Monarcho. L. L. L. iv. 1, *i.*
A *Monarcho*.

Monopolies in the reign of Elizabeth. L. i. 4, *i.*
If I had a *monopoly* out, they would have part on 't.

Montagues and Capulets, badges of. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
Here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Montanto—term of the fencing-school. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Is signior *Montanto* returned from the wars, or no?

Month's mind. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
I see you have a *month's mind* to them.

Monument of the victory. H. 6, S. P. iv. 3, *n.*
This *monument of the victory* will I bear.

Mood—caprice. A. W. v. 2, *n.*
I am now, sir, muddied in fortune's *mood*.

Moods—manner. H. i. 2, *n.*
Together with all forms, *moods*, shows of grief.

Moon—used in the sense of month. P. P. *n.*
To spite me now, each minute seems a *moon*.

Moor-ditch. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
The melancholy of *Moor-ditch*.

Moors in Venice. O. i. 1, *i.*
The Thick-lips.

Moralize—comment. V. A. *n.*
Unlike myself thou hear'st me *moralize*.

Moralize (v.)—interpret. Luc. *n.*
Nor could she *moralize* his wanton sight.

More and less—great and small. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
And *more and less* do flock to follow him.

More and less—greater and less. M. v. 4, *n.*
Both *more and less* have given him the revolt.

More gratulate—more to be rejoiced in. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
There's more behind that is *more gratulate*.

Morisco. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild *Morisco*.

Morning, description of, in Venus and Adonis. R. J. iii. 5, *i.*
It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

Morning's love. M. N. D. iii. 2, *i.*
I with the *morning's love* have oft made sport.

Morris-dance. A. W. ii. 2, *i.*
A *morris* for May-day.

Morris-pike—pike of the Moors. C. E. iv. 3.
He that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace than a *morris-pike*.

Mort o' the deer—note of the hunter's horn at the death of the deer. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
And then to sigh, as 'twere
The *mort o' the deer*.

Mortal—deadly. O. ii. 1, *n.*
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their *mortal* natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mortal—deadly. V. A. *n.*
Like to a *mortal* butcher, bent to kill.

MY

Mortal in folly—extremely foolish. A. L. ii. 4, *n.*
As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love *mortal in folly*.

Mortified man—hermit, one indifferent to the concerns of the world. M. v. 2, *n.*
For their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the *mortified man*.

Mortise—hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the tenon of another. O. ii. 1, *n.*
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the *mortise?*

Mot—motto. Luc. *n.*
And Tarquin's eye may read the *mot* afar.

Motion—puppet-show. G. V. ii. 1, *n.*
O excellent *motion!* O exceeding puppet!

Motion—puppet-show. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
A *motion* of the prodigal son.

Motion—dumb show. Luc. *n.*
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy *motion* that it doth behold.

Motions—impulses. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere *motions*.)

Motions. H. iii. 2, *n.* (See G. V. ii. 1, *n.*)
I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Motley—a fool. So. cx. *n.*
Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a *motley* to the view.

Mount—Mount Misenum. A. C. ii. 4, *n.*
We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the *Mount*
Before you, Lepidus.

Mounted—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
His affections are higher *mounted* than ours.

Mowes—mouths. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Those that would make *mowes* at him.

Moys. H. F. iv. 4, *n.*
Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi.
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of *moys?*

Much—expression of contempt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
What, with two points on your shoulders? *much!*

Much—ironical and contemptuous expression. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.
Apem. Much!

Much good dich—much good may it do. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

Much Orlando—a great deal of Orlando. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Is it not past two o'clock? and here *much Orlando!*

Mufflers. M. W. iv. 2, *i.*
I spy a great peard under her *muffler*.

Mulmutius. Cy. iii. 1, *i.*
Mulmutius made our laws, &c.

Murdering piece—cannon. H. iv. 5, *n.*
This,
Like to a *murdering piece*, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

Mure—wall. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *i.*)
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the *mure*, that should confine it in.

Muscovites, costume of. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
And are apparel'd thus,—
Like *Muscovites* or Russians.

Muse (v.)—wonder. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
I *muse*, my lord of Gloster is not come.

Music—a source of discord amongst the commentators upon Shakspere. M. V. v. 1, *i.*
The man that hath no *music* in himself.

Music to hear. So. viii. *n.*
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Musicians. R. J. iv. 5, *i.*
Musicians, O, *musicians*.

Musit. T. N. K. iii. 1, *n.* (See V. A. *n.*)
You hear the horns:
Enter your *musit*, lest this match between us
Be cross'd ere met.

Musits. V. A. *n.*
The many *musits* through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Muss—scramble. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
Like boys unto a *muss*, kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?"

Mutines—mutineers. H. v. 2, *n.*
Methought, I lay
Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes.

My cake is dough—proverbial expression. T. S. v. 1, *n.*
My cake is dough: but I'll in among the rest.

MY

My part in him advertise. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
But I do bend my speech
To one that can *my part in him advertise.*

My some rich jewel—some rich jewel of my own. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Or play with *my some rich jewel.*

Mysteries—artificial fashions. H. E. i. 3, *n.*
Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange *mysteries?*

N.

Napkin—handkerchief. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Des. Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your *napkin* is too little.

Napkin—handkerchief. L. C. *n.*
Oft did she heave her *napkin* to her eyne.

Napless—threadbare. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
Nor on him put
The *napless* vesture of humility.

Nashe's "Life of Jacke Wilton." H. E. i. 3, *i.*
Of fool, and feather.

Nature's copy. M. iii. 2, *n.*
But in them *nature's copy's* not eterne.

Nature's productions, philosophy of the use or abuse of. Cy. i. 6, *i.*
Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.

Nautical knowledge of Shakspere. T. i. 1, *i.*
Boatswain, &c.

Needless—needing not. A. L. ii. 1, *n.*
First, for his weeping into the *needless* stream.

Neeld—needle. Luc. *n.*
And griping it, the *neeld* his finger pricks.

Ne'er the near'—never the nearer. R. S. v. 1, *n.*
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be *ne'er the near'.*

Neif—fist. M. N. D. iv. 1, *n.*
Give me your *neif.*

Neif—fist. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.* (See M. N. D. iv. 1, *n.*)
Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif.*

Nephew—term used generally for a relative. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, *n.*
Plan. Declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair *nephew*, that imprison'd me.

Nephews—grandsons. O. i. (See R. T. iv. 1, *n.*)
You'll have your *nephews* neigh to you.

Nether stocks—stockings. L. ii. 4, *n.*
When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears wooden *nether-stocks.*

New made—regenerate. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man *new made.*

"News from Scotland," passage from. M. i. 3, *i.*
But in a sieve I'll thither sail.

Next—nearest. A. W. i. 3, *n.*
And I speak the truth the *next* way.

Nice—affected. A. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Nor the lady's [melancholy], which is *nice.*

Nice—weak. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Hence, therefore, thou *nice* crutch.

Nice—slight. R. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Bade him bethink
How *nice* the quarrel was.

Nice—trivial. R. J. v. 2, *n.*
The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge
Of dear import.

Nick—reckoning. G. V. iv. 2, *n.*
He loved her out of all *nick.*

Nicks him like a fool. C. E. v. 1, *n.*
His man with scissors *nicks him like a fool.*

Niece—grand-daughter. R. T. iv. 1, *n.*
Who meets us here?—my *niece* Plantagenet.

Night-rule—night revel. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
What *night-rule* now about this haunted grove?

Nightly gulls him with intelligence. So. lxxxvi. *n.*
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which *nightly gulls him with intelligence.*

Nights of the early summer of the north of Europe. H. i. 1, *i.*
But, look, the morn, &c.

Nile, rise of the. A. C. ii. 7, *i.*
They take the flow o' the *Nile,* &c.

Nine men's morris. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i.*
The *nine men's morris* is fill'd up with mud.

Nine moons wasted—nine months unemployed. O. i. 3, *n.*
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some *nine moons wasted,* they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field.

OAT

Nine Worthies. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
Pageant of the *Nine Worthies.*

Nine years old—during nine years. M. M. iv.
One that is a prisoner *nine years old.*

No deal—in no degree. P. P. *n.*
My shepherd's pipe can sound *no deal.*

No manner person—no sort of person. R. T. iii. 5, *n.*
Give order that *no manner person*
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

No more—say no more. T. i. 2, *n.*
Ari. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? *no more.*

No passage—no one passing. O. v. 1, *n.*
What, hoa! no watch? *no passage?*

No poynt—the double negative of the French. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?
Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

No reason can sound his state in safety. T. Ath. ii. 1, *n.*
It cannot hold; *no reason*
Can sound his state in safety.

Nobless English—English nobility. H. F. iii. 1, *n.*
On, on, you *nobless English.*

Nobody. T. iii. 2, *i.*
The picture of *Nobody.*

Noise—band of musicians. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's *noise;* mistress Tear-sheet would fain have some music.

Noise—music of the hautboys. M. iv. 1, *n.*
Why sinks that caldron? and what *noise* is this?

Non-payment, penalty for. V. A. *n.*
Say, for *non-payment* that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

Nonce—once, the one thing in question. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
I have cases of buckram for the *nonce.*

None for me—none on my part. R. S. i. 4, *n.*
'Faith *none for me.*

Nook-shotten. H. F. iii. 5, *n.*
In that *nook-shotten* isle of Albion.

Noontide prick—point of noon. Luc. *n.*
Ere he arrive his weary *noontide prick.*

Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues. Cy. iii. 2, *n.*
I see before me, man: *nor here, nor here,*
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.

Not thinking on—being forgotten. H. iii. 2, *n.*
Or else shall he suffer *not thinking on.*

Note—knowledge. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my *note,*
Commend a dear thing to you.

Noted weed—dress known and familiar, through being always the same. So. lxxvi. *n.*
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a *noted weed?*

Nott-pated—with the hair cut close. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button, *nott-pated,* agate-ring.

Nourish. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
Our isle be made a *nourish* of salt tears.

Novum—a game at dice. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Abate a throw at *novum;* and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

Now my dear lady. T. i. 2, *n.*
Bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore.

Nowl—noll, head. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
An ass's *nowl* I fixed on his head.

Number'd—numerous, numberous. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
And the twinn'd stones
Upon the *number'd* beach.

Numbers alter'd—the number of the metrical feet is altered. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
What follows?—the *number's altered!*

Numb'ring clock. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his *numb'ring clock.*

Nurture—education. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
Yet am I inland bred,
And know some *nurture.*

Nuthook. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
If you run the *nuthook's* humour on me.

O.

Oaths upon the sword. H. i. 5, *i.*
Upon my *sword.*

Ob—halfpenny. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny. *Ob.*

OLD

Oberon and Titania. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i.*
Ill met by moonlight, proud *Titania,* &c.

Objected—proposed, suggested. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Good master Vernon, it is well *objected.*

Obsequious—performing obsequies. H. 6, T. P. ii. 5, *n.*
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so *obsequious* will thy father be.

Obsequious—funereal. H. i. 2, *n.*
And the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do *obsequious* sorrow.

Obsequious—funereal. So. xxxi. *n.*
How many a holy and *obsequious* tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye!

Obsequiously—performing obsequies. R. T. i. 2, *n.*
Whilst I awhile *obsequiously* lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Observed as they flew. L. C. *n.*
And had let go by
The swiftest hours, *observed as they flew.*

Obstacle—obstinate. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, *n.*
Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so *obstacle!*

Octavia and Octavius Cæsar, meeting of, — from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 4, *i.*
A more unhappy lady, &c.

Odd-even. O. i. 1, *n.*
At this *odd-even* and dull watch o' the night.

O'er-dyed—re-dyed. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
But were they false
As *o'er-dyed* blacks.

O'er-look'd—enchanted. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
Beshrew your eyes,
They have *o'er-look'd* me.

O'erparted—not equal to a part. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
A little *o'erparted.*

O'er-raught—over-reached. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
The villain is *o'er-raught* of all my money.

O'erstraw'd—o'erstrewed. V. A. *n.*
The bottom poison, and the top *o'erstraw'd*
With sweets that shall the truest sights beguile.

Oes—circles. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n.*
Than all yon fiery *oes* and eyes of light.

Of—with. M. i. 2, *n.*
From the western isles
Of kernes and gallowglasses is supplied.

Of all loves. M. W. ii. 2, *n.*
Send her your little page, *of all loves.*

Of all loves. M. N. D. ii. 3, *n.*
Speak, *of all loves.*

Of all 'say'd yet—of all who have essayed yet. P. i. 1, *n.*
Of all 'say'd yet, may'st thou prove prosperous.

Of rashness—on account of rashness. A. C. ii. 2, *n.*
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserv'd *of rashness.*

Of season—when in season. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl *of season.*

Of your answer—for you to answer. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
You granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing *of your answer.*

Off-capp'd. O. i. 1, *n.*
Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd to him.

Offering—assailing. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
We of the *offering* side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.

Office—business. T. i. 1, *n.*
A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our *office.*

Officers of night—night guard. O. i. 1, *n.*
And raise some special *officers of night.*

Offices—rooms of hospitality. T. Ath. ii. 2, *n.*
When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders.

Offices of a mansion. R. S. i. 2, *i.*
Unpeopled *offices.*

Old—wold. L. iii. 4, *n.*
Swithold footed thrice the *old.*

Old coil—great bustle. M. A. v. 2, *n.*
Yonder's *old coil* at home.

Old faced ancient—old patched-up standard. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
Ten times more dishonourable ragged than an *old faced ancient.*

Old news—rare news. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
Master, master! news, *old news.*

Old utis—extreme merriment. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
By the mass, here will be *old utis.*

OME

Omen—portentous event. H. i. 1, *n.*
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the *omen* coming on.

Omens and prodigies,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. i. 3, *i.*
A common slave, &c.

On—of. M. i. 3, *n.*
Have we eaten *on* the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

On—let us go on. W. T. v. 3, *n.*
It is requir'd
You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still:
On: Those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

On—of. J. C. i. 2, *n.*
And be not jealous *on* me, gentle Brutus.

"On a day." L. L. L. iv. 3, *i.*
On a day, &c.

On his knee—down on his knee. Cor. ii. 2, *n.*
Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him *on his knee.*

Once—once for all. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
'Tis *once*, thou lovest.

Once—sometimes. H. E. i. 2, *n.*
What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, *once* weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd.

Once this—once for all. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
Once this, — Your long experience of her wisdom.

One—pronounced *on*. G. V. ii. 1, *n.*
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but *one.*

Oneyers. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Burgomasters and great *oneyers.*

Opal—gem whose colours change when viewed in different lights. T. N. ii. 4, *n.*
Thy mind is a very *opal.*

Open room—common room. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
It is an *open room*, and good for winter.

Ophelia's songs, music of. H. iv. 5, *i.*
How should I your true love know
From another one?

Opinion—reputation. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, *n.*
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion.*

Opinion—reputation. T. N. K. iii. 6, *n.*
Might breed the ruin of my name's *opinion.*

Opposite—adversary. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
Or you imagine me too unhurtful an *opposite.*

Opposite with—of a different opinion. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Be *opposite with* a kinsman.

Or—gold in heraldry. Luc. *n.*
Virtue would stain that *or* with silver white.

Or e'er—before, sooner than. T. i. 2, *n.*
I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, *or e'er*
It should the good ship so have swallow'd.

Or e'er—before. J. iv. 3, *n.*
Two long days' journey, lords, *or e'er* we meet.

Orbs—fairy rings. M. N. D. ii. 1, *n.*
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her *orbs* upon the green.

Order—rule, canon of ecclesiastical authority. H. v. 1, *n.*
Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the *order*,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd.

Ordnance. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *i.*
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.

Orgulous—proud. T. C. Prologue, *n.*
The princes *orgulous*, their high blood chaf'd.

Ostent—display. M. V. ii. 2, *n.*
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*
To please his grandam.

Ouphes—goblins. M. W. iv. 4, *n.*
Like urchins, *ouphes*, and fairies.

Out—complete. Cor. iv. 5, *n.*
Thou hast beat me *out*
Twelve several times.

Out of all cess—excessively. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
The poor jade is wrung in the withers *out of all cess.*

Out of all whooping—beyond all measure. A. L. 2, *n.*
And yet again wonderful, and after that *out of all whooping.*

Out three years old—quite three years old. T. i. 2, *n.*
Then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Out went the candle. L. i. 4, *n.*
So, *out went the candle*, and we were left darkling.

PAR

Overflown—flooded, drowned. M. N. D. iv. 1, *n.*
I would be loth to have you *overflown* with a honey-bag.

Oversee this will. Luc. *n.*
Thou, Collatine, shalt *oversee this will.*

Overture for the wars. Cor. i. 9, *n.*
May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be
Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk!
Let them be made an *overture for the wars!*

Ovid's Metamorphoses, passage in. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!

Ow'd—owned. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
The slaughter of the prince that *ow'd* that crown.

Ow'd—owned, his own. L. C. *n.*
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming *ow'd.*

Owe—possess. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth *owe.*

Owe—own. C. E. iii. 1.
What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I *owe?*

Owe (v.)—possess. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Ourselves we do not *owe*
What is decreed must be.

Owe (v.)—own. P. v. 1, *n.*
Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to *owe?*

Owe—own. So. lxx. *n.*
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst *owe.*

Owe, and succeed thy weakness. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Owes—owns. J. ii. 1, *n.*
Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that *owes* it.

Owest—ownest. L. i. 4, *n.*
Lend less than thou *owest.*

Ox-yokes. A. L. iii. 3, *i.*
The ox hath his bow.

Oyes—proclamation (pronounced as a monosyllable). M. W. v. 5, *n.*
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy *oyes.*

P.

Pack (v.)—contrive, arrange. T. And. iv. 2, *n.*
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go *pack* with him, and give the mother gold.

Packings—intrigues. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Either in snuffs and *packings* of the dukes.

Paddock—toad. H. iii. 4, *n.*
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide?

Paddock—toad. M. i. 1, *n.*
Paddock calls.

Padua. T. S. i. 1, *i.*
Fair *Padua*, nursery of arts.

Pageants. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
At Pentecost,
When all our *pageants* of delight were play'd.

Painted cloth. A. L. iii. 2, *i.*
I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions.

Painted cloth. Luc. *n.* (See A. L. iii. 2, *i.*)
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

Paiocke—coin of about three farthings value. H. iii. 2, *n.*
And now reigns here
A very, very—*Paiocke.*

Pale (v.)—impale, encircle. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, *n.*
And will you *pale* your head in Henry's glory?

Palliament—robe. T. And. i. 2, *n.*
This *palliament* of white and spotless hue.

Pap of hatchet. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, *n.*
Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the *pap of hatchet.*

Papers (v.)—H. E. i. 1, *n.*
And his own letter,
(The honourable board of council out,)
Must fetch him in he *papers.*

"Paradise Lost." M. N. D. i. 1, *i.*
Ah me! for aught that ever I could read, &c.

PAT

Parcel-gilt—partially gilt, party-gilt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel-gilt* goblet.

Parish-top. T. N. i. 3, *i.*
Till his brains turn o' the toe like a *parish-top.*

Parle—speech. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
That every day with *parle* encounter me.

Parling—speaking. Luc. *n.*
But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling* looks.

Parlous—perilous. M. N. D. iii. 1, *n.*
By'rlakin, a *parlous* fear.

Parlous—perilous. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Thou art in a *parlous* state, shepherd.

Parlous—perilous. R. J. i. 3, *n.*
It had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A *parlous* knock.

Part I had in Gloster's blood—my consanguinity to Gloster. R. S. i. 2, *n.*
Alas! the *part I had in Gloster's blood*
Doth more solicit me, than your exclaims.

Part with—depart with. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
In debating which was best, we shall *part with* neither.

Partake (v.)—take part. So. cxlix. *n.*
Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee *partake?*

Partaker—confederate. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
For your *partaker* Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory.

Parted—shared. H. E. v. 2, *n.*
I had thought
They had *parted* so much honesty among them.

Parted—endowed with parts, talents. T. C. iii. 3, *n.*
That man, how dearly ever *parted*,
How much in having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath.

Parthians. Cy. i. 7, *i.*
Or, like the *Parthian*, I shall flying fight.

Particular—letter of detail. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his *particular.*

Parting of Antony and his friends,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 9, *i.*
Friends, come hither.

Parts—parties, party. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, *n.*
Reigns in the hearts of all our present *parts.*

Pash. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me.

Pass on—condemn, adjudicate. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
What know the laws,
That thieves do *pass on* thieves?

Passage. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
O, that had! how sad a *passage* 'tis!

Pass'd—surpassed. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
The women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it *pass'd.*

Passed—was excessive. T. C. i. 2, *n.*
All the rest so laughed that it *passed.*

Passes—passages. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my *passes.*

Passes—excels, goes beyond common virtues. T. Ath. i, *n.*
A most incomparable man; breath'd, it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness:
He *passes.*

Passing—surpassing. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, *n.*
O *passing* traitor, perjur'd, and unjust!

Passionate—given up to grief. J. ii. 2, *n.*
She is sad and *passionate.*

Passy-measures pavin. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
Then he's a rogue and a *passy-measures pavin;* I hate a drunken rogue.

Patch—pretender. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
Coxcomb, idiot, *patch!*

Patch—fool. M. V. ii. 5, *n.*
The *patch* is kind enough.

Patch a quarrel. A. C. ii. 2, *n.*
If you'll *patch a quarrel*,
As matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Patched fool—fool in a party-coloured coat. M. N. D. iv. 1, *n.*
But man is but a *patched fool.*

Path (v.)—walk on a trodden way, move forward amidst observation. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
For if thou *path* thy native semblance on.

PAT

Patient—used as a verb. T. And. i. 2, *n.*
Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

Patine—small flat dish or plate used in the service of the altar. M. V. v. 1, *n.*
Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with *patines* of bright gold.

Paucas pallabris—few words. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
Therefore, *paucas pallabris*.

Paul's Walk. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *i.*
I bought him in *Paul's*.

Paved fountain. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
By *paved fountain*, or by rushy brook.

Pax. H. F. iii. 6, *i.*
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pax* of little price.

Pay down for our offence by weight—pay the full price of our offence. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
Make us *pay down for our offence by weight*.

Pearls down sleeves—pearls set on down the sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, *n.*
Set with *pearls down sleeves*.

Peat—pet, spoiled child. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
A pretty *peat;* 'tis best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Peel'd—shaven. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

"Peg-a-Ramsay." T. N. ii. 3, *i.*
Malvolio's a *Peg-a-Ramsay*, and "Three merry men be we."

Peevish—silly. C. E. iv. 1, *n.*
Why thou *peevish* sheep.

Peise (v.)—weigh. R. T. v. 3, *n.*
Lest leaden slumber *peise* me down to-morrow.

Peised—poised. J. ii. 2, *n.*
The world, who of itself is *peised* well,
Made to run even.

Peize (v.)—keep in suspense, upon the balance. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
I speak too long; but 'tis to *peize* the time.

Pelican. H. iv. 5, *i.*
Like the kind, life-rend'ring *pelican*.

Pelleted—formed into pellets, or small balls. L. C. *n.*
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had *pelleted* in tears.

Pelt (v.)—to be clamorous, to discharge hasty words as pellets. Luc. *n.*
Another smother'd seems to *pelt* and swear.

Pelting—petty, contemptible. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
Have every *pelting* river made so proud.

Pelting—paltry, petty. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
Like to a tenement, or *pelting* farm.

Pelting—petty, of little worth. L. ii. 3, *n.* (See R. S. ii. 1, *n.*)
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills.

Pelting—petty. T. C. iv. 5, *n.*
We have had *pelting* wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Penalty of Adam. A. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Here feel we not the *penalty of Adam*.

Penitent—in the sense of doing penance. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are *penitent* for your default to-day.

Penner—case for holding pens. T. N. K. iii. 5, *n.*
At whose great feet I offer up my *penner*.

Pennyworth of sugar. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.* (See H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *i.*)
To sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this *pennyworth of sugar*.

Pense—pronounced as a dissyllable. M. W. v. 5, *n.*
And, Hony soit qui mal y *pense*, write.

Pensioners. M. W. ii. 2, *i.*
Nay, which is more, *pensioners*.

Pensioners—courtiers. M. N. D. ii. 1, *n.*
The cowslips tall her *pensioners* be.

Pepper-gingerbread—spice gingerbread. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
And leave in sooth,
And such protest of *pepper-gingerbread*,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Perfect—assured. W. T. iii. 3, *n.*
Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Perfect—assured. Cy. iii. 1, *n.*
I am *perfect*
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms.

Perfuming rooms. M. A. i. 3, *i.*
Smoking a musty room.

Periapts—amulets, charms. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, *n.*
Now help, ye charming spells, and *periapts*.

PIP

Period—end. M. W. iv. 2, *n.*
There would be no *period* to the jest.

Perish—used actively. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace *perish* Margaret.

Periwig. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
A colour'd *periwig*.

Perjure, wearing papers. L. L. L. iv. 3, *n.*
He comes in like a *perjure, wearing papers*.

Perspectives. R. S. ii. 2, *i.*
Like *perspectives*, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Show nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form.

Pervert (v.)—avert. Cy. ii. 4, *n.*
Let 's follow him, and *pervert* the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Peruse (v.)—examine. H. iv. 7, *n.*
He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not *peruse* the foils.

Pew-fellow—companion, occupiers of the same seat. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
This carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her *pew-fellow* with others' moan.

Pheere—companion, mate. P. i. Gower, *n.*
The king unto him took a *pheere*,
Who died and left a female heir.

Pheese (v.)—to beat. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
I'll *pheese* you, in faith.

Philip?—sparrow! J. i. 1, *n.*
Gur. Good leave, good Philip.
Bast. *Philip?—sparrow!*

Phill-horse—horse in the shafts. M. V. ii. 2, *n.*
Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my *phill-horse* has on his tail.

Philosopher's two stones. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
And it shall go hard, but I will make him a *philosopher's two stones* to me.

Phraseology of the time of Elizabeth. H. i. 2, *i.*
More than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.

Pick (v.)—pitch. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
As high
As I could *pick* my lance.

Picked—trimmed. L. L. L. v. 1.
He is too *picked*.

Picked—spruce, affected, smart. H. v. 1, *n.*
The age is grown so *picked*.

Picked man of countries. J. i. 1, *n.*
Why then I suck my teeth and catechise
My *picked man of countries*.

Pickers and stealers—hands. H. iii. 2, *n.*
So I do still, by these *pickers and stealers*.

Pickt-hatch. M. W. ii. 2, *n.*
To your manor of *Pickt-hatch*, go.

Picture—person. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
'Tis but her *picture* I have yet beheld.

Pierced—penetrated. O. i. 3, *n.*
I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was *pierced* through the ear.

Pight—settled, pitched. L. ii. 1, *n.*
When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him *pight* to do it.

Pilcher—scabbard. R. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher* by the ears?

Pilgrims. G. V. ii. 7, *i.*
A true-devoted *pilgrim*.

Pill'd—peeled. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
The skilful shepherd *pill'd* me certain wands.

Pillory. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
I have stood on the *pillory*.

Pin—centre of a target. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
The very *pin* of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.

Pin and web—cataract in the eye. W. T. i. 2, *n.* (See L. iii. 4, *n.*)
And all eyes blind
With the *pin and web*.

Pinch'd—painted. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
And *pinch'd* the lily-tincture of her face.

Pinch'd—petty, contemptible. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a *pinch'd* thing.

Pinnace—small vessel attached to a larger. M. W. i. 3, *n.*
Sail like my *pinnace* to these golden shores.

Pioned and twilled brims. T. iv. 1, *n.*
Thy banks with *pioned and twilled brims*,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims.

Pipe-wine. M. W. iii. 2, *n.*
I think I shall drink in *pipe-wine* first with him.

Pipes of corn. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i.*
Playing on *pipes of corn*.

POL

Pittie-ward. M. W. iii. 1, *n.*
Marry, sir, the *pittie-ward*, the park-ward.

Place—abiding-place. A. L. ii. 3, *n.*
This is no *place*, this house is but a butchery.

Places—honours. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Thy *places* shall
Still neighbour mine.

Planched—planked, made of boards. M. M. iv.
And to that vineyard is a *planched* gate.

Plantagenet. J. i. 1, *i.*
Arise sir Richard, and *Plantagenet*.

Plantain-leaf. R. J. i. 2, *i.*
Your *plantain-leaf* is excellent for that.

Plate armour. H. F. iv. Chorus, *i.*
With busy hammers closing rivets up.

Plates—pieces of silver money. A. C. v. 2, *n.*
Realms and islands were
As *plates* dropp'd from his pocket.

Platforms—plans. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
And lay new *platforms* to endamage them.

Platonism. H. F. i. 2, *i.*
For government, &c.

Plausibly—with expressions of applause, with acclamation. Luc. *n.*
The Romans *plausibly* did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Play-pheers—play-fellows. T. N. K. iv. 3, *n.*
Learn what maids have been her companions and *play-pheers*.

Play the men—behave like men. T. i. 1, *n.*
Where's the master? *Play the men*.

Pleach'd—folded. A. C. iv. 12, *n.*
Thy master thus with *pleach'd* arms.

Please you wit—be pleased to know. P. Gower, iv. 4, *n.*
Now *please you wit*
The epitaph is for Marina writ.

Plighted—plaited, folded. L. i. 1, *n.*
Time shall unfold what *plighted* cunning hides.

Plot—spot. H. 6, S. P. ii. 2, *n.*
And, in this private *plot*, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.

Pluck off—descend. H. E. ii. 3, *n.*
Old L. What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anne. No, in truth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made: *Pluck off* a little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Plurisy—abundance. H. iv. 7, *n.*
For goodness, growing to a *plurisy*,
Dies in his own too-much.

Plurisy—fulness. T. N. K. v. 1, *n.* (See H. iv. 7, *n.*)
That heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
Of the *plurisy* of people.

Plutarch's description of the prowess of Coriolanus. Cor. i. 3, *i.*
To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak.

Plutarch's narrative of the war against the Volsces. Cor. i. 4, *i.*
Before Corioli.

Pockets in stays. G. V. iii. 1, *i.*
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

Pockets in stays. H. ii. 2, *n.* (See G. V. iii. 1, *i.*)
In her excellent white bosom, these.

Poesy—motto. H. iii. 2, *n.*
Is this the prologue, or the *poesy* of a ring?

Point—particular spot. M. iv. 3, *n.*
With ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a *point*.

Point-devise—minutely exact. A. L. iii. 2, *n.* (See T. N. ii. 5, *n.*)
You are rather *point-devise* in your accoutrements.

Point-devise—exactly. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
I will be *point-devise*, the very man.

Point-devise—nice to excess. L. L. L. v. 1, *n.*
Such insociable and *point-devise* companions.

Poise—balance. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of *poise* and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Poisons, laws respecting the sale of. R. J. v. 1, *i.*
Whose sale is present death in Mantua.

Poking-sticks. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
Poking-sticks of steel.

Polacks—Poles. H. i. 1, *n.*
He smote the sledded *Polacks* on the ice.

POL

Politic worms. H. iv. 3, *n.*
A certain convocation of *politic* e'en at him.

Polled—cleared. Cor. iv. 5, *n.*
He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage *polled*.

Pomander. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
Pomander.

Pomegranate-tree. R. J. iii. 5, *t.*
Nightly she sings on yon *pomegranate-tree*.

Pomewater—a species of apple. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
Ripe as a *pomewater*.

Poor fool is hang'd. L. v. 3, *n.*
And my *poor fool is hang'd!* No, no, no life.

Poor John—hake dried and salted. R. J. i. 1, *n.*
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been *poor John*.

Porpentine. C. E. iii. 1, *n.*
Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porpentine*.

Porpentine—porcupine. H. i. 5, *n.*
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like quills upon the fretful *porpentine*.

Port—state, show. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
Keep house, and *port*, and servants, as I should.

Port—appearance, carriage. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
By something showing a more swelling *port*.

Portable. M. iv. 3, *n.*
All these are *portable*,
With other graces weigh'd.

Portage—port-holes. H. F. iii. 1, *n.*
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the *portage* of the head,
Like the brass cannon.

Possess (v.)—inform. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
Possess us, *possess* us; tell us something of him.

Possess'd—informed. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
Is he yet *possess'd*
How much you would?

Possess'd—informed. M. M. iv. 1, *n.*
And that I have *possess'd* him, my most stay
Can be but brief.

Possess'd. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art *possess'd* now to depose thyself.

Possessions, in two senses: 1, lands; 2, mental endowments. G. V. v. 2, *n.*
Thu. Considers she my *possessions?*
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Pro. That they are out by lease.

Post indeed. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
If I return, I shall be *post indeed*.

Powder-flask. R. J. iii. 3, *i.*
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's *flask*.

Power of medicine, experiments upon the. Cy. i. 6, *i.*
Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

Practice—craft, subornation. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful *practice*.

Practice—artifice. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
I shall perish
Under device and *practice*.

Prank'd up—dressed splendidly, decorated. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
And me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like *prank'd up*.

Prayers cross. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where *prayers cross*.

Precise. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
The *precise* Angelo?

Precisian. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Though love use reason for his *precisian*.

Preferred—offered. M. N. D. iv. 2, *n.*
The short and the long is, our play is *preferred*.

Premises of homage—circumstances of homage premised. T. i. 2, *n.*
In lieu o' the *premises*
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute.

Presence. J. i. 1, *n.*
Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.

Presents of wine. M. W. ii. 2, *i.*
Hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Prest—ready. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
And I am *prest* unto it.

Prest—ready. P. iv. Gower, *n.*
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow.

Prester John. M. A. ii. 1, *i.*
Bring you the length of *Prester John's* foot.

PRO

Pretence—design. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
Hath made me publisher of this *pretence*.

Pretence—design. W. T. iii. 2, *n.*
The *pretence* thereof being by circumstances partly laid open.

Pretence—purpose. L. i. 2, *n.*
I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other *pretence* of danger.

Pretend—intend. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
And none your foes but such as shall *pretend*
Malicious practices against his state.

Pretend—portend. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

Pretend (v.)—propose. M. ii. 4, *n.*
What good could they *pretend?*

Pretended—intended. G. V. ii. 6, *n.*
Of their disguising, and *pretended* flight.

Pretended—proposed. Luc. *n.*
Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast *pretended*.

Prevented—anticipated, gone before. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are *prevented*.

Price of sheep. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Prick-song—music pricked, or noted, down. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
He fights as you sing *prick-song*.

Pricket. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
'Twas a *pricket*.

Prince of cats. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than *prince of cats*.

Principals—strongest timbers of a building. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very *principals* did seem to rend,
And all to topple.

Princox—coxcomb. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
You are a *princox;* go.

Priser. A. L. ii. 3, *n.*
The bony *priser* of the humorous duke.

Probal—probable. O. ii. 3, *n.*
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again.

Process—summons. A. C. i. 1, *n.*
Where's Fulvia's *process?*

Procures. P. P. *n.*
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

Prodigious—preternatural. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, *prodigious*.

Proface—much good may it do you. H. 4, S. P. v. 3, *n.*
Master page, good master page, sit: *proface!*

Profession—declaration of purpose. A. W. ii. 1, *n.*
With one, that, in her sex, her years, *profession*.

Projection—forecast, preparation. H. F. ii. 4, *n.*
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly *projection*,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Prologue arm'd. T. C. Prologue, *n.*
And hither am I come
A *prologue arm'd*.

Promis'd end—end of the world foretold in the Scriptures. L. v. 3, *n.*
Kent. Is this the *promis'd end?*
Edg. Or image of that horror?

Prompture—suggestion. M. M. ii. 4, *n.*
I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by *prompture* of the blood.

Prone—humble. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
For in her youth
There is a *prone* and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men.

Prone—forward. Cy. v. 4, *n.*
Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*.

Prone—having inclination or propensity, self-willed, headstrong. Luc. *n.*
O, that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!

Propagation. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
Only for *propagation* of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends.

Proper-false—handsome-false. T. N. ii. 2, *n.*
How easy is it for the *proper-false*
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

PUZ

Properties—a theatrical phrase. M. N. D. i. 2, *n.*
In the mean time I will draw a bill of *properties*.

Prophecies. L. iii. 2, *i.*
When priests are more in word than matter.

Propose—conversation. M. A. iii. 1, *n.*
There will she hide her,
To listen our *propose*.

Proposed—purposed. H. iv. 4, *n.*
Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How *proposed*, sir?

Protest (v.)—declare openly. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
Do villainy, do, since you *protest* to do 't,
Like workmen.

Proud to be so valiant—proud of being so valiant. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too *proud to be so valiant*.

Provost—keeper of prisoners. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, *Provost*, and other Attendants.

Pruning—preening, trimming up. L. L. L. iv. 3.
Or spend a minute's time
In *pruning* me.

Public shows. T. ii. 2, *i.*
Were I in England now, &c.

Puck. M. N. D. ii. 1, *i.*
That shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin Good-fellow*.

Pudder—pother. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful *pudder* o'er our heads.

Pugging. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
Doth set my *pugging* tooth on edge.

Puisny—inferior. A. L. iii. 4, *n.*
As a *puisny* tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose.

Puke-stocking—puce stocking. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Nott-pated, agate-ring, *puke-stocking*.

Pull in resolution. M. v. 5, *n.*
I *pull in resolution;* and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend.

Pump—shoe. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
Why, then is my *pump* well flowered.

Pun (v.)—pound. T. C. ii. 1, *n.*
He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist.

Pupil age—young age. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Since the old days of goodman Adam, to the *pupil age* of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Purchase—theft. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.* (See R. S. iv. 1, *n.*)
Thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*.

Puritans. T. N. ii. 3, *i.*
Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Puritans, allusion to. A. W. i. 3, *i.*
Though honesty be no *puritan*, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

Purl'd. Luc. *n.*
Thin winding breath, which *purl'd* up to the sky.

Push—thrust, defiance. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
And made a *push* at chance and sufferance.

Put on (v.)—instigate. Cy. v. 1, *n.*
Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to *put on* this.

Put to know—cannot avoid knowing. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
Since I am *put to know*, that your own science.

Puts the period often from his place. Luc. *n.*
She *puts the period often from his place*,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks.

Putter-out. T. iii. 3, *n.*
Which now we find,
Each *putter-out* of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Puttest up—puttest aside. R. J. iii. 3, *n.*
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou *puttest up* thy fortune and thy love.

Putting on—incitement. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted *putting on*.

Puttock—kite, worthless species of hawk. Cy. i. 2, *n.*
I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a *puttock*.

Puzzel—dirty drab. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, *n.*
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Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels.

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PYR

Pyramides—plural of pyramid, used as a quadrisyllable. A. C. v. 2, *n.*
Rather make
My country's high *pyramides* my gibbet.

" Pyramus and Thisbe," a new sonnet of. M. N. D. v. 1, *i.*
This palpable gross play.

Q.

Quail (v.)—slacken. A. L. ii. 2, *n.*
And let not search and inquisition *quail*
To bring again these foolish runaways.

Qualify (v.)—moderate. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To *qualify* in others.

Quality—kind. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, *n.*
Because you are not of our *quality*,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Quarrel—arrow. H. E. ii. 3, *n.*
Yet, if that *quarrel*, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer.

Quarry—prey. M. i. 2, *n.*
And fortune, on his damned *quarry* smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.

Quart d'ecu—a French piece of money. A. W. iv. 3, *n.*
Sir, for a *quart d'ecu* he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation.

Quarter-staff play. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.

Quat. O. v. 1, *n.*
I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense.

Queazy—delicate, ticklish. L. ii. 1, *n.*
And I have one thing, of a *queazy* question,
Which I must act.

Quell—murder. M. i. 7, *n.*
Who shall bear the guilt
Of our great *quell?*

Quern—handmill. M. N. D. ii. 1, *n.*
And sometimes labour in the *quern*.

Quest—inquest, jury. So. xlvi. *n.*
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A *quest* of thoughts.

Question—discourse. A. L. iii. 4.
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Questionable—capable of being questioned. H. i. 4, *n.*
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That I will speak to thee.

Questioned—conversed. Luc. *n.*
For, after supper, long he *questioned*
With modest Lucrece.

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Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with *questioning*.

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Upon thy doings.

Quick—alive. H. v. 1, *n.*
Be buried *quick* with her, and so will I.

Quick winds lie still. A. C. i. 2, *n.*
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When our *quick winds lie still;* and our ills told us,
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Quiddits—quiddities, subtleties. H. v. 1, *n.*
Where be his *quiddits* now?

Quillet, quodlibet—argument without foundation. L. L. L. iv. 3, *n.*
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Quillets—quidlibets, frivolous distinctions. H. 1, *n.*
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Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a *quintain*, a mere lifeless block.

Quit (v.)—requite, answer. H. F. iii. 2, *n.*
And I sall *quit* you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion.

Quits—requites. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Well, Angelo, your evil *quits* you well.

Quiver—nimble. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
There was a little *quiver* fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus.

Quote (v.)—mark. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
And how *quote* you my folly?

Quote—pronounced cote. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
I *quote* it in your jerkin.

RAY

Quote (v.)—observe. R. J. i. 4, *n.*
What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

Quote (v.)—observe. Luc. *n.*
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will *quote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.

Quoted—observed, noted. H. ii. 1, *n.*
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
I had not *quoted* him.

Quotes—observes, searches through. T. And. 1, *n.*
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R.

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Rabato, or neck-ruff. M. A. iii. 4, *i.*
Troth, I think your other *rabato* were better.

Rack (v.)—strain, stretch, exaggerate. M. A. iv. 1, *n.*
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we *rack* the value.

Rack—small feathery cloud. T. iv. 1, *n.*
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a *rack* behind.

Rack—vapour. So. xxxiii. *n.*
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly *rack* on his celestial face.

Ragged—broken, discordant. A. L. ii. 5, *n.*
My voice is *ragged;* I know I cannot please you.

Ragged—contemptible. Luc. *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*)
Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.

Ragged'st—most broken, torn. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
And approach
The *ragged'st* hour that time and spite dare bring.

Rain (v.)—pour down. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
In measure *rain* thy joy.

Raise up the organs of her fantasy—elevate her fancy. M. W. v. 5, *n.*
Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

Rakes. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become *rakes*.

Rams—battering-rams. H. E. iv. 1, *n.*
Like *rams*
In the old time of war.

Rang'd—orderly ranged, parts entire and distinct. A. C. i. 1, *n.*
Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
Of the *rang'd* empire fall!

Rank—full. V. A. *n.*
Rain added to a river that is *rank*,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Rapier, anachronism respecting. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my *rapier's* point.

Rapiers. M. W. ii. 1, *i.*
I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his *rapier*.

Raps—transports. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
What, dear sir,
Thus *raps* you?

Rapture—fit. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
Your prattling nurse
Into a *rapture* lets her baby cry.

Rascal—term given to young deer, lean and out of season. A. L. iii. 3, *n.*
The noblest deer hath them as huge as the *rascal*.

Rascal-like—like a lean deer. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
Not *rascal-like*, to fall down with a pinch.

'Ras'd—erased. P. i. 1, *n.*
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever *'ras'd*.

Raught—reached. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n.*
And *raught* not to five weeks.

Raught—taken away. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, *n.*
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
This staff of honour *raught*.

Raught—reached. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, *n.*
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;
That *raught* at mountains with outstretched arms.

Ravin (v.)—devour greedily. M. M. i. 3, *n.*
Like rats that *ravin* down their proper bane.

Rayed—covered with mire, sullied. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so *rayed?*

REM

Razed—slashed. H. iii. 2, *n.*
With two Provincial roses on my *razed* shoes.

Razes—packages. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
I have a gammon of bacon, and two *razes* of ginger.

Re, fa. R. J. iv. 5, *n.*
I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you.

Read (v.)—discover. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
For therein should we *read*
The very bottom and the soul of hope.

Read—counsel, doctrine. H. i. 3, *n.*
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own *read*.

Rear of our birth. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' the *rear of our birth*.

Rearly—early. T. N. K. iv. 1, *n.*
Broth. I'll bring it to-morrow.
Daugh. Do, very *rearly*.

Rear-mice—bats. M. N. D. ii. 3, *n.*
Some, war with *rear-mice* for their leathern wings.

Reason (v.)—converse. R. T. ii. 3, *n.*
You cannot *reason* almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

Reason'd—discoursed. M. V. ii. 8, *n.*
I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday.

Rebeck—three-stringed violin. R. J. iv. 5, *n.*
What say you, Hugh *Rebeck?*

Receiving—comprehension. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
To one of your *receiving*
Enough is shown.

Recheat—huntsman's note to recall the hounds. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
I will have a *recheat* winded in my forehead.

Record (v.)—sing. G. V. v. 4, *n.*
Tune my distresses, and *record* my woes.

Recorder—flageolet, or small English flute. H. iii. 2, *n.*
Enter one with a *recorder*.

Records—makes music, sings. P. iv. Gower, *n.*
She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still *records* with moan.

Redbreast. Cy. iv. 2, *i.*
The ruddock would, &c.

Red-lattice phrases—ale-house terms. M. W. ii. 2, *n.*
Your cat-a-mountain looks, your *red-lattice phrases*.

Reduce (v.)—bring back. R. T. v. 4, *n.*
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would *reduce* these bloody days again.

Reechy—begrimed, smoky. M. A. iii. 3, *n.*
Like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting.

Refell'd—refuted. M. M. v. 1.
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he *refell'd* me.

Refuse, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, *n.*
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge.

Regards—considerations. L. i. 1, *n.*
Love's not love,
When it is mingled with *regards* that stand
Aloof from the entire point.

Regiment. R. T. v. 3, *n.*
The earl of Pembroke keeps his *regiment*.

Regiment—government, authority. A. C. iii. 6, *n.*
And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull.

Regreets—salutations. M. V. ii. 9, *n.*
From whom he bringeth sensible *regreets*.

Reguerdon—recompense. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
And, in *reguerdon* of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.

Relapse of mortality. H. F. iv. 3.
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in *relapse of mortality*.

Remember'd—reminded. So. cxx. *n.*
O that our night of woe might have *remember'd*
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits!

Remiss—inattentive. H. iv. 7, *n.*
He, being *remiss*,
Most generous, and free from all contriving.

Remorse—compassion. A. L. i. 3, *n.*
It was your pleasure, and your own *remorse*.

Remorse—pity, tenderness. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins *Remorse* from power.

Remorse—tenderness. V. A. *n.*
"Pity"—she cries—"some favour—some *remorse*."

Remorseful—compassionate. G. V. iv. 3.
Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplished.

REM

Remov'd—distant. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.

Removed—remote. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so *removed* a dwelling.

Removes—stages. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five *removes*, come short
To tender it herself.

Render (v.)—represent. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did *render* him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Reneagues—r A. C. i. 1, *n.*
His captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, *reneagues* all temper.

Renege (v.)—deny. L. ii. 2, *n.*
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks.

Renew me with your eyes. Cy. iii. 2, *n.*
Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, an you, O the dearest of creatures, would even *renew me with your eyes*.

Repeal—recall. Luc. *n.*
I sue for exil'd majesty's *repeal*.

Repetition of lines. L. L. L. iv. 3, *i.*
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.

Repine—used as a substantive. V. A. *n.*
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' *repine*.

Report, to his great worthiness—my report compared to his great worthiness. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my *report, to his great worthiness*.

Reproof—disproof. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in *reproof* of many tales devis'd.

Repugn (v.)—resist. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
When stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth,
About a certain question in the law.

Reserve (v.)—preserve. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Walk, and be cheerful once again; *reserve*
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old.

Reserve (v.)—preserve. So. xxxii. *n.*
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme.

Reserve (v.)—preserve. So. lxxxv. *n.*
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill.

Resolve—be firmly persuaded. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Respect—circumspection. V. A. *n.*
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of *respect*, yet naught at all respecting.

Respect—prudence. Luc. *n.*
Respect and reason wait on wrinkled age!

Respective—having relation to. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
What should it be, that he respects in her
But I can make *respective* in myself?

Respective—regardful. M. V. v. 1, *n.*
You should have been *respective*, and have kept it.

Respectively—respectfully. T. Ath. iii. 1, *n.*
You are very *respectively* welcome, sir.

Resty—rusty, spoiled for want of use. Cy. iii. 6, *n.*
Resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Retail'd—retold. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere *retail'd* to all posterity.

Retires—retreats. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and *retires*.

Retiring—used in the sense of coming back again. Luc. *n.*
One poor *retiring* minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends.

Revolution—change of circumstances. A. C. i. 2, *n.*
The present pleasure,
By *revolution* lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Re-worded—echoed. L. C. *n.*
From off a hill whose concave womb *re-worded*
A plaintful story from a sistering vale.

Rhodope's, or Memphis'. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, *n.*
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's, or Memphis'*, ever was.

Rialto, the. M. V. i. 3, *i.*
What news on *the Rialto?*

ROY

Richard Cœur-de-Lion and the lion, combat of. J. i. 1, *i.*
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

Riches—used as a singular noun. O. ii. 1, *n.* (See So. lxxxvii.)
The *riches* of the ship is come on shore.

Richest coat—highest descent. L. C. *n.*
For she was sought by spirits of *richest coat*.

Rides the wild mare—plays at seesaw. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
And *rides the wild mare* with the boys.

Rigol—ringed circle. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n.*
This is a sleep,
That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd
So many English kings.

Rigol—circle. Luc. *n.*
About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes.

Rim. H. F. iv. 4, *n.*
For I will fetch thy *rim* out at thy throat.

Ringlets green sour—fairy-rings. T. v. 1, *n.*
You demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the *green sour ringlets* make,
Whereof the ewe not bites.

Rites. H. v. 1, *n.*
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin *rites*.

Rivage—shore. H. F. iii. Chorus, *n.*
You stand upon the *rivage*, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.

Rivals—partners, companions. H. i. 1, *n.*
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The *rivals* of my watch.

Road—open harbour. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
I must unto the *road*, to disembark.

Roaming. H. i. 3, *n.*
Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Roaring devil i' the old play. H. F. iv. 4, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*)
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Roasted pig in Bartholomew fair. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *i.*
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Robe of durance. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
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Romage. H. i. 1, *n.*
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Roman law, Shakspere's acquaintance with. A. L. ii. 5, *i.*
Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.

Romances of chivalry. L. L. L. i. 1, *i.*
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
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"Romaunt of the Rose," antithetical peculiarities of. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
O brawling love! O loving hate!

Rome—pronounced room. J. iii. 1, *n.*
O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with *Rome* to curse awhile!

Rondure—circumference. So. xxi. *n.*
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge *rondure* hems.

Ronyon. M. i. 3, *n.*
The rump-fed *ronyon* cries.

Roof of the theatre. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, *i.*
Hung be the heavens with black.

Rose-cheek'd Adonis—an expression found in Marlowe's poem of "Hero and Leander." V. A. *n.*
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase.

Rosemary, for remembrance. H. iv. 5, *n.*
There's *rosemary*, that's *for remembrance*.

Round, a piece of music printed in 1609. T. S. iv. 1, *i.*
Jack, boy! ho, boy!

Round with you—in two senses: 1. plain-spoken; 2. in allusion to the game of foot-ball. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
Am I so *round with you*, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?

Rounded—surrounded. T. iv. 1, *n.*
We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is *rounded* with a sleep.

Rounder—roundure. J. ii. 1, *n.*
'Tis not the *rounder* of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war.

Rounding—telling secretly. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
They're here with me already; whispering, *rounding*.

Royal faiths—faiths due to a king. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
That were our *royal faiths* martyrs in love.

SAM

Royal merchant. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
Enough to press a *royal merchant* down.

Roynish—mangy, scurvy. A. L. ii. 2, *n.*
My lord, the *roynish* clown.

Rue—ruth, sorrow. H. iv. 5, *n.*
There's *rue* for you.

Ruff—top of a loose boot, turned over. A. W. iii. 2, *n.*
Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the *ruff*, and sing.

Ruffling. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
To deck thy body with his *ruffling* treasure.

Ruffs. W. T. iv. 3, *i.*
Poking-sticks of steel.

Ruin—the ruin which princes inflict. H. E. iii. 2, *n.*
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their *ruin*,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.

Rule—conduct, method of life. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
You would not give means for this uncivil *rule*.

Rushes. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
On the wanton *rushes* lay you down.

Rushes, custom of strewing. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
Tickle the senseless *rushes* with their heels.

Ruth—pity. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
Would the nobility lay aside their *ruth*.

S.

Sables. H. iii. 2, *i.*
I'll have a suit of *sables*.

Sacred—in the Latin sense, accursed. T. And. ii. 1, *n.*
Come, come, our empress, with her *sacred* wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate.

Sacred subjects, Shakspere's treatment of. A. W. i. 2, *i.*
His plausive words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear.

Sad—serious. G. V. i. 3, *n.*
Tell me, Panthino, what *sad* talk was that?

Sad—serious. M. A. i. 3, *n.* (See M. A. v. 1, *n.*)
The prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in *sad* conference.

Sad—grave, gloomy. R. S. v. 5, *n.*
Where no man ever comes, but that *sad* dog
That brings me food.

Sad—grave. Luc. *n.*
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage.

Sadness—seriousness. H. 6, T. P. iii. 2, *n.*
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the *sadness* of my suit.

Safe. M. i. 4, *n.*
And our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Safe (v.)—render safe. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
And that which most with you should *safe* my going,
Is Fulvia's death.

Saf'd—made safe. A. C. iv. 6, *n.*
Best you *saf'd* the bringer
Out of the host.

Sage—grave, solemn. H. v. 1, *n.*
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing *sage* requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.

Sagg (v.)—droop, sink down. M. v. 3, *n.*
And the heart I bear,
Shall never *sagg* with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Sagittary—the arsenal. O. i. 1, *n.*
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search.

Sagittary, description of, by Lydgate. T. C. v. 5, *i.*
The dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our numbers.

Sallet—helmet. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, *n.*
Many a time, but for a *sallet* my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill.

Sallet—salad, herb which is eaten salted. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, *n.*
And now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.

Sallets—ribaldry. H. ii. 2, *n.*
One said, there were no *sallets* in the lines to make the matter savoury.

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What largeness thinks in paradise was *sawn.*

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Scaled—weighed. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
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But you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
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Scall—scald. M. W. iii. 1, *n.*
This same *scall*, scurvy, cogging companion.

Scambling—disorderly. H. F. i. 1, *n.*
But that the *scambling* and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.

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And sometimes I'll get thee
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Scarre—rock, precipitous cliff. A. W. iv. 2, *n.*
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And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any *scath.*

Scath (v.)—injure. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
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Scathful—harmful, destructive. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
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No common wind, no customed event,
But they will pluck away his natural cause.

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Scrimers—fencers. H. iv. 7, *n.*
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He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye.

Scrip—script, a written paper. M. N. D. i. 2, *n.*
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Scroyles—persons afflicted with king's evil. J. ii. 2, *n.*
By heaven, these *scroyles* of Angiers flout you, kings.

Sculls—shoals of fish. T. C. v. 5, *n.*
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Before the belching whale.

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Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide *sea of wax.*

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What *seal* is that that hangs without thy bosom?

Seal of my petition. T. C. iv. 4, *n.*
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To shame the *seal of my petition* to thee,
In praising her.

Seals. H. iii. 2, *n.*
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them *seals* never, my soul, consent!

Search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. P. ii. 1, *n.*
If it be a day fits you, *search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.*

Sear'd hopes. Cy. ii. 4, *n.*
In these *sear'd hopes*,
I barely gratify your love.

Season (v.)—to preserve by salting. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in.

Season (v.)—salt, preserve. T. N. i. 1, *n.*
All this, to *season*
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh.

Season, ungenial, of 1593 and 1594. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i.*
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SET

Seasons—used as a verb. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which *seasons* comfort.

Seat—throne. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
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Secondary stage, the. T. N. K. ii. 2, *n.* (See O. v *i.*)

Seconds. So. cxxv. *n.*
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with *seconds*, knows no art.

Sect—in horticulture, a cutting. O. i. 3, *n.*
Whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a *sect* or scion.

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Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.

Secular tunes adapted to versions of the psalms. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Sings psalms to hornpipes.

Security—legal security, surety. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but *security* enough to make fellowships accursed.

Seeing—used as a noun. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only *seeing.*

Seel with wanton dulness. O. i. 3, *n.*
No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid *seel with wanton dulness*
My speculative and offic'd instrument.

Seeling—blinding. M. iii. 2, *n.*
Come, *seeling* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

Seeming—specious resemblance. M. A. iv. 1, *n.*
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on the *seeming!*

Seeming—seemly. A. L. v. 4, *n.*
Bear your body more *seeming.*

Seen—versed. T. S. i. 2, *n.*
Well *seen* in music.

Seen with mischief's eyes. P. i. 4, *n.*
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and *seen with mischief's eyes,*
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Self king. T. N. i. 1, *n.*
All supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one *self king!*

Self-sovereignty—self-sufficiency. L. L. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Do not curst wives hold that *self-sovereignty?*

Selling a bargain. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
The boy hath *sold him a bargain.*

Seniory—seniority. R. T. iv. 4, *n.*
If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of *seniory.*

Sense—sensibility. O. ii. 3, *n.*
I had thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more *sense* in that than in reputation.

Sense—impression upon the senses. O. iii. 3, *n.*
What *sense* had I in her stolen hours of lust?

Separable—separating. So. xxxvi. *n.*
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a *separable* spite.

Sere—affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled. H. ii. 2, *n.*
The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the *sere.*

Serious hours—private hours. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
And make a common of my *serious hours.*

Servant. G. V. ii. 1, *i.*
Sir Valentine and *servant.*

Sesey. L. iii. 4, *n.*
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sesey;* let him trot by.

Sessa—be quiet. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
Sessa!

Set (v.)—in two senses: 1. compose; and, used with *by*, make account of. G. V. i. 2, *n.*
Give me a note: your ladyship can *set.*
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible.

Set—term used at tennis. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
A *set* of wit well play'd.

Set a watch. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Now shall we know if Gadshill have *set a watch.*

Set her two courses. T. i. 1, *n.*
Set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

Set on—stirred up. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
The people are abus'd,—*set on.*

SHO

Several plot. So. cxxxvii. *n.* (See L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*)
Why should my heart think that a *several plot,*
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

Severals—details. H. F. i. 1, *n.*
The *severals*, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms.

Serving-man. L. iii. 4, *n.*
A *serving-man*, proud in heart and mind.

Shadow of poor Buckingham. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
I am the *shadow of poor Buckingham;*
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.

Shakspere and Hogarth, Lamb's parallel between. T. Ath. i. 1, *i.*
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance.

Shakspere's Cliff. L. iv. 1, *i.*
There is a *cliff*, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep.

Shakspere's grammar, objections to. R. J. ii. 3, *i.*
Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

Shakspere's knowledge of art. Cy. v. 5, *i.*
Postures beyond brief nature, &c.

Shall be thought—where shall be thought. R. T. 1, *n.*
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and *shall be thought* most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Shame—decency. O. i. 1, *n.*
For *shame* put on your gown.

Shapes our ends. H. v. 2, *i.*
There's a divinity that *shapes our ends,*
Rough-hew them how we will.

Shard, meaning of. Cy. iii. 3, *i.*
The *sharded* beetle.

Shard-borne beetle—beetle borne on its shards, or scaly wing-cases. M. iii. 2, *n.* (See Cy. iii. 3, *i.*)
The *shard-borne beetle*, with his drowsy hums.

Shards—rubbish. H. v. 1, *n.*
For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her.

She lov'd me well, delivered it to me—she lov'd me well, who delivered it to me. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, delivered it to me.

She's my good lady—used ironically. Cy. ii. 3, *n.*
Your mother too:
She's my good lady.

She to scant her duty—she knows to scant her duty. L. ii. 4, *n.*
You less know how to value her desert,
Than *she to scant her duty.*

Sheav'd—made of straw collected from sheaves. L. C. *n.*
For some, untuck'd, descended her *sheav'd* hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside.

Sheep—pronounced ship. G. V. i. 1.
And I have play'd the *sheep*, in losing him.

Sheep—pronounced ship. C. E. iv. 1, *n.*
Why thou peevish *sheep*,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Sheer—pure. R. S. v. 3, *n.*
Thou *sheer*, immaculate, and silver fountain.

Shent—roughly handled. M. W. i. 4,
We shall all be *shent.*

Shent—reproved. T. N. iv. 2, *n.*
I am *shent* for speaking to you.

Shent—rebuked, hurt. H. iii. 2, *n.*
How in my words soever she be *shent.*

Shent—rebuked. T. C. ii. 3, *n.*
He *shent* our messengers.

Shent—rebuked. Cor. v. 2, *n.*
Do you hear how we are *shent* for keeping your greatness back?

Sheriff's post. T. N. i. 5, *i.*
He says, he'll stand at your door like a *sheriff's post.*

Sherris-sack. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *i.*
Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.

Ships of Antony and Cæsar,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 7, *i.*
Your *ships* are not well mann'd.

Shoal. M. i. 7, *n.*
But here, upon this bank and *shoal* of time,
We'd jump the life to come.

Shoes. G. V. ii. 3, *i.*
This left *shoe.*

Shooting deer. L. L. L. iv. 1, *i.*
Where is the bush,
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

Shove-groat. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *i.*
A *shove-groat* shilling.

SHO

Show'd his visage—his visage showed. L. C. *n.*
Yet *show'd his visage* by that cost more dear.

Shrew—pronounced as shrow. T. S. v. 2, *n.*
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst *shrew.*
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.

Shriving-time—time of shrift, or confession. H. v. 2, *n.*
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not *shriving-time* allow'd.

Shylock—origin of the name. M. V. i. 3, *i.*
Shylock.

Sib—kin. T. N. K. i. 2, *n.*
The blood of mine that's *sib* to him be suck'd
From me with leeches.

Side-sleeves—ample long sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, *n.*
Side-sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a bluish tinsel.

Siege—seat. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
Upon the very *siege* of justice.

Siege—throne, elevated seat. O. i. 2, *n.*
I fetch my life and being
From men of royal *siege.*

Sieve. T. C. ii. 2, *n.*
Nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective *sieve.*

Sightless—unsightly. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Full of unpleasing blots and *sightless* stains.

Silent—used as a noun. H. 6, S. P. i. 4, *n.*
Deep night, dark night, the *silent* of the night.

Simplicity—folly. So. lxvi. *n.*
And simple truth miscall'd *simplicity.*

Simular—counterfeit. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Thou perjur'd, and thou *simular* of virtue.

Single—pointless. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Your chin double? your wit *single?*

Sir—a title of priests. M. W. i. 1, *i.*
Sir Hugh, persuade me not.

Sir John—title of a priest. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Sir John! nay, fear not, man.

Sir Nob. J. i. 1, *n.*
I would give it every foot to have this face;
It would not be *sir Nob* in any case.

Sir reverence. C. E. iii. 2, *n.* (See R. J. i. 4, *i.*)
May not speak of, without he say, *sir reverence.*

Sir Robert his—Sir Robert's, Sir Robert's shape. J. 1, *n.*
Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, *sir Robert his*, like him.

Sirra. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Ah, *sirra*, a body would think this was well counterfeited.

Sirrah—used familiarly, not contemptuously. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
And, *sirrah*, I have cases of buckram.

Sithence—since. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
Have you inform'd them *sithence?*

Sits on his horseback. J. ii. 1, *n.*
St. George, that swindg'd the dragon, and e'er since
Sits on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!

Sixpenny strikers—petty footpads, robbers for sixpence. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff, *sixpenny strikers.*

Sizes—allowances. L. ii. 4, *n.*
To cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my *sizes.*

Skir (v.)—scour. M. v. 3, *n.*
Send out more horses, *skir* the country round.

Skogan. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
I saw him break *Skogan's* head at the court gate.

Sleave—unwrought silk. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd *sleave* of care.

"Sleeper Awakened." T. S. Induction, 1, *i.*
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed?

Sleided silk. L. C. *n.*
Found yet mo letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With *sleided silk* feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

Slip. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*
What counterfeit did I give you?
The *slip*, sir, the *slip.*

Smilets. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Those happy *smilets*,
That play'd on her ripe lip.

Smiling at grief. T. N. ii. 4, *n.*
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Smirched—smutched, smudged. M. A. iii. 3, *n.*
Like the shaven Hercules in the *smirched* worm-eaten tapestry.

SOU

Smithfield. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *i.*
A horse in *Smithfield.*

Smooth (v.)—flatter. P. i. 2, *n.*
Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth.*

Smoothing—flattering. Luc. *n.*
Thy *smoothing* titles to a ragged name.

Smot—old preterite of *smote.* L. L. L. iv. 3, *n.*
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have *smot*
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows.

Sneaped—checked. Luc. *n.*
And give the *sneaped* birds more cause to sing.

Sneck up. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
We did keep time, sir, in our catches. *Sneck up!*

Snuff, aromatic powders used as. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.* (See L. iii. 1, *n.*)
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in *snuff.*

Snuffs—dislikes. L. iii. 1, *n.*
What hath been seen,
Either in *snuffs* and packings of the dukes.

So Antony loves—so that Antony loves. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

So his case was like—his case was so like. C. E. i. 1, *n.*
That his attendant, (*so his case was like*,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name).

So much of earth and water wrought. So. xliv. *n.*
But that, *so much of earth and water wrought*,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.

Soil—spot. H. i. 3, *n.*
And now no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.

Soils—defilements, taints. A. C. i. 4, *n.*
Yet must Antony
No way excuse his *soils.*

Solidity—earth. H. iii. 4, *n.*
Yea, this *solidity* and compound mass.

Solve—solution. So. lxix. *n.*
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The *solve* is this,—that thou dost common grow.

Some nature—some impulses of nature. R. J. iv. 5, *n.*
For though *some nature* bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Sometimes—formerly. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.

"Songs and Sonnets." M. W. i. 1, *i.*
I had rather than forty shillings, I had my book of *Songs and Sonnets* here.

Songs, fragments of old. H. 4, S. P. v. iii. *i.*
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

Songs in old comedies. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
Concolinel.

Soon at five o'clock—about five o'clock. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart.

Sooth—truth. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
He looks like *sooth.*

Sooth—assent. R. S. iii. 3, *n.*
Should take it off again
With words of *sooth.*

Sore—excessively, extremely, much. M. V. v.
I'll fear no other thing
So *sore*, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Sorrow wag. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
And, "*sorrow wag*" cry: hem, when he should groan.

Sort (v.)—choose. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
To *sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

Sort—condition, kind. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?
Mess. But few of any *sort*, and none of name.

Sort—company. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
But they can see a *sort* of traitors here.

Sort—company. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
A *sort* of naughty persons, lewdly bent.

Sort (v.)—assign, appropriate. Luc. *n.*
When wilt thou *sort* an hour great strifes to end?

Sorteth—consorteth. V. A. *n.*
And sometime *sorteth* with a herd of deer.

Soud—expression of fatigue. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Soul-fearing. J. ii. 2, *n.*
Till their *soul-fearing* clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

Sound (v.)—swoon. A. L. v. 2, *n.*
Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to *sound?*

STA

Sounds. Luc. *n.*
Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow fords.

South-sea of discovery. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
One inch of delay more is a *South-sea of discovery.*

Sowle (v.)—pull out. Cor. iv. 5, *n.*
He'll go, he says, and *sowle* the porter of Rome gates by the ears.

Speak him far—carry your praise far. Cy. i. 1, *n.*
You *speak him far.*

Speak sad brow, and true maid—speak with a serious countenance, and as a true maid. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Nay, but the devil take mocking; *speak sad brow, and true maid.*

Speed—issue. W. T. iii. 2, *n.*
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's *speed*, is gone.

Sperr up. T. C. Prologue, *n.*
Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Spet—old preterite of *spit.* M. V. i. 3, *n.*
And *spet* upon my Jewish gaberdine.

Spider. W. T. ii. 1, *n.*
There may be in the cup
A *spider* steep'd.

Spirit of sense—sensibility of touch. T. C. i. 1, *n.*
To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and *spirit of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.

Spirit that appeared to Brutus,—from North's Plutarch. J. C. iv. 3, *i.*
How ill this taper burns! &c.

Spirits all of comfort. A. C. iii. 2, *n.*
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy *spirits all of comfort!*

Spleen—passion, caprice. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
That, in a *spleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth.

Spoom. T. N. K. iii. 4, *n.*
Spoom her before the wind, you'll lose all else!

Spotted—stained, impure. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Upon this *spotted* and inconstant man.

Sprag—quick, lively. M. W. iv. 1, *n.*
He is a good *sprag* memory.

Spring—beginning. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
And never, since the middle summer's *spring.*

Spring—bud, young shoot. V. A. *n.*
This canker that eats up love's tender *spring.*

Spring, return of. R. J. i. 2, *i.*
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel, &c.

Springs—shoots, saplings. Luc. *n.*
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish *springs.*

Spurs. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their *spurs* together.

Spurs, fashions of. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *i.*
Up to the rowel-head.

Squander'd abroad—scattered. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
And other ventures he hath, *squander'd abroad.*

Square (v.)—quarrel. M. N. D. ii. 1, *n.*
They never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled star-light sheen,
But they do *square.*

Squarer—quarreller. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Is there no young *squarer* now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Squire—esquierre, a rule. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Do not you know my lady's foot by the *squire?*

Squire—foot-rule. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
And not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the *squire.*

Squire—rule. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, *n.*
If I travel but four foot by the *squire.*

St. Colmes' Inch, notice of. M. i. 2, *i.*

St. George. J. ii. 1, *i.*
St. George, that swindg'd, &c.

St. Martin's summer—fine weather in November, prosperity after misfortune. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Expect *Saint Martin's summer*, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

St. Nicholas. G. V. iii. 1, *i.*
St. Nicholas be thy speed.

St. Nicholas' clerks—thieves. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.* (See G. V. iii. 1, *i.*)
If they meet not with *Saint Nicholas' clerks* I'll give thee this neck.

Stage action. H. iii. 4, *i.*
Look here, upon this picture, and on this.

Stage, construction of the old. L. iii. 7, *i.*
Where is thy lustre now?

Stage, construction of the old. M. ii. 2, *i.*
Who's there?—what, hoa!

STA

Stage costume, old. M. V. ii. 1, *i.*

Stage directions. T. S. i. 1, *i.*
The Presenters above speak.

Stage directions. H. E. i. 1, *i.*
Enter the Duke of Buckingham, &c.

Stage, internal roof of the. M. i. 5, *i.* (See H. 6, F. P. i. 1, *i.*)
Come, thick night, &c.

Staggers—uncertainty, insecurity. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the *staggers*, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance.

Stain—tincture, slight mark. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
You have some *stain* of soldier in you.

Stain—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. *n.*
Suns of the world may *stain*, when heaven's sun staineth.

Staineth—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. *n.*
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun *staineth.*

Stale—stalking-horse. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
Poor I am but his *stale.*

Stale—thing stalled, exposed for common sale. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
To make a *stale* of me amongst these mates.

Stale—stalking-horse. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, *n.*
Had he none else to make a *stale* but me?

Stale 't. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *stale 't* a little more.

Stalking-horses. M. A. ii. 3, *i.*
Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.

Stalks—goes warily, softly. Luc. *n.*
Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks.*

Stand, ho!—pass-word. J. C. iv. 2, *n.*
Bru. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Stand my good lord—be my good lord. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, *n.*
When you come to court, *stand my good lord.*

Standing. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
How this grace
Speaks his own *standing!*

Standing and truckle beds. M. W. iv. 5, *i.*
His *standing-bed* and *truckle-bed.*

Stannyel—common hawk. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
And with what wing the *stannyel* checks at it!

Stark—stiff. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
Bel. How found you him?
Arv. *Stark*, as you see.

Starkly—stiffly. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies *starkly* in the traveller's bones.

Start some otherwhere—go somewhere else. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
How if your husband *start some otherwhere?*

State—canopied chair, throne. T. N. ii. 5, *n.*
Having been three months married to her, sitting in my *state.*

Station—manner of standing, attitude. H. iii. 4, *n.*
A *station* like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Station—act of standing. A. C. iii. 3, *n.*
Her motion and her *station* are as one.

Statue—used as a picture. G. V. iv. 4, *n.*
My substance should be *statue* in thy stead.

Statues—pictures. R. T. iii. 7, *n.* (See G. V. iv. 4, *n.*)
But, like dumb *statues* or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Statues, painted. W. T. v. 3, *i.*
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.

Statute—security, obligation. So. cxxxiv. *n.*
The *statute* of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use.

Statute-caps. L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
Better wits have worn plain *statute-caps.*

Stay—interruption. J. ii. 2, *n.*
Here's a *stay.*

Stayers of sand. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
Whose hearts are all as false
As *stayers of sand.*

Stays—detains. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Stays me here at home unkept.

Stel'd. Luc. *n.*
To find a face where all distress is *stel'd.*

Sternage—steerage, course. H. F. iii. Chorus, *n.*
Grapple your minds to *sternage* of this navy.

Sterv'd—starved. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
Are wolfish, bloody, *sterv'd*, and ravenous.

Stickler—arbitrator, sidesman. T. C. v. 9, *n.*
And, *stickler*-like, the armies separate.

STU

Stigmatical—branded in form. C. E. iv. 2, *n.*
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Stigmatick—one upon whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, *n.*
Foul *stigmatick*, that's more than thou canst tell.

Stigmatick—one on whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, *n.* (See H. 6, S. P. v. 1, *n.*)
But like a foul mis-shapen *stigmatick.*

Still-peering—appearing still. A. W. iii. 2, *n.*
Move the *still-peering* air,
That sings with piercing.

Stint—stop. P. i. 2, *n.*
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the *stint* of war will look so huge.

Stinted—stopped. R. J. i. 3, *n.*
And, pretty fool, it *stinted*, and said—Ay.

Stithe—pronounced stithy. H. iii. 2, *n.*
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's *stithe.*

Stock—stocking. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
When she can knit him a *stock.*

Stock—stocking. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
With a linen *stock* on one leg.

Stock—stocking. T. N. i. 3, *n.*
A damask-coloured *stock.*

Stocks. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
I have sat in the *stocks.*

Stone at Scone. M. ii. 4, *i.*
And gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Stone-bow. T. N. ii. 5, *i.*
O, for a *stone-bow.*

Stone jugs and no seal'd quarts. T. S. Induction, 2, *n.*
Because she brought *stone jugs and no seal'd quarts.*

Stoop. J. iii. 1, *n.*
For grief is proud, and makes his owner *stoop.*

Stoop—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, *n.*
And though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they *stoop*, they *stoop* with the like wing.

Stout—healthy. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
Pluck *stout* men's pillows from below their heads.

Straight—straightway, forthwith. H. v. 1, *n.*
1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her grave *straight.*

Strain—turn, humour, disposition. M. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Unless he know some *strain* in me.

Strain—lineage. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
He is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour.

Strangeness—coyness, bashfulness. V. A. *n.*
Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years.

Stranger—foreigner. H. E. ii. 3, *n.*
Alas, poor lady!
She's a *stranger* now again.

Strappado, punishment of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *i.*
At the *strappado.*

Stratagem—military movement. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Every minute now
Should be the father of some *stratagem.*

Stratagems—disastrous events. H. 6, T. P. ii. 5, *n.*
What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly.

Stricture—strictness. M. M. i. 4, *n.*
Lord Angelo
(A man of *stricture* and firm abstinence).

Strides. M. ii. 1, *n.*
Thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Strike (v.)—lower sail. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we *strike* not, but securely perish.

Stronds—strands, shores. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in *stronds* afar remote.

Strong escape—escape effected by strength. C. E. v. 1, *n.*
I wot not by what *strong escape.*

Strong in, astern. P. iii. 1, *n.*
Per. That's your superstition.
1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are *strong in, astern.*

Stuck—rapier. H. iv. 7, *n.*
If he by chance escape your venom'd *stuck*,
Our purpose may hold there.

Stuff—baggage. C. E. iv. 4, *n.*
Therefore away, to get our *stuff* aboard.

Stuff—matter, material, substance. O. i. 2, *n.*
Yet do I hold it very *stuff* o' the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder.

SWO

Stuffed—stored, furnished. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Subject—used as a plural noun. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
The greater file of the *subject* held the duke to be wise.

Subject—used as a plural noun. P. ii. 1, *n.*
How from the finny *subject* of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men.

Subscribes—submits, acknowledges as a superior. So. cvii. *n.*
My love looks fresh, and Death to me *subscribes*,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme.

Success—succession. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Than our parents' noble names,
In whose *success* we are gentle.

Success—succession. H. 4, S. P. iv. 2, *n.*
And so, *success* of mischief shall be born.

Success—succession, consequence. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile *success*
Which my thoughts aim'd not.

Suggest (v.)—prompt. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries.

Suggest (v.)—tempt. So. cxliv. *n.*
Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still.

Suggested—tempted. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested.*

Suggested—tempted. Luc. *n.*
Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king.

Suggestions—temptations. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
Suggestions are to others, as to me.

Suggestions—temptations. A. W. iii. 5, *n.*
A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the young earl.

Suggests—excites. H. E. i. 1, *n.*
Suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty.

Suicide of Sir James Hales. H. v. 1, *i.*
Crowner's-quest law.

Suit—request. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
It is my only *suit.*

Suit—court solicitation. R. J. i. 4, *n.*
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a *suit.*

Suited—clothed. L. iv. 7, *n.*
Be better *suited;*
These weeds are memories of those worser hours.

Suitor—pronounced as shooter. L. L. L. iv. 1, *n.*
Who is the *suitor?*

Sun of York—allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV. R. T. i. 1, *n.*
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this *sun of York.*

Superstitions respecting drowned men. T. N. ii. 1, *i.*
If you will not murther me for my love, let me be your servant.

Supplications in the quill—written supplications. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
And then we may deliver our *supplications in the quill.*

Sur-rein'd—over-reined, over-worked. H. F. iii. 5, *n.*
Can sodden water,
A drench for *sur-rein'd* jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

Suspect—suspicion. So. lxx. *n.*
The ornament of beauty is *suspect.*

Swashers. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow.

Swashing—making a noise of swords against targets. A. L. i. 3, *n.*
We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside.

Swear his thought over—over-swear his thought. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven.

Swears only. J. iii. 1, *n.*
The truth thou art unsure
To swear, *swears only* not to be forsworn.

Sweeting—name of an apple. R. J. ii. 4, *n.*
Thy wit is a very bitter *sweeting.*

Sword-belts. H. v. 2, *i.*
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Sword e'en like a dancer. A. C. iii. 9, *n.*
He, at Philippi, kept
His *sword e'en like a dancer.*

Sword worn by a dancer. A. W. ii. 1, *n.*
Till honour be brought up, and no *sword worn*
But one to *dance* with.

SWO

Swords, inscriptions upon. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *i.*
Si fortuna, &c.

Sworn brother. R. S. v. 1, *n.*
I am *sworn brother*, sweet,
To grim necessity.

Swounds—swoons. Luc. *n.*
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus *swounds*.

Sycamore groves. R. J. i. 1, *i.*
Underneath the *grove of sycamore*.

Sympathetic vibration (in music). So. viii. *n.*
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering.

Sympathies—mutual passion. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
If that thy valour stand on *sympathies*.

T.

Table—tablet. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
To sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's *table*.

Table—the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted. So. xxiv. *n.*
Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in *table* of my heart.

Table-book, or tables. G. V. ii. 7, *i.*
The *table* wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd.

Ta'en out—copied. O. iii. 3, *n.*
I'll have the work *ta'en out*.

Ta'en up—made up. A. L. v. 4, *n.*
Touch. I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.
Jaq. And how was that *ta'en up?*

Tailors, singing of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
'Tis the next way to turn *tailor*.

Take (v.)—understand. H. F. ii. 1, *n.*
For I can *take*, and Pistol's cock is up.

Take a house—take the shelter of a house. C. E. v. 1, *n.*
Run, master, run! for God's sake, *take a house*.

Take a muster—take an account, a muster-roll. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
Come, let us *take a muster* speedily.

Take in (v.)—subdue. Cor. i. 2, *n.*
Which was,
To *take in* many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Take in—gain by conquest. A. C. iii. 7, *n.*
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And *take in* Toryne.

Take me with you—let me know your meaning. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
I would your grace would *take me with you*.
Whom means your grace?

"Take, oh take those lips away," on the authorship of. M. M. iv. 1, *i.*

Take, or lend. Cy. iii. 6, *n.*
If anything that's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take, or lend.

"Take thy old cloak about thee," ballad of. O. ii. 3, *i.*
King Stephen was a worthy peer.

Takes—seizes with disease. M. W. iv. 4, *n.*
And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle.

Takes—seizes with disease. H. i. 1, *n.*
Then no planets strike,
No fairy *takes*, nor witch hath power to charm.

Taking—malignant influence. L. iii. 4, *n.*
Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking!*

Taking so the head—taking away the sovereign's chief title. R. S. iii. 3, *n.*
To shorten you,
For *taking so the head*.

Taking up—buying upon credit. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*, then they must stand upon security.

Talents—something precious. L. C. *n.*
And lo! behold the *talents* of their hair
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd.

Tall—stout, bold. T. N. i. 3, *n.*
He's as *tall* a man as any's in Illyria.

Tame snake. A. L. iv. 3, *i.*
I see, love hath made thee a *tame snake*.

"Taming of a Shrew"—old play. T. S. Induction, 1, *i.*
Before an Alehouse on a Heath.

"Taming of a Shrew," scene in the old play of. T. S. ii. 1, *i.*
Good-morrow, Kate.

"Taming of a Shrew," scene from the old play of. T. S. iii. 2, *i.*
I must away to-day.

THA

"Taming of a Shrew," scene in the old play of. T. S. iv. 1, *i.*
Where be these knaves?

"Taming of a Shrew," scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, *i.*
No, no; forsooth, I dare not, for my life.

"Taming of a Shrew," scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, *i.*
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

"Taming of a Shrew," scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 5, *i.*
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

"Taming of a Shrew," scene from old play of. T. S. v. 2, *i.*
Exeunt.

Tapestry. R. S. i. 2, *i.*
Unfurnish'd walls.

Tarleton and his tabor. T. N. iii. 1, *i.*
Dost thou live by thy *tabor?*

Tarre (v.)—exasperate. J. iv. 1, *n.*
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on.

Tarre (v.)—exasperate. H. ii. 2, *n.* (See J. iv. 1, *n.*)
And the nation holds it no sin, to *tarre* them to controversy.

Task the earth. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
I *task the earth* to the like, forsworn Aumerle.

Task'd—taxed. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, *n.*
And, in the neck of that, *task'd* the whole state.

Taste (v.)—try. T. N. iii. 1, *n.*
Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Taxation—satire. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
You'll be whipp'd for *taxation* one of these days.

Taxing—censure, reproach. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
My *taxing* like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.

Teen—sorrow. T. i. 2, *n.*
O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to.

Teen—sorrow. R. T. iv. 1, *n.*
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of *teen*.

Teen—sorrow. R. J. i. 3, *n.*
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my *teen* be it spoken, I have but four.

Teen—grief. V. A. *n.*
My face is full of shame; my heart of *teen*.

Teen—grief. L. C. *n.*
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest *teen*.

Ten bones—ancient adjuration. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
By these *ten bones*, my lords.

Ten commandments. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, *n.*
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my *ten commandments* in your face.

Ten shillings—value of the royal. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
Thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for *ten shillings*.

Tench. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *i.*
Stung like a *tench*.

Tender (v.)—heed, regard. Luc. *n.*
Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit.

Tender-hefted nature—nature which may be held by tenderness. L. ii. 4, *n.*
Thy *tender-hefted nature* shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness.

Tennis-balls. M. A. iii. 2, *n.*
The old ornament of his cheeks hath already stuffed *tennis-balls*.

Tennyson, Mr., poem by. M. M. iii. 1, *i.*
At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.

Terms. T. N. ii. 4, *i.*
Light airs and recollected *terms*.

Terms. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
Our city's institutions, and the *terms*
For common justice.

Terms of law-courts. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, *i.*
The wearing out of six fashions (which is four *terms* or two actions).

Testern. G. V. i. 1, *i.*
You have *testern'd* me.

Than—then. Luc. *n.*
And their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and *than*
Retire again.

Tharborough—thirdborough, peace-officer. L. L. L. i. 1.
I am his grace's *tharborough*.

THR

That art not what thou'rt sure of. A. C. ii. 5, *n.*
O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou'rt sure of!

That poor retention. So. cxxii. *n.*
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score.

That praise which Collatine doth owe—that object of praise which Collatine doth possess. Luc. *n.*
Therefore *that praise which Collatine doth owe*,
Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise.

That's off—that is nothing to the matter. Cor. ii. 2, *n.*
That's off, that's off;
I would you rather had been silent.

The fifth, if I. L. L. L. v. 1, *i.*
The fifth, if I.

The rich golden shaft. T. N. i. 1, *n.*
How will she love, when *the rich golden shaft*
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her!

Theatrical entertainments at the universities. H. ii. 2, *i.*
Seneca cannot be too heavy, &c.

Thee me—thee to me. So. xliii. *n.*
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show *thee me*.

Theorick—theory. H. F. i. 1, *n.*
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this *theorick*.

"There dwelt a man in Babylon." T. N. ii. 3, *i.*
There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady.

There is a kind of character in thy life. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold.

Therefore we meet not now—we do not meet now on that account. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now.

Thersites,—from Chapman's Homer. T. C. ii. 1, *n.*
The plague of Greece upon thee, &c.

Theseus. M. N. D. v. 1, *i.*
The battle with the Centaurs.

Things. T. S. iv. 3, *n.*
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and *things*.

Thinks all is writ he spoken can—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ. P. ii. Gower, *n.*
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can.

Thirdborough—petty constable. T. S. Induction, 1, *n.*
I must go fetch the *thirdborough*.

This brave o'erhanging firmament. H. ii. 2, *n.*
This most excellent canopy, the air, look you,
—*this brave o'erhanging firmament*—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire.

This 'longs the text—this belongs to the text. P. ii. Gower, *n.*
Pardon old Gower; *this 'longs the text.*

This present. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Look you, sir, such a one I was *this present*.

This time remov'd—this time in which I was remote or absent from thee. So. xcvii. *n.*
And yet *this time remov'd* was summer's time.

Those eyes ador'd them—those eyes which adored them. P. ii. 4, *n.*
For they so stunk,
That all *those eyes ador'd them* ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Thou art raw. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
God make incision in thee! *thou art raw.*

Thrasonical—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence. L. L. L. v. 1, *n.*
Behaviour vain, ridiculous, and *thrasonical*.

Three-farthing silver pieces. J. i. 1, *i.*
Look, where *three-farthings* goes.

Three-man beetle. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *i.*
Fillip me with a *three-man beetle*.

Three-men's songs. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Three-man song-men all.

Three-pile—rich velvet. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore *three-pile*.

Threne—funereal song. P. P. *n.*
Whereupon it made this *threne*
To the phœnix and the dove.

Thrice-crowned queen of night. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
And, thou, *thrice-crowned queen of night.*

Thrift—a frugal arrangement. H. i. 2, *n.*
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

THR

Through the sight I bear in things to love—through my prescience in knowing what things I should love. T. C. iii. 3, *n.*
Appear it to your mind,
That, *through the sight I bear in things to love*,
I have abandon'd Troy.

Thy heart my wound—thy heart wounded as mine is. V. A. *n.*
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, *thy heart my wound*.

Tickle—uncertain. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
The state of Normandy
Stands on a *tickle* point.

Tied. H. E. iv. 2, *n.*
One, that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom.

Tightly—briskly, cleverly. M. W. i. 3, *n.*
Bear you these letters *tightly*.

Tike—common dog, mongrel. H. F. ii. 1, *n.*
Base *tike*, call'st thou me host?

Tike—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, *n.* (See H. F. ii. 1, *n.*)
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail *tike*, or trundle-tail.

Tilly-fally. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me.

Tilt-yard. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
He never saw him but once in the *Tilt-yard*.

Tilts and tournaments. G. V. i. 3, *i.*
There shall he practise *tilts and tournaments*.

Time—tune. M. iv. 3, *n.*
This *time* goes manly.

Timeless—untimely. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
The bloody office of his *timeless* end.

Timely-parted ghost—body recently parted from the soul. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Oft have I seen a *timely-parted ghost*.

Time's chest. So. lxv. *n.*
Shall Time's best jewel from *Time's chest* lie hid?

Timon, account of, in North's translation of Plutarch. T. Ath. iii. 6, *i.*
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity.

Timon of Athens, account of, in "The Palace of Pleasure." T. Ath. v. 2, *i.*
I have a tree, which grows here in my close.

Tir'd—satiated, glutted. Luc. *n.*
What he beheld on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wiful eye he *tir'd*.

Tired—caparisoned. L. L. L. iv. 2.
The *tired* horse his rider.

'Tired—attired. V. A. *n.*
And Titan, *'tired* in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them.

Tires—tears, preys. V. A. *n.*
Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

Tiring—attiring. C. E. ii. 2, *n.*
The money that he spends in *tiring*.

'Tis given with welcome—that 'tis given with welcome. M. iii. 4, *n.*
The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome.

'Tis in his buttons. M. W. iii. 2, *n.*
He will carry 't: *'tis in his buttons*.

Tithe. M. M. iv. 1, *n.*
Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tithe*'s to sow.

Title-leaf. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, *n.*
Yea, this man's brow, like to a *title-leaf*,
Fortells the nature of a tragic volume.

To a wasteful cock—from a wasteful cock, from the scene of extravagance. T. Ath. ii. 2, *n.*
I have retir'd me *to a wasteful cock*,
And set mine eyes at flow.

To do in slander. M. M. i. 4, *n.*
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do in slander.

To fear—a thing to terrify. O. i. 2, *n.*
Of such a thing as thou,—*to fear*, not to delight.

To go in the song—to join in the song. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Come, in what key shall a man take you, *to go in the song?*

To his shape—in addition to his shape. J. i. 1, *n.*
And, *to his shape*, were heir to all his land.

To-pinch. M. W. iv. 4, *n.*
And fairy-like, *to-pinch* the unclean knight.

To slack—so as to slack. R. J. iv. 1, *n.*
And I am nothing slow, *to slack* his haste.

TO

To-spend. J. v. 2, *n.*
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not *to-spend* it so unneighbourly.

To the warm sun. L. ii. 2, *n.*
Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!

To you—on you. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
I'll call *to you*.

Toad-stones. A. L. ii. 1, *i.*
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Toasts and butter—Londoners, eaters of buttered toasts. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
I pressed me none but such *toasts and butter*.

Tods of wool. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Every 'leven wether—*tods*.

Token'd pestilence. A. C. iii. 8, *n.*
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the *token'd pestilence*,
Where death is sure.

Toll for this. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and *toll for this:* I'll none of him.

Tomboys. Cy. i. 7, *n.*
To be partner'd
With *tomboys*.

Tongue—English language. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the *tongue* a helpful ornament.

Too fine—too full of finesse. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
But thou art *too fine* in thy evidence.

Too late a week—somewhat too late. A. L. ii. 3, *n.*
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is *too late a week*.

Too much i' the sun. H. i. 2, *n.*
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am *too much i' the sun*.

Took away—being taken away. Luc. *n.*
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses *took away*.

Tooth-pick, custom of using. J. i. 1, *i.*
Now your traveller,
He and his *tooth-pick*.

Topmast, striking of. T. i. 1, *i.*
Down with the *topmast*.

Torch-bearer. R. J. i. 4, *i.*
Give me a *torch*.

Toss (v.)—toss upon a pike. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.
Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to *toss:* food for powder.

Totter'd—tottering. R. S. iii. 3, *n.*
From this castle's *totter'd* battlements.

Tottering—tattering. J. v. 5, *n.*
And wound our *tottering* colours clearly up.

Touch—touchstone. R. T. iv. 2, *n.*
Now do I play the *touch*,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.

Touch—touchstone. T. Ath. iv. 3, *n.*
O thou *touch* of hearts!

Touch more rare—higher feeling. Cy. i. 2, *n.*
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a *touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Touches—traits. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the *touches* dearest priz'd.

Toward—in preparation. H. i. 1, *n.*
What might be *toward* that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?

Towards—ready, at hand. R. J. i. 5, *n.*
We have a trifling foolish banquet *towards*.

Trade—habitual course, path trodden. H. E. v. 1, *n.* (See R. S. iii. 3, *n.*)
Stands in the gap and *trade* of more preferments,
With which the time will load him.

Tranect—tow-boat. M. V. iii. 4, *n.*
Unto the *tranect*, to the common ferry.

Trash. T. i. 2, *n.*
Whom to advance, and whom
To *trash* for overtopping.

TUR

Trash of Venice, whom I trace. O. ii. 1, *n.*
If this poor *trash of Venice, whom I trace*
For his quick hunting.

Travel. G. V. i. 3, *i.*
In having known no *travel*, &c.

Tray-trip. T. N. ii. 5, *i.*
Shall I play my freedom at *tray-trip*.

Treachers—cheaters, tricksters. L. i. 2, *n.*
Knaves, thieves, and *treachers*.

Tread the measures—to dance. V. A. *n.*
Teaching decrepit age to *tread the measures*.

Trenchers. G. V. iv. 4, *i.*
He steps me to her *trencher*.

Trial by combat. R. S. i. 1, *i.*
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band?

Tribulation of Tower-hill. H. E. v. 3, *i.*
The *Tribulation of Tower-hill*, or the limbs of Limehouse.

Trick—peculiarity. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.

Trick—peculiarity. J. i. 1, *n.*
He hath a *trick* of Cœur-de-Lion's face.

Trick'd—painted. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Horridly *trick'd*
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.

Trip—the pace of the fairy. M. N. D. v. 2, *i.*
Sing, and dance it *trippingly*.

Triple—third. A. C. i. 1, *n.*
And you shall see in him
The *triple* pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool.

Triplex—triple time in music. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
The *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure.

Triumph. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.* (See G. V. v. 4, *i.*)
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with *triumph*, and with revelling.

Triumphs. G. V. v. 4, *i.*
Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Troilus's reproach to Helenus. T. C. ii. 2, *i.*
You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.

Trophies. H. iv. 5, *i.*
No *trophy*, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones.

Tropically—figuratively. H. iii. 2, *n.*
The mouse-trap. Marry, how? *Tropically*.

Troth-plight—betrothed. H. F. ii. 1.
And, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were *troth-plight* to her.

Trotting paritor—officer of the Ecclesiastical Court who carries out citations. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
Sole imperator, and great general
Of *trotting paritors*.

Trou-madame. W. T. iv. 2, *i.*
Trol-my-dames.

Trow—I trow. M. A. iii. 4, *n.*
What means the fool, *trow?*

"Troy Book." T. C. iii. 3, *i.*
Expos'd myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes.

Truckle-bed. R. J. ii. 1, *i.*
I'll to my *truckle-bed*.

True-love showers. H. iv. 5, *n.*
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With *true-love showers*.

True men. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, *n.*
The thieves have bound the *true men*.

Trundle-tail—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, *n.*
Or bobtail tike, or *trundle-tail*.

Trunks of the Elizabethan age. T. N. iii. 4, *i.*
Empty *trunks* o'erflourish'd by the devil.

Truth—honesty. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
That malice bears down *truth*.

Tucket-sonaunce. H. F. iv. 2, *n.*
Then let the trumpets sound
The *tucket-sonaunce* and the note to mount.

Tumbler. L. L. L. iii. 1, *i.*
And wear his colours like a *tumbler's* hoop.

Turk Gregory—Pope Gregory VII. H. 4, F. P. v. 3, *n.*
Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day.

Turn (v.)—modulate. A. L. ii. 5, *n.*
And *turn* his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.

Turn Turk with me—deal with me cruelly. H. iii. 2, *n.*
If the rest of my fortunes *turn Turk with me*.

TUR

Turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks. Cor. I, *n.*
O, that you could *turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks*, and make but an interior survey of your good selves!

Turning the buckle behind. M. A. v. 1, *i.*
If he be [angry], he knows how to turn his girdle.

Turquoise, virtue of. M. V. iii. 1, *i.*
It was my *turquoise*.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n.*
And, I know, his death will be a march of *twelve score*.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
He would have clapped i' the clout at *twelve score*.

Twiggen—wicker. O. ii. 3, *n.*
I'll beat the knave into a *twiggen* bottle.

Twire. So. xxviii. *n.*
When sparkling stars *twire* not, thou gild'st the even.

Two broken points. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
An old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with *two broken points*.

U.

Umber'd face. H. F. iv. Chorus, *i.*
Each battle sees the other's *umber'd face*.

Unadvised—unknowing. Luc. *n.*
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives *unadvised* wounds.

Unavoided—not to be avoided. H. 6, F. P. iv. 5.
A terrible and *unavoided* danger.

Unbated—not blunted. H. iv. 7, *n.*
You may choose
A sword *unbated*, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Unbolt (v.)—unfold, explain. T. Ath. i. 1, *n.*
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I'll *unbolt* to you.

Unbonneted. O. i. 2, *n.*
And my demerits
May speak, *unbonneted*, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

Unchary on 't. T. N. iii. 4, *n.*
I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too *unchary on 't*.

Uncurrent gold. H. ii. 2, *i.*
Your voice, like a piece of *uncurrent gold*, be not cracked within the ring.

Under fiends—fiends below. Cor. iv. 5, *n.*
I will fight
Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the *under fiends*.

Undergoes—passes under. M. A. v. 2, *n.*
But, I must tell thee plainly, Claudio *undergoes* my challenge.

Understand them—stand under them. C. E. ii. 1, *n.*
Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce *understand them*.

Undertaker—one who undertakes another's quarrel. T. N. iii. 4, *n.*
Nay, if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you.

Unear'd—unploughed. So. iii. *n.*
For where is she so fair whose *unear'd* womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Uneath—not easily. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, *n.*
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Unexpressive—inexpressible. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she.

Unfair (v.)—deprive of fairness or beauty. So. v. *n.*
Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that *unfair* which fairly doth excel.

Unfurnish'd—unsurrounded by the other features. M. V. iii. 2, *n.*
But her eyes,—
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself *unfurnish'd*.

Unhair'd—unbearded. J. v. 2, *n.*
This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at.

Unhappy—unlucky, mischievous. A. W. iv. 5, *n.*
A shrewd knave, and an *unhappy*.

UNH

Unhoused—unmarried. O. i. 2, *n.*
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my *unhoused* free condition
Put into circumscription.

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd—not having received the communion, not prepared, without the administration of extreme unction. H. i. 5, *n.*
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

Unimproved—unreproved. H. i. 1, *n.*
Young Fortinbras,
Of *unimproved* mettle hot and full.

Union—rich pearl. H. v. 2, *n.*
And in the cup an *union* shall he throw.

Unkind—unnatural. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so *unkind*
As man's ingratitude.

Unkind. V. A. *n.*
O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died *unkind*.

Unless—except. Cor. v. 1, *n.*
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him.

Unloose it from their bond. Luc. *n.*
Those that much covet are with gain so fond
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and *unloose it from their bond*.

Unmann'd—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 2, *n.*
Hood my *unmann'd* blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle.

Unquestionable—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with. A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
An *unquestionable* spirit; which you have not.

Unready—undressed. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
How now, my lords? what, all *unready* so?

Unrecalling—not to be recalled. Luc. *n.*
And ever let his *unrecalling* crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

Unrespected—unregarded. So. xliii. *n.*
For all the day they view things *unrespected*.

Unrespective—inconsiderate. R. T. iv. 2, *n.*
I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And *unrespective* boys.

Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain. P. iii. 3, *n.*
Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.

Unsisting—never at rest. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the *unsisting* postern with these strokes.

Unstate. L. i. 2, *n.*
I would *unstate* myself, to be in a due resolution.

Unthread. J. v. 4, *n.*
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.

Until your date expire—until you die. P. iii. 4, *n.*
Where you may 'bide *until your date expire*.

Untraded—unused, uncommon. T. C. iv. 5, *n.*
Mock not, that I affect the *untraded* oath.

Untrimm'd—undecorated. So. xviii. *n.*
By chance, or nature's changing course, *untrimm'd*.

Untrue—used as a substantive. So. cxiii. *n.*
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine *untrue*.

Untwine. Cy. iv. 2, *n.*
And let the stinking elder, grief, *untwine*
His perishing root with the increasing vine.

Unwappen'd. T. N. K. v. 4, *n.*
We come tow'rds the gods
Young, and *unwappen'd*.

Unyoke—finish your work. H. v. 1, *n.*
Ay, tell me that, and *unyoke*.

Upon command—at your own will. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take *upon command* what help we have.

Upon the hip. M. V. i. 3, *n.*
If I can catch him once *upon the hip*.

Urchin-snouted—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog. V. A. *n.*
But this foul, grim, and *urchin-snouted* boar.

Usances—usury. M. V. i. 3, *i.*
You have rated me
About my monies, and my *usances*.

Use—interest of money. M. M. i. 1, *n.*
She determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and *use*.

Used—deported. H. E. iii. 1, *n.*
And, pray, forgive me,
If I have *used* myself unmannerly.

VEN

Usurer's chain—ornament of a wealthy citizen or goldsmith. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
About your neck, like an *usurer's chain*.

Usurers, practices of. M. M. iv. 3, *i.*
He's in for a commodity of brown paper.

Utterance—à outrance. Cy. iii. 1, *n.*
Of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at *utterance*.

Utterance—combat à outrance. M. iii. 1, *n.* (See Cy. iii. 1, *n.*)
Come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the *utterance!*

Utter'd—put forth. L. L. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Not *utter'd* by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Uttered, heavenly—expelled, put out by the power of heaven. M. A. v. 3, *n.*
Till death be *uttered*,
Heavenly, heavenly.

V.

Vaded—faded, vanished. R. S. i. 2, *n.*
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all *vaded*.

Vaded—faded. P. P. *n.*
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon *vaded*.

Vail (v.)—lower. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!

Vail'd—lowered. V. A. *n.*
Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She *vail'd* her eyelids.

Vailing—causing to fall down. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Are angels *vailing* clouds.

Vailing—letting down. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs.

Vails—lowers. V. A. *n.*
He *vails* his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.

Vain—light of tongue. C. E. iii. 2, *n.*
'Tis holy sport, to be a little *vain*.

Valiant—manly. H. ii. 2, *n.*
Thy face is *valiant* since I saw thee last.

Validity—value. A. W. v. 3.
O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich *validity*.

Validity—value, worth. L. i. 1, *n.*
No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.

Vantage—opportunity. Cy. i. 4, *n.*
Imo. When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next *vantage*.

Varlet—servant. T. C. i. 1, *n.*
Call here my *varlet*, I'll unarm again.

Vassails. A. C. i. 4, *n.*
Leave thy lascivious *vassails*.

Vast—great space. W. T. i. 1, *n.*
Shook hands, as over a *vast*.

Vast of night. T. i. 2, *n.* (See H. i. 2, *n.*)
Urchins
Shall, for that *vast of night* that they may work,
All exercise on thee.

Vastly—like a waste. Luc. *n.*
Who like a late-sack'd island *vastly* stood
Bare and unpeopled.

Vaunt—van. T. C. Prologue, *n.*
That our play
Leaps o'er the *vaunt* and firstlings of those broils.

Vaward—van. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, *n.*
He being in the *vaward*, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Veil full purpose (v.)—conceal the full extent of his purpose. M. M. iv. 6, *n.*
Yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to *veil full purpose*.

Velure—velvet. T. S. iii. 2, *n.*
And a woman's crupper of *velure*.

Velvet-guards. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *i.*
To *velvet-guards*, and Sunday-citizens.

Venetian galleys. M. V. i. 1, *i.*
Argosies with portly sail.

Venetian houses, furniture of. T. S. ii. 1, *i.*
I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
. . . . . My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold.

Venew. L. L. L. v. 1, *i.*
Venew of wit.

VEN

Vengeance—mischief. A. L. iv. 3, *n.*
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no *vengeance* to me.

Venice, climate of. T. S. iv. 1, *i.*
Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Gru. A piece of ice.

Venice, ferries at. M. V. iii. 4, *i.*
Unto the tranect, to the common *ferry*,
Which trades to Venice.

Venice, grass in. M. V. i. 1, *i.*
Plucking the *grass*, to know where sits the wind.

Venice, notion of the mainland in. M. V. ii. 2, *i.*
I will run as far as God has any ground.

Venice, public places in. M. V. i. 3, *i.*

Venice, residences in. O. i. 1, *i.*
To start my quiet.

Ventidius,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 1, *i.*
Now, darting Parthia, &c.

Ventures. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
My *ventures* are not in one bottom trusted.

Venus and Adonis, passage from. R. J. ii. 5, *i.*
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love.

Verbal—plain. Cy. ii. 3, *n.*
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so *verbal*.

Very—true, real. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
Especially, against his *very* friend.

Vice Iniquity. R. T. iii. 1, *i.*
Thus like the formal *Vice Iniquity*.

Vice of kings. H. iii. 4, *n.* (See H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*)
A *vice of kings*:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule.

Vice's dagger. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i.*
And now is this *Vice's dagger* become a squire.

Vild—vile. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Things base and *vild*.

Vile-esteem'd. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, *n.*
And craved death,
Rather than I would be so *vile-esteem'd*.

Viliaco—rascal. H. 6, S. P. iv. 8, *n.*
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—*Viliaco!* unto all they meet.

Villain, in two senses: 1, worthless fellow; 2, one of mean birth. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, *villain?*
Orl. I am no *villain*: I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Villainies of man will set him clear. T. Ath. iii. 3, *n.*
The devil knew not what he did when he made men politic; he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think, but, in the end, the *villainies of man will set him clear*.

Vinew'dest—most decayed, most mouldy. T. C. ii. 1, *n.*
Speak then, thou *vinew'dest* leaven, speak.

Viol-de-gamboys—base viol. T. N. i. 3, *i.*
Viol-de-gamboys.

Violent thefts. T. C. v. 3, *n.*
Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to count *violent thefts*,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Virgil's Æneid. H. 4, S. P. Induction, *i.*
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.

Virginalling. W. T. i. 2, *i.*
Still *virginalling*
Upon his palm.

Virtue go—virtue to go. M. M. iii. 2, *n.*
Pattern in himself, to know,
Grace to stand, and *virtue go*.

Vizaments—advisements. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
Take your *vizaments* in that.

Void of appointment—without preparation of armour or weapon. T. N. K. iii. 1, *n.*
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands *Void of appointment*.

Vows of chastity. G. V. iv. 3, *i.*
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure *chastity*.

Vox. T. N. v. i. *n.*
An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.

"Vulgar Errors," Sir Thomas Brown's. T. C. ii. 3, *i.*
The elephant hath joints, &c.

Vulgarly—publicly. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So *vulgarly* and personally accus'd.

W.

Wafts—waves, signs. H. i. 4, *n.*
Look, with what courteous action
It *wafts* you to a more removed ground.

WAL

Walking-sticks. M. A. v. 4, *i.*
There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Wall-newt and the water—the wall-newt and the water-newt. L. iii. 4, *n.*
The toad, the tadpole, the *wall-newt and the water*.

Walter—commonly pronounced Water. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n.*
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die.
Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;
Thy name is Gualtier, being rightly sounded.

War proclaimed by Cæsar against Cleopatra,—from North's Plutarch. A. C. iii. 7, *i.*
'Tis said in Rome, &c.

Warden—name of a pear. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
I must have saffron, to colour the *warden* pies.

Warder—truncheon, or staff of command. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
Stay, the king hath thrown his *warder* down.

Warkworth Castle. H. 4, S. P. Induction, *i.*
This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.

Warn (v.)—summon. R. T. i. 3, *n.*
And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.

Warn (v.)—summon. J. C. v. 1, *n.*
They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here.

Warrior—applied to a lady. O. ii. 1, *n.*
O my fair *warrior!*

Warrior. O. iii. 4, *n.* (See O. ii. 1, *n.*)
I was (unhandsome *warrior* as I am)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul.

Warriors for the working day—soldiers ready for work, not dressed up for a holiday. H. F. iv. 3, *n.*
We are but *warriors for the working day*.

Wars (in the time of Elizabeth). G. V. i. 3, *i.*
Some, to the *wars*, &c.

Wasp-tongue—peevish and mischievous tongue. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.*
Why, what a *wasp-tongue* and impatient fool.

Wasps. G. V. i. 2, *i.*
Injurious *wasps!* to feed on such sweet honey.

Watch—watch-light, night-candle. R. T. v. 3, *n.*
Give me a *watch*.

Watch him tame. O. iii. 3, *n.*
My lord shall never rest;
I'll *watch him tame*, and talk him out of patience.

Watch in Italy. R. J. v. 3, *i.*
The *watch* is coming.

Watch-case. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, *n.*
And leav'st the kingly couch,
A *watch-case*, or a common 'larum bell.

Watches. T. N. ii. 5, *i.*
Wind up my *watch*.

Water-galls. Luc. *n.*
These *water-galls* in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Wax (v.)—grow. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.

Waxen—penetrable. R. S. i. 3, *n.*
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's *waxen* coat.

Waxen epitaph. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
Not worshipp'd with a *waxen epitaph*.

Way of common trade—course, path traded or trodden continuously. R. S. iii. 3, *n.*
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some *way of common trade*, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.

Way of life. M. v. 3, *n.*
My *way of life*
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.

"We three," picture of. T. N. ii. 3, *i.*
How now, my hearts? Did you never see the *picture of we three?*

Weak evils—causes of weakness. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
Oppress'd with two *weak evils*, age and hunger.

Wearer's very means. A. L. ii. 7, *n.*
Till that the *wearer's very means* do ebb.

Web and the pin—dimness of sight, cataract. L. iii. 4, *n.*
He gives the *web and the pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip.

Weed—garment. Luc. *n.*
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white *weed*.

Weed—garment. So. ii. *n.*
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd *weed*, of small worth held.

Weeds. Cor. ii. 2, *n.*
As *weeds* before
A vessel under sail.

WHE

Weet (v.)—know. A. C. i. 1, *n.*
In which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to *weet*
We stand up peerless.

Weigh out—outweigh. H. E. iii. 1, *n.*
They that must *weigh out* my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.

Weird. M. i. 3, *n.*
The *weird* sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land.

Welkin—blue. W. T. i. 2, *n.*
Look on me with your *welkin* eye.

Well. W. T. v. 1, *n.*
What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is *well?*

Well appeared—rendered apparent. Cor. iv. 3, *n.*
But your favour is *well appeared* by your tongue.

Well believe this—be well assured of this. M. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, &c.

Well-liking—in good condition. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Well-liking wits they have.

Welsh hook. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *i.*
A *Welsh hook*.

Were invincible—could not be mastered. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight *were invincible*.

Westminster, William de Colchester, Abbot of. R. S. v. 6, *i.*
Hath yielded up his body to the grave.

Whales' bone—tooth of the walrus. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
To show his teeth as white as *whales' bone*.

What a fall Fortune does the Thick-lips owe—what a fall does Fortune owe the Thick-lips. O. i. 1, *n.*
What a fall Fortune does the Thick-lips owe,
If he can carry 't thus!

What he would not. Cor. v. 1, *n.*
What he would do,
He sent in writing after me,—*what he would not;*
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.

What in rest you have. J. iv. 2, *n.*
If, *what in rest you have* in right you hold.

Whatever have—whatever things have. Cor. i. 2, *n.*
Whatever have been thought on in this state.

When—expression of impatience. T. i. 2, *n.*
Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! *when!*

When—expression of impatience. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
When, Harry? *when?*
Obedience bids I should not bid again.

When—expression of impatience. J. C. ii. 1, *n.*
When, Lucius, *when!* Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

"When daisies pied." L. L. L. v. 2, *i.*
When daisies pied, and violets blue.

Whenas—when. So. xlix. *n.*
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects.

Wher'—wherefore. L. ii. 1, *n.*
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not *wher'* he comes.

Whe'r—whether. So. lix. *n.*
Whether we are mended, or *whe'r* better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

Whe'r—whether. J. i. 1, *n.*
But *whe'r* I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head.

Where—whereas. G. V. iii. 1, *n.*
And, *where* I thought the remnant of mine age.

Where—whereas. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, *n.*
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes.

Where—used as a noun. L. i. 1, *n.*
Thou losest here, a better *where* to find.

Where—whereas. L. i. 2, *n.*
Where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour.

Where—whereas. P. ii. 3, *n.*
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night.

Where—whereas. Luc. *n.*
Where now I have no one to blush with me.

Where is the life—title of a sonnet. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
Where is the life that late I led?

"Where the bee sucks." T. v. 1, *i.*

WHE

Where their appointment we may best discover. A. C. iv. 10, *n.*
Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us:—order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven:—
Where their appointment we may best discover.

Whereas—where. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Whereas—where. P. i. 2, *n.*
I went to Antioch,
Whereas, thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

Wherein—in that. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
Punish me not with your hard thoughts, *wherein* I confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything.

Wherein went he?—in what dress did he go? A. L. iii. 2, *n.*
How looked he? *Wherein went he?*

Which now you censure him—which now you censure him for. M. M. ii. 1, *n.*
Err'd in this point *which now you censure him.*

Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart. Cor. iii. 2, *n.*
Waving thy head,
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry.

Whiffler. H. F. v. Chorus, *i.*
Like a mighty *whiffler* 'fore the king.

Whipping, custom of. A. W. ii. 2, *i.*
Do you cry, "O Lord, sir," at your *whipping?*

White death—paleness of death. A. W. ii. 3, *n.*
Let the *white death* sit on thy cheek for ever.

Whiter, Mr., explanation of the passage, A. L. iii. 2, *i.*:—
Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Whitsters—launders. M. W. iii. 3, *n.*
Carry it among the *whitsters* in Datchet mead.

Whitsun morris-dance. H. F. ii. 4, *i.*
Were busied with a *Whitsun morris-dance.*

Whose unwished yoke—to whose unwished yoke. M. N. D. i. 1, *n.*
Whose unwished yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

Widowhood—property to which a widow is entitled. T. S. ii. 1, *n.*
And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her *widowhood.*

Wild—weald. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
There's a franklin in the *wild* of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold.

Wild-goose chase. R. J. ii. 4, *i.*

Wilderness—wildness. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
For such a warped slip of *wilderness*
Ne'er issued from his blood.

Will be his fire. Cor. ii. 1, *n.*
This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch 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 his fire*
To kindle their dry stubble.

Will find employment—will find employment for. H. E. ii. 1, *n.*
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly *will find employment.*

Will to her consent—will in proportion to her consent. R. J. i. 2, *n.*
My *will to her consent* is but a part.

Wimpled—veiled. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
This *wimpled*, whining, purblind, wayward boy.

Wincot. T. S. Induction, 2, *i.*
The fat alewife of *Wincot.*

Windows—eyelids. V. A. *n.*
Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth.

Wind'ring—winding. T. iv. 1, *n.*
You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the *wind'ring* brooks.

Windsor Forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *i.*
I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at *Windsor.*

WIN

Windsor, state of, in the time of Henry IV. M. W. i. 4, *i.*
Never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of Anne's mind than I do.

Winter's pale. W. T. iv. 2, *n.*
For the red blood reigns in the *winter's pale.*

Wise woman—witch. M. W. iv. 5, *n.*
Was 't not the *wise woman* of Brentford?

Wish him—commend him. T. S. i. 1, *n.*
I will *wish him* to her father.

Wistly—wistfully. R. S. v. 4, *n.*
And, speaking it, he *wistly* look'd on me.

Wit—mental power in general. M. V. ii. 1, *n.*
If my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his *wit*, to yield myself.

Wit—understanding. J. C. iii. 2, *n.*
For I have neither *wit*, nor words, nor worth.

"Wit, whither wilt?" A. L. iv. 1, *n.*
A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say—"*Wit, whither wilt?*"

Witchcraft, law against, by James I. O. i. 3, *i.*
The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.

With tempering. V. A. *n.*
What wax so frozen but dissolves *with tempering*,
And yields at last to every light impression?

With the manner—in the fact. W. T. iv. 3.
If you had not taken yourself *with the manner.*

With what encounter so uncurrent. W. T. iii. 2, *n.*
Since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus.

Without knives. T. Ath. i. 2, *n.*
Methinks, they should invite them *without knives.*

Wits—senses. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
In our last conflict, four of his five *wits* went halting off.

Wits, the. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
The dulness of the fool is the whetstone of *the wits.*

Witty—of sound judgment, of good understanding. H. 6, T. P. i. 2, *n.*
For they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

Woe to his correction—woe compared to his correction. G. V. ii. 4, *n.*
There is no *woe to his correction.*

Woman of the world—married. A. L. v. 3, *n.*
I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a *woman of the world.*

Woman-tired—hen-pecked. W. T. ii. 3, *n.*
Thou dotard, thou art *woman-tired.*

Women actors. M. N. D. i. 2, *i.*
You shall play it in a mask.

Wont—are accustomed. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, *n.*
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city.

Wood—mad, wild. G. V. ii. 3, *n.*
Like a *wood* woman.

Wood—wild, mad. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
And here am I, and *wood* within this wood.

Wood—mad. H. 6, F. P. iv. 7, *n.*
How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging *wood*,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Wood—mad. V. A. *n.*
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood.*

Woodbine. M. N. D. iv. 1, *n.*
So doth the *woodbine* the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist.

Woodman—hunter. M. W. v. 5, *n.*
Am I a *woodman?* ha!

Woolvish. Cor. ii. 3, *n.*
Why in this *woolvish* gown should I stand here?

Woolward—wanting a shirt. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
I go *woolward* for penance.

Woosel-cock. M. N. D. iii. 1, *i.*
The *woosel-cock*, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.

Worm. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor *worm.*

Worth—fortune, wealth. T. N. iii. 3, *n.*
But, were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm.

ZEA

"Worth a Jew's eye." M. V. ii. 5, *i.*
Will be *worth a Jewess' eye.*

Worth the whistle. L. iv. 2, *n.*
I have been *worth the whistle.*

Worts—generic name of cabbages. M. W. i. 1, *n.*
Good *worts!* good cabbage.

Would—it would. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
Had it stretched so far, *would* have made nature immortal.

Wound—twisted round. T. ii. 2, *n.*
Sometime am I
All *wound* with adders.

Wrack—wreck. O. ii. 1, *n.*
A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous *wrack* and sufferance.

Wreak—revenge. Cor. iv. 5, *n.*
Then if thou hast
A heart of *wreak* in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs.

Wren of nine. T. N. iii. 2, *n.*
Look where the youngest *wren of nine* comes.

Wretch. O. iii. 3, *n.*
Excellent *wretch!* Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee!

Writhled—wrinkled. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, *n.*
It cannot be this weak and *writhled* shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Wrying—deviating from the right path. Cy. v. 1, *n.*
How many
Must murther wives much better than themselves,
For *wrying* but a little!

Y.

Yare—ready, nimble. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
You shall find me *yare.*

Yare—nimble. A. C. iii. 11, *n.*
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being *yare* about him.

Yarely—quickly, readily. T. i. 1, *n.*
Fall to 't *yarely*, or we run ourselves aground.

Yeoman—bailiff's follower. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
Where's your *yeoman?*

Yet—now. A. W. i. 1, *n.*
Marry, *yet*, 'tis a withered pear.

Yield (v.)—reward. A. C. iv. 2, *n.*
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods *yield* you for 't!

Yonder generation. M. M. iv. 3, *n.*
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To *yonder generation*, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

York, Duchess of. R. S. v. 2, *i.*

You are allow'd—you are an allowed fool. L. L. L. v. 2, *n.*
Go, *you are allow'd.*

You are senseless—be you senseless. Cy. ii. 3, *n.*
So seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein *you are senseless.*

You are too young in this. A. L. i. 1, *n.*
Come, come, elder brother, *you are too young in this.*

You come—on which you come, or you come on. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
Yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause *you come.*

You priority—you of priority. Cor. i. 1, *n.*
We must follow you;
Right worthy *you priority.*

Younger—younker, youngling. M. V. ii. 6, *n.*
How like a *younger*, or a prodigal.

Your eyes. A. L. i. 2, *n.*
If you saw yourself with *your eyes*, or knew yourself with your judgment.

Your gaskins fall. T. N. i. 5, *n.*
Clo. But I am resolved on two points.
Mar. That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break *your gaskins fall.*

Z.

Zeal, now melted. J. ii. 2, *n.*
Lest *zeal, now melted*, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

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Doctor..T. N. K. iv. 3; v. 2.
Dogberry, a city officer..M. A. iii. 3, 5; iv. 2; v. 1.
Dolabella, friend of Cæsar..A. C. iii. 10; v. 1, 2.
Donalbain, son to Duncan..M. i. 2, 4, 6; ii. 3.
Door-keeper of the Council Chamber..H. E. v. 2.
Dorcas, a shepherdess..W. T. iv. 3.
Dorset, Marquis of, son to King Edward's Queen..R. T. i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iv. 1.
Douglas, Archibald, Earl of..H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 3, 4.
Drawers, two..H. 4, S. P. ii. 4.
Dromio of Ephesus, twin brother to Dromio of Syracuse, and attendant on Antipholus of Ephesus..C. E. i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1, 4; v. 1.
Dromio of Syracuse, twin brother to Dromio of Ephesus, and attendant on Antipholus of Syracuse..C. E. i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4; v. 1.
Duke, father to Silvia..G. V. ii. 4; iii. 1, 2; v. 2, 4.
Duke, living in exile..A. L. ii. 1, 7; v. 4.
Dull, a constable..L. L. L. i. 1, 2; iv. 2; v. 1.
Dumain, a lord attending on the King..L. L. L. i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Duncan, King of Scotland..M. i. 2, 4, 6.

E.

Edgar, son to Gloster..L. i. 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 4, 6; iv. 1, 6; v. 1, 2, 3.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, son to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. i. 3.
Edmund, bastard son to Gloster..L. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3, 5, 7; iv. 2; v. 1, 3.
Edward, son to the Duke of York..H. 6, S. P. v. 1.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV., son to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 5, 7, 8; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7.
Edward, Prince of Wales, son to Henry VI...H. 6, T. P. i. 1; ii. 2, 5; iii. 3; v. 4, 5.
Edward IV., King..R. T. ii. 1.
Edward, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., son to Edward IV...R. T. iii. 1.
Egeus, father to Hermia..M. N. D. i. 1; iv. 1.
Eglamour, agent for Silvia in her escape..G. V. iv. 3; v. 1.
Elbow, a simple constable..M. M. ii. 1; iii. 2.
Elinor, the widow of King Henry II., and mother of King John..J. i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 3.
Elizabeth, Queen of King Edward IV...R. T. i. 3; ii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 4.
Ely, Bishop of..H. F. i. 1, 2.
Emilia, a lady attending on the Queen..W. T. ii. 2.
Emilia, wife to Iago..O. ii. 1; iii. 1, 3, 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
Emilia, sister to Hippolyta..T. N. K. i. 1, 3; ii. 2, 5; iii. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Enobarbus, Domitius, friend of Antony..A. C. i. 2; ii. 2, 6, 7; iii. 2, 5, 7, 8, 11; iv. 2, 6, 9.
Eros, friend of Antony..A. C. iii. 5, 9; iv. 4, 5, 7, 12.
Erpingham, Sir Thomas, an officer in King Henry's army..H. F. iv. 1.
Escalus, an ancient lord [joined with Angelo in the deputation]..M. M. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 4; v. 1.
Escalus, Prince of Verona..R. J. i. 1; iii. 1; v. 3.
Escanes, a lord of Tyre..P. i. 3; ii. 4.
Essex, Geffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of, chief justiciary of England..J. i. 1.
Euphronius, an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar..A. C. iii. 10, 11.
Evans, Sir Hugh, a Welch parson..M. W. i. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 4, 5; v. 4, 5.
Exeter, Duke of, uncle to the King..H. F. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1; iv. 3, 6, 7, 8; v. 2.
Exeter, Thomas Beaufort, Duke of, great uncle to the King..H. 6, F. P. i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.

GEO

Exeter, Duke of; a lord on King Henry's side..H. 6, T. P. i. 1; ii. 5; iv. 8.
Exton, Sir Pierce of..R. S. v. 4, 5, 6.

F.

Fabian, servant to Olivia..T. N. ii. 5; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1; v. 1.
Fairies..M. N. D. ii. 1, 3; iii. 1.
Falstaff, Sir John..M. W. i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 3, 5; iv. 2, 5; v. 1, 5.
Falstaff, Sir John..H. 4, F. P. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 3; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Falstaff..H. 4, S. P. i. 2; ii. 1, 4; iii. 2; iv. 3; v. 1, 3, 5.
Fang, a sheriff's officer..H. 4, S. P. ii. 1.
Fastolfe, Sir John..H. 6, F. P. iii. 2; iv. 1.
Father that has killed his son..H. 6, T. P. ii. 5.
Faulconbridge, Robert, son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge..J. i. 1.
Faulconbridge, Philip, half-brother to Robert Faulconbridge, bastard son to King Richard I...J. i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 2, 6, 7.
Faulconbridge, Lady, mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge..J. i. 1.
Feeble, a recruit..H. 4, S. P. iii. 2.
Fenton..M. W. i. 4; iii. 4; iv. 6; v. 5.
Ferdinand, King of Navarre..L. L. L. i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Ferdinand, son to the King of Naples..T. i. 1, 2; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.
Fishermen, three..P. ii. 1.
Fitzwater, Lord..R. S. iv. 1; v. 6.
Flaminus, servant to Timon..T. Ath. ii. 2; iii. 1, 4.
Flavius, steward to Timon..T. Ath. i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 2.
Flavius, a tribune..J. C. i. 1.
Fleance, son to Banquo..M. ii. 1; iii. 3.
Florence, Duke of..A. W. iii. 1, 3.
Florizel, son to Polixenes..W. T. iv. 3; v. 1, 3.
Fluellen, an officer in King Henry's army..H. F. iii. 2, 6; iv. 1, 7, 8; v. 1.
Flute, the bellows-mender..M. N. D. i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Fool..T. Ath. ii. 2.
Fool..L. i. 4, 5; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 6.
Ford, Mr., a gentleman dwelling at Windsor..M. W. ii. 1, 2; iii. 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 5.
Ford, Mrs...M. W. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 3; iv. 2, 4; v. 3, 5.
Forester..L. L. L. iv. 1.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway..H. iv. 4; v. 2.
France, Princess of..L. L. L. ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
France, King of..A. W. i. 2; ii. 1, 3; v. 3.
France, King of..L. i. 1.
Francis, a drawer..H. 4, F. P. ii. 4.
Francisca, a nun..M. M. i. 5.
Francisco, a lord..T. ii. 1; iii. 3; v. 1.
Francisco, a soldier..H. i. 1.
Frederick, brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions..A. L. i. 2, 3; ii. 2; iii. 1.
Friar..M. A. iv. 1; v. 4.
Friends to the Gaoler..T. N. K. iv.
Froth, a foolish gentleman..M. M. ii. 1.

G.

Gadshill..H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, 2, 4.
Gallus, friend of Cæsar..A. C. v. 1, 2.
Gaoler..C. E. i. 1.
Gaoler..W. T. ii. 2.
Gaoler..T. N. K. ii. 1, 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 4.
Gaolers, two..Cy. v. 4.
Gardener..R. S. iii. 4.
Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester..H. E. ii. 2; v. 1, 2
Gargrave, Sir Thomas..H. 6, F. P. i. 4.
Garter King at Arms..H. E. v. 4.
Gaunt, John of, Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the King..R. S. i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1.
General of the French forces in Bordeaux..H. 6, F. P. iv. 2.
Gentleman..H. 4, F. P. iv. 4.
Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice..H. 4, S. P. i. 2.
Gentleman, French, friend to Philario..Cy. i. 5.
Gentleman..L. i. 5; ii. 4; iii. 1; v. 3.
Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia..L. iv. 3, 6, 7.
Gentleman..T. N. K. iv. 2.
Gentlemen, two..A. W. iii. 2.
Gentlemen, two fantastic..M. M. i. 2, 3.
Gentlemen..W. T. v. 1, 2.
Gentlemen, two, prisoners with Suffolk..H. 6, S. P. iv. 1.
Gentlemen..R. T. i. 2.
Gentlemen, three..H. E. ii. 1; iii. 1; iv. 1.
Gentlemen..H. iv. 5; v. 1.
Gentlemen, two, of Cymbeline's court..Cy. i. 1; ii. 1.
Gentlemen..O. ii. 1; iii. 2.
Gentlemen, two..P. iii. 2; iv. 5; v. 1.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth..M. v.
Gentlewoman attending Virgilia..Cor. i. 3.
George, a follower of Jack Cade..H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, 7.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence, son to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, 3, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8; v. 1, 3, 4, 5, 7.

GER

Gerrold, a schoolmaster..T. N. K. iii. 5.
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet ..H. i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1, 5, 7; v. 1, 2.
Ghost of Banquo..M. iii. 4; iv. 1.
Ghost of Cæsar..J. C. iv. 3.
Ghost of Hamlet's father..H. i. 1, 4, 5; iii. 4.
Ghosts..R. T. v. 3.
Ghosts..Cy. v. 4.
Glansdale, Sir William..H. 6, F. P. i. 4.
Glendower, Owen..H. 4, F. P. iii. 1.
Gloster, Duchess of..R. S. i. 2.
Gloster, Duke of, brother to the King..H. F. i. 2; iii. 1, 6; iv. 1, 3, 7, 8; v. 2.
Gloster, Duke of, uncle to the King, and Protector.. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, 3; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Gloster, Humphrey, Duke of, uncle to the King..H. 6, S. P. i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3, 4; iii. 1.
Gloster, Eleanor, Duchess of..H. 6, S. P. i. 2, 3, 4; ii. 3, 4.
Gloster, Richard, Duke of, brother to Edward IV., afterwards King Richard III...R. T. i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 4, 5, 7; iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 3, 4.
Gloster, Earl of..L. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 3, 4, 6, 7; iv. 1, 6; v. 2.
Gobbo, Launcelot, a clown, servant to Shylock..M. V. ii. 2, 3, 4, 5; iii. 5; v. 1.
Gobbo, Old, father to Launcelot..M. V. ii. 2.
Goneril, daughter to Lear..L. i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 4; iii. 7; iv. 2; v. 1, 3.
Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor of Naples..T. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 3; v. 1.
Goths..T. And. v. 1, 3.
Governor of Harfleur..H. F. iii. 3.
Governor of Paris..H. 6, F. P. iv. 1.
Gower, of the King's party..H. 4, S. P. ii. 1.
Gower, an officer in King Henry's army..H. F. iii. 2, 6; iv. 1, 7, 8; v. 1.
Gower, as Chorus..P. i.; ii.; iv. 4; v.; v. 2, 3.
Grandpré, a French lord..H. F. iv. 2.
Gratiano, friend to Antonio and Bassanio..M. V. i. 1; ii. 2, 4, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Gratiano, brother to Brabantio..O. v. 1, 2.
Gravediggers, two..H. v. i.
Green, a creature to King Richard..R. S. i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Gregory, servant to Capulet..R. J. i. 1.
Gremio, a suitor to Bianca..T. S. i. 1, 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; v. 1, 2.
Grey, Lady, afterwards Queen to Edward IV...H. 6, T. P. iii. 2; iv. 1, 4; v. 7.
Grey, Lord, son to King Edward's Queen..R. T. i. 3; ii. 1; iii. 3.
Grey, Sir Thomas, a conspirator against the King.. H. F. ii. 2.
Griffith, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine..H. E. ii. 4; iv. 2.
Groom..R. S. v. 5.
Grooms, two..H. 4, S. P. v. 5.
Grumio, servant to Petrucio..T. S. i. 2; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 2.
Guard..H. 6, F. P. iii. 2.
Guards, two Volscian..Cor. v. 2.
Guards..A. C. iv. 12; v. 2.
Guiderius, son to Cymbeline, disguised under the name of Polydore, supposed son to Belarius..Cy. iii. 3, 6; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 3, 5.
Guildenstern, a courtier..H. ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Guildford, Sir Henry..H. E. i. 4.
Gurney, James, servant to Lady Faulconbridge..J. i. 1.

H.

Haberdasher..T. S. iv. 3.
Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present King..H. i. 2, 4, 5; ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 1, 2.
Harcourt, of the King's party..H. 4, S. P. iv. 4.
Hastings, Lord, an enemy to the King..H. 4, S. P. i. 3; iv. 1, 2.
Hastings, Lord; of the Duke of York's party..H. 6, T. P. iv. 1, 3, 5, 7; v. 7.
Hastings, Lord..R. T. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 2, 4.
Hecate..M. iii. 5; iv. 1.
Hector, son to Priam..T. C. i. 2; ii. 2; iv. 5; v. 1, 3, 4, 6, 9.
Helen, woman to Imogen..Cy. ii. 2.
Helen, wife to Menelaus..T. C. iii. 1.
Helena, in love with Demetrius..M. N. D. i. 1; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Helena, a gentlewoman, protected by the Countess.. A. W. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 3, 4, 5; iii. 2, 5, 7; iv. 4; v. 1, 3.
Helenus, son to Priam..T. C. i. 2; ii. 2.
Helicanus, a lord of Tyre..P. i. 2, 3; ii. 4; v. 1, 2, 3.
Henry, Prince, son to King John; afterwards King Henry III...J. v. 7.
Henry IV., King..H. 4, F. P. i. 1, 3; iii. 2; v. 1, 4, 5.
Henry, Prince of Wales, son to the King..H. 4, F. P. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 2, 3; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4, 5.
Henry IV., King..H. 4, S. P. iii. 1; iv. 4.
Henry, Prince of Wales; afterwards King Henry V. ..H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, 4; iv. 4; v. 2, 5.
Henry V., King..H. F. i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1, 3, 6; iv. 3, 6, 7, 8; v. 2.
Henry VI., King..H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, 4; iv.

HEN

Henry VI., King..H. 6, S. P. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 4, 9; v. 1, 2.
Henry VI., King..H. 6, T. P. i. 1; ii. 2, 5; iii. 1; iv. 6, 8; v. 6.
Henry VIII., King..H. E. i. 2, 4; ii. 2, 4; iii. 2; v. 1, 2, 4.
Herald, English..J. ii. 2.
Herald, French..J. ii. 2.
Herald..H. F. iv. 8.
Herald..H. 6, S. P. ii. 4.
Herald..L. v. 3.
Herald..O. ii. 2.
Herald, a Roman..Cor. ii. 1.
Herald..T. N. K. i. 4.
Heralds, two..R. S. i. 3.
Herbert, Sir Walter..R. T. v. 2.
Hermia, daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.. M. N. D. i. 1; ii. 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Hermione, Queen to Leontes..W. T. i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; v. 3.
Hero, daughter to Leonato..M. A. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1; v. 4.
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus..M. N. D. i. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.
Hippolyta, bride to Theseus..T. N. K. i. 1, 3; ii. 5; iii. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Holofernes, a schoolmaster..L. L. L. iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Horatio, friend to Hamlet..H. i. 1, 2, 4, 5; iii. 2; iv. 5, 6; v. 1, 2.
Horner, Thomas, an armourer..H. 6, S. P. i. 3; ii. 3.
Hortensio, a suitor to Bianca..T. S. i. 1, 2; ii. 1 iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3, 5; v. 2.
Hortensius, servant to one of Timon's creditors..T. Ath. iii. 4.
Host, where Julia lodges..G. V. iv. 2.
Host of the Garter Inn..M. W. i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 3, 5, 6.
Hostess..T. S. Induction, 1.
Hubert de Burgh, chamberlain to the King..J. ii. 2; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 3, 6.
Hume, a priest..H. 6, S. P. i. 2, 4; ii. 3.
Humphrey, Prince, of Gloster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster..H. 4, S. P. iv. 4; v. 2.
Huntsman, a..H. 6, T. P. iv. 5.
Huntsmen..T. S. Induction, 1.
Hymen, person representing..A. L. v. 4.

I.

Iachimo, a Roman, friend to Philario..Cy. i. 5, 7; ii. 2, 4; v. 2, 5.
Iago, ancient to Othello..O. i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1, 2.
Iden, Alexander, a Kentish gentleman..H. 6, S. P. iv. 10; v. 1.
Imogen, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.. Cy. i. 2, 4, 7; ii. 2, 3; iii. 2, 4, 6; iv. 2; v. 2, 5.
Iras, an attendant on Cleopatra..A. C. i. 2, 3, 5; ii. 5; iii. 3, 9, 11; iv. 2, 11, 13; v. 2.
Iris, a spirit..T. iv. 1.
Isabel, Queen of France..H. F. v. 2.
Isabella, sister to Claudio..M. M. i. 5; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3, 6; v. 1.

J.

Jamy, an officer in King Henry's army..H. F. iii. 2.
Jaquenetta, a country wench..L. L. L. i. 2; iv. 2, 3.
Jaques, a lord attending upon the Duke in his banishment..A. L. ii. 5, 7; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1, 2; v. 4.
Jaques, son of Sir Rowland de Bois..A. L. v. 4.
Jessica, daughter to Shylock..M. V. ii. 3, 5, 6; iii. 2, 4, 5; v. 1.
Jeweller..T. Ath. i. 1.
John, Don, bastard brother to Don Pedro..M. A. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 2; iv. 1.
John, King..J. i. 1; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 3, 7.
John, Prince, of Lancaster, son to the King..H. 4, F. P. v. 1, 4, 5.
John, Prince, of Lancaster, afterwards created (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford..H. 4, S. P. iv. 2, 3, 4; v. 2, 5.
John, a follower of Jack Cade..H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, 7.
John, Friar, a Franciscan..R. J. v. 2.
Jourdain, Margery, a witch..H. 6, S. P. i. 4; ii. 3.
Julia, a lady of Verona, beloved of Proteus..G. V. i. 2; ii. 2, 7; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 4.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio..M. M. i. 3; ii. 3; v. 1.
Juliet, daughter to Capulet..R. J. i. 3, 5; ii. 2, 5, 6; iii. 2, 5; iv. 1, 2, 3, 5; v. 3.
Juno, a spirit..T. iv. 1.
Justice, a..M. M. ii. 1.

K.

Katharina, the Shrew, daughter to Baptista..T. S. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 2.
Katharine, daughter of Charles and Isabel..H. F. iii. 4; v. 2.
Katharine, lady attending on the Princess..L. L. L. ii. 1; iv. 1; v. ii.
Katharine, Queen, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced..H. E. i. 2; ii. 4; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Keeper..R. S. v. 5.
Keeper to Mortimer..H. 6, F. P. ii. 5.
Keepers, two..H. 6, T. P. iii. 1.

LYS

Kent, Earl of..L. i. 1, 4, 5; ii. 2, 4; iii. 2, 4, 6; iv. 3, 7; v. 3.
Knights..P. ii. 3, 5.
Knights, six valiant..T. N. K. v. 4.

L.

La Pucelle, Joan, commonly called Joan of Arc..H. 6, F. P. i. 2, 5, 6; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 7; v. 2, 3, 4.
Ladies, two, attending on the Queen..W. T. ii. 1.
Lady attending on the Queen..R. S. iii. 4.
Lady, old, friend to Anne Bullen..H. E. ii. 3; v.
Lady..Cy. i. 4, 6; ii. 3; v. 5.
Laertes, son to Polonius..H. i. 2, 3; iv. 5, 7; v. 1, 2.
Lafeu, an old lord..A. W. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3, 5; iv. 5; v. 2, 3.
Langley, Edmund of, Duke of York, uncle to the King..R. S. ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 2, 3, 6.
Launce, a clownish servant to Proteus..G. V. ii. 3, 5; iii. 1; iv. 4.
Laurence, Friar, a Franciscan..R. J. ii. 3, 6; iii. 3; iv. 1, 5; v. 2, 3.
Lavinia, daughter to Titus Andronicus..T. And. i. 2; ii. 2, 3, 5; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 2, 3.
Lawyer..H. 6, F. P. ii. 4.
Le Beau, a courtier attending upon Frederick..A. L. i. 2.
Lear, King of Britain..L. i. 1, 4, 5; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 6; iv. 6, 7; v. 2, 3.
Legate..H. 6, F. P. v. 1.
Lenox, a nobleman of Scotland..M. i. 2, 4, 6; ii. 3; iii. 1, 4, 6; iv. 1; v. 2, 4, 7.
Leonardo, servant to Bassanio..M. V. ii. 2.
Leonato, governor of Messina..M. A. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 5; iv. 1; v. 1, 4.
Leonine, servant to Dionyza..P. iv. 1, 2.
Leontes, King of Sicilia..W. T. i. 2; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2; v. 1, 3.
Lepidus, Marcus Æmilius, a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar..J. C. iii. 1; iv. 1.
Lepidus, M. Æmilius, a triumvir..A. C. i. 4; ii. 2, 4, 6, 7; iii. 2.
Lewis, the Dauphin..J. ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 4; v. 2, 5.
Lewis, the Dauphin..H. F. ii. 4; iii. 5, 7; iv. 2, 5.
Lewis XI., King of France..H. 6, T. P. iii. 3.
Lieutenant of the Tower..H. 6, T. P. iv. 6.
Lieutenant..Cor. i. 7.
Lieutenant to Aufidius..Cor. iv. 7.
Ligarius, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar..J. C. ii. 1, 2.
Lincoln, Bishop of..H. E. ii. 4.
Lion, in the Interlude..M. N. D. v. 1.
Lodovico, kinsman to Brabantio..O. 3; v. 1, 2.
Longaville, a lord attending on the King..L. L. L. i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2.
Lord..L. L. L. ii. 1.
Lord..T. S. Induction, 1, 2.
Lord, a Sicilian..W. T. v. 1.
Lord..R. S. iv. 1.
Lord, a British..Cy. v. 3.
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench..H. 4, S. P. i. 2; ii. 1; v. 2, 5.
Lord Mayor of London..R. T. iii. 1, 5, 7.
Lords that serve with Bertram in the Florentine war.. A. W. ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 6; iv. 1, 3.
Lords, French..A. W. i. 2.
Lords..A. L. ii. 1, 2, 7; iv. 2.
Lords..W. T. ii. 1, 3; iii. 2.
Lords, two..Cy. i. 3; ii. 1, 3; iv.
Lords..M. iii. 4, 6.
Lords..T. Ath. i. 1; iii. 6.
Lords, Volscian..Cor. v. 5.
Lords..P. i. 2, 4; ii. 2, 4.
Lorenzo, in love with Jessica..M. V. i. 1; ii. 4, 6; iii. 2, 4, 5; v. 1.
Lovel, Lord..R. T. iii. 4, 5.
Lovell, Sir Thomas..H. E. i. 2, 3, 4; ii. 1; iii. 2; v. 1.
Luce, servant to Adriana..C. E. iii. 1; v. 1.
Lucentio, son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca..T. S. i. 1, 2; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 2.
Lucetta, waiting-woman to Julia..G. V. i. 2; ii. 7.
Luciana, sister to Adriana..C. E. ii. 1, 2; iii. 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 1.
Lucilius, servant to Timon..T. Ath. i. 1.
Lucilius, a friend to Brutus and Cassius..J. C. iv. 2, 3; v. 1, 3, 4, 5.
Lucio, a fantastic..M. M. i. 2, 3, 5; ii. 2; iii. 2; iv. 3; v. 1.
Lucius, a lord, flatterer of Timon..T. Ath. i. 2; iii. 2.
Lucius, servant to one of Timon's creditors..T. Ath. iii. 4.
Lucius, Caius, general of the Roman forces..Cy. iii. 1, 5; iv. 2; v. 2, 5.
Lucius, a servant to Brutus..J. C. ii. 1, 4; iv. 2, 3.
Lucius, son to Titus Andronicus..T. And. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1; v. 1, 3.
Lucius, Young, a boy, son to Lucius..T. And. iii. 2; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 3.
Lucullus, a lord, flatterer of Timon..T. Ath. iii. 1.
Lucy, Sir William..H. 6, F. P. iv. 3, 4, 7.
Lychorida, nurse to Marina..P. iii. 1, 3.
Lysander, in love with Hermia..M. N. D. i. 1; ii. 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Lysimachus, governor of Mitylene..P. iv. 6; v. 1, 2, 3.

M.

Macbeth, a general of the King's army..M. i. 3, 4, 5, 7; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 1; v. 3, 5, 7.
Macbeth, Lady..M. i. 5, 6, 7; ii. 2, 3; iii. 1, 2, 4; v. 1.
Macduff, a nobleman of Scotland..M. i. 6; ii. 3, 4; iv. 3; v. 4, 6, 7.
Macduff, Lady..M. iv. 2.
Macmorris, an officer in King Henry's army..H. F. iii. 2.
Malcolm, son to Duncan..M. i. 2, 4, 6; ii. 3; iv. 3; v. 4, 6, 7.
Malvolio, steward to Olivia..T. N. i. 5; ii. 2, 3, 5; iii. 4; iv. 2; v. 1.
Mamillius, son to Leontes..W. T. i. 2; ii. 1.
Man, old, tenant to Gloster..L. iv. 1.
Man, an old..M. ii. 4.
Marcellus, an officer..H. i. 1, 2, 4, 5.
March, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of..H. 4, F. P. iii. 1.
March, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of..H. 6, F. P. ii. 5.
Marcius, Young, son to Coriolanus..Cor. v. 3.
Mardian, an attendant on Cleopatra..A. C. i. 5; ii. 5; iv. 11, 12.
Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam..T. C. v. 8.
Margaret, gentlewoman attending on Hero..M. A. ii. 1; iii. 1, 4; v. 2.
Margaret, daughter to Reignier, afterwards married to King Henry..H. 6, F. P. v. 3.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry..H. 6, S. P. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 4, 9; v. 1, 2.
Margaret, Queen..H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 4; ii. 2, 5; iii. 3; v. 4, 5.
Margaret, widow of King Henry VI...R. T. i. 3; iv. 4.
Maria, a lady attending on the Princess..L. L. L. ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Maria, Olivia's woman..T. N. i. 3, 5; ii. 3, 5; iii. 1, 2, 4; iv. 2.
Mariana, neighbour and friend to the Widow..A. W. iii. 5.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo..M. M. iv. 1, 6; v. 1.
Marina, daughter to Pericles and Thaisa..P. iii. 3; iv. 1, 3, 6; v. 1, 2, 3.
Mariner..W. T. iii. 3.
Mariners..T. i. 1.
Marshal, Lord, and another Lord..R. S. i. 3; iv. 1.
Marshal..P. ii. 3.
Mar-text, Sir Oliver, a vicar..A. L. iii. 3.
Martius, son to Titus Andronicus..T. And. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1.
Marullus, a tribune..J. C. i. 1.
Master of a ship..T. i. 1; v. 1.
Master and Master's Mate..H. 6, S. P. iv. 1.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son..H. 6, F. P. i. 4.
Mayor of London..H. 6, F. P. i. 3; iii. 1.
Mayor of Saint Alban's..H. 6, S. P. ii. 1.
Mayor of York..H. 6, T. P. iv. 7.
Mecænas, friend of Cæsar..A. C. ii. 2, 4, 6, 7; iii. 6; iv. 1; v. 1, 2.
Melun, a French lord..J. v. 2, 4.
Menas, friend of Pompey..A. C. ii. 1, 6, 7.
Menecrates, friend of Pompey..A. C. ii. 1.
Menelaus, brother to Agamemnon..T. C. i. 3; iii. 3; iv. 5; v. 1, 8, 10.
Menenius Agrippa, friend to Coriolanus..Cor. i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 6; v. 1, 2, 4.
Menteth, a nobleman of Scotland..M. v. 2, 4, 7.
Mercade, a lord attending on the Princess of France..L. L. L. v. 2.
Merchant, friend to Antipholus of Syracuse..C. E. i. 2; iv. 1; v. 1.
Merchant..T. Ath. i. 1.
Mercutio, kinsman to the Prince, and friend to Romeo..R. J. i. 4; ii. 1, 4; iii. 1.
Messala, a friend to Brutus and Cassius..J. C. iv. 3; v. 1, 2, 3, 5.
Messenger..M. A. i. 1; iii. 5; v. 4.
Messenger..M. M. iv. 2.
Messenger..J. iv. 2; v. 3, 5.
Messenger..H. 4, S. P. iv. 1.
Messenger..H. F. ii. 4; iii. 7; iv. 2.
Messenger..H. E. iv. 2.
Messenger..H. iv. 7.
Messenger..Cy. ii. 3; v. 4.
Messenger..O. i. 3.
Messenger..T. Ath. v. iii.
Messenger..L. iv. 2, 4.
Messenger..M. iv. 2; v. 5.
Messenger..J. C. v. 1.
Messenger..T. And. iii. 1.
Messenger..P. i. 1.
Messenger..T. N. K. iv. 2; v. 2, 4.
Messengers..H. 4, F. P. iv. 1; v. 2.
Messengers..H. 6, F. P. i. 1, 4; ii. 2, 3; iv. 3; v. 2.
Messengers..H. 6, S. P. i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 4, 7, 9.
Messengers..H. 6, T. P. i. 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3; iv. 1, 6; v. 1, 4.
Messengers..R. T. ii. 4; iii. 2; iv. 4; v. 3.
Messengers..Cor. i. 1, 4, 6; ii. 1; iv. 6; v. 4.
Messengers..A. C. i. 2, 4; ii. 5; iii. 3, 7; iv. 6; v. 1.
Metellus Cimber, a conspirator against Julius Cæsar..J. C. ii. 1, 2; iii. 1.
Michael, Sir, a friend of the Archbishop..H. 4, F. P. iv. 4.
Michael, a follower of Jack Cade..H. 6, S. P. iv. 2.
Miranda, daughter to Prospero..T. i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1; v. 1.

MON

Montague, Marquis of; of the Duke of York's party..H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 6; iv. 1, 6, 8; v. 1.
Montague..R. J. i. 1; iii. 1; v. 3.
Montague, Lady, wife to Montague..R. J. i. 1; iii. 1.
Montano, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus..O. ii. 1, 3; v. 2.
Montgomery, Sir John..H. 6, T. P. iv. 7.
Montjoy, a French herald..H. F. iii. 6; iv. 3, 7.
Moonshine, in the Interlude..M. N. D. v. 1.
Mopsa, a shepherdess..W. T. iv. 3.
Morocco, Prince of, suitor to Portia..M. V. ii. 1, 7.
Mortimer, Lady, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer..H. 4, F. P. iii. 1.
Mortimer, Sir Hugh, uncle to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. i. 2.
Mortimer, Sir John, uncle to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. i. 2.
Morton, domestic of Northumberland..H. 4, S. P. i. 1.
Morton, John, Bishop of Ely..R. T. iii. 4.
Moth, page to Armado..L. L. L. i. 2; iii. 1; v. 1, 2.
Moth, a fairy..M. N. D. iii. 1.
Mouldy, a recruit..H. 4, S. P. iii. 2.
Mowbray, Lord, an enemy to the King..H. 4, S. P. i. 3; iv. 1, 2.
Murderers, two..H. 6, S. P. iii. 2.
Murderers, two..R. T. i. 3, 4.
Murderers, three..M. iii. 1, 3, 4; iv. 2.
Musicians..Cy. ii. 3.
Musicians..O. iii. 1.
Musicians, three..R. J. iv. 5.
Mustard-seed, a fairy..M. N. D. iii. 1; iv. 1.
Mutius, son to Titus Andronicus..T. And. i. 2; ii. 2.
Myrmidons..T. C. v. 9.

N.

Nathaniel, Sir, a curate..L. L. L. iv. 2; v. 1, 2.
Neighbours of Horner..H. 6, S. P. ii. 3.
Nerissa, waiting-maid to Portia..M. V. i. 2; ii. 1, 9; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Nestor, a Grecian commander..T. C. i. 3; ii. 3; iii. 3; iv. 5; v. 1, 5, 10.
Nobleman, a..H. 6, T. P. iii. 2.
Norfolk, Robert Bigot, Earl of..J. iv. 3; v. 2, 4, 7.
Norfolk, Mowbray, Duke of..R. S. i. 1, 3.
Norfolk, Duke of; of the Duke of York's party..H. 6, T. P. i. 1; ii. 2.
Norfolk, Duke of..R. T. v. 3, 4.
Norfolk, Duke of..H. E. i. 1, 2; ii. 2; iii. 2; v. 2, 4.
Northumberland, Earl of..R. S. ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 1, 6.
Northumberland, Henry Percy, Earl of..H. 4, F. P. i. 3.
Northumberland, Earl of; an enemy to the King..H. 4, S. P. i. 1; ii. 3.
Northumberland, Lady..H. 4, S. P. ii. 3.
Northumberland, Earl of; a lord on King Henry's side..H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 4; ii. 2.
Nurse to Juliet..R. J. i. 3, 5; ii. 2, 4, 5; iii. 2, 3, 5; iv. 2, 3, 4, 5.
Nurse and a Black Child..T. And. iv. 2.
Nym, follower of Falstaff..M. W. i. 1, 3; ii. 1.
Nym, formerly servant to Falstaff, now a soldier in King Henry's army..H. F. ii. 1, 3; iii. 2.
Nymphs..T. iv. 1.

O.

Oberon, king of the fairies..M. N. D. ii. 2, 3; iii. iv. 1; v. 2.
Octavia, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony..A. C. ii. 3; iii. 2, 4, 6.
Officer..C. E. iv. 1, 4.
Officer employed by Edmund..L. v. 3.
Officers, two..T. N. iii. 4.
Officers of a Court of Judicature..W. T. iii. 2.
Officers..H. 6, F. P. i. 3; iv. 4.
Officers..Cor. ii. 2.
Officers..A. C. iv. 4.
Oliver, son of Sir Rowland de Bois..A. L. i. 1; iii. 1; iv. 3; v. 2, 4.
Olivia, a rich countess..T. N. i. 5; iii. 1, 4; iv. 1, 3; v. 1.
Ophelia, daughter of Polonius..H. i. 3; ii. 1; iii. 1, 2; iv. 5.
Orlando, son of Sir Rowland de Bois..A. L. i. 1, 2; ii. 3, 6, 7; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 2, 4.
Orleans, Duke of..H. F. iii. 7; iv. 2, 5.
Orsino, Duke of Illyria..T. N. i. 1, 4; ii. 4; v. 1.
Osric, a courtier..H. v. 2.
Oswald, steward to Goneril..L. i. 3, 4; ii. 2, 4; iii. 7; iv. 2, 5, 6.
Othello, the Moor..O. i. 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 3; v. 1, 2.
Outlaws with Valentine..G. V. iv. 1; v. 3, 4.
Overdone, Mistress, a bawd..M. M. i. 2; iii. 2.
Oxford, Earl of; a lord on King Henry's side..H. 6, T. P. iii. 3; iv. 2, 3, 6, 8; v. 1, 2, 4, 5.
Oxford, Earl of..R. T. v. 2, 3.

P.

Page, Mr., a gentleman dwelling at Windsor..M. W. i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 5.
Page, Mrs...M. W. i. 1; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3, 4; iv. 1, 2, 4; v. 3, 5.

POR

Page, Mrs. Anne, daughter to Mrs. Page..M. W. i. 1; iii. 4; v. 5.
Page, William, a boy, son to Mr. Page..M. W. iv. 1; v. 5.
Page..T. S. Induction, 2; i. 1.
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Pages, two..A. L. v. 3.
Painter..T. Ath. i. 1; v. 1.
Palamon, in love with Emilia..T. N. K. i. 2; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 3, 6; v. 1, 4.
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida..T. C. i. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 3, 11.
Pander..P. iv. 3, 6.
Pandulph, Cardinal, the Pope's legate..J. iii. 1, 4; v. 1, 2.
Panthino, servant to Antonio..G. V. i. 3; ii. 2, 3.
Paris, a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince..R. J. i. 2; iii. 4; iv. 1, 5; v. 3.
Paris, son to Priam..T. C. i. 2; ii. 2; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3, 4; v. 8.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram..A. W. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 3, 4, 5; iii. 5, 6; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 3.
Patience, woman to Queen Katharine..H. E. iii. 1; iv. 2.
Patricians..Cor. iii. 1, 2.
Patroclus, a Grecian commander..T. C. ii. 1, 3; iii. 3; iv. 5; v. 1.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus..W. T. ii. 2, 3; iii. 2; v. 1, 3.
Peas-blossom, a fairy..M. N. D. iii. 1; iv. 1.
Pedant, an old fellow set up to personate Vincentio..T. S. iv. 2, 4; v. 1, 2.
Pedro, Don, Prince of Arragon..M. A. i. 1; ii. 1, 3; iii. 2; iv. 1; v. 1, 3, 4.
Pembroke, William Mareshall, Earl of..J. i. 1; ii. 1; iv. 2, 3; v. 2, 4, 7.
Pembroke, Earl of; of the Duke of York's party..H. 6, T. P. iv. 1.
Percy, Henry, son to the Earl of Northumberland..R. S. ii. 3; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 3, 6.
Percy, Henry, surnamed Hotspur, son to the Earl of Northumberland..H. 4, F. P. i. 3; ii. 3; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 3, 4.
Percy, Lady, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer..H. 4, F. P. ii. 3; iii. 1.
Percy, Lady..H. 4, S. P. ii. 3.
Perdita, daughter to Leontes and Hermione..W. T. ii. 3; iii. 3; iv. 3; v. 1, 3.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre..P. i. 1, 2, 4; ii. 1, 3, 5; iii. 1, 3; v. 1, 2, 3.
Perithous, an Athenian general..T. N. K. i. 1, 3; ii. 5; iii. 5, 6; iv. 2; v. 1, 3, 4.
Peter, a friar..M. M. iv. 5, 6; v. 1.
Peter of Pomfret, a prophet..J. iv. 2.
Peter, servant to Horner..H. 6, S. P. i. 3; ii. 3.
Peter..R. J. ii. 4, 5; iv. 5.
Petitioners..H. 6, S. P. i. 3.
Peto..H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, 4; iii. 3.
Peto, an attendant on Prince Henry..H. 4, S. P. ii. 4.
Petrucio, a gentleman of Verona, a suitor to Katharina..T. S. i. 2; ii. 1; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 2.
Phebe, a shepherdess..A. L. iii. 5; v. 2, 4.
Philario, a Roman, friend to Posthumus..Cy. i. 5; ii. 4.
Philemon..P. iii. 2.
Philip, King of France..J. ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 4.
Philo, friend of Antony..A. C. i. 1.
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus..M. N. D. i. 1; v. 1.
Philotus, servant to one of Timon's creditors..T. Ath. iii. 4.
Phrynia, mistress to Alcibiades..T. Ath. iv. 3.
Physician..L. iv. 4, 7.
Pinch, a schoolmaster and a conjurer..C. E. iv. 4.
Pindarus, servant to Cassius..J. C. iv. 2; v. 3.
Pirates..P. iv. 1, 3.
Pisanio, gentleman to Posthumus..Cy. i. 2, 4, 6, 7; ii. 3; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 3; v. 3, 5.
Pistol, follower of Falstaff..M. W. i. 1, 3; ii. 1, 2; v. 5.
Pistol..H. 4, S. P. ii. 4; v. 3, 5.
Pistol, formerly servant to Falstaff, now a soldier in King Henry's army..H. F. ii. 1, 3; iii. 2, 6; iv. 1, 4; v. 1.
Plantagenet, Richard, eldest son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York..H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, 5; iii. 1; iv. 1, 3; v. 3, 4.
Players..T. S. Induction, 1.
Players..H. ii. 2; iii. 2.
Poet..T. Ath. i. 1; v. 1.
Poet..J. C. iv. 3.
Poins..H. 4, F. P. i. 2; ii. 2, 4.
Poins, an attendant on Prince Henry..H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, 4.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia..W. T. i. 2; iv. 1, 3; v. 3.
Polonius, lord chamberlain..H. i. 2, 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pompeius, Sextus..A. C. ii. 1, 6, 7.
Popilius Lena, a senator..J. C. iii. 1.
Porter..H. 4, S. P. i. 1.
Porter..H. 6, F. P. ii. 3.
Porter, and his Man..H. E. v.
Porter..M. ii. 3.

POR

Portia, a rich heiress..M. V. i. 2; ii. 1, 7, 9; iii. 2, 4; iv. 1, 2; v. 1.
Portia, wife to Brutus..J. C. i. 2; ii. 1, 4.
Posthumus, Leonatus, husband to Imogen..Cy. i. 2, 5; ii. 4, 5; v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Prentices, friends of Peter..H. 6, S. P. ii. 3.
Priam, King of Troy..T. C. ii. 2; v. 3.
Priest..T. N. v. 1.
Priest..R. T. iii. 2.
Priest..H. v. 1.
Proculeius, friend of Cæsar..A. C. v. 1, 2.
Prologue, in the Interlude..M. N. D. v. 1.
Prospero, the rightful Duke of Milan..T. i. 2; iii. 1, 3; iv. 1; v. 1.
Proteus..G. V. i. 1, 3; ii. 2, 4, 6; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 4; v. 2, 4.
Provost..M. M. i. 3; ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 2, 3; v. 1.
Publius, a senator..J. C. ii. 2; iii. 1.
Publius, son to Marcus, the tribune..T. And. iv. 3; v. 2.
Puck, or Robin-goodfellow, a fairy..M. N. D. ii. 1, 2, 3; iii. 1, 2; iv. 1; v. 2.
Pursuivant..R. T. iii. 2.
Pyramus, in the Interlude..M. N. D. iii. 1; v. 1.

Q.

Queen to King Richard..R. S. ii. 1, 2; iii. 4; v. 1.
Queen, wife to Cymbeline..Cy. i. 2, 6; ii. 3; iii. 1, 5.
Queens, three..T. N. K. i. 1, 4, 5.
Quickly, Mrs., servant to Dr. Caius..M. W. i. 4; ii. 1, 2; iii. 4, 5; iv. 1, 5; v. 1, 5.
Quickly, Mrs., hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap..H. 4, F. P. ii. 4; iii. 3.
Quickly, hostess..H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, 4; v. 4.
Quickly, Pistol's wife, an hostess..H. F. ii. 1, 3.
Quince, the carpenter..M. N. D. i. 2; iii. 1; iv. 2.
Quintus, son to Titus Andronicus..T. And. i. 2; ii. 2, 4; iii. 1.

R.

Rambures, a French lord..H. F. iii. 7; iv. 2, 5.
Ratcliff, Sir Richard..R. T. ii. 2; iii. 3, 4, 5; iv. 3, 4; v. 3.
Reapers..T. iv. 1.
Regan, daughter to Lear..L. i. 1; ii. 1, 2, 4; iii. 7; iv. 5; v. 1, 3.
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples..H. 6, F. P. i. 2, 6; ii. 1; v. 3, 4.
Reynaldo, servant to Polonius..H. ii. 1.
Richard II., King..R. S. i. 1, 3, 4; ii. 1; iii. 2, 3; iv. 1; v. 1, 5.
Richard, son to the Duke of York..H. 6, S. P. v. 1, 2, 3.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloster, son to the Duke of York..H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 2; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; iii. 2; iv. 1, 3, 5, 7, 8; v. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
Richmond, Henry, Earl of, a youth..H. 6, T. P. iv. 6.
Richmond, Henry, Earl of, afterwards King Henry VII...R. T. v. 2, 3, 4.
Rivers, Lord, brother to Lady Grey..H. 6, T. P. iv. 4.
Rivers, Earl, brother to King Edward's Queen..R. T. i. 3; ii. 1, 2; iii. 3.
Robin, page to Falstaff..M. W. i. 3; ii. 2; iii. 2, 3.
Roderigo, a Venetian gentleman..O. i. 1, 2, 3; ii. 1, 3; iv. 2; v. 1.
Rogero, a Sicilian gentleman..W. T. v. 2.
Roman..T. And. v. 3.
Roman..Cor. iv. 3.
Romeo, son to Montague..R. J. i. 1, 2, 4, 5; ii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6; iii. 1, 3, 5; v. 1, 3.
Rosalind, daughter to the banished Duke..A. L. i. 2, 3; ii. 4; iii. 2, 4, 5; iv. 1, 3; v. 2, 4.
Rosaline, a lady attending on the Princess..L. L. L. ii. 1; iv. 1; v. 2.
Rosencrantz, a courtier..H. ii. 2; iii. 1, 2, 3; iv. 1, 2, 3, 4.
Ross, Lord..R. S. ii. 1, 3; iii. 1.
Rosse, a nobleman of Scotland..M. i. 2, 3, 4, 6; ii. 4; iii. 1, 4; iv. 2, 3; v. 4, 7.
Rotherham, Thomas, Archbishop of York..R. T. ii. 4.
Rousillon, Countess of, mother to Bertram..A. W. i. 1, 3; ii. 2; iii. 2, 4; iv. 5; v. 3.
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