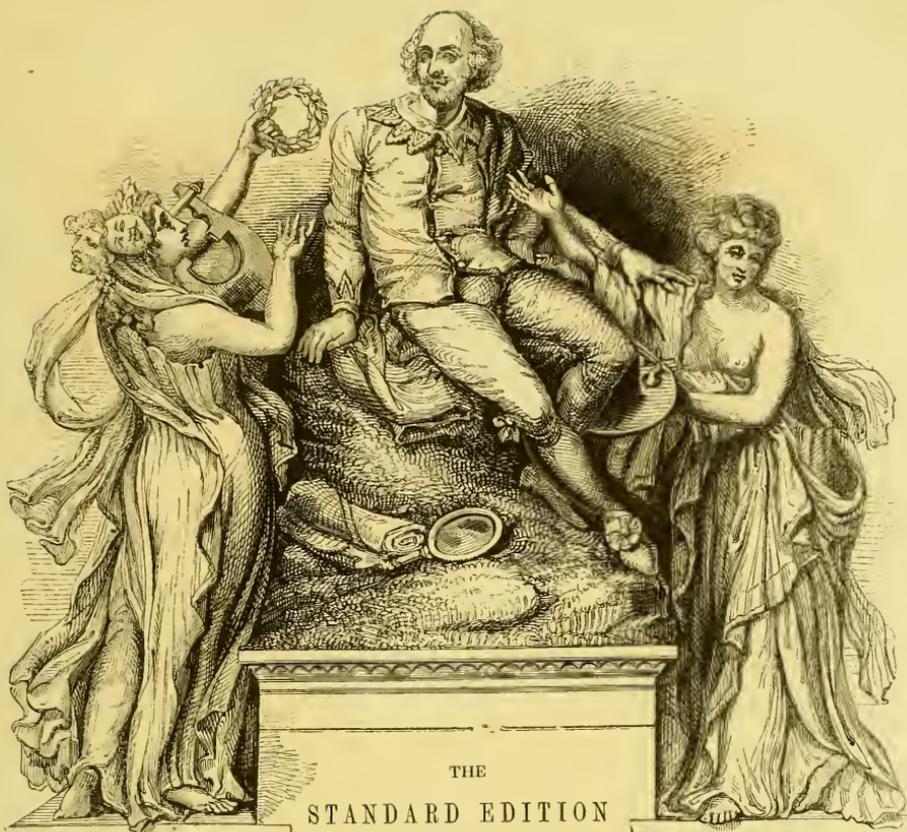


Engraved by F. Scriver

SHAKSPEARE.

*From the Picture on the Possession of
His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe*



THE
STANDARD EDITION
OF THE
PICTORIAL
SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

TRAGEDIES.
VOL. I.

LONDON:
CHARLES KNIGHT,
LUDGATE STREET.

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TITLE-PAGE TO VOLUME.

Shakspeare seated between the Dramatic Muse and the Genius of Painting. From an Alto-Relievo by Banks in the front of the British Institution, formerly the Shakspeare Gallery, Pall Mall.

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ROME & VISIT



THOS. WALLIS DEL.



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 publicquely, 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 publicquely 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

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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 arbitrement 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 Shakspeare'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' 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 Shakspeare was a careless writer. We have furnished abundant evidence of this in our foot notes, in which we have exhibited some of the more remarkable of the amended passages, and have indicated the most important augmentations. 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; and we have, therefore, in nearly every instance, rejected the passages from the first copy, which these editors, to use their own word, have *recovered* to swell out the second copy, as mere surplusage which the author had himself rejected. We have, of course, indicated these changes from the commonly received text; but we will just present one example here, and we purposely select a familiar one.

In the scene where the Nurse and Peter encounter Romeo and his friends in the street, their first words are thus given in the editions of Johnson and Steevens, of Reed, and of Malone, and are copied, of course, in all the popular editions:—

"Nurse. Peter!
Peter. Anon!
Nurse. My fan, Peter.
Mercutio. Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face."

In Shakspeare's own *corrected* edition of 1599, there is no "*pr'ythee, do.*" How comes it, then, into Johnson and Steevens? Through an adulteration of two texts. In the original copy of 1597, the Nurse, instead of "Peter, my fan," says, "Peter, pr'ythee, give me my fan," and Mercutio, in raillery, adds, "Pr'ythee, do, good Peter." Each of Shakspeare's own readings is obviously good: but the mixing up of the two readings by the modern editors is obviously nonsense. But this is not all that Steevens has "*recovered*" in the matter of this fan. In the first copy the scene concludes with,

"Nurse. Peter, take my fan and go before."

In the second copy, Shakspeare wisely thought that it was enough to make the people laugh *once* at Peter and the fan, and he, therefore, substitutes for the above line,

"Nurse. Before and apace."

The modern editors do not agree with Shakspeare, and they "*recover*" out of the first quarto the line which Shakspeare rejected. But enough of this. We have no wish to depreciate the labours of our predecessors. We thoroughly agree with Southey, that "though in their cumbrous annotations the last labourer always added more rubbish to the heaps which his predecessors had accumulated, they did good service by directing attention to our earlier literature."† We most readily acknowledge our own particular obligations to them; for, unless they had collected a great mass of materials, the

* Coleridge's Literary Remains.

† Life of Cowper, vol. ii. p. 178.

present edition could not have been undertaken. But we, nevertheless, cannot conceal our opinion, that as editors they were rash, and as critics they were cold and unimaginative; and we hold it to be the highest duty to attempt to undo what they have done, when they approach their author, as in their manufacture of a text for *Romeo and Juliet*, "without reverence." We believe, as they did not, "that his own judgment is entitled to more respect than that of any or all his critics;"* and we shall attempt to vindicate that judgment on every occasion, upon the great principle laid down by Bentley:—"The point is not what he *might* have done, but what he *has* done."

In attempting to settle the CHRONOLOGY of Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare, 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 plaid to-day? I' faith now I know;
I see thy lips a broach, 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 publicly by the right honourable the 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 July, 1596. Shakspeare'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 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 Shakspeare 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. We have no evidence to show, in any case, that the original publication through the press, of any of Shakspeare's separate plays had the sanction of their author. The editors of the first collected edition of his works call these original publications, "stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors." They would scarcely have ventured so to have designated any of the works if they had been originally published under the author's superintendence; for their assertion could have been easily contradicted, if it had been untrue, by living witnesses. The great probability is, that, when a play had become very popular, it was printed by some means or other—by the people connected with the theatre, or by persons who took down the words at the theatre. 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, to which we shall presently more particularly advert. Chalmers has, indeed, given three passages from Daniel's "Complaint of Rosamond," first printed in 1592,

* Southey (speaking of Cowper).

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which appear a little like imitations either of Daniel by Shakspeare, or of Shakspeare by Daniel. Malone has also given another passage from the old comedy of "Doctor Dodipoll," which has some similarity to the speech of Juliet, "take him and cut him out in little stars." If the Romeo and Juliet were produced before these pieces, which we believe, the resemblances would not be close enough to justify us in saying that their authors borrowed from Shakspeare; and they consequently have as little weight with us to fix the date of the play after their production.

The one piece of intrinsic evidence to which we have referred is this. 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.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
* * * * *
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
* * * * *
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was 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 sixth 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 dropt out of it, killing one person, and mortally wounding another, it being sermon time. Chimneys toppled down, houses were shattered. Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 Shakspeare had another object in view than that of making the Nurse's chronology tally with the age of her nursing. Had he written—

" 'T is 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—

" 'T is 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 connexion 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 Shakspeare 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;—all his great historical plays, except *Henry V.* and *Henry VIII.*, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Merchant of Venice*. 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—* * * 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is 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 particularize 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 Shakspeare, 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

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not been trammelled by Malone and Chalmers, but has placed *Romeo and Juliet* amongst Shakspeare'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 Henslow'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 fullness. 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 out-stretched corpse the last words of praise or blame." We have given this account of Tieck's dialogue on the *Romeo and Juliet*,—first, that we might have the pleasure of making this lover of Shakspeare known to those of our readers who are unacquainted with his works; and, secondly, that we might corroborate our own views of the Chronology of *Romeo and Juliet* by his authority. He has decidedly placed the date of its performance 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.

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

* Dichterleben, von Tieck. Berlin, 1828, p. 128, &c.

† *Purgatory*, Canto 6. *Cary's translation.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

the Veronese, who believe the story of Romeo and Juliet to be historically true, fix the date of this tragedy as 1309. 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 Shakspeare 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 ground-work 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 Giuletta," 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 Boistean, 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 Historie 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 forth on the stage with more commendation than I can look for: being there much better set forth than 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 encouraged me to publish it, suche as it is." We thus see that Shakspeare 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 Grotto 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 shew, as many have attempted, what Shakspeare took from the poem of the *Romeus and Juliet*, and what from Painter's *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. At any rate, we have not space to attempt such illustrations, beyond giving one or two examples of the old poem in our notes.

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

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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 Shakspeare’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.

From 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, we give the accompanying engraving, and our readers will perceive that it interferes sadly with all popular notions of the dress of this play.



The long robes of the male personages, so magisterial or senatorial in their appearance, would, perhaps, when composed of rich materials, be 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. Caesar 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 in a love-making expedition.

“*Habito Antico di Giovani nobile ornato per far l'amore.*”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

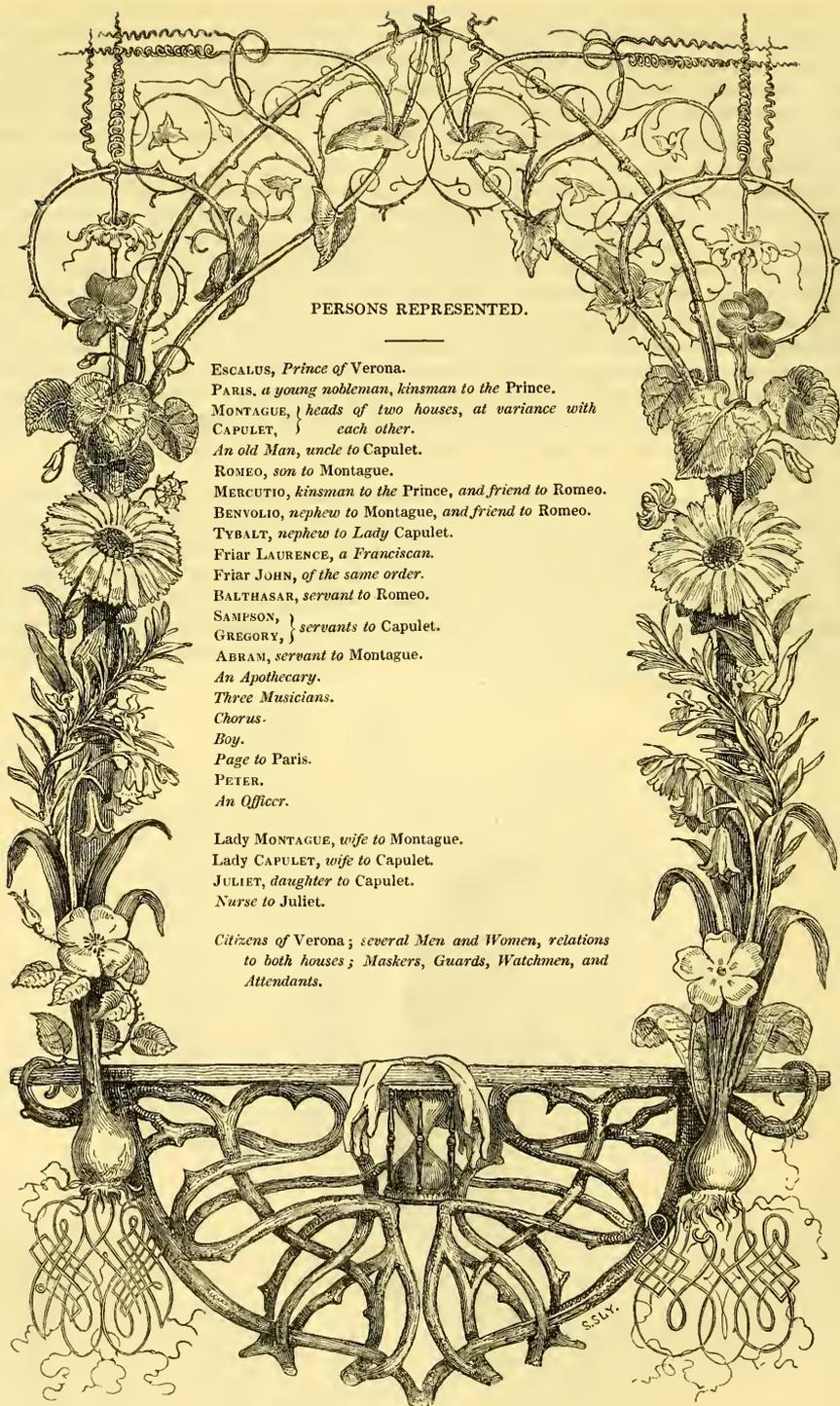
He assigns no particular date to it, but the pointed cowl, or hood, depending from the shoulders, the closely-set buttons down the front of the super-tunic, and up the arms of the undergarment, from the wrist to the elbow, with the peculiar lappet to the sleeve of the super-tunic, are all distinctive 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 here seen, caps and hats of various fantastic shapes, and the chaperon, or turban-shaped hood, began to make its appearance (*vide* second male figure in the engraving after Giotto). No plumes, however, adorned them till near 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 shewing the sleeve of the undergarment (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 net-work. 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.





PERSONS REPRESENTED.

- ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
 PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the Prince.*
 MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses, at variance with*
 CAPULET, } *each 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.*
 SAMFSON, } *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.

S.S.L.Y.



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, nought 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.¹

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, if 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;^a 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 shews thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

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

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

^a The first quarto of 1597, which we mark as (A), "Stand to it."

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be civil^a 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,^b 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.^c Draw thy tool; here comes^d of the house of the Montagues.²

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;³ 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.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.⁴ [*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,^a and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several partizans of both houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partizans!⁵ 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^b 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,^c bred of an airy word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave besecming ornaments, To wield old partizans, in hands as old, 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.

^a The undated quarto, which we mark as (D), *cruel*.

^b (A), *In* sense.

^c *Poor John*. Hake, dried and salted.

^d (A), *two* of the house.

^a The quarto of 1609, which we mark as (C), *drawn*.

^b (C), *one* foot.

^c (C), *bravies*.

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^a 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 abroad?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,

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

'Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-day?

Right glad am I,^b 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,⁶
 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,—^c

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 ;

^a So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *father's*. ^b (*A*), *I am*.

^c 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.

Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
 And makes himself an artificial night :^a
 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.^b

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.

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 :—

^a 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.

^b 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.

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!⁷
 O any thing, of nothing first created!^a
 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.—
 Grievs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest
 With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
 shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made^b with the fume of sighs;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with loving^c 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^d 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:—

Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill!—
 In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

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

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

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

Rom. Well, in that hit, you miss: she'll not
 be hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives un-
 harm'd.^f

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor open her lap to saint-seducing gold:

^a (*A*), *create*. The modern editors have adopted this: but it introduces, improperly, a couplet amidst the blank verse.

^b (*A*), *rais'd*. ^c (*A*), *raging with a lover's tears*.

^d (*A*), *whom she is*.

^e So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), "*A sick man in sadness makes*."

^f So (*A*). The folio and (*C*), *uncharm'd*.

O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.^a

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;^a

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Shew me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note

Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?

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

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
 And pity 't is, 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:^c

^a The scene ends here in (*A*); and the first three lines in the next scene are also wanting. (*B*) has them.

^b So (*D*). The folio omits *And*.

^c *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 Shakspeare uses earth for the mortal part, as in the 146th Sonnet:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,"

and in this play,

"———Turn back, dull earth."

But woo her gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent^a 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,⁹
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,^b 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,¹⁰ 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^c 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.*]

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 per-
sons, 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 lan-
guish:

^a *My will to her consent.* In proportion to, or with refer-
ence to, her consent.

^b *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 banquet-
ting room opened into a garden—as,

“Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night.”

^c So the folio and (C), with the exception of *one* for *on*.
(A), *Such, amongst view of many.*

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.¹¹

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 any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the lan-
guage.

Serv. Ye say honestly; Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read. [*It reads.*]

Signor Martino, and his wife and daughter;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the
lady widow of Vitruvio; Signor Placentio, and
his lovely nieces; Mercurio, 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?^a

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
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
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!

^a So all the early editions. Theobald gives “*To supper*”
to the servant.

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,^a let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
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, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

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

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

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

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen^b 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. ^c 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!—

^a *Scales*—used as a singular noun.

^b *Teen*. Sorrow.

^c 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 Shakspeare a passage in which the rhythm is more happily characteristic.

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;¹²
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:^a—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, quote the dove-house: 't was 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,^b and said—Ay.

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^c 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.

^a *Bear a brain*. Have a memory—a common expression.

^b *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 Shakspeare 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!

^c *Parlous*. A corruption of the word *perilous*, which word is given in the folio. The *parlous* of the earlier copies is more in the Nurse's manner.

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!^a 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. ^bWhat 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,¹³
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every several^c 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 't is 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.

^a So (A). The folio and (C) have *hour*, both in Juliet's and the Nurse's speeches.

^b The next seventeen lines are wanting in (A).

^c (B) *married*; which reading has been adopted by Steevens and Malone, in preference to *several*, in the folio and (C).

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 every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

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

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [Exeunt.]

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 hood-wink'd with a scarf,¹⁴
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:^a

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure,¹⁵ and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,¹⁶—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 enpierced with his shaft,
To soar with his light feathers; and to bound—^b
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burthen do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burthen
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 These two lines in (A), are omitted in the subsequent old editions.

^b To bound, in folio; so bound, in (C).

A visor for a visor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote^a 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;¹⁷
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,¹⁸ the constable's
own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this, sir reverence,¹⁹ love,^b wherein thou
stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, lights, lights, by
day.^c

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 't is 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 fore-finger of an alderman,^d
Drawn with a team of little atomies^e
Athwart^f 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:^g
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:^a
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:

Sometimes 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 ears; at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab

That plats the manes of horses in the night;²⁰
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——^b

^a *Asuit.* A court solicitation was called a suit;—a process, a suit at law.

^b 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,
Drawn 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 moonshine 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,
Pick'd 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 straight on courtesies dream;
O'er ladies' lips who dream on kisses straight,
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 tithe-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, countermences,
Of healths five fathom deep, and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,

^a *Quote.* Observe.

^b Thus (*A*).

^c (*A*), like lamps, by day.

^d (*A*), burgomaster.

^e (*A*), atomy.

^f Thus (*A*), (*C*), and folio, *over*.

^g (*A*), maid; folio and (*C*), man,—clearly an error in the latter.

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 woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face^a 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!^b—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^c in
one or two men's hands, and they unwashed
too, 't is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard,²¹ look to the plate:—good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane;^d 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 a while, 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

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 elf-locks in foul sluttish hair,
Which once untangled much misfortune breeds.^e

^a Thus (*A.*) (*C.*) and the folio *side*.

^b Thus (*A.*) (*C.*) and the folio, *suit*.

^c Thus (*C.*) Folio omits *all*.

^d *Marchpane*. A kind of sweet cake or biscuit, some-
times called almond cake. Our macaroons are diminutive
marchpanes.

Unplagued with corns, will have^a 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!^b 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;—'t is gone, 't is gone,
't is gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, mu-
sicians, play.

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

[*Musik plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye 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^c 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! 't is not so much, 't is not
so much:

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years; and then we
mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder,
sir;

His son is thirly.

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^d hangs upon the cheek of night

^a Thus (*A.*) (*C.*) and folio, *walk about*.

^b This passage, to "More light, ye knaves," is wanting
in (*A.*)

^c *Good cousin Capulet*. The word cousin, in Shakspeare, was
applied to any collateral relation of whatever degree; thus
we have in this play "Tybalt, my cousin, Oh my brother's
child." Richard the Third 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.

^d *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 lan-
guage is spoken,—is quoted in books as frequently as any
of the other passages of Shakspeare which constantly present
themselves as examples of his exquisite power of description.

As^a a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
 Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
 So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
 As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.
 The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
 And touching hers, make blessed^b 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 flier and scorn at our solemnity?
 Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
 To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

I 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.

I Cap. Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

I 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 the town,
 Here in my house, do him disparagement:
 Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
 It is my will; the which if thou respect,
 Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
 An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

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

I 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-whoop!^a you'll be the man!

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 (A), *Like*.

^b So (C) and folio. (A), *happy*.

^c *Set cock-a-whoop*. 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.

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

I Cap. Go to, go to,
 You are a saucy boy: Is't so indeed?

This trick may chance to scath^a you;—I know what.

You must contrary^b me!—marry, 't is time—
 Well said, my hearts!—You are a princeox;^c
 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 unworthing hand
 [To JULIET.

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

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

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

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

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

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

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^e 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.

^a *To scath*. To injure.

^b *Contrary*. Sir Philip Sidney, and many other old writers, use this as a verb.

^c *Princeox*. Coxcomb.

^d So all the old copies. Warburton changed *sin* to *fine*.

^e (A), *yours*.

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.^a
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.*]

^a Towards. Ready; at hand.

Jul. Come hither, nurse: What is you 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 dane'd withal.

[*One calls within, "JULIET."*]

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-belov'd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

VERONA, the city of Italy, where, next to Rome, the antiquary most luxuriates ;—where, blended with the remains of theatres, and amphitheatres, and triumphal arches, are the palaces of the factious nobles, and the tombs of the despotic princes of the Gothic ages ;—Verona, so rich in the associations of real *history*, has even a greater charm for those who would live in the *poetry* of the past :—

“ Are these the distant turrets of Verona ?
And shall I sup where Juliet at the masque
Saw her lov'd Montague, and now sleeps by him ?”

So felt our tender and graceful poet, Rogers. He adds, in a note, “ The old palace of the Cappelletti, with its uncouth balcony and irregular windows, is still standing in a lane near the market-place ; and what Englishman can behold it with indifference ? When we enter Verona, we forget ourselves, and are almost inclined to say with Dante,

‘ Vieni à veder Montecchi, e Cappelletti.’”

¹ 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 shews 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-yards, 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 have also 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 bears no coals, I can tell you.” Gifford has given a quotation in illustration of this meaning (which is the sense in which Shakspeare here uses it), worth all the long list of similar passages in the Shakspearean commentators : “ It remaineth 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 somebody in the world, to whom she is afraid you are a little kin, to be content to carry coals at any Frenchman's hand.” —Secretary Cecyll to Sir Henry Neville, March 2, 1559.

² 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.”

³ SCENE I.—“ *I will bite my thumb at them.*”

There can be little doubt, we apprehend, that this mode of insult was originally peculiar to Italy, and was perhaps a mitigated form of the greater insult of making the fig, or fico, that is, thrusting out the thumb in a peculiar manner between the fingers. Douce has bestowed much laborious investigation upon this difficult, and somewhat worthless subject. The commentators have not distinctly alluded to what appears to us the identity of biting the thumb and the fico ; but a passage in Lodge's “ Wit's Miserie” clearly shews, that the customs were one and the same :—“ Behold, I see contempt marching forth, giving mee the fico with his thumbe in his mouth.” The practice of biting the thumb was naturalized amongst us in Shakspeare'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 !”

⁴ SCENE I.—“ *Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.*”

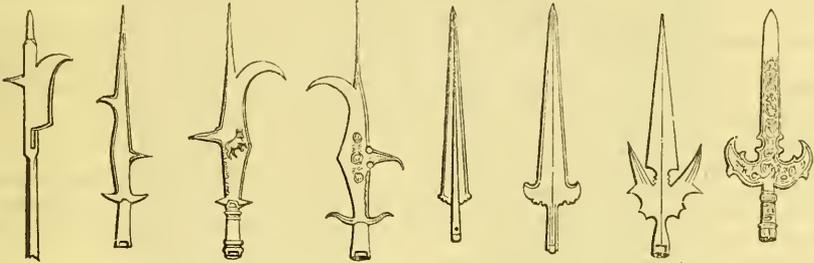
Sampson and Gregory are described as armed with swords and bucklers. The swashing blow is a blow upon the buckler ; the blow accompanied with a noise ; and thus a swasher came to be synonymous with a quarrelsome fellow, a braggart. In Henry V., Bar-dolph, Pistol, and Nym, are called by the boy three “ 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.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

⁵ SCENE I.—“Clubs, bills, and partizans.”

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 watch-maker’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 Shakspeare 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. We have given a group of ancient bills and partizans, viz., a very early form of bill, from a specimen preserved in the Town Hall of Canterbury;—bills of the times of Henry VI., VII., and VIII.;—and partizans of the times of Edward IV., Henry VII., and James I.



⁶ SCENE I.—“Underneath the grove of sycamore.”

When Shakspeare has to deal with descriptions of natural scenery, he almost invariably localizes 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



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

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 Shakspeare’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. Shakspeare 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.”

7 SCENE I.—“*O brawling love! O loving hate!*”

This antithetical combination of contraries originated in the Provençal poetry, and was assiduously cultivated by Petrarch. Shakspeare, 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.

8 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 inter-



view between the king and the princess:—“*Now fair befall your mask*,” says Biron to Rosaline. We

subjoin a representation of an Italian lady in her black mask. The figure (without the mask) is in *Vicellio’s Habiti Antichi e Moderni*.

9 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 very 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.”

Shakspeare 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.”

10 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 Shakspeare when he wrote these lines; and he thought not of the lusty yeomen in his fields,

“While the plow-man near at hand
Whistles o’er the furrow’d land,”

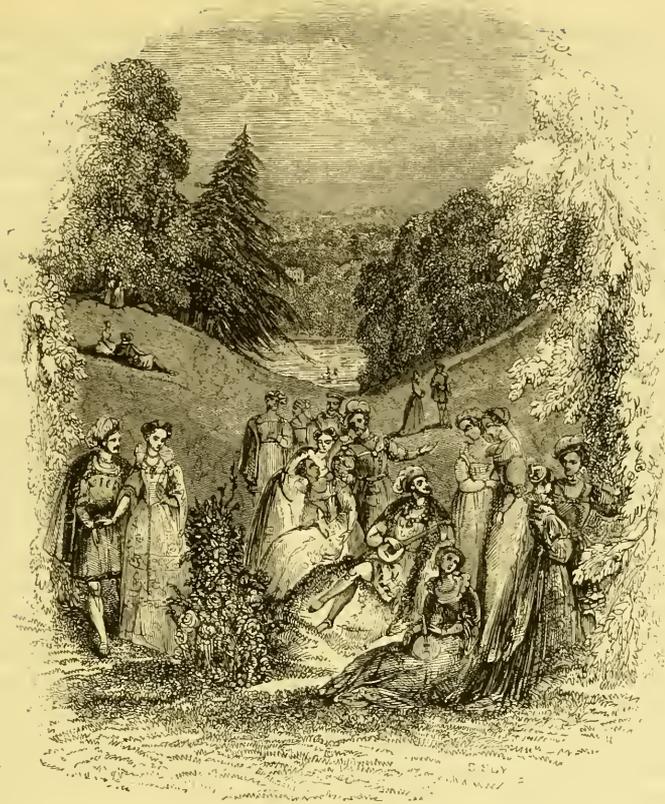
but of such gay groups as Boccaccio has painted, who,

“Sat down in the high grass, and in the shade
Of many a tree sun proof.”

Shakspeare has, indeed, explained his own idea of “*well-apparell’d April*” in that beautiful Sonnet beginning

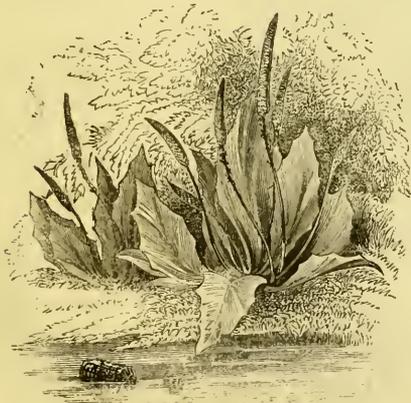
“From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress’d in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing.”

Douce has well observed, that, in this passage of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare 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.*” We have adapted one of these representations from a drawing in the beautiful manuscript of the *Roman de la Rose* in the British Museum.



¹¹ SCENE II.—“Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.”

The leaf of the broad-leaved plantain was used as a blood stancher. Of course, Shakspeare 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.



¹² SCENE III.—“’T is since the earthquake now eleven years.”

We have shewn 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story.” But it appears to us by no means improbable that Shakspeare 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.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

13 SCENE III.—“*Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.*”

This passage furnishes a very remarkable example of the correctness of the principle laid down in Mr. Whiter's very able tract,—“An Attempt to explain and illustrate various Passages of Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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.”

14 SCENE IV.—“*We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,*” &c.

The mask of ladies, or amazons, in Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare 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*.

15 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 Shakspeare’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 woo’d in good time; if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, 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 antictery; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.”

16 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.

17 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 Shakspeare’s auto-biographical 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.”

18 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. page 282.)

19 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. page 149; vol. vii. page 337.)

20 SCENE IV.—“This is that very Mab That plucks 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 nightmare. The belemnites, or elf-stones, were regarded as charms against the last-mentioned disease

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

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."

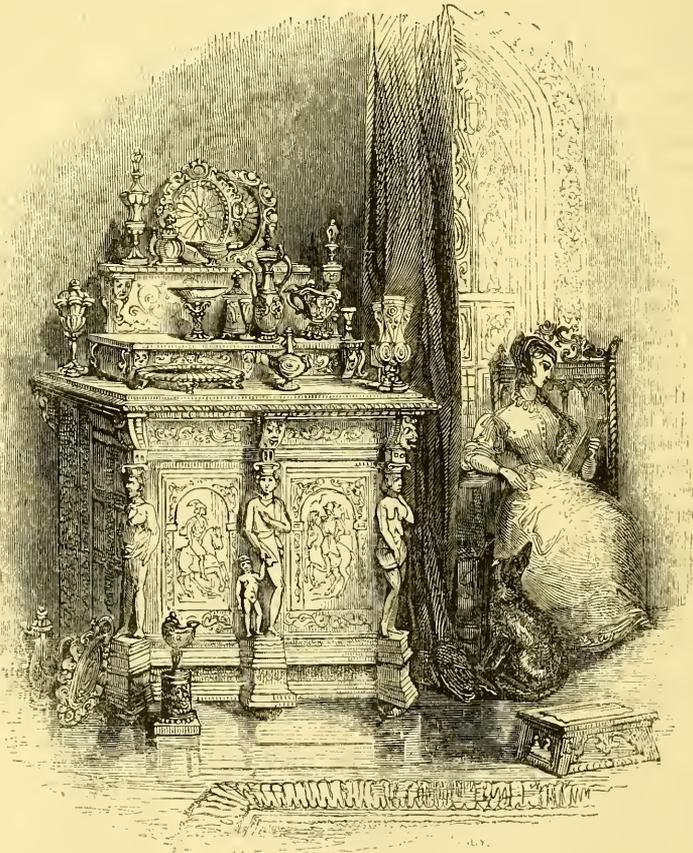
The next line,

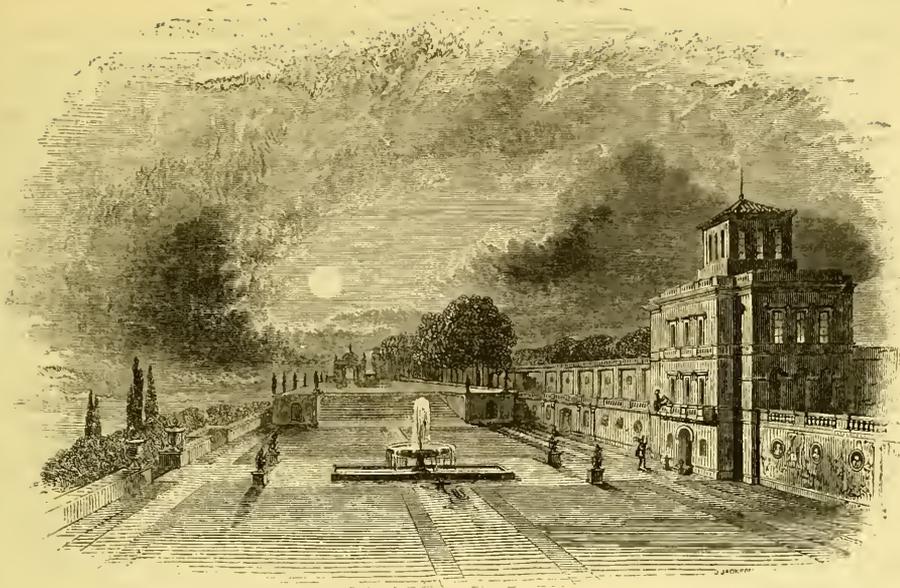
"And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,"

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."

21 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 cupboards with its furniture of plate." In Italy the art of Benvenuto Cellini was lavished upon the exquisite ornaments of the court cupboard. In the following engraving is exhibited one of the rich court cupboards of the period of Elizabeth, set out with many of those vessels of antique Italian workmanship which had found their way into this country.





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^a but love and dove; Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word, One nick-name for her purblind son and heir, Young Abraham^b Cupid, he that shot so trim, When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid!¹—

^a (*A*) has *pronounce*; the subsequent quartos and the first folio, *provaunt*; the second folio *couply*, which has become the received reading of *couple*. Steevens desired to retain *provaunt*, to provide, from the noun *provaunt*, provision.

^b All the old copies have "*Abraham*." Upton changed it to "*Adam*," which all the modern editors have adopted, supposing the allusion "*he that shot so trim*," was to the Adam Bell of the old Ballad, to whom Shakspeare has also alluded in Much ado about Nothing: "*he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder and called Adam.*" But the word

He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not; The ape^a 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. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would 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^b night:

"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 he,
 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.

^a *The ape*,—an expression of kindly familiarity applied to a young man.

^b *Humorous*, dewy,—vaporous.

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.^a—

Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;²
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is 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,^b 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, 't is not to me she speaks:

^a There are two lines here omitted in the text of Steevens' edition, which Malone has restored to the text. In every popular edition of our poet they are omitted. 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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 characterise without using expressions that had better be avoided.

^b Be not a votary to Diana,—the

"Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,"

of Ben Jonson's beautiful hymn.

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!

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^a 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. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though,^b 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!^c
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name^d 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^e 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;

^a So (A). The folio and (C), *puffing*.

^b Juliet places his personal qualities in opposition to what she thought evil of his family.

^c 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!"

^d So (A). The folio and (C), *word*.

^e So (C) and folio. (A), *that*.

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 not yet drunk a hundred
words

Of thy tongue's uttering,^a yet I know the sound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid,^b if either thee dis-
like.^c

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^d 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;^e

And, but thou love me,^f 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^g 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!^h
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 mayst think my behaviour
light: .

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning^a to be
strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'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,^b
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O swear not by the moon, the in-
constant 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 re-
quest it:

And yet I would it were to give again.

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

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

^a The folio and (C), *thy tongue's uttering*, (A), *that tongue's utterance*.

^b In (A), *saint*.

^c *Dislike*—Displease. ^d In (A), *let*.

^e In (A), *sight*.

^f *But thou love me*.—So thou do but love me.

^g So (A). In folio and (C), *should*.

^h *Farewell compliment*—farewell respect for forms.

^a So (A). In folio and (C), *coying*.

^b So (A). In folio and (C), *woo*.

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 afraid,
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,
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!^a
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.^a

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^b

Shall I send to thee?

^a In (A), my Romeo's name.

^b 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

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^a cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frown-
ing night,

Checkinger the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;

And flecked^b darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's fiery wheels:^c

Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,

for My *neccc*, 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 *Neccc* 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, shewing that a word of two syllables was wanted after *my* when at was rejected. Zachary Jackson, instead of *neccc*, would read *notice*.

^a (A), "ghostly father's cell."

^b Flecked—dappled.

^c So (A). It is remarkable that in the folio and (C), these four lines, with a slight alteration, are also introduced before the two last lines of Romeo's previous speech. It appears to us that the poet was making experiments upon the margin

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;⁵
 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.^a
 O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
 In plants, herbs, stones, and their true quali-
 ties:

For nought 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^b flower
 Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
 For this, being smelt, with that part cheers
 each part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
 Two such opposed kings^c encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude
 will;

And, where the worsè 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'ature,
 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.

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,
 Checking 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.”

^a Six lines, ending with this line, are not in (A).

^b In (A), *small*.

^c In (A), *focs*. In the other ancient editions, *kings*. Opposed *focs* has not the propriety of opposed *kings*—a thoroughly Shakspearean phrase.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosa-
 line?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
 I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast
 thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
 I have been feasting with mine enemy;
 Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
 That's by me wounded; both our remedies
 Within thy help and holy physic lies;⁶
 I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo,
 My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
 drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
 love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
 As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
 And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
 By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
 We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
 I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
 That thou consent to marry us 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 Rosa-
 line.

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; run^a thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin^b 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,^c I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song,^d 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; 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, lispings, 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 lament-

^a Run. This is the reading of the folio and (C). Shot in (A).

^b The centre of the target, where the pin fastened the clout.

^c Tybert is the name given to the cat in the story of Reynard the Fox.

^d 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.

able 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 hering:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to berhyme her; Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots: Thisbè, a grey eye or so,^a 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;^a 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.^b

Mer. Sure wit.^c 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, sole singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits faint.^d

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-geese chase,^e I am done; for thou hast more of the wild-geese in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

^a The grey eye—the blue eye—was the most beautiful. In the *Venus and Adonis*, Venus says, "Mine eyes are grey."

^b The pump was the shoe. We retain the word. The ribbons in the pump were shaped as flowers.

^c In (A), *Well said*.

^d Faint in folio and (C). In (A), *fail*.

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;^a it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel,^b 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?¹⁰ 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 would'st 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.¹¹

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.^c

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?¹²

Mer. 'T is 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 merchant¹³ 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 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,—

^a The name of an apple.

^b Kid leather—from *chevreuil*—a roebuck.

^c See Introductory Notice.

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,^a 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 't was 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.¹¹ 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.^a

Rom. Commend me to thy lady. [Exit.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Before, and apace.^a [Exit.

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,^b

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,¹⁵
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 a while;—
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 a while?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

^a All this dialogue, from "Commend me to thy mistress," is not in (A).

^a See Introductory Notice.

^b In (A), Juliet's soliloquy ends here.

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 gen-
tleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your
mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is
within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou reply'st:
*Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?*

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
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 burthen 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.^a

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 gossamers
That idle 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,
Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their
worth;

^a This scene was entirely re-written, after the first copy.

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.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ 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 Shakspeare's audience. Upon the authority of learned Master “Moth” in *Love's Labour's Lost*, it was an ancient ballad in Shakspeare'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 't is 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 “*A Collection of Old Ballads*,” 1765; 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 Shakspeare'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 happen'd 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 die,
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lie.”

FROM A COLLECTION OF OLD BALLADS.

“A king once reign'd 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.”



² 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 Shakspeare'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 “trussing-bedde.” The bed next beyond the luxury of the trussing-bed was the truckle-bed; and therefore Shakspeare naturally takes that in preference to the standing-bed.

³ 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.

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of the *Tempest*. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakspeare'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."

4 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 *eyas-musket*, the smallest unfledged hawk. Othello fears that Desdomena 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.”

5 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 Shakspeare and Milton go to the same common source? Farmer has not solved this question in his “*Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare*.”

6 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 Shakspeare was accused of sacrificing grammar, it ought to have been shewn 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 Shakspeare'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."

7 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 hindered, 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 Arcité and Palamon fighting like two bulls :—

"This duke his courser with his spurrs smote,
And at a start he was betwixt them two,
And pulled out a sword and criéd,—'Ho!
No more, up pain of losing of your head ;
By myght Mars, he shall anon be dead
That smiteth any stroke that I may see!
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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 courtous*. 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 *Lic circumstantial* and the *Lic 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 Shakspeare 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, 't is so idle and frivolous."—(Essays, book iii. ch. 10.) But philosophy and wit were equally unavailing to put down the quarrelsome spirit of the times : Henry IV. of France in vain declared all duellists guilty of lese-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."

8 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 Greene'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."

9 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.

10 SCENE IV.—"Why, is not this better now than
groaning for love?"

Coleridge invites us to compare, in this scene, "Romeo's half-excited and half-real ease of mind, with his

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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 lives-play of witty words—which was the tone of the best society in Shakspeare's time. "Now art thou what thou art," says Mercutio, "by art as well as by nature."

11 SCENE IV.—"My fan, Peter."

The fan which Peter had to bear is exhibited in the wood-cut at the end of this Act. It does not appear quite so ridiculous, therefore, when we look at the size of the machine, to believe the Nurse should have a servant to bear it. Shakspeare 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."

12 SCENE IV.—"Is it good den?"

According to Mercutio's answer, the time was noon when the evening salutation "good den" began. But Shakspeare 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.

13 SCENE IV.—"Saucy merchant."

Stevens 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 Magistrats 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 called him a *trimme merchant*. In like despight the citizen calleth every rascal a *joly gentleman*."

14 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),

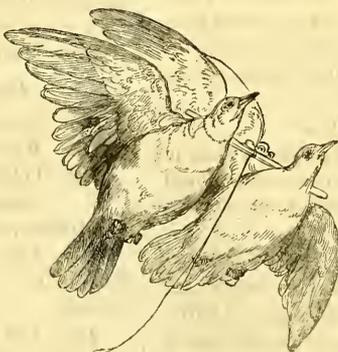
"They *arre* and bark at night against the moon;"

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 Rixando, prima est, canina vocatur.*"

15 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." Shakspeare 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.

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?

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 than 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 min-

strels! 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^a 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^b 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*^c carries it away. [*Draws.* Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What would'st 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^d 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^a—

[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped: Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, 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.^b—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!^c in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective lenity,

^a (*A*), hate.

^b Love. So (*C*); the folio, *lov'd*.

^c *Alla stoccata*—the Italian term of art for the thrust with a rapier.

^d Scabbard.

^a We have restored the metrical arrangement of the preceding five lines, from (*C*) and the folio.

^b (*A*), kinsman.

^c So (*A*). (*C*) and folio, *he gone*.

And fire-eyed^a 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.]

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,^b—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^c the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

^a *Fire-eyed.* So (A); the folio and (C) have *fire and fury*.
^b So (C) and folio. (D) "*unhappy sight, ah me,*" and in that copy, "O cousin, cousin!" in the third line beyond, is omitted. All the 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.
^c Slight.

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,¹ 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^a proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleed-
ing;

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 this 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;^b such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.^c—

^a (A), *hates.* (C), *heart's.* ^b (A), *mansion.*
^c Juliet's soliloquy ends here in the first quarto.

Spread thy close curtain, love-performing
night!

That, unawares,^a 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^b 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.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords,

^a The common reading, which is that of all the old copies, is
"That *runaways'* eyes may weep."

This 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, *Phobus* is the runaway. Stevens proves that *Night* is the runaway. Douce thinks that *Juliet* is the 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 *Renoumée*, and answering, we suppose, to the "Rumour" of Spenser. After all this learning, there comes an unlearned compositor, Zachary Jackson, and sets the matter straight. *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, *runawayres*. We have not the least hesitation in adopting Jackson's reading; and we have the authority of a very clever article in Blackwood's Magazine (July 1819), for a general testimony to the value of Jackson's book; and the equally valuable authority of a most accomplished friend, who called our attention to this particular reading, as settled by the common sense of the printer.

^b *Unmann'd*. A term of falconry. To man a hawk is to accustom her to the falconer who trains her.

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*,^a
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!—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 swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrout,^b
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^c 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 Ty-
balt'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?

^a It is here necessary to retain the old spelling of the affirmative particle *I* (ay).

^b *Bankrout*. We restore the old poetical *bankrout*, in preference to the modern *bankrupt*.

^c (*A*), *dear-lov'd*.

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
 Dove-feather'd raven! wolvis-ravens lamb!
 Despised substance of divinest show!
 Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
 A damned^a 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 nought, all dissemblers.—
 Ah, where's my man? give me some *aquaviva*:—
 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 ashamed to sit;
 For 't is 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 hus-
 band:

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, worsen 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 rear-ward 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's 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.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
 death.

For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

^a Thus (D). (C), *dimme*.

Fri. Here^a 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 mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,
Thou cutt'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. 'T is 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.^b
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 world 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.^c

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,

^a (A), *Hence.*

^b We have restored this passage to the reading of the folio. The lines were transposed by Stevens, 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.”

^c Thus (D).

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men
have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou
dost not feel;

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but 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 a while;—stand
up; [Knocking.]

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!
What simpleness^a 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,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blub-
bering:—

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. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with
her?

^a (A), *wiffulness.*

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,^a
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 would'st
lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love,
thy wit;
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which would bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy
wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish:

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,³
Is set on 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:^a
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^b and sullen wench,
Thou puttest up^c 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 me 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 begone 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; 't is 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

^a (A), which modern editors have followed, gives "happy too."

^b Thus (A). The folio, *mis-shaped*.

^c *Puttest-up*. So the folio. (D) reads *puts* thy fortune, which modern editors have adopted, with the addition of *upon*. Is to *put up* used as to *put aside*?

^a (A) reads:

"And slay thy lady, too, that lives in thee."

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.—
'T is 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^a 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 Thurs-
day ?

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.*⁴

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 :⁵
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,⁶
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. You 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, you grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is 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 ;^a
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.⁷
O, now be gone ; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light ?—more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam !

Jul. Nurse ?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber :
The day is broke ; be wary, look about.

[*Exit* Nurse.]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell ! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [ROMEO descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so ? love ! lord ! ay—
husband, friend !^b

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days :

^a *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. Stevens, in his note on this word, mistakes the meaning entirely.

^b (A) reads "my love, my lord, my friend," which has supplied the modern text.

⁴ Another term of falconry. The *mew* is the hawk's cage.

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;^a
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,^a
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 mo-
ther?

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 cou-
sin's death?

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with
tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him
live:

Therefore, have done: some grief shews much
of love;

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not
the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much
for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he 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,^a

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^b
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 Thurs-
day 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!

^a We have again a made-up text in modern editions. (*A*)
(the other lines being different) has,

"That shall bestow on him so sure a draught."

^b (*A*), *needful*.

^a (*A*), *below*.

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^a 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 deliver'd 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.^b

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic!
What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you
not;—^c

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
gage!

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:

^a (D) gives us *air*, which the modern editors have followed.

^b *Meant love*—meant as love.

^c (C) has this line, which is not in the folio:—

“And yet not proud;—Mistress, minion, you.”

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

That God had lent^a 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,^b 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,^c
Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart 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.

^a (A), *sent*.

^b 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.”

^c (A) gives *train'd*. (C), and folio, *allied*.

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 strag-
tagems

Upon so good a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 't is: 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 't were 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?

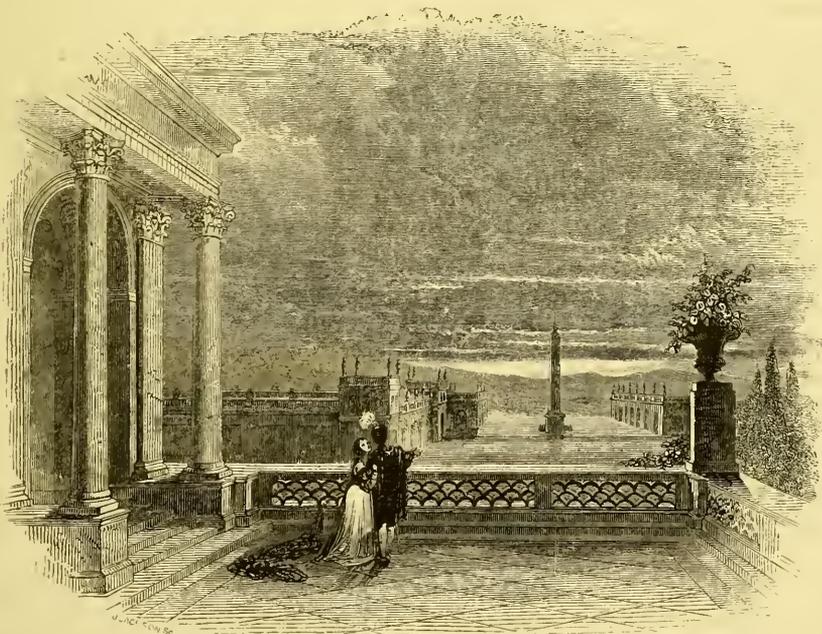
Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvel-
lous much.

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 twin.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ 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 shew how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality.”

² 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 make, instead of their signature, was often 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.”

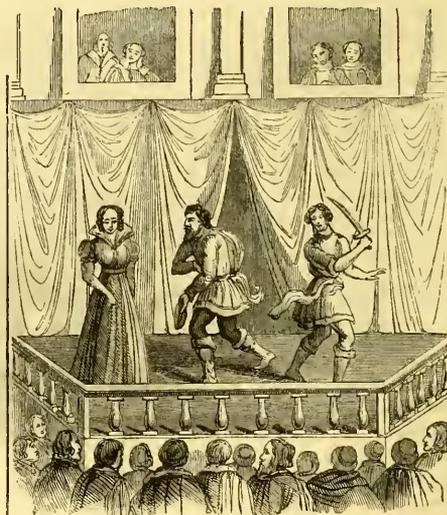
³ SCENE III.—“*Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask.*”

The force and propriety of this comparison are manifest; but fully to understand it, we must know how the soldier of Shakspeare'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.”

⁴ 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 direc-

tions, 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 the 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 a 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 a 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, sate 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. We prefix a representation of the old stage, with its balcony, which we have been fortunate in finding engraved in the title page to Dr. William Alabaster's Latin Tragedy of Roxana, 1632.

⁵ 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 Shakspeare 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 day time,” 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 Shakspeare is as much exhibited as in his wonderful powers of generalization.

⁶ SCENE V.—“*It was the lark, the herald of the morn.*”

Shakspeare'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'd burnish'd gold.”

⁷ 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 troililo, troilolilo.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up.”

⁸ 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 Shakspeare's gentleness in touching the tender superstitions, the *terre incognite* 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 Shakspeare, 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. page 174.)—Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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.

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.^a

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.

^a 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."

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 Thurs-
day next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

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 slan-
der'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,^a
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 hide 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^b 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;^a
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.^b
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly^c 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,¹
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,^d
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking,^e 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.

^a In (*D*), *shroud*. In folio, *grave*.

^b (*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 modern editors have been bold enough, even here, to give us a text made up of Shakspeare's first thoughts and his last.

^c In (*D*), *paly*. In (*C*), *many*.

^d This line, which is in all the ancient copies, has been left out in all the modern. The editors have here gone 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."

^e And he and I will watch thy waking, is omitted in the folio, but is found in (*C*).

^a Nine lines, ending with this, are not in (*A*).

^b In (*A*), *yonder*. In (*C*) and folio, *any*.

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! [Exit.]

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.²

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, 't is 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.

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 became^a 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.

[Exit JULIET and NURSE.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;

'T is 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.

[Exit.]

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^a 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.

[Exit 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;—

^a *Becom'd*—becoming.

^a (A), *Do you need my help?*

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?^a
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,^a 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! is it not like, that I,
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,

^a 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 the modern editors will make a patchwork 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;"

Stevens 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.

^a 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."

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,—here's drink—I drink
to thee.

[*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.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock
hath crow'd.

The curfew bell hath rung, 't is 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

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 shew 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 whore-
son! ha,

Thou shalt be loggerhead.—Good father, 't is 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 penny-worths 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.^a

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.

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!—

^a In the original we want these four exquisite lines. And yet the modern editors have thrust in the single line which they found in (*D*):—

“Accursed time, unfortunate old man.”

The scene, from the entrance of Capulet, is elaborated from 44 lines, in the original, to 74 lines.

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't was 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 corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though some^a 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.]

^a *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.

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O, musicians,⁵ *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,^a 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 glee: 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;^b 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;^c

Why, silver sound? why music with her silver sound?

What say you, Simon Catling?^d

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!^e What say you, Hugh Rebeck?^f

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:

^a *Dump.* See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 47. We shall, hereafter, have a better opportunity to give the notes of a tune called a *Dump*. The exclamation, "O play me," &c. is not in the folio.

^b *I'll re you, I'll fa you.* *Re* and *fa* are the syllables, or names, given in solmization, or sol-fa-ing to the sounds *D* and *F* in the musical scale.

^c See Illustrations to this Act.

^d *Catling*—a lute string.

^e (*C*), *pratest*.

^f *Rebeck*—the three-stringed violin.

I will say for you. It is—music with her silver sound, because musicians have no gold for sounding :—^a

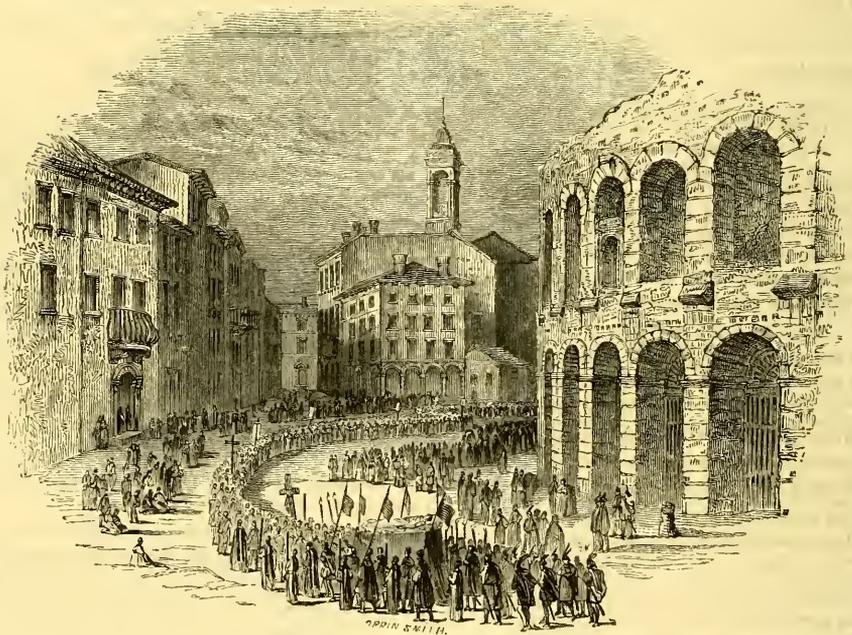
Then music with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit, singing.*]

^a In (*A*) we have “*such fellows as you have seldom gold for sounding;*” and then the servant calls them “*fiddlers.*” It is

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.*]

interesting to mark the change in the corrected copy. Shakspeare would not put offensive words to the skilled in music, even into the mouth of a clownish servant.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ 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 Shakspeare 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 connexion 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 ’t were her nightly posture, through the crowd
She came at last—and richly, gaily clad,
As for a birthday feast!’”

² SCENE II.—“*Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.*”

The “cunning cook,” in the time of Shakspeare, 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 two pence 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 two centuries, either in the city generally, or in the Company which repre-

sents 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 notes round with broths,
Mounts marrow-bones, cuts fifty angled custards,
Rears 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 Shakspeare'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' marriage, he just hints,—

“We'll keep no great ado—a friend or two.”

But Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, for imputing “to an Italian nobleman and his lady, all the petty sollicitudes 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.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

³ 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 Shakspeare this description of “the ancient receptacle” of the Capulets.

⁴ SCENE IV.—“*Enter servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.*”

Vicellio has given us the costume of the menial servants, and porters of Italy, which we here copy.



⁵ SCENE V.—“*Musicians! O, musicians!*”

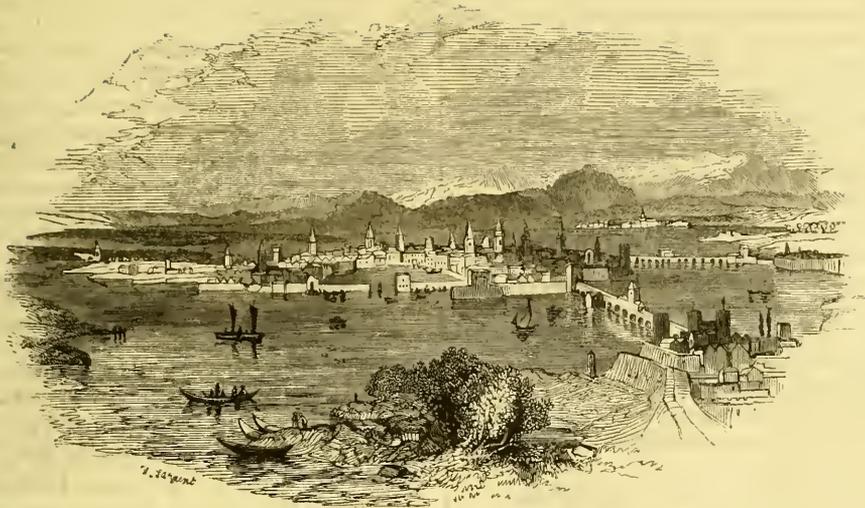
Juliet is held to be dead. Capulet’s joys are buried with his child. The musicians that came to accompany her to church remain in the hall. The scene which follows between Peter and the musicians has generally been considered ill-placed. Even Coleridge says, “As the audience know that Juliet is not dead, 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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’ll in here—tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.” So Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare a presentiment of what he was to receive at the hands of his own commentators?





ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua.¹ *A Street.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth^a of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand :
My bosom's lord sits light 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^b Juliet ? That I ask again ;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

^a (*A*), *eye*. This word has been retained by the modern editors. But it is not difficult to see the growth of that philosophical spirit in Shakspeare which suggested the substitution of the word "truth," which opens to the mind a deep volume of metaphysical inquiry.

^b (*A*), *How fares my Juliet ?*

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.^a
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.

^a 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 shew 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 ? Are his editors to deal with his corrections according to their own caprice ?

Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art
swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—²

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,³

Here lives a catiff 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!^a

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 wretch-
edness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,

^a 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 Shakspeare'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 pass'd by, whose needy shop is stuff'd

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.”

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,^a
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^b 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.*]

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 barefoot brother out,^c

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,^e 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.*]

^a Steevens again! who has “recovered” from the first quarto the line in our common texts,

“Upon thy back hangs ragged misery.”

^b (A), *pay*. (C) and folio, *pray*.

^c Nice—trivial.

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 Churchyard; 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^a lay thee all along,
 Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
 So shall no foot upon the churchyard 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 churchyard; 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 distill'd by moans;
 The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
 Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and weep.^b
 [The Boy whistles.]
 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, a while.

[*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.

^a This passage is different in (*A*)—but an “*Ev*” tree is mentioned. In (*C*) we have *young-trees*—perhaps a typographical error; but it occurs again.

^b 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.”

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 churchyard 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 shew me friendship.—
 Take thou that:

Live and be prosperous; and farewell, good
 fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here-
 about;

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 pursued 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^a 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 (*A*), *Heap.*

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy commiseration,^a
And apprehend thee for^b 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.*]

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;^c here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,
here

^a (A), *conjurations.*

^b (A), *do attach thee as.*

^c The following lines are here introduced in (C) and the

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 apo-
thecary;

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies.*]

*Enter at the other end of the churchyard, 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?^a

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;

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.

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.

^a Steevens, in the modern text, has wrested a line out of the first quarto:

“Who is it that consorts, so late, the dead?”

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree*
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;⁵
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 desery.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

3 Watch. Here's Romeo's man, we found
him in the churchyard.

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 churchyard 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, toward 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

* Again young-tree in (C) and folio.

Is empty on the back of Montague,*—
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 a
while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true
descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,

And lead you even to death: Meantime, for-
bear,

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 murther;
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 dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove the siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some
means

To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The form of death: meantime I writ to
Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.

But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was 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 open 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.

* The dagger was worn at the back.

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 shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:⁶

For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 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 be here out of place.

2 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. page 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 generalizations, as a less skilful artist than Shakspeare would have made him indulge in? From the moment he had said,

“Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee 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.

Shakspeare 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” whom she should have married?

“Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night,”

was the sole thought that made him remember an

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“apothecary,” and treat what his servant said as a “dream.” Who but Shakspeare could have given us the key to these subtle and delicate workings of the human heart?

³ SCENE I.—“*Whose sale is present death in Mantua.*”

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his “Discourse of Te-nures,” 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 circum-stance is a remarkable exemplification of the dif-ference between English and continental manners.

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Going to find a barefoot 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 wouted guise,
That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
But of their convent eye 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 kindness, 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. War-ton, 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;”

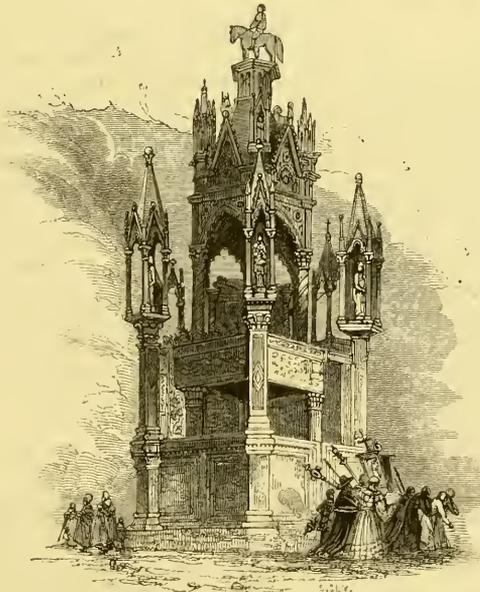
but he was yet of the world. He married Romeo and his mistress, partly to gratify their love, and partly to secure his influence in the reconciliation of their families. Warton says the Franciscans “managed the machines of every important operation, or event, both in the religious and political world.”

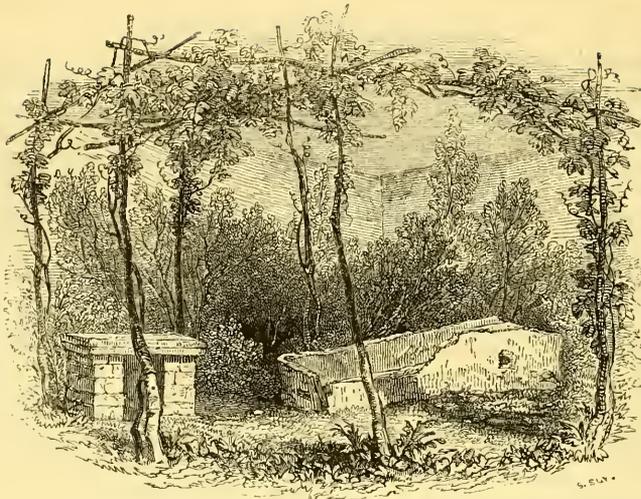
⁵ SCENE III.—“*The watch is coming.*”

Malone maintains, here and elsewhere, that there is no such establishment as the watch in Italy. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, who to an intimate know-ledge of Shakspeare 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.”

⁶ SCENE III.—“*Some shall be pardon’d,*” &c.

The government of the Scaligers, or Scalas, com-menced in 1259, when Mastino de la Scala was elected Podesta of Verona; and it lasted 113 years in the legitimate descendants of the first Podesta. The following is a representation of the tomb of this illustrious family at Verona, from an original sketch.





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“OF the truth of Juliet’s story, they (the Veronese) seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and shewing 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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare,—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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare which is applicable to all his tragedies: —“Shakspeare’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

* Moore’s Life of Byron, 8vo. 1838, p. 327. † A. W. Schlegel’s Lectures, Black’s translation, vol. ii. p. 187. ‡ Ibid.

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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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare’s skill as an artist, for he had thoroughly worked out his own idea. “*Otway*,” Mrs. Inchbald adds, “would have rendered it more effective.” Yes, indeed, *Otway* would have given us *Juliet* stark mad in her grave-clothes, or would have made her in reality,

“Pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud.”

Unquestionably he would have done what Garrick’s less skilful hand ventured to do—to make *Juliet* wake before *Romeo* dies; and then *Otway* would have been called a greater master of the pathetic than Shakspeare. 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, “Shakspeare, 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*.”† Shakspeare misled! Shakspeare missing the opportunity! Shakspeare 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 Shakspearean 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 author 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 Shakspeare’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” Shakspeare would not be tolerated. It is a higher praise that the endeavour to revive upon the stage what the greatest master of the

* 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.

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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* Shakspeare throughout the civilized world there is no difficulty.

Coleridge has described the homogeneity—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 Shakspearean 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: shewed 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare worked. Schlegel, we apprehend, succeeded Coleridge in giving a genial tone to criticism upon Shakspeare—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 Shakspeare 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 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 Shakspearean 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 “Shakspeare 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

* *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 150.
 || *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 153.

† *Charakteristiken und Kritiken*.
 § *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 186.

‡ *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 127.

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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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 shews 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. Beauvolio's speech,

“Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,”

at once shews 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 Shakspeare, is 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 garb 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:—

* Johnson's concluding Remarks on Romeo and Juliet.

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"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 over-charged? 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 injured thee."

But when his friend has fallen, his "newly entertain'd revenge" casts off all control—

"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 realization 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 ;—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is 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 shew 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-

* Literary Remains, vol. ii.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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 leapt 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 banquetting hall from which his Juliet descended, amidst the gay groups that floated about in that 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 the 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.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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

* Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women*, third edition, vol. i. p. 193.

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friar's cell. Each of the lovers in these scenes shews 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 of 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."

* Illustrations of Act V.

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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:—

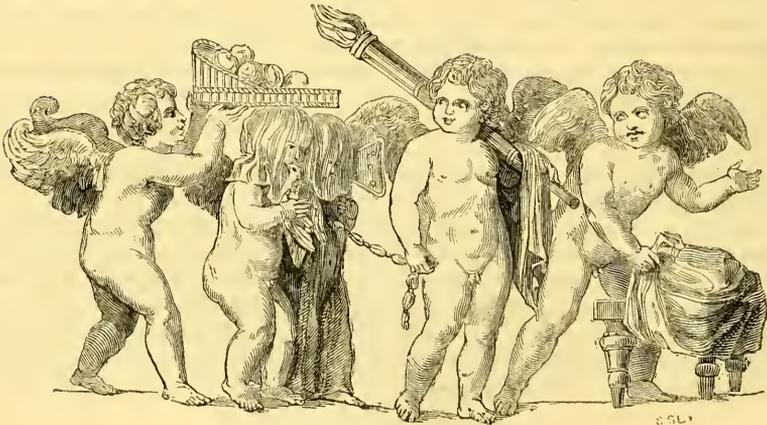
"What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end;—
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative."

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.

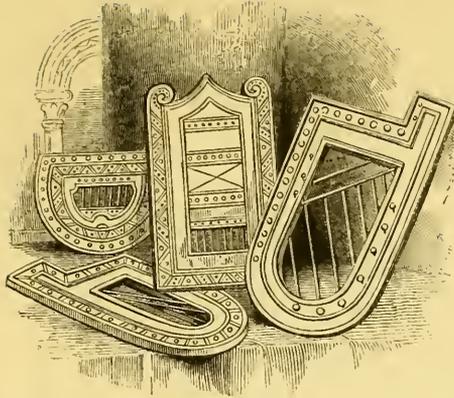
* A. W. Schlegel.



HAMLET.



J. JACKSON.



[Danish Lutes.]

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 Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, by William Shake-speare. As it hath benee 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 only known copy of this edition is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire; and that copy is not quite perfect. It was reprinted in 1825.

The second edition of Hamlet was printed in 1604, under the following title: 'The Tragical 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 Shakspeare. 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 present Hamlet; the Hamlet of 1603 is a sketch of the perfect

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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 17th 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 fore'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, 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 short-hand 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*.” Shakspeare must have dropt verse from his mouth, as the fairy in the Arabian tales dropt 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.”

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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 short-hand 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 Shakspeare :—

“ 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 Shakspeare 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, 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,

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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. Shakspeare 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 offer 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 cloth 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 faining! 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 "Shakspeare 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' orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd siceen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite, commutual in most sacred bands."

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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. Shakspeare 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, Shakspeare 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 so'er thou shalt devise.”

In the amended copy, the queen merely says,—

“ Be thou assured 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 Shakspeare'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 form with her and Horatio no plans of revenge. The story of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is told in six lines:—

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Queen. " But what became of Gilderstone and Rosseucraft?
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 grave-digger, 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 compleats 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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare'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 title of distinct evidence exists to show that there was any other play of Hamlet but that of Shakspeare; and all the collateral evidence upon which it is inferred that an earlier play of Hamlet than Shakspeare's did exist, may, on the other hand, be taken to prove that Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare,' 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 Shakspeare 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 endeavors 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 afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, handfulls, 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 Shakspeare's drama, conjecturing that the Hamlet just mentioned might have been written by Kyd. Mr. Brown, in his ingenious work on Shakspeare's Sonnets, contends that the passage applies distinctly to Shakspeare;—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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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.

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2. In the accounts found at Dulwich College, which were kept by Henslowe, an actor contemporary with Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare'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 admirall men, and my lord chamberlen men, as followeth, 1594.” Now, “my lord chamberlen” men were the company to which Shakspeare belonged; and we find from Mr. Collier that one of their theatres, the Globe, was erected in the spring of 1594. That theatre was wholly of wood, according to Hentzner's description of it; it would, therefore, be quickly erected; and it is extremely probable that Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's Hamlet which was acted by Shakspeare's company on the 9th of June, 1594. On the previous 16th of May Henslowe's accounts are headed, “by my lord admirall's men;” and it is only on the 3rd of June that we find the “lord chamberlen men,” as well as the “lord admirall men,” performing at this theatre. Their occupation of it might have been very temporary; and during that occupation, Shakspeare's Hamlet might have been once performed. The very next entry, the 11th of June, is, “at the taming of a shrewe;” and Malone, in a note, adds, “the play which preceded Shakspeare's.” When Malone wrote this note he believed that Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare'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. Stevens, 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 mean time 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

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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, just completed, 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 Shakspeare'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. 3. "For nature, crescent," &c.
 4. "This heavy-headed revel," &c.
 ,, II. ,, 2. "There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," &c.
 "I could be bounded in a nut-shell," &c.
 ,, III. ,, 4. "Bring me to the test, and I the matter will re-word," &c.
 ,, IV. ,, 3. "I see a cherub, &c."
 5. "Nature is fine in love," &c.
 ,, V. ,, 2. "There's a divinity," &c.

Further, Mr. Hallam observes, "There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare'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 worse 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 these 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. 2. "How weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable," &c.
 ,, II. ,, 2. "Denmark's a prison," &c.
 "I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth," &c.
 ,, III. ,, 1. 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 *generalized* 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?"

* Vol. II., p. 390.

† Vol. III., p. 568 and 569.

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Act V., Sc. 2. "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," placing the text of the first and second quartos in apposition:—

[Quarto of 1603.]

[Quarto of 1604.]

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 restle?

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."

Ham. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chanceth 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, are they not."

We thus see that in the original play the "tragedians of the city," by which are unquestionably meant certain players of Shakspeare'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 before Shakspeare became a writer for the stage. 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 Shakspeare'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 and 453.)

The speech from the play that was "never acted, or not above once,"—that "pleased not the

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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 authorized by the actual style of the tragedies before Shakspeare'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 tunid 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's time had not been translated into any modern language. It was inferred, therefore, by Dr. Grey, and Mr. Whalley, that Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare,' has given some extracts from an edition of this very rare book, dated 1608; but he conjectures that it first appeared about 1570. He has also printed the heads of chapters as they are given in this 'History.' Horvendile is here 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 councillors 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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."

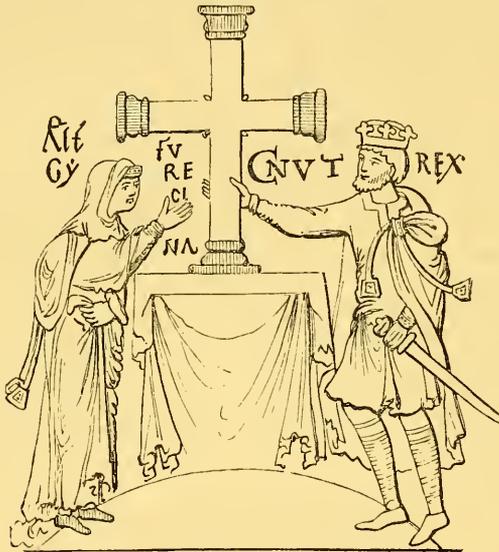
We have here a distinct indication of the period before the Norman Conquest, when England was either under the sovereignty of the Northmen, as in the time of Canute, or paid tribute to the Danish power.

SCENES.

THE local illustrations which we have given of this play are from original sketches made by Mr. G. F. Sargent. Those of buildings, have, of course, no association with the period of the action. But they possess an interest; being in some degree connected with the supposed scenes of Hamlet's history, and with the popular traditions which have most likely sprung from the European reputation of Shakspeare's Hamlet. For example, we have this passage in Coxe's *Travels*: "Adjoining to a royal palace, which stands about half a mile from Kronborg, 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." The vignette at the end of the fifth act shows a sequestered part of this garden, which is called "Hamlet's Grave." 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 centinel," he says, "to whom I addressed myself, laid aside his musket, and himself conducted me to the enclosure." The Castle of Kronborg, or Kronenburgh, in the immediate neighbourhood of Elsinore, is a fortification which is invariably associated with Shakspeare'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

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vessels, landed at the castle, owing to its connexion with Hamlet and Shakspeare." A Danish translation of Hamlet, he learnt, was often acted at Elsinore. We present, therefore, to our readers what the few passengers who visit Elsinore land to see, walking up to the castle, as Mr. Inglis did, thinking all the way "of Hamlet and Ophelia, and the murdered King." The engraving at the head of Act I. is a view of the platform at the Castle of Kronborg; that at the head of Act III. the Palace of Kronborg, within the fortifications. We have also given a general view of Elsinore; and a view of an old church and churchyard there. The view of the Palace of Rosenberg, which is at Copenhagen, is introduced to exhibit the residence of a Danish noble in the time of Shakspeare.



[Canute and his Wife.]

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 Hyde Abbey, written in the time of Canute, that monarch is represented in a tunic and mantle, the latter fastened with cords or ribands, 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

* Torfeus, Hist. Nor.

† Jomswinkinga Saga in Bartholinus.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

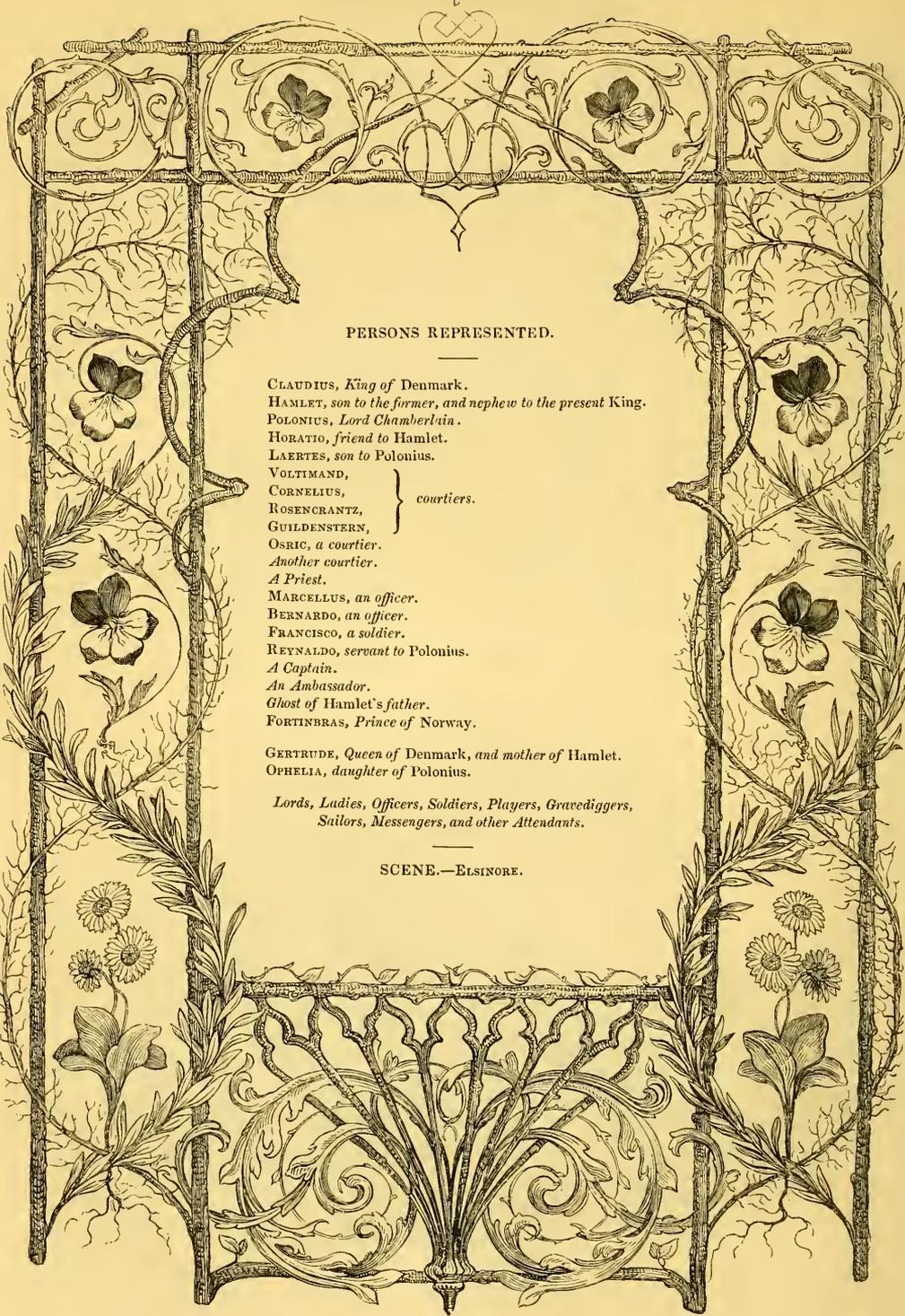
in doubt. When Canute's body was examined at Winchester in 1766, it was adorned with several gold and silver bands, and a wreath or circlet was round the head. A jewelled ring was upon one finger, and in one of his hands a silver penny.* Bracelets of massive gold were worn by all persons of rank, and 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 authorized, 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 fact, 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 Scandanavia 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.

* *Archæologia*, Vol. III.

† Black bordered with red is to this day common amongst the northern peasantry.



[' He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.']



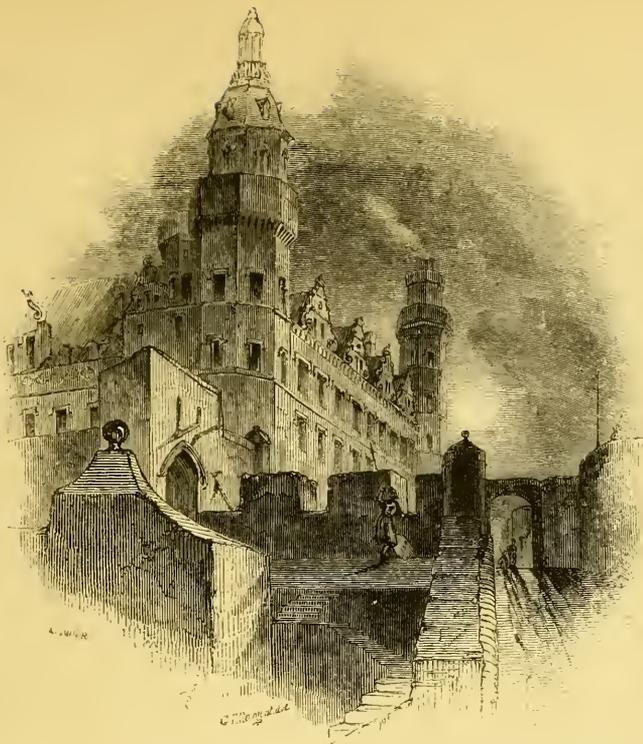
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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, } *courtiers.*
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
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.



[The Platform at 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 :^a 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^b of my watch, bid them make haste.

^a Answer me. I, the sentinel, challenge you. Bernardo then gives the answer to the challenge, or watch-word—"Long live the king!"

^b Rivals,—partners, companions. Shakspeare uses *rivality* in the sense of *partnership*, in Antony and Cleopatra: "Cæsar

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand!^a who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.^b

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.

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 derivation of *rival* takes us into an early state of society. The *rivalis* was a common occupier of a river,—*rius*; and this sort of occupation being a fruitful source of strife, the partners became *contenders*. Hence the more commonly received meaning of *rival*.

^a In the quarto of 1604 (B). Stand, ho!

^b 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 qui il a tant d'aversion, qu'il ne dit jamais, je vous donne, mais, je vous prête le bonjour." (Acte ii. Sc. v.)

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar.^a 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,^b 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 illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself, The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.^c

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows^d me with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question^e 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

^a This line is ordinarily given to Horatio, as in the quarto (B). In the folio, and the first quarto of 1603, (A), it belongs to Marcellus.

^b Confirm what we have seen.

^c Exorcisms were usually performed in Latin—the language of the church-service.

^d Harrows, in the folio. In quarto (A), horrors; in (B), horrors. 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 harrow—the cry for help—of the Normans, with which harrow and harry seem to have some connexion. (See his 'Specimen of an Edition of Shakespeare,' 1832.)

^e In quarto (B), speak to; Question, in the folio, and quarto (A).

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak.

Mar. It is offended.

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 sledged Polacks^a on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just^b 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^c 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

^a 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."

^b 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.)

^c What might be in preparation. To-ward, to-ward, is the Anglo-Saxon participle, equivalent to coming, about to come.

(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,^a
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^b

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd^c mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of landless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprize
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^d in the land.

[^e 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,

^a The solemn agreement for this trial at arms was reeog-nized 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.

^b *Cov'nant*, in the folio; in quarto (*B*), *co-mart*.
^c *Unimprov'd*, in folio; in quarto (*A*), *inprov'd*. Johnson says, "unimprov'd mettle" is "full of spirit, not regulated or guided by knowledge and experience." Gifford affirms that the word "unimprov'd," here means "just the contrary." *Improve* was originally used for *reprove*.

^d *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.

^e The eighteen lines in brackets are found in quarto (*B*), but are omitted in the folio. It is probable that Shakspeare suppressed this magnificent description of the omens which preceled 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 yaw'n'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 hurred in the air;

Horses do neigh, and dying men do groan;

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets."

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:^a
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,^b
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen^c 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,
Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Mar-
cellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit GHOST.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock
crew.

^a 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 connexion 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.

^b The *moist star* is the *moon*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:—

"Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note."

^c *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 Shakspeare uses "omen" here in the very same manner as Virgil does, *Æu. l. 349*.

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,^a
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:¹ 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^b abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes,^c 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:²
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;

^a *Morn*, in quarto (B); in folio, *day*. The reading of the quarto avoids the repetition of *day* in the next line but one.

^b *Can walk*, in folio. In quarto (B), "*dare stir*."
^c *Takes*—seizes with disease. As in the Merry Wives of Windsor,—

"And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle."

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,
Collegued 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^a herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:^b 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.³
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 would'st 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 would'st 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.

^a *Gait*—progress, the act of going. Thus, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*,—
"Every fairy take his gait."

^b *Out of his subject*—out of these subject to him.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung^a 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.^b [*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i' the sun.^c

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled 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,
Together with all forms, moods,^d shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,

^a The passage in brackets is found in quarto (B), but not in the folio.

^b 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 Shakspeare.

^c Farmer thinks that a quibble was intended between *son* and *sun*. 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 proverb is, into a wearie sonne." Raleigh has the same expression in his History of the World.

^d *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*.

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^a sorrow: But to perséver
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? Fye! '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., POLONIOUS, and LAERTES.*

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

^a *Obsequious sorrow*—funeral sorrow,—from *obsequies*.

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon^a 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world!
Eye on't! O eye! '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:⁴ so loving to my mother,
That he might not betem^b 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,^c

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with
mine uncle,

^a *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 *ordnance*. A *canon* and an *ordnance* have the same sense; and yet, according to the received etymologies, 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 *ordinaire*; and the first French cannoners 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 *ordnance* denoted such pieces of artillery as were made according to a strict technical rule, *canon*, or *ordnance*. In Harrison, *cannon* is spelt *canon*, showing the French derivation of the word.

^b *Betern*. Stevens brought back this word, which had been modernised into *let e'en*; the sentence was afterwards changed to "that he permitted not." To *betern*, in this passage, means to *vouschafe*, 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 *betern'd* him."

^c *Discourse of reason*. In Massinger we have:—
"It adds to my calamity that I have
Discourse and reason."

Gifford thinks that this passage in Shakspeare 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.

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 ser-
vant 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,
sir,—^a

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.

Ham. Thrift, thrift,^b Horatio! the funeral
bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe^c in heaven

^a *Good even*. This has been changed to *good morning*; and Stevens 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.

^b *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."

^c *Dearest foe*. For an explanation of one of the apparently contradictory senses in which *dear* is used by Shakspeare, see Note to Richard II. Act I. Sc. III. Upon the passage before us, Caldecott remarks, that throughout Shakspeare, 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."

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 yester-
night.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gen-
tlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste^a 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-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,
bestill'd^b

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, me-
thought,

It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;

^a *Dead waste.* This is ordinarily printed "dead waist." The quarto of 1603, which was unknown to Steevens and Malone, reads, "dead wast." 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."

^b *Bestill'd,* in the folio; the quartos, *distill'd.* *Tostill,* is to fall in drops;—they were dissolved—separated drop by drop,
"Almost to jelly, by the act of fear."

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?^a

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.^b

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with modern haste might tell
a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizly? no.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. 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 treble^c in your silence still;

^a 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 re-appearance 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.

^b See Illustrations to Henry IV., Part II., Act iv. Sc. 1.

^c *Treble.* So the folio; in quarto (B), *tevable.* Hamlet imposes a threefold obligation of silence.

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 [pérfume and] suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, 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^a
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^b 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^c
May give his saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

^a *Soil*, is a spot; *cautel*, a crafty way to deceive; *besmirch*, to sully.

^b *Sanctity*. So the folio; the quartos, *safety*.

^c *Peculiar sect and force*. So the folio; the quarto (B), *particular act and place*.

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^a maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,^b
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 watchmen 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.^c

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 staid 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^d 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:

^a *Chariest*.—Most cautious.

^b Shakspeare has the same beautiful expression in *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

“An envious sneaping frost
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.”

^c *Read*.—Counsel, doctrine.

^d *Hoops*. Modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *hooks*. Malone, justifying the change, observes, with great solemnity, “*hooks* are sometimes made of steel, but *hoops* never.”

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.^a
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!^b

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?

^a So stands the line in the folio, and in the quartos, including that of 1603, "Of a" has been rejected by all the 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 *mitschief*, and the now obsolete *bonchief*. *Chief*, literally the head, here signifies *eminence*, *superiority*. Those of the best rank and station are of a most select and generous superiority in the indication of their dignity by their apparel.

^b 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.

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^a it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'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.^b

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Gives^c 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,^d

Be somewhat scancer of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;
And with a 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^e 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. Is it very cold?^f

^a *Roaming*. So the folio;—the common reading is *wronging*. "Roaming it thus," applies to the various senses in which Polonius has used the word "tender."

^b So the line stands in the folio. In quarto (B).:—
"With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

^c *Gives*, in folio; quartos, *lends*.

^d In the quartos, *daughter* is here wanting.

^e *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*.

^f The quartos read, "It is very cold." In the folio we have distinctly, "Is it very cold?" with a note of interrogation.

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?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,⁵

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.

[^aThis 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 chanceth 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 plausible 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.^b]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

^a The twenty-two lines in brackets are not in the folio, but are found in quarto (B).

^b In the quarto (B), this difficult passage is found thus:—

“The dram of ease
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 *ease*.”

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^a 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 horribly 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 some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts^b 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,^c
And draw you into madness? think of it:

^a *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*.

^b *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 Caesar, 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.”

^c 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.”

[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.^a]

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.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me:^b—

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 Den-
mark.

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 porcupine;^a
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, Hamlet,^b 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 should'st thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,^c
Would'st 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.

^a *Porcupine.* In all the old copies, *porpentine.*

^b So the folio. *List, list, O, list,* is the reading of the quarto (*B*).

^c Whiter, in his very curious Etymological Dictionary, speaking of this passage, in connexion 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*."

^a The four lines in brackets, not in the folio, are found in quarto (*B*).

^b *Lets me*—obstructs me.

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^a 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^a droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bak'd^b 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;^c
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!^d
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!^e remember me. [*Exit.*]

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!
What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fye!—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 scat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

^a *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.

^b *Bak'd*, in the folio; in quartos, *barke'd*.

^c These words describe the last offices which were performed to the dying. To *housel*, is to "minister the communion to one who lyeth on his death-bed." *Disappointed*, is, not appointed, not prepared. *Unanel'd*, is, without the administration of extreme unction, which was called *anointing*.

^d 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.

^e So the folio. The quartos read "*Adieu, adieu, adieu.*"

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,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm surè 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.^a [*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^b words,
my lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, 'faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, my lord.

^a In the quartos, this exclamation is given to Hamlet.

^b *Hurling*, in the folio; in the quartos, *whurling*.

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.⁷

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! can'st 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.^a

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gen-
tlemen,

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!

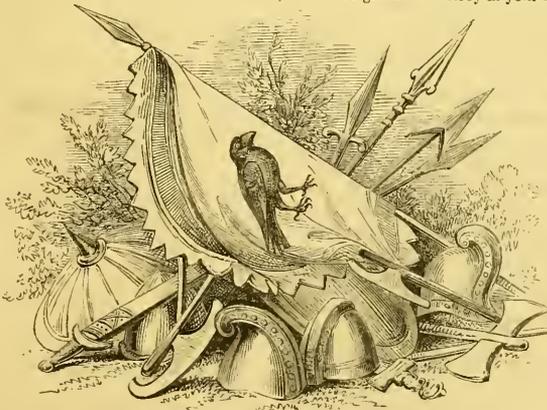
That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a We print the passage as in the folio. The ordinary reading
is by no means so plain:

"This do you swear,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you."





[*Hyperion to a Satyr.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ 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, errung, 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 dici 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.

² SCENE I.—“*But, look, the morn,*” &c.

CALDECOTT, whose edition of Hamlet is greatly superior to any of its predecessors, sometimes falls into that fault-finding tone by which most 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? Francesco, 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 Shakspeare 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.”

³ 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 Shakspeare’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 Shakspeare 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 Marlow:—

“The *outside* of her garments were of lawn.”

AND too many such lines have been corrected by the editors of Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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.”

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Hyperion to a satyr.*”

THIS figures which we have selected from two paintings of antiquity, engraved in Landon’s ‘*Peintres les plus Célèbres*,’ (Paris, 1813), happily illustrate the text. 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." Stevens, on the other hand, believes that Shakspeare "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 Shakspeare'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.

³ SCENE III.—"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 Shakspeare'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' accession to the throne; and the effects of this visit upon the national manners are thus described in a letter of 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,

ton, it seems, did not venture to say *aloud* what he thought of these habits; and for the same reason Shakspeare'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.

⁶ SCENE V.—"With juice of cursed hebenon,"

Dr. Grey thinks that *hebenon* was a poetical modification of *hebane*. Our indigenous hebane (*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 Shakspeare's time, we have sufficient evidence. In Drayton's 'Barons' Wars,' we have—

"The pois'ning *hebane*, 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*, Shakspeare means *hebane*. In Marlow'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 sleepe tree."

⁷ 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 Shakspeare 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 perjurd 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 Shakspeare was aware of the peculiar custom of the Gothic nations, and did not make Hamlet propose the oath merely as a practice of chivalry.



[Palace of Rosenborg.]

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^a are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they
keep,

What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer

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, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. ‘And, in part, him;—but,’ you may say,
‘not well:

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;’—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, 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, quar-
relling,

Drabbing:—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

^a In Warner's ‘Allbiou's England,’ *Danske* is given as the
ancient name of Denmark.

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 out-break 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 breath 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 gen-
tleman;

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:
And 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,^a
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

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^b 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^c him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,

^a Chamber, in folio: in quartos, closet.

^b Foredoes—destroys—undoes.

^c Quoted—observed, noted.

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.

[*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^a 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,^b

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,
[Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,^c]

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 a while,
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^a 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^b 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^c 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!

^a *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.”

^b *I have us'd,* in folio; in quarto, *it hath us'd.*
^c *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.

^a *Deem,* in folio; in quartos, *dream.*
^b *Humour,* in folio; in quarto, *haviour.*
^c This line is wanting in the folio.

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 enterprize; 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. Mean time, 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;^a but you shall hear.

'These. In her excellent white bosom, these.'^b

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.

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,^c 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;^d 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,

^a *Beautified*, according to Polonius, is a vile phrase. It was the common phrase in dedications to ladies in Shakspeare's time:—"To the worthily honoured and virtuous beautified lady, the Lady Anne Glemham," &c., is found in a volume of Poems, by R. L., 1596.

^b 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.

^c *Winking*, in folio: in quartos, *working*.

^d *Star*, in folio, and in the quartos (*A*) and (*B*). In the folio of 1632, *star* was changed to *sphere*, which is the modern reading.

Into the madness whereon now he raves,
And all we wail^a 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,^b 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 boord^c 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^d thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a good kissing carrion,^e—Have you
a daughter?

^a *Wail*, in folio; in quartos, *mourn*.

^b *Has*, in folio. So he *has done*, indeed. The quarto reads,
does.

^c *Boord*. This is ordinarily printed *board*, but is spelt *boord*
in the folio. *Boord*, *board*, or *boord*, is to *accost*; it is also
to *jeer*. Gifford says that to *boord* is to *accost*; (as explained
by Sir Toby in Twelfth Night, Act 1. Sc. 111.) to *board* is to
jest; and to *boord*, to *pout*, or appear sullen. These distinc-
tions of orthography are, however, very seldom preserved.
(See Note on *Catiline*, Jonson's Works, Vol. iv. p. 221.)

^d *Two*, in folio; in quartos, *ten*.

^e The ordinary reading, which was suggested by Warbur-

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,^a 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 preg-
nant 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 humbly take my leave of
you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any
thing that I will more willingly part withal; ex-
cept my life, my life.^b

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.

ton, 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 re-
turn 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 ooon principle in the fecundity
of the earth. In that case we should read, "being a good,
kissing carrion." (See 'Specimen of a Commentary on Shake-
speare,' p. 157.)

^a This is ordinarily printed "yourself, sir, shall be as old
as I am,"—a made up reading.

^b So the folio. The quarto (B) reads, "except my life, ex-
cept my life, except my life."

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 dooms-day near: But your news is not 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 half-penny. 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.^a 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. Moul't no feather.^b 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 ster'il promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging^c—this majestical roof fretted with golden

^a So the folio. The passage is usually printed from quarto (B), "any thing—but to the purpose."

^b So the folio. The quarto (B), reads, "and your secrecy to the king and queen moul't no feather."

^c In the quarto (B), we read, "this brave o'erhanging firmament." 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 certine 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 airy 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, was rejected by the poet, as conveying an image unsuited to that idea of a part which is conveyed by the substantive "o'erhanging."

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^a entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted^b 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;^c 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 airy 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?^d Will they

^a *Lenten*—sparing—like fare in Lent.

^b *Coted*—overtook—went side by side—from *côté*.

^c 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.

^d *Escoted*—paid. The *scot* or *shot*—the coin cast down—is

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:^a there was, for a while, 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?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange;^b for mine uncle is king of Denmark; and those that would make moves^c at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, an hundred ducats a-piece, 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.^d

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^e clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to

the share of any common charge paid by an individual. The French *escotter*, is to pay the scot. Hence "scot and lot."

^a In 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 compelled to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on."

To tarre is to exasperate, from the Anglo-Saxon *tiran*.

^b In quartos, very strange.

^c In quartos, *mouths*. The *moves* of the folio is more Shakspearian—as in the Tempest.

"Sometimes like apes that *noc* and chatter at me."

^d *Handsaw*—the corruption in this proverbial expression of *heronshaw*—*heronshaw*, a heron. In Spenser, we have

"As when a east of falcons made their flight

At an heronshaw."

^e *Swathing*, in folio; in quartos, *swaddling*.

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,^a—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon mine honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.¹ 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:² 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^b 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.³ Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.⁴—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing

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 caviarie to the general:⁵ 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^a 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;^b horridly trick'd^c
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 murders:^d Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with congregate 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,

^a *Sallets*, ribaldry.

^b *Gules*, red, in heraldic phrase.

^c *Trick'd*, painted; also a word in heraldry.

^d *Vile murders*, in the folios; in quartos, *lord's murder*.

^a The folio omits *was*.

^b *Valiant*, in folio; which is interpreted *manly*. The quarto has *valanc'd*, which is explained “fringed with a beard.”

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 armours, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune ! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bow 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,^a 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^b 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 bestowed ? Do you hear, let them
be well used ; for they are the abstracts,^c and
brief chronicles, of the time : After your death
you were better have a bad epitaph, than their
ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to
their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin man, better :^d Use every
man after his desert, and who should 'scape

^a *A jig*, a ludicrous interlude.

^b *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' *Travels* we have "their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine lincen."¹ 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.

^c *Abstracts*, in the folio ; the general reading is *abstract*, adjectively.

^d *Better*, in the folio ; in quartos, *much* better.

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 murder of Gonzago ?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have'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 GULDENSTERN.]

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^a conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd ;^b
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,^c
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,^d 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'th
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha !

^a *Whole*, in folio ; in quartos, *own*.

^b *Warm'd*, in folio ; in quartos, *warm'd*.

^c *Free*,—free from offence.

^d *John-a-dreams*,—a soubriquet for a heavy, lethargic fellow.

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 fatt'd 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;^a

That I, the son of the dear murdered,^b
 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!

^a So the folio. The quartos, omitting the short line, "O vengeance," read

"Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave."

^b So the folio; the quartos, "a dear father murder'd." The rejection, by the editors, of the beautiful reading of "the dear murdered," would be unaccountable, if we did not see how pertinaciously they have all, except Mr. Caldecott, treated the folio of 1623 as of no authority.

Fye 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 murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
 players

Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll 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.



[Elsinore.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ 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 Shakspeare 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 Christchurch. 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. page 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.”

² SCENE II.—“*One fair daughter and no more,*” &c.

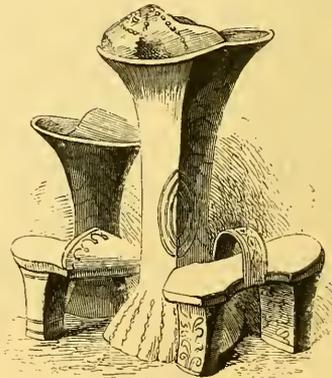
There is an old ballad, which was first printed in Percy’s *Reliques*, under the title ‘*Jephthah, Judge of Israel,*’ and is there given as it “was retrieved from utter oblivion by a lady who wrote it down from memory, as she had formerly heard it sung by her father.” A copy of the ballad has since been recovered; and is reprinted in Evans’ *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 wars 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.*”

³ SCENE II.—“*By the altitude of a choppine.*”

The best description of a choppine is found in Coryat’s ‘*Crudities,*’ 1611; and we subjoin a representation of several specimens of these monstrous clogs, which Evelyn calls “wooden scaffolds:”—



[Choppines.]

“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.”

⁴ SCENE II.—“*Your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, 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 choppine;”—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 16th century, or have noticed our representations of them, 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.

⁵ SCENE II.—“*’Twas caviarie to the general.*”

This word is generally written *caviare*; but it 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 33rd epigram, we find the word forming four syllables, and accented, as written by Shakspeare:—

“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.



[Kronberg Castle.]

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^a,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion ;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy ?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be soundred ;

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^a Ophelia.

Her father, and myself (lawful espials),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;

^a *Circumstance*, in folio ; in quartos, *conference*.

^a *Affront*, encounter, confront.

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,—
'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 con-
science !^a

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,^b
And, by opposing end them?—To die,—to
sleep,—^c

^a The modern 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."

^b 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.)

^c This passage is sometimes printed thus :—

"No more?" "To die;—to sleep;—

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.

No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there's the
rub ;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this 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^a man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd^b 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^c who would these^d fardels
bear,

To grunt^e 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 enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,^f
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.^g

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 ;

^a *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*.

^b *Dispriz'd*, in the folio ; in quartos, *despis'd*.

^c *Bodkin*, a small sword. *Cæsar* is spoken of, by old writers, as slain by bodkins.

^d *These*, in folio, but not in quartos.

^e *Grunt*. So the originals. The players, in their squeamishness, always give us *grawn*; 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, Stouyhurst, and other writers before Shakspeare. We have the word direct from the Anglo-Saxon *grunian*.

^f *Away*, in folio ; in quartos, *away*.

^g This repetition "well, well, well," has been rejected by the modern editors. It is not in the quartos.

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd

As made the things more rich : their perfume lost,
Take these, again ; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha ! are you honest ?

Oph. My lord ?

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty^a should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?^b

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 would'st thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest ; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me : I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in : What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth !^c 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^d 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 prattlings too, well enough. God hath given you one pace, and you make yourselves another ; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures,^a 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,

^a Such is the reading of the folio. In the quartos, which have supplied the received text, we have *paintings* instead of *prattlings*, and *face* instead of *pace*. The context 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")—refers to *pace*; as, " you lisp and you nick-name God's creatures," does to *prattlings*. The *face-painting*, although a vice of Shakspeare's day, would, according to the reading of the quarto, be disconnected from the second member of the sentence.

^a *Your honesty*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *you*.

^b *With honesty*. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio has " *your* honesty." We are unwilling not to receive into the text what is clearly an alteration by design ; and yet it appears to lessen the idea we have formed of Ophelia to imagine that she would put *her* beauty so directly in " commerce" with *Hamlet's* honesty.

^c *Heaven and earth*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *earth and heaven*.

^d *No way*, in folio ; in quartos, *no where*.

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,^a 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^b whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to see^c 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'er-doing 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'er-step 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'er-weigh 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, nei-

ther 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 had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently^a 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 mean time, 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:^b 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,

^a Indifferently—tolerably well—

^b 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.

^a Find him not out.

^b *The*, in folio; in quartos, *your*.

^c *Heur*, in folio; in quartos, *see*.

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,

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^a 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.^b 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 camelion'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.

^a 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.

^b *Stithe*—a dissyllable—*stithy*.

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.¹ 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,² with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*^b

*Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.*²

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 woos 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;^c it means mischief.

^a He shall suffer being forgotten.

^b See Illustration of Love's Labour's Lost, Act III. Se. 1.

^c *Miching mallecho.* To *mick* is to fitch;—*mallecho*, is *misteed*, 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 a prologue, or the poesy^a of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter King and his Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground; And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sleet, About the world have times twelve thirties been; Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hauds, 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;^b 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.]^c

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers my^d functions leave to do; And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, below'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 accus'd!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

^a *Poesy.* In the quartos this is spelt *posie* and *poesie*. In the folio, both here and elsewhere, it is spelt *poesie*. *Poesy* 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 *poesie* 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."

^b 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."

^c These two lines are not in the folio.

^d *My*, in folio; *their*, in quartos.

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Ham. Wormwood, wormwood.

P. Queen. The instances^a 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!
[^b To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's^c 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 a while;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain
And never come mischance 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.^d This play is the image of a murder

^a *Instances*—solicitations, inducements.

^b This couplet is found only in the quartos.

^c *Anchor's cheer*—anchor's fare. This abbreviation of *anchoret* is very ancient.

^d *Tropically*—figuratively.

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,^a my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.^b

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^c 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 Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer get's the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened 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 stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:^d

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^e with me),

^a So the folio; the quartos, "good as a chorus."

^b In puppet-shows, which were called motions, an interpreter explained the action to the audience. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II. Sc. I.

^c *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*.

^d See the exquisite passage descriptive of "the poor sequester'd stag," and "his velvet friends," in *As You Like It*, Act II. Sc. I.

^e *Turn Turk*—if the rest of my fortunes deal with me cruelly. "To turn Turk, and throw stones at the poor," is a proverbial

with two Provincial roses on my razed^a shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.³

Ham. A whole one, ay.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

A very, very—*Paiocke*.^b

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 dis-temper'd.

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

expression for the conduct of one who is tyrannical and hard-hearted.

^a *Razed*, slashed. The *cut shoes* were tied with a riband gathered in the form of a rose. The feathers and the fine shoes were the chief decorations of the players of Shakspeare's day.

^b *Paiocke.* This is generally read *peacock*. All the old copies have *paiocke*, or *paiock*. Caldecott thinks that *paiocke* and *peacock* are the same words; but in a very ingenious pamphlet entitled "Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare," &c. (Edinburgh, 1814), it is said that *paiocke* means the Italian *baiooco*, "a piece of money of about three farthings value." The writer then refers to the passage in *King John*—

"In mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Least men should say, look where *three farthings* goes."

In Florio's "New World of Words," 1611, we find "*Baiooco*, a snap, a click, or flurt. Also a *mite*, or such like coin." This conjecture has great plausibility.

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.^a

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.^b

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.^c

O, the recorder: let me see.—To withdraw with you:^d—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.

^a “To keep my *hands* from *picking and stealing*,” is an expression of the Church Catechism.

^b The ordinary reading, which is made up, is—“you do, surely, but bar the door upon,” &c. Our text is that of the folio.

^c 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 mouth-piece 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 wood-out 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.

^d Rosecrantz and Guildenstern have intimated, by some signal, that they wish to speak with Hamlet in private.

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.^a 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.^b

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;

^a So the folio; in the quartos, “yet cannot you make it *speak*.” The poet certainly meant to say, yet cannot you make this music, this excellent voice. Guildenstern could have made the pipe *speak*, but he could not command it to any utterance of harmony. We believe that even in the quarto the passage has not the meaning which we find in the modern text, but that it should be printed, “there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it. Speak! S'blood, do you think,” &c.

^b 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.

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,^a
To give them seals^b 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,^c as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.^d

Guil. We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more
That spirit, upon whose spirit^e 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.]

^a Shent, rebuked; or probably here, hurt.
^b To give them seals—to give my words seals; to make my sayings deeds.

^c Dangerous, in folio; in quartos, near us.

^d Lunacies, in folio; in quartos, brows, which Theobald changed to lunas.

^e Spirit, in folio; in quartos, weal.

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 mo-
ther,

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 mur-
ther!—

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;^a
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:^b
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at 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 be-
tween
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. (*Within.*) Mother! mother! mother!^c
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 of-
fended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle^a 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?

^a *Idle*, in folio; in quartos, *wicked*.

^a *Full of bread.* Shakspeare found this remarkable expres-
sion in the Bible:—"Behold this was the iniquity of thy
sister Sodom; pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idle-
ness was in her and in her daughters." (*Ezekiel*, xvi. 49.)

^b *To hent*, is to seize; "know thou a more horrid hent," is,
have a more horrid grasp.

^c This call of Hamlet is not in the quartos.

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^a 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^b and compound mass,
With trustful 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?^c

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this;^d

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^d 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
ment

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.^e] What devil
was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?^f
[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense

^a *Sets*, in the quarto (*B*); in folio, *makes*. The repetition of *makes* is certainly inelegant.

^b *This solidity*—this earth. Heaven and earth are ashamed of your act.

^c *The index*, is here used as in Othello:—"An *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history."

^d *Station*—manner of standing, attitude.

^e The lines in brackets are found in quarto (*B*), but are not in the folio. So also the four lines below.

^f *Hoodman-blind*—the game which we call *blind-man's buff*.

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;—

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:^a
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, gra-
cious 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,

^a *Vice of kings*—the *Vice* of the old Moralities. See Henry IV., Part II.; Act III. Sc. II.

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,^a
Start 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 mad-
ness

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.^b Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, curb^c 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,^a—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:^b] 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^c 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.^d—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 padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him
know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,^e from a bat, a gib,^f
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?

^a 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.

^b The lines in brackets, and the four subsequent lines, are not in the folio, but are found in the quarto (*B*).

^c *Master*—so the quarto (*C*); it has been changed to *either curb*, either without *curb* being the reading of quarto (*B*).

^d I, as your son, will ask your blessing, when, by your altered life, you evince your desire to be bless'd.

^e *Paddock*—toad.

^f *Gib*—a cat.

^a *Excrements*—hair, nails, feathers, were called excrements. Isaac Walton, speaking of fowls, says, “their very excrements afford him a soft lodging at night.”

^b *Rank*, in the folio; in quartos, *ranker*.

^c *Curb*—to bend—*courber*

Queen.
I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,—
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:^a and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

^a *Hoist with his own petar*—blown up with his own engine.

Alack,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.^a
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.*]

^a These lines in brackets are not in the folio.



[The herald Mercury.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

1 SCENE II.—“*I'll have a suit of sables.*”

Sir Thomas Hamner 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 Hamner nor Warburton perceived the latent irony of Hamlet's reply. Ophelia says his father has been dead “*twice two mouths;*” 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 Hen. 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?*”

2 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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?*”

3 SCENE II.—“*A fellowship in a cry of players,*” &c.

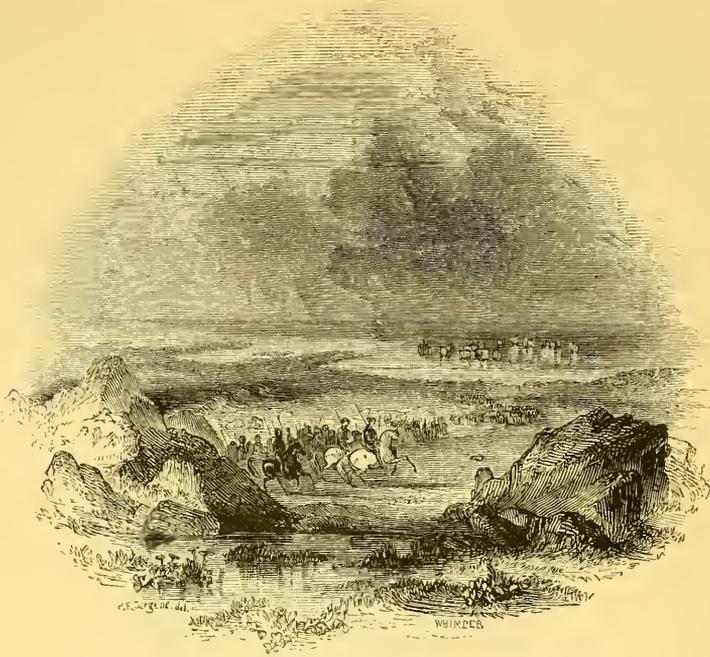
A *cry of players* was a company; a *fellowship* was a participation in the profits. Hamlet had managed the play so well, that his skill ought to entitle him to such a fellowship:—“*Half a share,*” says Horatio; “*a whole one,*” says Hamlet. In

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.

4 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare, 1709, of which the following is a copy, we see Hamlet pointing to the large pictures on the arras. Our readers will smile at the costume, and will observe that the stage trick of kicking down the chair upon the entrance of the ghost is more than a century old.





[A Plain in Denmark.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter KING and QUEEN.^a

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!*^b 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;

^a In the quartos, Rosenerantz 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.

^b In the quartos,

“Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*”

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^a 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:

^a *Mineral*—mine; a compound mass of metals.

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.^a] 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 GULDENSTERN.

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^b 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 counte-
nance, 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.^c [*Exeunt.*]

^a The lines in the brackets are not in the folio. In the
quartos the sense is imperfect, and Theobald inserted; "so,
haply, slander."

^b Demanded of—demanded by.

^c The name of a boyish sport—"All hid."

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,

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 GULDENSTERN.

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 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.^a]

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. Goseek him there. [*To some Attendants.*]

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.]

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

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.^a—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.^b

[*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^c 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^d on.

[*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

[^a *Enter* HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.]

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How proposed,^b 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,^c
Looking before, and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fast^d in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—

A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And ever, three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness, this army of such mass and charge,

^a 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.

^b *Proposed*—purposed. Steevens substituted the word *purposed*, with his accustomed license.

^c See Note on "discourse of reason," Act I. Sc. II.

^d *To fast*—to become mouldy.

^a *Him*, in the folio: in the quartos, *them*.

^b So in the folio; in the quartos, "we'll ne'er begin."

^c *Claims*, in the folio; in the quartos, *craves*.

^d *Safely*, in the folio; in the quartos, *softly*.

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 strewDangerous 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 shoou.^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.^a*King.* How do you, pretty lady?*Oph.* Well, God 'ield you!^b 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 don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd e 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 fye 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.^a *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.^b *God 'ield you*—God requite you.^c *Dupp'd.* To dup is to do up; as to *don* is to do on.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch,
I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death:^a 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,^b

In hugger-mugger^c 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,^d 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?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord;

The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impitious^e 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, pro-
claims 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 thoroughly 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 open
my arms;

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,²
Repast them with my blood.

^a In the quartos we find, after this, "And now behold." The words are rejected in the folio.

^b *Greenly*—unwisely; like novices.

^c *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*."

^d *Murdering-piece*—a cannon was so called.

^e *Impitious*—unpitying; the folio of 1632 gives us *impetuous*.

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,^a
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!^b 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;^c 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:^d—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.

^a Pierce, in the folio; in the quarto, 'pear.

^b 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.

^c Rosemary was considered to have the power of strengthening the memory.

^d Rue was meant to express *ruth*—sorrow. For the same reason it was called *herb-grace*; for "he whom God loveth he chasteneth."

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 as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away mourning;
Gramercy 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^a 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—

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,³
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.

^a To common, now written *commune*, is to make common—interchange thoughts.

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 boarded them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too 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 stirred 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 loved your father, and we love ourself; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,— How now? what news?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not. They were given 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 kindly 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'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—

As checking as 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 ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.^a—] Some two
months hence,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and serv'd against the
French,

And they ran^b 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 incorp'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast: so far he pass'd^c 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^d of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them:]^e 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.

^a The passage in brackets is not found in the folio; but is printed from quarto (B).

^b Ran well, in folio; in quartos, ran well.

^c Pass'd, in folio; in quartos, topp'd.

^d Scrimers—fencers; from *escrimeurs*.

^e The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

[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^a
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:^b]

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed^c
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,^d
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse^e the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,^f 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 per-
formance,

^a *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."

^b The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *In deed*. So the folio; in the quartos, "indeed your father's son."

^d *Remiss*—inattentive.

^e *Peruse*—examine.

^f *Unbated*—not blunted.

"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 com-
mings,^a—

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,
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,^b

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,^c

^a *Commings*—meetings in assault. The *comming* is the *venue*.
In the quartos we have *cunnings*.

^b *Aslant a brook*, in the folio ; in quartos, *ascant the brook*.

^c So the folio. In the quarto we have

"There with fantastic garlands did she make ;"

which all the modern editors have 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.
The pertinacity with which the commentators upon this play
have rejected the authority of the folio is truly marvellous.

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 siver broke ;
When down the weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide ;

And, mermaid-like, a while 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^a it. [*Exit.*

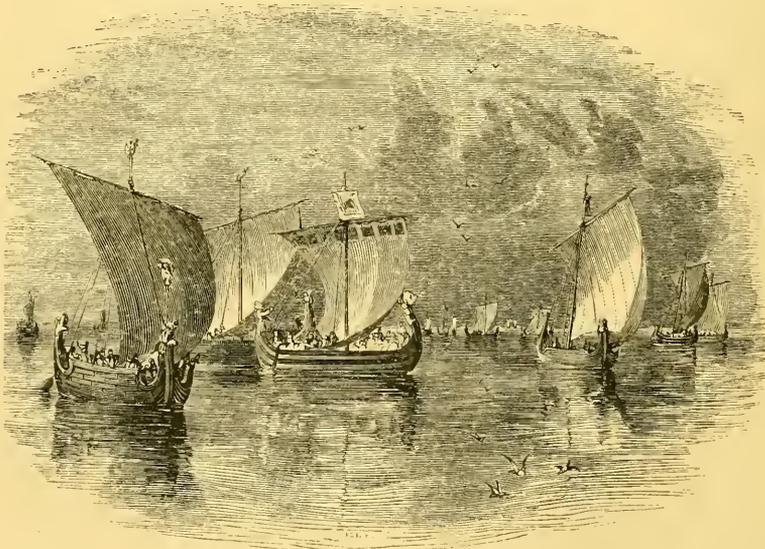
King. Let's follow, Gertrude ;

How much I had to do to calm his rage !

Now fear I this will give it start again ;

Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

^a *Douts*, in the folio ; in the quartos, *drown*.



[Danish Ships.]



[Cockle Hut and Staff.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ 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 Shakspeare'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, and the present three stanzas, as well as the two beginning—“*And will he not come again?*” are from his collection.

Plaintively.

1st. How should I your true love know, From a - no - ther

2nd. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and

3rd. White his shroud as the mountain snow, Lard - ed all with sweet

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1st. one? By his coc - kle hat and staff, And his san - dal shoon.

2nd. gone! At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.

3rd. flowers, Which be-wept to the grave did not go, With true - love showers.

Moderately gay.

1st. To - mor - row is St. Valentine's day, All in the morning be-

2nd. Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber

The two stanzas commencing, "To-morrow," are from the notation of the late Wm. Linley, Esq., as he "remembered them to have been exquisitely sung by Mrs. Forster, when she was Miss Field, and belonged to Drury-lane theatre."^a The stanzas beginning, "By Gis and by St. Charity," may go to the notes set to "To-morrow."

We have given the melodies as noted by Dr. Arnold and Mr. W. Linley, but for their bases and accompaniments, we hold ourselves alone responsible; having added such as, in our opinion, are best adapted to the characters of the airs, musically viewed, and to the feeling of the scene, dramatically considered.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

1st. time, And I a maid at your window, To be your Va - len - tine.

2nd. door, Let in the maid that out a maid, never de - part - ed more.

Plaintively.

1st. And will he not come a - gain? - - And

2nd. His beard was as white as snow, - - All

pp

1st. will he not come a - gain? - - No, no, he is dead, Go

2nd. flax - en was his poll; - - He is gone! he is gone, and we

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1st. to thy death-bed; He ne-ver will come a-gain. - - -

2nd. cast a-way moan: God a mer-cy on his soul! - - -



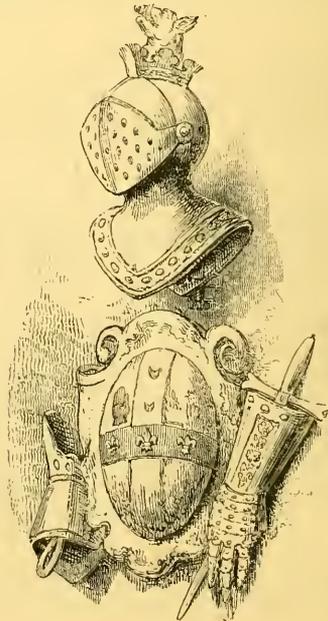
² SCENE V.—“*Like the kind, life-rend’ring pelican.*”

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 on which Shakspeare himself might have looked, containing the subjoined representation. It is entitled, ‘A Choice of Emblems and other Devices, by Geffery Whitney, 1586.’ Beneath the cut are the following lines:—

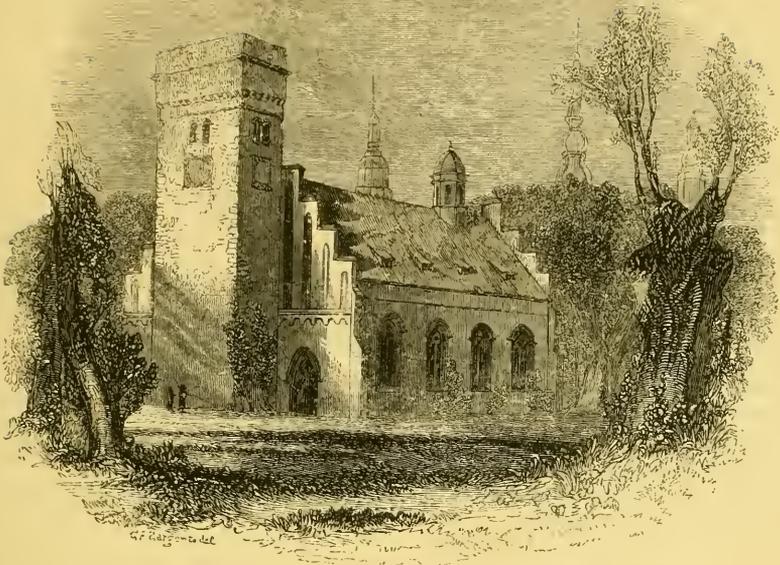
“The pellican, for to revive her younge,
Doth pierce her brest, and geve them of her blood.
Then searche your breste, and as you have with tongue
With penne proceede to doe our countrie good:
Your zeal is great, your learning is profounde,
Then help our wantes, with that you doe abounde.”

³ 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.” We subjoin a trophy of the period of Elizabeth, placed o’er the tomb of the Lennard family, in West-Wickham Church, Kent.



[Trophy.]



[Church at Elsinore.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Church-Yard.*

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:^a the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it a 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.¹

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.^a 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?²

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—

^a *Even-christian*—fellow christian, equal christian. The expression is used by Chaucer.

^a *Straight*—straightways—forthwith.

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.^a

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.³

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^b me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intill^c the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a scull.*]

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-offices;^d 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 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?⁴ mine ache to think on't.

1 *Clo.* A pick-axe, 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 scull.*]

Ham. There's another! Why might not that be the scull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits^a now, his quilllets,^b 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?

^a *Unyoke*—finish your work; unyoke your team.

^b *Caught*, in folio; in quartos, *claw'd*.

^c *Intill*, in folio; in quartos, *into*.

^d *O'er-offices*, in folio; in quartos, *o'er-reaches*.

^a *Quiddits*—quiddities—subtleties.

^b *Quilllets*—quidlibet—(what you please)—a frivolous dis-tinction.

I *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

I *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

I *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,^a or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,^b 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?

I *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?

I *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?

I *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?

I *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

I *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

I *Clo.* 'Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

I *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?

I *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?

I *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 whore-son dead body. Here's a scull now: this

scull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.^a

Ham. Whose was it?

I *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

I *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, sir; this same scull, sir,^b was Yorick's scull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

I *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Let me see.^c 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!^d 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?^e quite chaff-fallen? 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 scull.*]

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^f Cæsar,⁵ dead, and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

^a *The card*—"the seaman's card" of Maebeth. A sea-chart in Shakspeare'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.

^b *Picked*, is spruce, affected, smart; to *pick* being the same as to *trim*. Some, however, think that the word was derived from *pickled*, *peaked* boots, which were extravagantly long—and hence the association with the "toe of the peasant."

^a So the folio. The quartos read, "Here's a scull now hath lyeen you i'the earth," &c.

^b The repetition does not occur in the quartos.

^c *Let me see*, is, not in the quartos. It supersedes the stage direction of "takes the scull."

^d 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*.

^e *Jeering*, in the folio; in the quartos, *grinning*.

^f *Imperial*, in the folio; in the quartos, *imperious*.

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 Truins, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: Who is that they fol-
low?

And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corpse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, 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 en-
larg'd

As we have warranties: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the or-
der,^a

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,^b
Shards,^c flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
her,

Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,^d
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*,^e 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 should'st have been my Hamlet's
wife;

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
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
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 sor-
row

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 splenetic and rash,
Yet have I something^a in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness^b fear: Away^c thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

Gentlemen. Good my lord, be quiet.^d

[*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 bro-
thers

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?^e eat a crocodile?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick^e with her, and so will I;

^a *Something in me.* So the folio; the quartos, *in me some-
thing.*

^b *Wiseness,* in the folio; in the quartos, *wisdom.*

^c *Away,* in the folio; in the quartos, *hold off.*

^d In the folio, this entreaty is given to Horatio; and "Gentlemen" is ejaculated by *All.*

^e *Quick*—alive.

^a *Order*—rule, canon, of ecclesiastical authority.

^b *For charitable prayers*—instead of charitable prayers.

^c *Shards.* A *shard* is a thing *shard*—divided. *Shards* are therefore fragments of ware—rubbish.

^d *Rites.* So the folio. The reading of the quarto, which is usually followed, is *erants*, 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.

^e *Sage requiem,* in the folio; in the quartos, a *requiem.* *Sage* is said to be used for grave, *solemn.* We suspect some corruption.

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.⁷

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^b 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^c in the bilboes.^d Rashly,
And praise be rashness for it,—Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear^e plots do pall; and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.⁸

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;^a
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.^b

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;
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^c

^a 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.

^b *Let me*, in the folio; in the quartos, *shall you*.

^c *Mutines*—mutineers.

^d *Bilboes*—a bar of iron with fetters attached to it.

^e *Dear*, in the folio; in the quartos, *dear*.

^a Caldecott explains this—"continue the passage or intercourse of amity between them, and prevent the interposition of a period to it."

^b *Shriving-time*—time of *shrift*, or confession.

^c *Defeat*, in the quartos; in the folio, *debate*.

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 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 cough ;
but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your friendship^a 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,

^a *Friendship*, in the folio ; in quartos, *lordship*.

—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 inven-
torially, 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 dic-
tion of him, his semblable is his mirror ; and,
who else would trace him, his unbrage, 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.^a

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 this weapon ; but in the
imputation laid on him by them, in his meed
he's unfellowed.]

^a The long passage in brackets is not given in the folio, but is found in quarto (B). Though it furnishes a most happy satire upon the affected phraseology of the court of Elizabeth, and displays the wit and readiness of Hamlet to great advantage, the poet perhaps thought 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.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath waged^a with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impounded,^b as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

[*Hor.* I knew you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.]

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.¹⁰

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 impounded, 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.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply^c 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

^a *Waged*, in the folio; in the quartos, *wagered*.

^b *Impounded*, in the folio; in the quartos, *impawned*.

^c *Comply*—was complaisant. In Fulwell'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."

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 hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some 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 forestal 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?^a

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,

^a 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."

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 reconciliation,
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 igno-
rance
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,

Do 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.*]

Os. 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^a 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.

Os. 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 aw'hile.
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:^a
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 con-
science. [*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.*]

Os. 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.*]

Os. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it,
my lord?

^a So the quartos; in the folio, the line stands
"Here's a napkin, rub thy brows."

^a Union—a very rich pearl. The quartos read, *onyx*.

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osríc;

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!—How? 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 served;

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 mis-
chance,

On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-
sage,
The soldier's music, and the rights of war,
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the body:^a—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.*

^a *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.



[Hamlet's Grave.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 comes 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 punish-

ment 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.

2 SCENE I.—“*Was he a gentleman?*”

This is a ridicule of the heraldic writers. In Leigh's ‘*Accedence 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*.’

3 SCENE I.—“*In youth, when I did love, did love,*” &c.

The three stanzas which the grave-digger 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 thinks they are not mete.

* * * * *

“For Age with steling steps
Hath clawde me with his crouch,
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.”

4 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 grave-diggers has always been

the horror of the old French school of criticism. Voltaire, by a great generalization, calls the works of Shakspeare a bundle of "*monstruosités et fossoyeurs.*" But Voltaire's criticism upon the grave-digging scene is far less amusing than that of M. De La Baume Deslossat, who, in 1757, immortalized himself by the publication of a '*Pastorale Héroïque.*' 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. Shakspeare 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.*")

5 SCENE I.—"*Imperial Cæsar,*" &c.

The dwellings of our countrymen in the time of Elizabeth were rude enough to reuder 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 girdling, 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.'" "



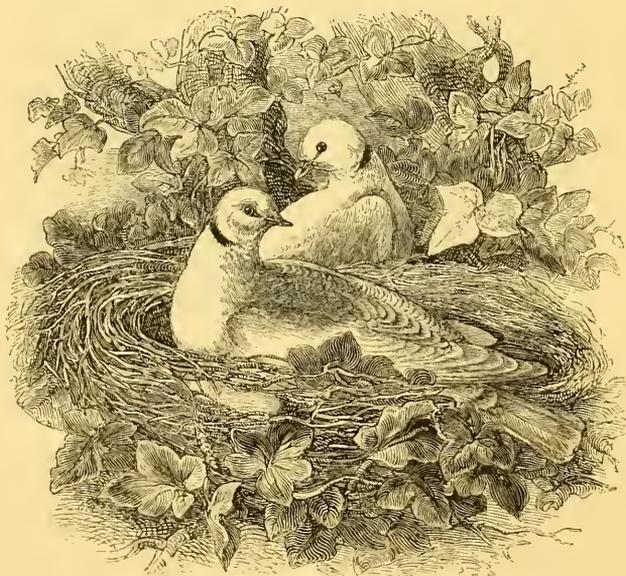
['The winter's flaw.']

6 SCENE I.—"*Wou'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 Yssell, Issell, 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.

7 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.



['Anon as patient as the female dove.']

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

⁸ SCENE II.

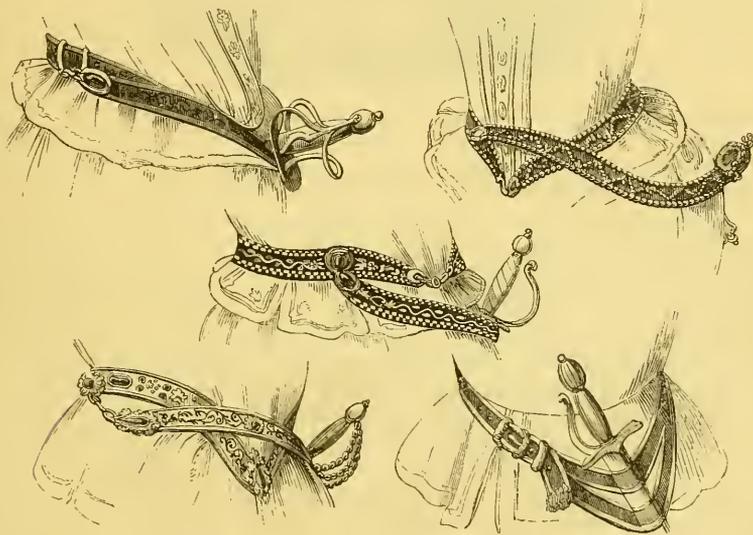
*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'*

Philosophy, as profound as it is beautiful! says the uninitiated reader of Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare'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." !!!

⁹ SCENE II.—"*The carriages, sir, are the hangers.*"

The *hangers* are 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.



[Sword Belts, or "Hangers."]



[Hamlet.—Sir T. Lawrence.]

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 Shakspeare,—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.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The final appreciation of the Hamlet of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 *moral* character of Hamlet,”—the love for Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare; 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 re-appears 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 Shakspeare’s dramas, the characters, as they are developed by the incidents, expound themselves, and in the order in which the exposition becomes necessary. Wilhelm

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Meister's preliminary analysis of Hamlet's character stands only in the place of the description by which dramatists inferior to Shakspeare 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 to the sovereignty of his uncle. 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 incestuously 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 Shakspeare'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 the 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 Shakspeare! The images are of this world, and are not of this world. They belong at once to popular superstitions, 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 modes in which Hamlet thinks aloud, after the spirit has faded away, suggests this subtle illustration to Coleridge: “Shakspeare 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 synonyme for madness) which Shakspeare intended, as it appears to us, to exhibit as the result of his super-

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natural visitation. Goethe says, "To me it is clear that Shakspeare 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 horribly 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 staid he so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
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 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 school-fellows; 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;

* Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. II. page 504.

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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 over-wrought consciousness of intellect." Hamlet has described his melancholy to his old school-fellows,—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 Shakspeare wrote this play; and yet how consonant is the following passage of that book, with Shakspeare's conception of the melancholy Hamlet: "Albertus Durer paints Melancholy like a sad woman, leaning on her arm with fixed looks, neglected habit, &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'er-mastering 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, he 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 cognizant 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 Shakspeare'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 generalizations: it is not against Ophelia, but against her sex, that he exclaims.

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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 Shakspeare 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, Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 unkenelled 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 coruscations 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 Shakspeare. It is in the scene with the Queen that Hamlet vindicates his own sanity—

"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."

This is 'Shakspeare's Test of Insanity;'—the title of an Essay by Sir H. Hallford, 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. 49, 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

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“better.” 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 Shakspeare 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 generalizations, 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.”—O no. The eternal presence of the 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 general 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 Shakspeare 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 grave-diggers. 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 Shakspeare*, 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 grave-diggers. 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 grave-digger 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 pleantry 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 Hallford'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:

* We translate from the last edition of his *Essay*. Paris 1839.

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“ 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 over-ruled; the guilty would have been punished; the innocent perhaps would have been spared. Have we lost any thing? 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.” ‡

* Coleridge.

† Blackwood, Vol. II.

‡ Hazlitt.



[‘ There is a willow grows aslant a brook.’]





[Stonehenge.]

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.”
“ Contemme 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.

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 this opinion appears to us not only extremely weak, but to be conceived in the very lowest spirit of the comprehension of Shakspeare. 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 Sydney's ‘*Arcadia*.’ “Shakspeare having occasion to turn to that book while he was writing *King Lear*,

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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. Sydney's 'Arcadia' was essentially *the book* of Shakspeare'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 Sydney'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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare'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 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. It unquestionably belongs, in its present form, to the luxuriant period of our poet's genius; it possesses the same characteristics as *The Winter's Tale*, and, we may add, as *The Tempest*. The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his recently-published volume, 'A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakespeare's *Tempest*,' has very successfully justified his assignment of *The Tempest* to the 16th century by this species of internal evidence. He says, "As Shakespeare grew older his muse grew severer;" and, again, "I would invite your attention in the next place to what has not, I think, been observed before, that a great change seems to have come over the mind of Shakespeare soon after his fortieth year, respecting the kind of stories which were best adapted to the purposes of the drama, or on which he thought it most befitting him to direct his own genius." But we beg to point out that this has been observed before, and by one whose observation is of the highest importance to every student of Shakspeare. Mr. Hunter places at "the later period of the poet's life," when "his muse grew severer," Julius Cæsar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon, Troilus and Cressida. Coleridge, in his masterly classification of 1819,* gives as Shakspeare's *last epoch*, "when the energies of intellect in the cycle of genius were, though in a rich and more potentiated form, becoming predominant over passion and creative self-manifestation," Measure for Measure, Timon, Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Troilus and Cressida. The *fourth epoch* of Coleridge—the previous period, giving "all the graces and facilities of a genius in full possession and exercise of power"—includes *The Tempest*, As You like it, Merchant of Venice, Twelfth Night; "and finally, at its very point of culmination," Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello. How safely may we trust to the penetration of high genius! When the commentators, with one accord, declared that Twelfth Night was Shakspeare's *last* play, Coleridge boldly placed it in the middle period of his life; and, some years after, Mr. Collier proves that it was acted in 1602. In the same period Coleridge places *The Tempest*; and subsequently Mr. Hunter brings forward several curious facts to render it highly probable that it was produced in 1596. We regret that Mr. Hunter did not do justice to the *à priori* sagacity of our great philosophical critic, to whom unquestionably belongs the "discovery" of the date of the *Tempest*.†

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 Shakspeare'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*. It will probably some day be established to demonstration that *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* belong to the Shakspeare of six-and-thirty, rather than to the Shakspeare of six-and-forty. To whatever age they 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

* Literary Remains, vol. ii., page 89.

† Mr. Hunter affixes to his book a motto from Whiter: "As these things have never, I believe, been adequately conceived, or systematically discussed, I may perhaps be permitted, on this occasion, to adopt the language of science, and to assume the merit of DISCOVERY." We feel called upon to mention that the high merit of the "discovery" (the great feature of Mr. Hunter's book) that the island of the *Tempest* was Lampedusa, incontestably belongs to Mr. Thomas Rodd, and not to Mr. Hunter. Mr. Hunter, in a note at the end of his notice on this subject, indeed acknowledges that he received the first suggestion of the identity of the island of Prospero with Lampedusa, many years ago from Mr. Rodd. But it is our duty to state that, in the summer of 1838, Mr. Rodd very kindly put into our hands a manuscript for the purpose of publication in our edition of *The Tempest*, in which he not only suggests this identity, but works it out in a manner which exhibits, besides his "intimate acquaintance with books and their contents," the sagacity and judgment with which he has pursued this curious inquiry. In this manuscript Mr. Rodd gives the identical quotation from Crispius which Mr. Hunter prints at p. 20; and which is by far the most important of the passages quoted by Mr. Hunter, as the *Turco-Græcia* existed in the time of Shakspeare.

Coleridge and Tieck, that the *sketch* of *Cymbeline* belongs to the youthful Shakspeare. We have fancied that it is almost possible to trace in some instances the dove-tailing 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare of five-and-twenty as it was to the Shakspeare 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 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 Shakspeare's works. This might have been remedied by omitting the "apparition" in the fifth act, which either not belongs to Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 fullness 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 Shakspeare, than as opinions in which we expect our readers will agree. The greater part of the play is certainly such as no one but Shakspeare could have written, and not only so, but Shakspeare 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

* 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare."—*Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii.

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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare. 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 snatches in his voice and burst of speaking" identify him as the "very Cloten" that none other but Shakspeare 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 Boccaccio; 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' 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 (9th story of the second day of the Decameron). Mrs. Lennox has given, in her 'Shakspear Illustrated,' a paraphrase of Boccaccio's story; which she has mixed up with more irreverent impertinence towards Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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.

Shakspeare 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.

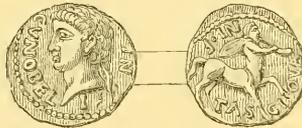
"After the death of Cassibellane, Theomantius or Lenautius, the youngest son of Lud, was made king of Britain in the year of the world 3921, after the building of Rome 706, and before the coming of Christ 45. * * * * * Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which 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 Theomantius, 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 Theomantius, 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 Theomantius, 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

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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 Theomantius' 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 afterwards 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 Salasians (a people inhabiting about Italy and Switzerland), the Cantabrians and Asturians, by such rebellions 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 carriages, 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 lest they might be provoked to rebellion.' Thus far Strabo."



[Coin of Cunobelinus.]

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 civilized 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 blueish 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 cotemporaneous writers respecting the dress of the Britons themselves.

CYMBELINE.

“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 have 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 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.”



[Gaulish Captive wearing the Torque.]

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 chequer-wise so as to form small squares, some of one colour and some of another. Sometimes it was woven in stripes instead of chequers; 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 ab 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

* Pliny says the Britons and Gauls wore a ring on the middle finger.

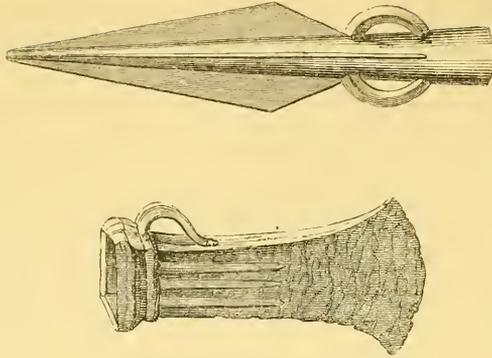
† A British corslet of gold lately found at Mold, in Flintshire, is now in the British Museum.

‡ Strabo says the Britons are taller than the Gauls; their hair not so yellow, and their bodies looser built.

§ Caesar tells us the Britons were long-haired, and shaved all the body except the head and the upper lip.

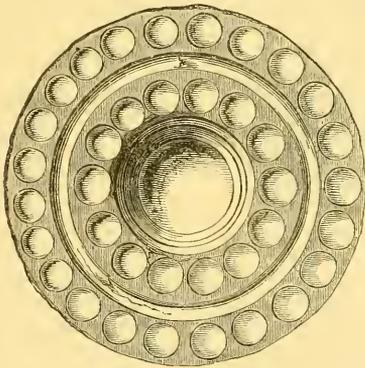
|| Martial has a line “Like the old brachæ of a needy Briton.”—*Epiq.* ix. 21. They appear on the legs of the Gaulish figures in many Roman sculptures to have been a sort of loose pant-sloon, terminating at the ankle, where they were met by a high shoe or brogue. There can be little doubt that the Highland *truis* is a modification of this ancient trouser, if not the identical weed itself.

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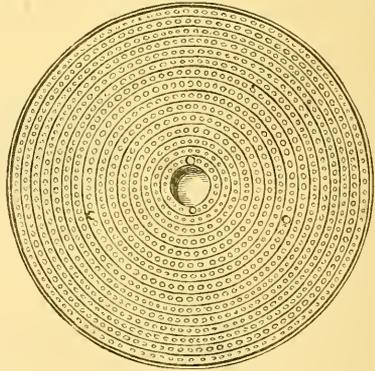


[Spear-Head and Celt.]

Goodrich Court are two very large round bronze shields of the earlier period, and an oblong one of the Roman-British era. A smaller round shield, recently found, is in the British Museum.



In the British Museum.



[British Shields.]

In the Meyrick Collection.

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 Parts appropriated to 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

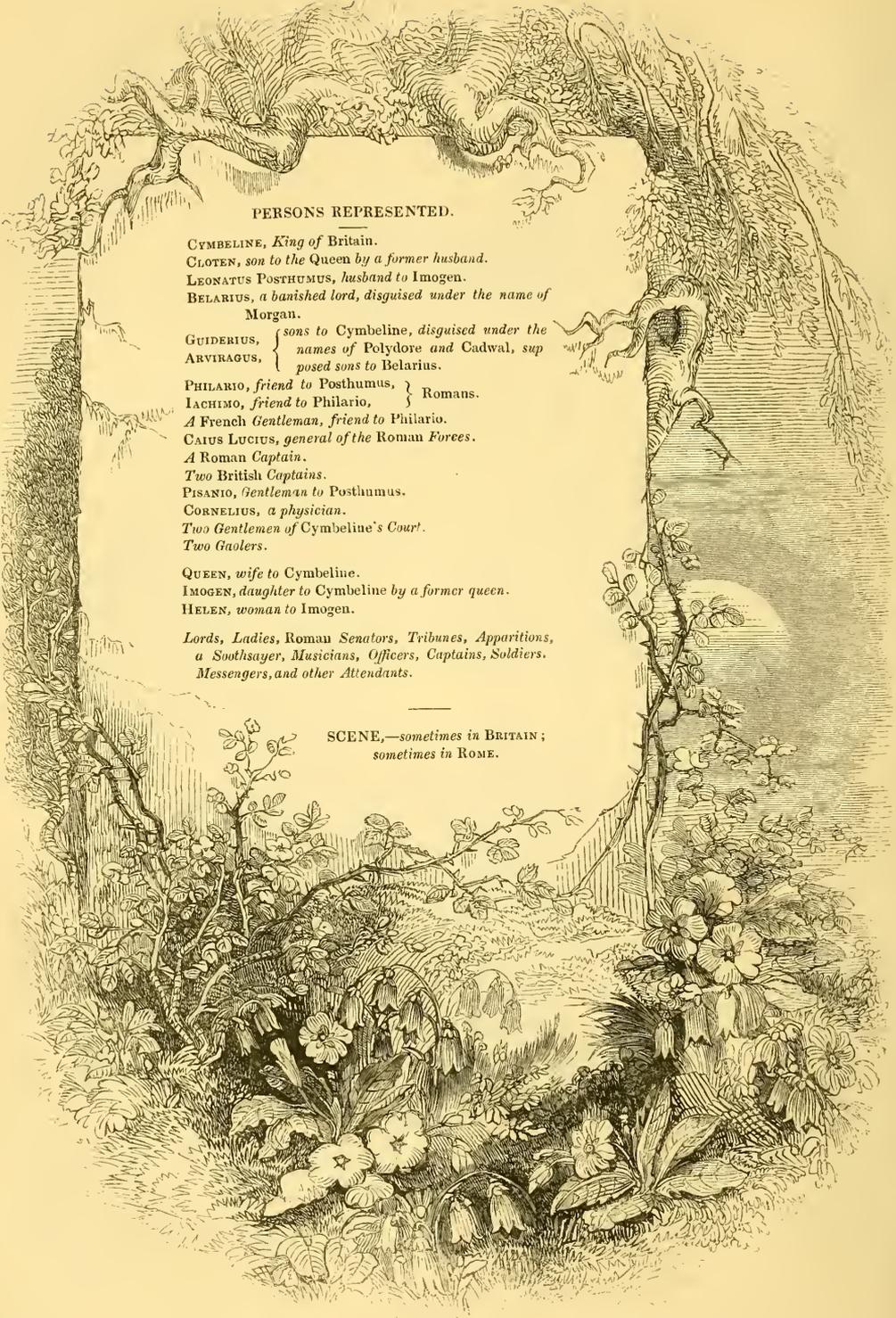
CYMBELINE.

of their civilisation to those whom they have colonised. We do not therefore object, even in a prosaic view of the matter, that the garden, as our artist has represented it, has more of ornament than belongs to the Druidical grove. 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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare.

* The "*andirons*" and "*chimney-piece*" belong to the age of Elizabeth. But Shakspeare, when he commits what we call anachronisms, uses what is familiar to render intelligible what would otherwise be obscure and remote.



[Conflict between Romans and Barbarians. From the Arch of Trajan.]



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 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.*



[The Garden.]

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.^a

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

^a 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 modern 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 Shakspeare for natural disposition, as in *All's Well that Ends Well*—

“ Now his important *blood* will nought 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.”

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.^a

1 *Gent.* I do extend^b 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 Leo-
natus^c;

Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts to him^d 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:^e 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^f them; and to the graver,

^a You carry your praise far.

^b *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.

^c So the folio. The modern editors have 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.

^d *Puts to him* is the original reading, which has been silently corrupted into *puts him to*.

^e We arrange these two lines, as in the folio. The modern editors read—

"As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd, and
In his spring became a harvest."

^f *Feated*. Johnson says, "a glass that *formed* them." But *feat* is used by Shakspeare for nice, exact, with propriety—as in *The Tempest*—

"And look how well my garments sit upon me
Much *feater* than before;"

A child that guided dotards: to his mistress—
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is she 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.^a [*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-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,

I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king

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 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?

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;^a 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 braclet 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 should'st 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^a 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.^b

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus: You bred him as my playfellow; and he is A man worth any woman; overbuys me Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!— 'Would I were

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

^a 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.

^a A higher feeling.

^b *Puttock*—a kite—a worthless species of hawk.

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. Fye!—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 a while.

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.

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Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, faith; not so much as his pa-
tience. [Aside.]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable car-
cass 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 should'st 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; ¹
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 guat 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.^a

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.^b

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do get them de-
spatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An Apartment in Phi-
lario's House.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, and a Frenchman.^c

Iach. Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Bri-
tain: he was then of a crescent note; expected

^a *Vantage*—opportunity.

^b So in the 18th Sonnet—

"Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May."

^c 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 male; 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.

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.^a 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'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone^b 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^c of so slight and trivial a nature.

^a *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 Shakspeare'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.

^b *Atone*—to make at one. ^c *Importance*—import, matter.

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^a 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 outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many:^b 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?

^a Not is omitted in the original.

^b 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.

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^a 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.

Phil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'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.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

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, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you

^a Convince—overcome.

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 unsecluded, (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;²

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:³

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 stupify and dull the sense awhile: Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what 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.

² *Conclusions*—experiments.

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 depend 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.
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 PISA.*]—A sly and
constant knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him
that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
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^a comfort.—Who may this be?
Fye!

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;⁴
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'—

'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.

^a *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.

^b *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.

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? 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 judg-
ment;

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,^b
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps^c 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 to-
wards him might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I account his, beyond all ta-
lents,—

Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
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)

^a 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, numerous*. Theobald read "*th' unnumber'd beach*."

^b 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."

^c *Raps* you—transports you. We are familiar with the participle *rapt*, but this form of the verb is uncommon.

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^a 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,^b 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,^c 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,

^a *By-peeping*—so the original. Johnson changed it to "lie peeping;" but it appears to us that "by-peeping" is claudes-
tinely peeping.

^b Verstegan thus defines a *tomboy*: "Tumbe, to dance.
Tumbled, dunced. Hereof we yet call a wench that skippereth
or leapeth like a boy, a *tomboy*."

^c *Diana's priest*. In Pericles we have the expression, used
by Diana, of "maiden priests."

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His 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 good-
ness

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
suns,

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.

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.*]



[This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ 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 Shakspeare 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 ere 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.”

² 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*. Shakspeare has beautifully indicated the philosophy of the use or abuse by man of Nature's productions, in the Friar's soliloquy :—

“ For nought 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.”

³ 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 Shakspeare 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 fly compotnds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging.”

⁴ SCENE VII.—“ *Or, like the Parthian, I shall
fly in flight.*”

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 Shakspeare 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, “ Shakspeare has bestowed some ornament on the proverbial phrase, ‘as common as the highway.’” Shakspeare'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.



[Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.]

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!^a 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 ran 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 any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion^a that you give offence to.

^a This is usually pointed. "when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away." But the *jack* was *kiss'd* 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*."

^a *Companion* is used here, and in other passages of Shakspeare, in the same sense as *fellow* is at present. Sir Hugh Evans denounces the host of the Garter as a "searvy, coggng companion."

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;^a keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

* 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 he'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* implies that the honour of Imogen may be held firm, to resist the horrid act of the divorce from her husband which Cloten would make.

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,¹ 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 tinct²—But my design.

¹ 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*.” Hamner 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 open. It is the *wind-door*. We have the word in Romeo and Juliet, similarly applied—

“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 *eye-lid* of an extremely fair young woman is often of a tint that may be properly called “white and azure;” which is produced by the net-work of exceedingly fine veins that runs through and colours that beautiful structure. Shakspeare has described this peculiarity in his Venus and Adonis—

“Her two *blue windows* faintly she upheaveth.”

And in The Winter's Tale, we have—

“*Trolets* dim,
But sweeter than the *lids* of Juno's eyes.”

But in the text before us, the eye-lids are not only of a “white

To note the chamber, I will write all down:
Such and such pictures:—There the window:
Such

The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,^a
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 turn'd 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!^b 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.*]

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 Shakspeare's extreme accuracy of observation, and of his transcendent power of making the exact and the poetical blend with, and support, each other.

^a 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.

^b The original reads, "May *bare* 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 lamblies 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.

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. Wimming 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,^a

And Phœbus' gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chalic'd flowers that lies;^a

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden eyes;^b

With everything that pretty is^c—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^d in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,^e nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

^a This apparently false concord is in truth a touch of our antique idiom, which adds to the beauty of this exquisite song. (See Illustration of *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II., Illust. 6.)

^b 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*."

^c Hammer changed this to *lin*—a pretty word. But it occurs in the folio. We print the line as they are printed in that edition; by which, in all probability, a different *time* of the *air* was indicated—a more rapid movement.

^d *Voice*. So the old copies. It has been changed to *rice*. But why?

^e *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 Shakspeare 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*.

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:^a so seem, as if You were inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her, that you in all obey her,^b Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

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,

^a This is ordinarily printed,

“And be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services.”

We follow a suggestion of Monek Mason.

^b 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*.

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^a 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 recompence 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.

^a *False* is here used as a verb. See Note in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II., Sc. II.

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 :^a 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 ?

^a So *verbal*. Johnson defines this, "so *verbose*, so full of talk." But neither *Clooten* nor *Imogen* have used many words. *Imogen* has been prying her strange admirer ; but she now resolves to *speech* plainly — to be *verbal* — and thus to forget a lady's manners.

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 Pis.*]

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 ;^a 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
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,^b

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 throughly : 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,)

^a *She's my good lady.* This phrase is used ironically. To "stand my good lord," is — to be my good friend.

^b *Sear'd hopes.* This is ordinarily printed *fear'd hopes* — a reading unnoticed by any of 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, *with'er'd* as they are, he barely gratifies his friend's love.

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* 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?^b

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 chimuey-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

* *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 Shakspeare 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.

^b This speech, in the original, belongs to Posthumus. But he is intent upon his letters.

Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.^a

Post. This is her honour!^a—
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.*

Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel:^b 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.

^a Iachimo has just said—

“ I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour.”

^b This passage is usually pointed thus—

“ Then, if you can,
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel.”

Johnson interprets this reading, “ if you can forbear to flush
your cheek with rage.” Boswell says, “ if you can re-
strain yourself within bounds. To pale is commonly used
for to confine or surround.” We follow the punctuation of
the original, which gives a clear meaning—

“ Then, if you can
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel.”

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.

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!

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^a the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[Exit.

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the
same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but
women

^a Pervert—for avert.

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, ven-
 geance!

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,
 Cry'd, oh! and mounted: found no opposition
 But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,
 hers;

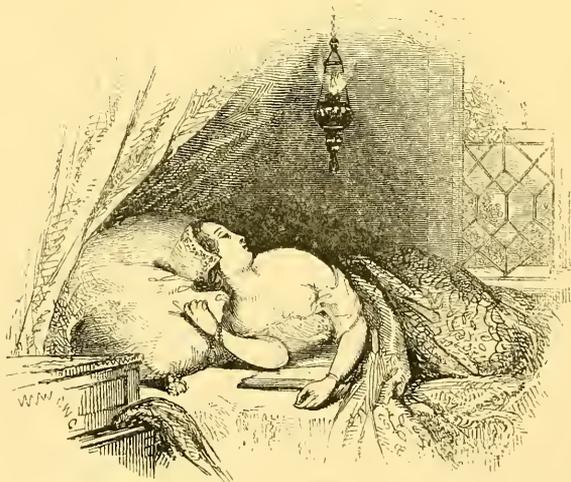
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell
 knows,

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.^a

[Exit.

^a 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."



[Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.]



[Monument in Lichfield Cathedral.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ 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 Shakspeare's *Tarquin and Lucrece*. Indeed Shakspeare, 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.

² SCENE III.—“*Hark, hark, the lark.*”

Steevens asserts, without offering the slightest evidence in support of his assertion, that George

Peel 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 Shakspeare'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 29th 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.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

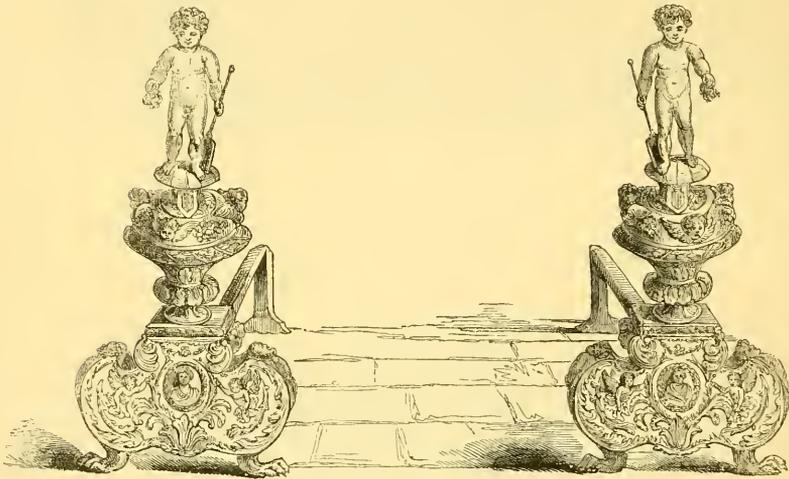
³ SCENE IV.— “*The roof o’ the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted.*”

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.”

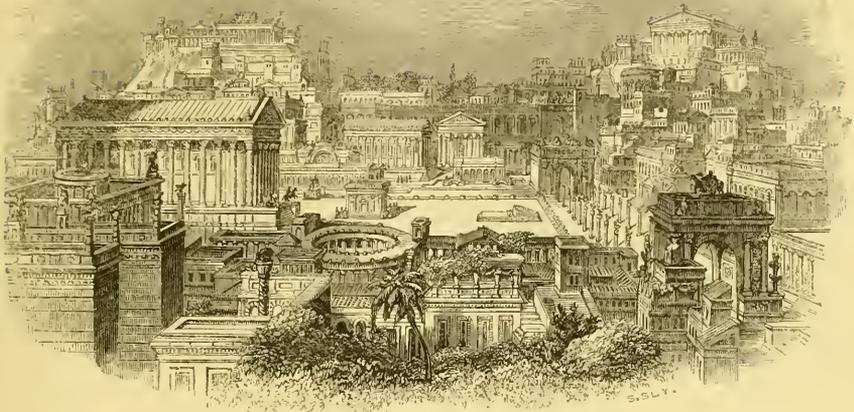
⁴ SCENE IV.— “*Her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids,*” &c.

We have no doubt that in this description Shak-

speare 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.



[Andirons at Knowle.]



[Restoration of the Roman Forum. Scene VII.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CŶMBELINE, 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, 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^a unscalable, and roaring waters; With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag Of *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping

(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^b fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword, Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,¹ 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.

^a *Rocks.* The original reads *oaks*. We have no doubt of the propriety of the correction, which is Hammer's.

^b *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.”

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,^a

(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,^b

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.²

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

^a 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 Shakspeare's age; it sacrifices force and variety, to produce feebleness and monotony.

^b We have another example of a similar corruption, adopted from Hamner by Steevens, who walks amidst the luxurious growth of Shakspeare'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 mercilefs 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 Shakspeare 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.)

For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me;³ 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.^a I am perfect^b
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 crowns 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. [Exit.

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?^c—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 murder
her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—Do't: The
letter

^a *Utterance.* To fight at utterance is to fight without quarter—to the death: the French—*Combat à outrance.*

^b *Perfect*—assured. So in *The Winter's Tale*—

“ Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia.”

^c The original has, *what monsters her accuser?* The modern correction, which is Malone's, appears to be justified by the subsequent passage, *what false Italian?*

That I have sent her, by her own command
 Shall give thee opportunity:^a—O damn'd paper!
 Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,
 Art thou a feodary^b 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

^a 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's own manner, which 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 I 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,"—Shakspeare has been guilty of negligence, oversight, inattention, &c. &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.

^b *Feodary*—feudary. Hammer 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 Shakspeare, 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—*feve*—*feudary*—*feodary*.

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.^a—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.'^b 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,^c) say, and speak thick,
 (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
 To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,
 How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence-
 going

^a This address to the bees contains one of Shakspeare's legal allusions. The *forfeitters* (in the first folio *forfeitures*) had sealed to dangerous bonds; and in that age the seal was as binding as the signature, and rather more so.

^b 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 is 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 Shakspeare and the other old dramatists, as it was in discourse and correspondence. We have the word repeatedly in Measure:—for example, "*An* he should, it were an aim to haug 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*."

^c *Beyond beyond*. The second *beyond* is used as a substantive, which gives us the meaning of *farther than beyond*. The Scotch have a saying—"at the back of beyond."

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. Prithce, 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.⁴

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.^a 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 roofs as low as ours! Stoop,^b boys:
This gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and
bows you
To a morning's holy office: The gates of mon-
archs

Are arch'd so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans 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 you
hill,

^a 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.

^b *Stoop*. The original reads *sleep*—a manifest error. Rowe corrected it to *see*; Malone would read *sweet*. The correction of *stoop*, by Hamner, 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."

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 beetle⁵ in a safer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe;^a

^a 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 Hamner's alteration of *babe* to *bribe*, by referring to the source of the ideas thus briefly expressed, which we think Shakspeare 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 a meaning from it. Warburton reads, therefore, *bauble*. Stevens *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. In the printer's cases (the technical name for the boxes from which he takes his letters) the *r* is placed next to the *a*, and if a compositor were taking the wrong letter, to set up b-a-i-b-e, the probability is, that a half-informed corrector would take out the *i*, leaving *babe*. But, putting aside these considerations, and rejecting altogether the nonsense of George Chalmers, that the word was *bahee* (the Scotch *baubee*), 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

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd^a: 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,

nothing in return for a bribe; and we believe Shakspeare had
this in view. His mountain life is certainly *richer* than
riches so corruptly derived:—

“ Or otherwise false Reynold would abuse
The simple sutor, and wish him to choose
His master, being one of great regard
In court, to compass any suit not hard,
In case his pains were recompensed with *reason*,
So would he work the silly man by treason
To buy his master's frivolous good will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.”

This old mode of doing nothing, for a bribe, is, we fear, not
obsolete, even though influence has succeeded to corruption.

^a 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 cour-
tesy (*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 obli-
terating 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*.

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,^a their thoughts
do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to pringe 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

^a 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 'em bow
on entering it, yet are their thoughts so exalted, ” &c.

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,
(Once Arvirágus,) 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.

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 Posthúmus?^a 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 staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,^b
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.

^a *Posthúmus*. "Shakspeare'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—"Shakspeare's ignorance of the quantity of Posthúmus is the rather remarkable as he gives it rightly both when the name first occurs and in another place—

'To his protection: calls him Posthúmus—
'Struck the main-top!—O, Posthúmus! alas!'"

Both these critics knew perfectly well that all the poets of Shakspeare'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.

^b *Summer-news*. Our poet has the same idea in his 98th Sonnet—

"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell."

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 pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.'

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword?
the paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,—
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

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'd'st like a villain; now, methinks,

Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting,^a hath betray'd
him:

^a *Some jay of Italy*, &c. The Italian *puttu* has a double meaning. The jay of Italy is the "Roman courtzean," as well as the painted bird. This is one of the many proofs of Shakspeare'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." Capell and Hammer would read, "whose feather was her painting." We greatly doubt whether the reading *mother* can be supported; and we are not much enamoured of *feather*. May we venture to suggest, without altering the text, that *muffler* was the word; which, as written, might be easily mistaken for *mother*? The class of persons which Shakspeare here designates by the term *jay* were accustomed to wear a veil or mask called a *muffler*. (See a quotation from Randle Holme's 'Academy of Armory,' in Douce, vol. i., page 78.) They wore them, says Holme, "being ashamed to show their faces." The jay of Italy, as it appears to us, needed no other disguise than the *painting* of her face—her "*muffler* was her *painting*."

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 :^e—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 villany ; 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, Post-
húmus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men ;
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjurd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou
honest :

Do thou thy master's bidding : When thou see'st
him

A little witness my obedience : Look !
I draw the sword myself : take it ; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart :
Fear not ; 'tis empty of all things but grief :
Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument !
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die ;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
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 ; — 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,

^e *Afore 't.* The original reads *afoot*—evidently an error.

And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,
To think when thou shalt be 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.^a

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it ? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence ? this place ?
Mine action, and thine own ? our horses' labour ?
The time inviting thee ? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent ; whereunto I never
Purpose return ? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbest 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 ?

^a In the original the line stands, " I'll wake mine eye-
balls first." Hammer and Johnson suggested the insertion of
blind.

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,

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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,^a

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor suppliance.

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 fare-
well;

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.

^a 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 bread*. 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."

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:
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 Posthúmus!—
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 Posthúmus: 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;^a 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 Posthúmus, 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 Posthúmus?
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.

^a 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.'

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is becoming 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.^a
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 would'st not be a villain, but do
me true service, undergo those employments
wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a
serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er
I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—
I would think thee an honest man; thou should'st
neither want my means for thy relief nor my
voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare for-
tune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not
in the course of gratitude but be a diligent fol-
lower 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 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 prefer-
ment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge
is now at Milford: 'Would I had wings to fol-
low 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 need?
[*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 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.

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 any thing that's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take, or lend.^a—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 wood-
man, 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^b sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in ap-
petite.

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.*]

^a 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 *speach* if civil—if belonging to civilized 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 belong to the civilized 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 *speach*. Johnson suggested a transposition of the sentence—

"If any thing that's civil, take or lend,
If savage speak."

^b *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.

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 thro',
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I
had found
Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
meal:

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 ho-
nesty,

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:^a—Most wel-
come!

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
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus. [*Aside.*]

^a *Such is yours*. So the folio. All the modern editions read, such as yours, thereby spoiling the sense.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. 'Would I could free 't!

Arr. 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 (lay-
ing by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes),^a
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.

Arr. The night to the owl, and morn to the
lark, less welcome.

^a *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.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arr. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour 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 suppliant: The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Well, madam, we must take a short farewell.]



[Coin of Augustus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ 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: “Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 juxta-position as in Shakspeare.

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 high.”

But Verstegan, in his very amusing ‘Restitution of Decayed Intelligence concerning Britain,’ objects to the connexion 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 *Londinium* (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 *Londinium*, but nameth the city of the *Trinovants*; and a marvel it is, that, between the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, it should come to get the new name of *Londinium*, 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 Lunden-ceaster, 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 Scotland or Scouia, 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 its true 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 Leod-gate; 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 most 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 of the great concourse of people through it."

² 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."

³ SCENE I.—"*Thy Cæsar knighted me.*"

Shakspeare 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 *knight*s o' the battle."

Both Holinshed and Shakspeare, 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.

⁴ SCENE II.—"*A franklin's housewife.*"

The *franklin*, in the days of Shakspeare, had become a less important personage than he was in those of Chaucer:—

"A Frankelein was in this compaignie;
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 plain delit
Was veraily felicite parfitte.
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 envued man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so pleuteons,
It sweued in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men cond 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 rely covered all the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anclace 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 *frankleyn*; 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 Shakspeare had, for the most part, gone upward into the squire, or downward into the yeoman; and the name had probably become synonymous with the 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."

⁵ 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 Shakspeare, 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.

⁶ SCENE IV.—"And, for I am richer than to be hung'd by the walls,

I must be ripp'd."

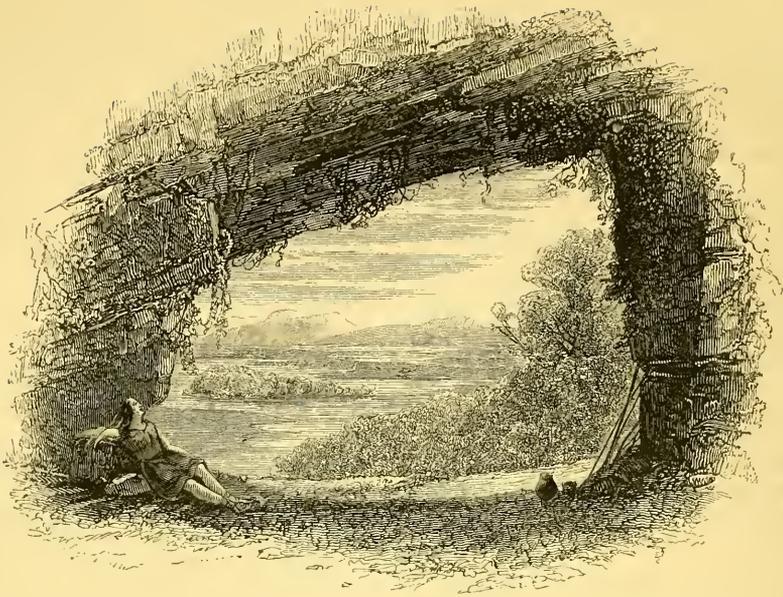
Steevens has an interesting note upon this passage:—

"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 up on 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."



[The Cave. Scene II.]

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^a 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;

^a *Imperseverant.* The *im* is a prefix to *perseverant*; in the same way as *impassioned*.

thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:^a 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?

^a 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.

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 !
The imperious seas breed monsters ; for the
dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisano,
I'll not 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, here-
after

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.^a

Arv. How angel-like he sings !

Gui. But his neat cookery !¹ 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^b together.

^a The passage stands thus in the original—

" This youth, howe'er distrest, appears he hath had
Good ancestors."

In all the modern editions we find the following punctua-
tion, 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 cor-
rection 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.

^b *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. Shakspeare 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."

^c Instead of *untwine* it has been proposed to read *entwine*.
Monek Mason says, " Though Shakspeare is frequently inac-
curate in the use of his prepositions, to *untwine with* would
rather exceed his usual licentiousness." This " licentious-
ness " 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.

Arr. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!^c

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 am-
bush.

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.

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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 afraid?

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.

Arr. 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 abso-
lute

'Twas very Cloten.

Arr. 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:^a But see, thy brother.

[*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:

^a 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.”

Hammer reads—

“ For *defect* of judgment
Is oft the *cause* 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 Hamner, are somewhat forced; and we rather adopt the very ingenious suggestion of the author of a pamphlet printed at Edinburgh, 1814, entitled, ‘*Explanations and Emendations of some Passages in the Text of Shakspeare,*’ &c. In this reading of *as for is*, Belarius says that Cloten, before he arrived to 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.

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 threaten us;
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For^a 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^b

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: howsoever,
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 reckon. [*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st 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, re-
venges,

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,^a

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^b

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.*]

^a Stevens prints this—

"I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood."

But the meaning is, I would let blood a parish of such Clotens.

^b *Wonder.* So the original. Pope changed it to *wonderful*, which is the received reading.

^a *For*, in the sense of because.

^b *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 Shakspeare, *humour* and *honour* are several times misprinted each for the other.

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^a

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!^b
How found you him?

Arv. Stark,^c 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

^a *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.

^b 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*.

^c *Stark*—stiff.

My clouded brogues^a 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
wound,²

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.

^a *Brogues*—rude shoes.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arr. 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.

Arr. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arr. 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.

Arr. 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;
Arr. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stoue;
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;
Arr. 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!
Arr. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Arr. 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:³ 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 Posthu-
mus!

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 madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregular^a 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? Ahme! 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 pre-
cious

And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it
home:

This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

^a *Irregular*—irregular—disorderly. The word is only
found in this passage of Shakspeare.

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,⁴ wing'd From the spungy 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 wreck? How came it? Who is it? What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,

Nothing to be were better. This was my master. A very valiant Briton, and a good,

That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas! There are no more such masters: I may wander From east to occident, cry out for service, Try many, all good, serve truly, never Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.

Imo. 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.^a—Boy, he is preferred

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 Arm him—take him in your arms.

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 mis-
 tress,
 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.^a

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.

Pis. I heard no letter^b 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

^a Does yet depend—is yet depending, as we say of an action at law.

^b Hamner 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*.

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 ve-
nison ?

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.*



[The Forest.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1 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. page 104.)

2 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 Shakspeare:—

“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, arc showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little foot-steps lightly print the ground.”

3 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 Shakspeare. Taken apart from the scene, it will always be read with pleasure.

A SONG,

Sung by Guiderius and Arrivagus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele’s grassy tomb,
Soft maids and village hind 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.

4 SCENE II.—“*I saw Jove’s bird, the Roman eagle.*”

The annexed beautiful coin of Domitian is the best illustration of this passage.



[Roman Eagle.]



[Combat of Posthumus and Iachimo. Scene II.]

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 should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

If each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For wrying^a 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^b 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,^c

^a *Wrying*. The use of *wry* as a verb is uncommon. We have a passage in Sydney's 'Arcadia' which is at once an example and an explanation:—"That from the right line of virtue are wryed to these crooked shifts."

^b *To put on*—to instigate.

^c "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 Shakspeare, as Malone says, "*inadvertently* considered the latter evil deed as the elder." The confusion, if

And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.^a 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

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.

^a 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 *dede'd*. 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."

Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits 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;^a 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 POSTHU-
MUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO,
and then leaves him.^a

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
Revengefully enfeebles me. Or, could this earl,^b
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; CYMBE-
LINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BE-
LARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
the ground;
The lane is guarded; nothing routs us but
The villany 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 hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, 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 strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd
with 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,^a than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may
save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.'—
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,) with this word, 'stand,
stand,'

Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,

^a Country-base—the rustic game of prison bars, or prison base.

^a 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 Shakspeare was full of such examples. But Shakspeare 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, which has been departed from by the modern editors.
^b Carl—churl.

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!

Someslain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne 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^a 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,^b
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:

^a Bugs—terrors.

^b 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,^a 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^b 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, AR-
VIRAGUS, 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.
[Exit 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

^a We follow the original. Since the time of Hanmer the
passage has been changed to—

"For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton."

^b Affront—encounter.

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*.

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 should'st have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus 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's 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 villany?

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 shiving 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?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
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 cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sic. 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^a 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 un-
known, 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 spec-
tators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. ²A heavy reckoning for you, sir: 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 pro-
curing 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 hea-
viness: O! of this contradiction you shall now
be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it

^a *Fingled.* This word is very rarely used without the epi-
thet *new*; yet *fingale* means an innovation. We have it in
Anthony Wood—"A hatred to *fangles* and the French
fooleries of his time."

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; for, 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.^a Yet, on my conscience, there are ver-
rier 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 gal-
lowses! I speak against my present profit; but
my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AR-
VIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and At-
tendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods
have made

^a *Pronc*—forward.

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 nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead
and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and*
ARVIRAGUS.

By whom I grant she lives:—'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Arise, my knights o' the battle; 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;
Abhor'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 would'st 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?

Gwi. 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.

Gwi. 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 villany
 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 should'st 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 Pos-
 thumus,

(What should I say? he was too good, to be

Where ill men were ; and was the best of all
Among'st 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 ;³ 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 would'st grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus

(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 villanous. 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, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer !^a 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 villany 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 Posthu-
mus !

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

^a *Justicer.* This fine old word is used several times in Lear.
It is found in our ancient law-books.

Have, said she, given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

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 infore'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:^a indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

^a *Assum'd this age*—put on these appearances of age.

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 punish-
ment

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, Arvirágus,
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.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may 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 bro-
thers,
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gwi. 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 de-
manded;
And all the other by-dependancies,
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 beseeching; '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.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord
of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, me-
thought,

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^a 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 flour-
ish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;

^a Collection—consequence deduced from premises. So in
Hamlet—

“ Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection.”

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.^a

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.*]

^a The particle *on* is understood. The same form of expres-
sion occurs in Othello—

“ What conjurations and what mighty magic
I won his daughter [with].”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE II.—“*Enter at one door Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army.*”

THE engraving below, from one of the bas-reliefs on the column of Trajan, offers a striking illustration of the “pomp and circumstance” of Roman war.

² 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.

³ SCENE V.—“*Postures beyond brief nature,*” &c.

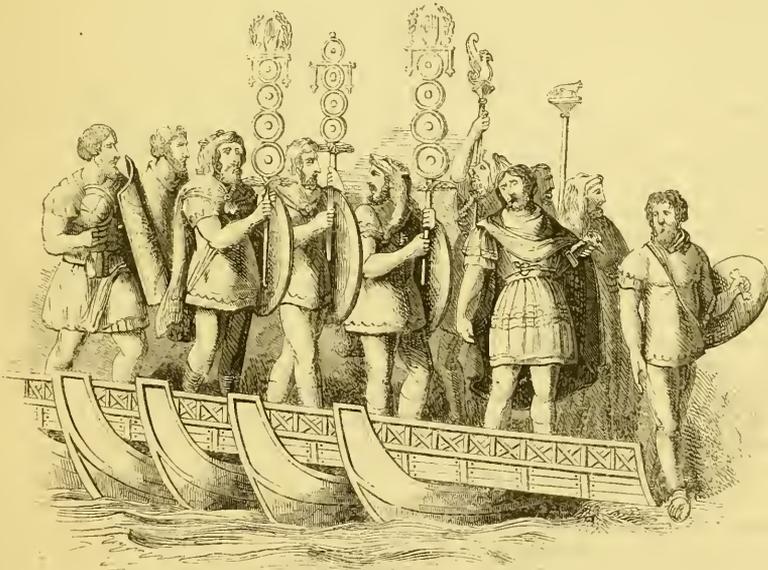
Warburton remarks, “It appears from a number of such passages as these that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts;” to which Steevens replies, “The pantheons of his own age (several of which I have seen) afford a most minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty

imputed to the different deities; and, as Shakspeare had at least an opportunity of reading Chapman’s translation of Homer, the first part of which was published in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken these ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular observation, or acquaintance with statuary and painting.” Steevens has here missed the point, as it was likely he would do. That Shakspeare 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 *Anthony and Cleopatra*:—

“O’er picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.”



[Roman General, Standard Bearers, &c.]



[View near Milford.]

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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 analysed the character with her usual acuteness and delicacy of perception: “Others of Shakspeare’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 Shakspeare 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 Shak-

* Essays on Shakspeare’s Dramatic Characters.

† Characteristics of Women. Vol. II. p. 50.

‡ Observations on the Fairy Queen. Vol. I.

sphere 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 Shakspeare’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, attempt to show that any predominant idea runs through Cymbeline. They each speak of it as a succession of 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 “harbaric 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 Shakspeare’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 Shakspeare 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

* Shakspeare’s Dramatische Werke. Vol. IX. p. 374.

† Lectures on Dramatic Literature. Vol. II.

‡ Literary Remains. Vol. II. p. 207.

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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 step-mother. 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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 I'er 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 required? 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 see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: Look!
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart."

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 Shakspeare 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 encha'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale."

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 step-mother 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 of the great,
Thou art pass'd 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 connexion 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 Shakspeare's contemporary, Jonson, point out the conclusion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a less degree of dramatic violence, than this. In the scene before us, all the surviving characters are assembled ; and at the 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."

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

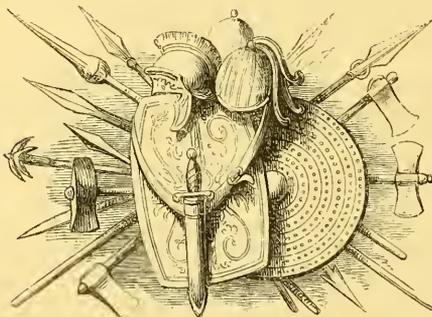
The conclusion of *Cymbeline* has been lauded because it is consistent with *poetical justice*. Those who adopt this species of reasoning look very imperfectly upon the course of real events in the moral world. It is permitted, for inscrutable purposes, that the innocent should sometimes fall before 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 *Shakspeare'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 *Shakspeare* :—

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.'



[Roman and British Weapons.]





[General of Venice, in time of war. Vicellio—Habiti Antichi.]

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 bene 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 suc-

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

ceed 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.

The modern editors of Shakspeare, without regard to these circumstances, speak of the quarto edition of *Othello* as the first edition—the more ancient copy. We can understand how they have attached, and, in some instances very properly, great importance to an edition which has been printed in the author's lifetime. They have, indeed, 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 (Shakspeare) 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." But 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 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. The editors of the folio distinctly tell us that they have printed from the author's manuscript—that other copies are stolen and surreptitious, maimed and deformed. There must surely, then, have been some very strong reason for inducing the later and more authoritative editors, Steevens and Malone, to make the quarto the basis of their text of *Othello*, instead of the folio. Speaking without the least desire beyond that of wishing to present our readers with the most genuine text, we cannot call their preference of the quarto to the folio, in this instance, by any other name than judicial blindness; and we have, therefore, after the most careful examination, but without the slightest doubt, adopted the text of the folio. 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 10. The quarto, then, has not the merit of being the fuller copy. But is it more accurate in those parts which are common to both copies? This is a question which we cannot here enter upon in detail. In our foot-notes we have set forth every deviation from the current text which we have made upon the authority of the folio, and each reading must be judged upon its own merits. We venture to think that in some remarkable instances we have restored Shakspeare 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.

The date of the first production of *Othello* is settled as near as we can desire it to be. The play certainly belongs to the most vigorous period of Shakspeare'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. Collier, however, has been able most satisfactorily to place it two years earlier. There are 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 10."

Burbidge's players were those of the Blackfriars and Globe—Shakspeare's company. Mr. Collier adds, "Perhaps it is not too much to presume that the dramas represented on these joyous occasions for the amusement of Elizabeth were usually new and popular performances. *Othello* was unquestionably popular, and most likely new, in 1602."*

* New Particulars, &c

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 have given 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 innocence 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. 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 sea-port, 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 Shakspeare must have known, when in the second Scene of the third Act he says,—

"I will be walking on the *works*."

The interesting series of sketches, of which we have been fortunate in obtaining copies from the portfolio of Mr. Arundale, exhibit to us the principal remains of the old fort and town of Famagusta, in which the towers and colonnades of the Venetians are mingled with the minarets of the Turks, and where the open space in which stands the half ruin of a fine old Christian church is now called "the Place of the Mosque."

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.



[Morion. Meyrick's Collection.]

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. There has been much difference of opinion concerning the proper habit of this character, some contending that as general of the Venetian army he should wear a Venetian dress, and others, that the Moorish garb was the most correct, as well as the most effective. To decide this point it must first be ascertained whether *Othello* is a *Christian* or a *Mohammedan*; and 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 aptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin—
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,” &c.—*Act II. Sc. III.*

There ought, therefore, to be no question as to which habit is the more correct of the two, as 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. Indeed, 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*.‡ The figure engraved at p. 255 is from *Vecellio's* often quoted work, and represents the identical dress worn by prince *Veniero*, when he was raised to that dignity on the very occasion which *Shakspeare* 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 Venice had in perpetual pay “600 men of arms,” who were for the most part gentlemen of Lombardy; these served on horseback, and were armed cap-à-pié. None of these, however, were in Cyprus at the period alluded to in this tragedy, as appears by the following passages:—

* We take this opportunity of mentioning that the cuts representing “a Venetian Clarissimo,” and “a Doctor of Laws of Padua,” in the notice of the Costume of the Merchant of Venice, were by accident transposed in part of the impression. The figure with his back turned to the spectators is that of the Paduan L.L.D. The other exhibits the gown with sleeves “a comito,” or “a gomito,” which may be rendered *elbowed sleeves*, and was the general out-of-door's habit of the nobility of Venice, —the official gown of the members of the Council, the Savi, *Proveditore*, &c., having large open sleeves hanging almost to the ground.

† “Portando in mano il baston d'argente.”—*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590.

‡ Vide Portrait of Prince *Veniero*—“*Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane*.”—4to. Ven. 1609.

§ “Io ho cavato questo da un ritratto del Principe *Veniero*, dipinto in quell' habito ch'è gli porte quando fu creato generale della Republica Venetiana nell' ultima guerra che ella hebbe con Selino Gran Turco.”—*C. Vecellio*, edit. 1590.

"The ordinary garrison of the island was but 2000 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.

A splendidly embossed Italian morion of this period is engraved here from the original in the armoury at Goodrich Court, and the figures upon it are additional authorities for the military costume of the time.

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 figure of one of these picturesque auxiliaries is engraved at p. 286 from Boissard's 'Habitus Variarum Orbis Gentium,' 1581. The sabre of an Estradiot is engraved in Skelton's 'Specimens,' from an original at Goodrich Court. "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. This figure is engraved below.

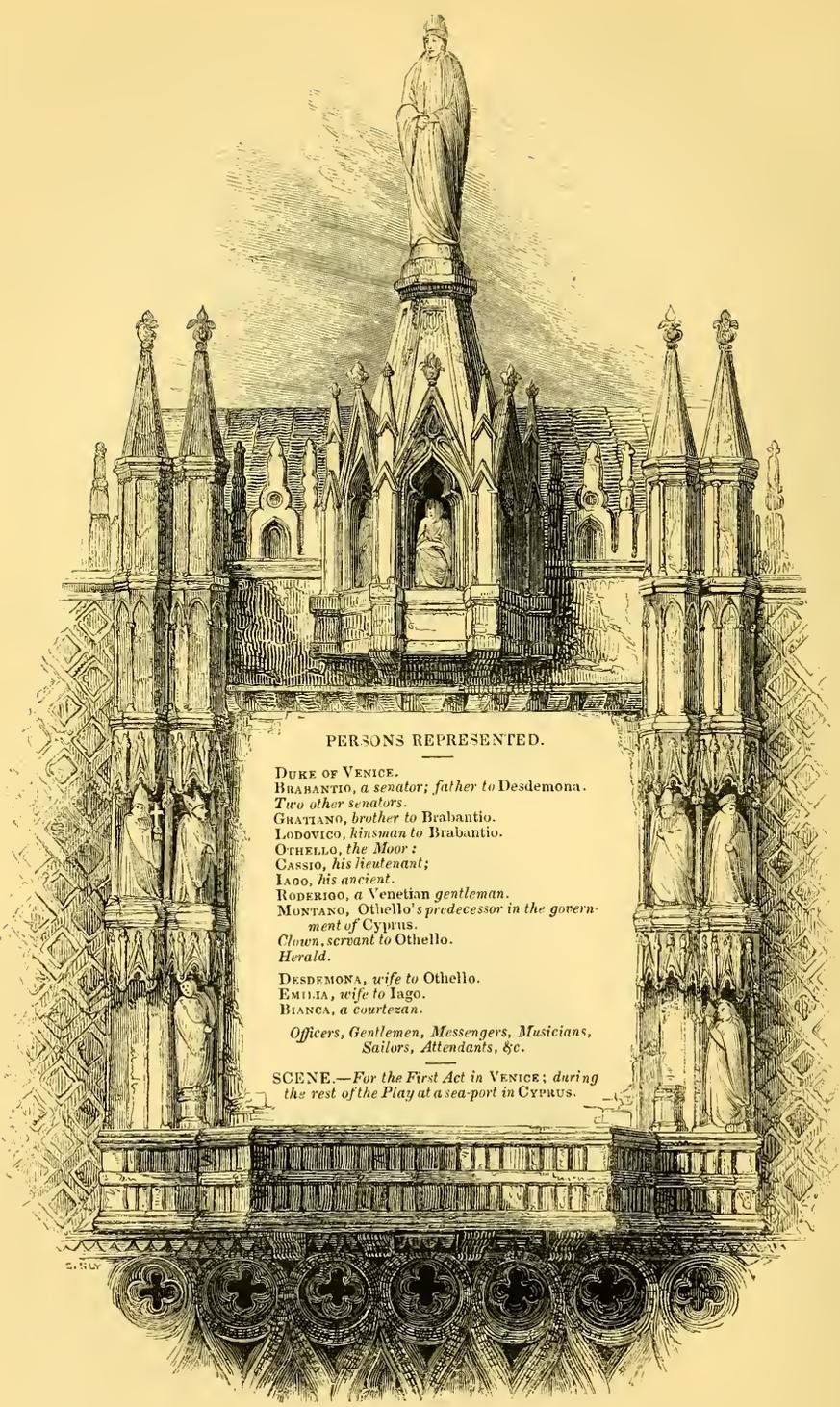
Plate 90 of Skelton's 'Specimens of the Armour at Goodrich Court' contains four varieties of Venetian halberds; and plate 85 of the same work presents us with the blade of a very beautiful glaive carried by the guards of the doge, 1556. (See p. 321.)

* Howell's Survey of the Signory of Venice.—London, 1651.

† "A traverso del petto una banda di ormesio di diversa colori, 'secundo 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."



[Soldier off Guard. Vecellio—Habiti Antichi.]



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 govern-
ment of Cyprus.
Clown, servant to Othello.
Herald.
DESDEMONA, wife to Othello.
EMILIA, wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a courtesan.
Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,
Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—For the First Act in VENICE; during
the rest of the Play at a sea-port in CYPRUS.



[Court of the Ducal Palace, Venice.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Rod. Never tell me, I take it much unkindly^a
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of
this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me. If ever I did
dream
Of such a matter, abhor me.^b

Rod. Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in
thy hate.

“’Sblood, but you will not hear me;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.”

^a 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, which is the basis of every other modern text, 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 common 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.

^b Steevens writes these lines thus:—

TRAGEDIES.—VOL. I. 2 L

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.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-capp'd^a 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.^b
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,^c

^a *Off-capp'd.* So the folio; the quarto, *oft capp'd.* The reading of the quarto has been adopted by all the editors, and is used as an example of the antiquity of the acedemical 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 Shakspeare meant to represent.

^b 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."

Circumsuit 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.

^c *A Florentine.* "It appears," says Haumer, "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 Shakspeare knew nothing of the topography of

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife,
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish
theorick,
Wherein the tongued^a 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^b and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd^c

By debtor and creditor: this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I,—bless the mark! his Moor-ship's an-
cetera.

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,

Italy. But the original quarto and folio each agree in the punctuation of the passage:

"The ship is here put in
A Veronesia, Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come ashore."

Here Cassio is the Veronesé. But we retain the word *Veronesia*, 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. 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 Veronesé; 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 "counter-caster," 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.

^a *Tongued.* So the folio. The quarto gives us *toged*.

^b *Christen'd.* In the quarto *Christian*.

^c *Be-lee'd and calm'd.* Iago uses terms of navigation to express that Cassio had out-sail'd him.

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 nought 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, '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-
lips¹ owe,

If he can carry 't thus!^b

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,

^a *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 attack, 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.

^b 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 puff'd up with his own pride and purposes, and is so successful, that *fortune owes him a heavy fall*. To *owe* is used by Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's manner of throwing out a hint of coming calamities. The commentators do not even notice this reading.

Yet throw such chances^a 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^b) the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signior Bra-
bantio, ho!

Iago. Awake; what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your
bags!

Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above*.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

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^c 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 worsè 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 mad-
ness,

(Being full of supper and distempering draughts),
Upon malicious knavery,^d dost thou come

To start my quiet.^e

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,

^a *Chances.* The quarto reads *changes*, which all 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.

^b We adopt the parenthetical punctuation of the folio, which, if it had been followed, might have saved the discussion as to Shakspeare's carelessness in making the fire spied "by night and negligence."

^c *For shame.* This is not used as a reproach, but means—
for decency put on your gown.

^d *Knavery.* The quarto *bravery*,

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.^a

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 covered with
a Barbary horse: you'll have your nephews^b
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 any thing. 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,^c
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,³
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

^a *Grange.* Strictly speaking, the farm-house of a monastery. But it is used by the old writers as a separate dwelling, as in Spenser:—

“No have the watery fowls a certain *grange*
Wherein to rest.”

Shakspeare, in *Measure for Measure*, gives the feeling of *loneliness* (which Brabantio here expresses) in a few words:—
“At the moated *grange* resides this dejected Marianna.” Mr. Tennyson, in his exquisite poem upon that theme, gives us the idea of desolation more fully:—

“With blackest moss the flower-pots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.”

^b *Nephews.* The word was formerly used to signify a grandson, or any lineal descendant. In Richard III. (Act iv., Scene i.) the Duchess of York calls her grand-daughter, *niece.* *Nephew* here is the Latin *nepos.*

^c 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.

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^a and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy your-
self:

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, ho!
Give me a taper; call up all my people:
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already:

Light, I say! light! [*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^b 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 despaired time
Is nought but bitterness. Now, Roderigo,
Where did'st thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—

How did'st thou know 'twas she?—O, she de-
ceives me^c

^a *Extravagant.* Wandering, unsettled, as in Hamlet:—
“The *extravagant* and erring spirit.”

^b *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 Shakspeare had looked upon that sculpture.

^c The quarto reads, “*Thou deceiv'st me.*”

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, ho! And raise some special officers of night.^a—

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^b 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.^c

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,

^a *Officers of night.* So the quarto. The folio reads *officers of night*. 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 sergeants."

^b *Stuff.* Matter—material. The stuff of the conscience is the very substance of the conscience.

^c 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.

I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir, Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,^a That the magnifico is much belov'd, And hath, in his effect, a voice potential, As double as the duke's:^b 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;^c and my demerits May speak, unbonneted,^d to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused^e free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth.^f 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;

^a The quarto reads—*for be sure of this.*

^b *As double as the duke's.* Most of the editors give this a literal construction, supposing that Shakspeare adopted the popular though incorrect notion, that the doge had two voices in the senate. Capell calls *as double* a Grecism, signifying *as large*, as extensive. It is clear that Shakspeare 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.

^c *Siege.* The quarto reads *height*. A *siege* royal was a throne, an elevated seat. We have in Spenser,—

"A stately *siege* of sovereign majesty."

^d *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*; *merito* and *demerito* being synonymous in Latin. We have the same word in Coriolanus:—

"Opinion, that so sticks on Martius, may Of his demerits rob Cominius."

^e 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 Shakspeare "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 *unhous'd*—*band'd*—the *unhoused*.

^f So in Henry V., Act I., Scene II.,

"As rich with praise As is the ooze and bottom of the sea With sunken wreck and sumless treasures."

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,^a 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;^b

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

^a *Consuls.* In the first scene we have "the tongued consuls;" doubtless the senators are meant in both passages.

^b *Carack.* A vessel of heavy burden.

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,^a)
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled dearling^b 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,^c 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:^d—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.*]

^a This line is wanting in the quarto.

^b *Deartling.* So in the folio, using the old Saxon word *deartling* in a plural sense. The quarto has *darlings*.

^c *To fear.* Brabantio calls Othello, a thing to terrify, not to delight.

^d 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.

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,^a
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment :

I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within.*] What ho! what ho!
what ho!

Enter Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the galleys.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for
Rhodes;⁴

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.^b

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for
Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,

^a *The aim reports.* Aim is used in the sense of *conjecture*, as in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

“But fearing lest my jealous aim might err.”

^b The preceding seven lines are only found in the folio.

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 ap-
pearance

Their purposes towards Cyprus. Signior Mon-
tano,

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,^a is not he in town?

1 *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him, post—post-haste,
despatch.^b

1 *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight em-
ploy 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, par-
don 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 engulfs 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,^c
Sans witchcraft could not—

^a *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 *Lucicos* 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?

^b This is ordinarily printed after the quarto—

“Write from us; wish him post-haste: despatch.”

^c This line is wanting in the quarto.

Duke. Who'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,⁵
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^a phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years'
pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted,^b they have us'd
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.^c

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, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess, perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,

^a *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.”

^b He had been unemployed during nine months.

^c See note in *Cymbeline*, Act v., Sc. v.

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^a and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

I *Sen.* But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady 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,^b
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,^c
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,^d
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,^e

^a *Wider.* The quarto *certain.*

^b This line is wanting in the quarto.

^c This line is also wanting in the quarto.

^d The reading of the folio is—*battle, sieges, fortune.*

^e *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 Shakspeare'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 autes vast, and desarts ille,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process.”

(Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,^a
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^b beneath their shoulders.^c 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 intently :^d 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 :
She swore,^e—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 :^e 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.

^a *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*.'

^b *Do grow*, as in the quarto. The folio, *grew*.

^c *Intently*. So the quarto; the folio reads *instructively*—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.

^d *She swore*. Stevens has a most extraordinary note upon this expression. He discovered in Whitaker's ' *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*,' 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 Shakspeare's inability to exhibit the delicate graces of female conversation!" Perhaps the remainder of his many proofs would in the same way have been destroyed, if he had possessed the slightest capacity for distinguishing between the true and the meretricious in sentiment and style ; but what could be expected of a man who, writing notes upon the *Sonnets*, laments his " piteous constraint to read such stuff at all."

^e 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.

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best :
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear 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 mis-
tress ;

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 guise, or step, may help these
lovers.^a

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-
pendent.

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.

^a The quarto adds, *into your favour*.

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
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through the
ear.^a

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty pre-
paration makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the forti-
tude of the place is best known to you : And
though we have there a substitute of most
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a more sove-
reign 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^b
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. I would not there reside,

To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;^c
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,^d

^a *Pierced.* Steevens, accepting this literally, says " the consequence of a *bruise* is sometimes matter collected, and this can no way 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.*"
(Spenser—*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.

^b *Agnize.* Confess, acknowledge.

^c *Your prosperous ear.* The quarto reads, *a gracious ear.*

^d The quarto reads, That I *did* love the Moor. But her love remains, and the word *did*, though it assists the rhythm, enfleebles the sense.

My downright violence and storm 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,^a
To please the palate of my appetite ;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction ;^b
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,^c
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.

^a 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.

^b We print this passage (which Steevens says will prove a lasting source of doubt and controversy) as we find it. Theobald has changed the word *defunct* to *distinct*, which is the ordinary reading. Malone gives us *disjunct*. We would only observe, that *comply* may be used in the sense of *supply*, that *affects* are *affectations*, and that *defunct* does not necessarily mean dead. Tyrwhitt considers that *defunct* may be used in the Latin sense of *performed*. As *function* has the same Latin root, we would suggest that Shakspeare used *defunct* for *functional*, and then the meaning is clear; nor to gratify the young affections, in my *official* and *individual* satisfaction.

^c 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 locus 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 properly 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

Sen. You must away to-night.

Oth. With all my heart.^a

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 BRAEBANTIO.

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bar. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;^b

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 in-

which the commentators have made. He took the whole man as an instrument, spiritual and material, and metaphorically scented the perceptions of that instrument.

^a The reading of the quarto, which the modern editors do 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.

^b The quarto reads—*have a quick eye to see.*

jury, 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.

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^a 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^b 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^c 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

^a A sect. What we now call in horticulture a cutting.

^b Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance.

^c Erring—used in the same sense as *extravagant*, in a previous scene.

thysf! 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.]^a [*Exit* RODERIGO.]

^a The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

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.*]



[Arsenal at Venice.]

“Lead to the Sagittary the raised search.”



[Rhodes.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE I.—“*The thick-lips.*”

THIS passage has been received as indicating the intention of Shakspeare to make Othello a Negro. It is very probable that the popular notion of a Moor was somewhat confused in Shakspeare'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 uncivilized African—the despised slave. We do not think, however, that Shakspeare had any other intention than to paint Othello as one of the most noble and accomplished of the proud children of the *Ommades* and the *Abbasides*. The expression, “*thick-lips*,” from the mouth of Roderigo, can only be received dramatically, as a nick-name given to Othello by the folly and ill-nature of this coxcomb. Whatever may have been the practice of the stage even in Shakspeare'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 black-a-moor—“Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspeare 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 cha-

acter 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 Shakspeare would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench: Shakspeare 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 them. *Littora littoribus contraria*. Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lie; and certainly, never as 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.” Shakspeare'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); 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,

* Literary Remains. Vol. ii. p. 257.

* Short View of Tragedy, 1693, p. 91.

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.

2 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.)

3 SCENE I.—“*Transported with no worse,
————— 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 cognizant 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 of the night,” “no worse nor better guard.” (M.)

4 SCENE III.—“*The Turkish preparation makes
for Rhodes.*”

Reed, in his edition of Shakspeare, 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.”

5 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 *conjurat*ion, 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*, *inchantment*, *charm*, or *socery*—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.”

6 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. He was to be the gainer if he survived the dangers of his expedition. (See Illustrations of The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act i. Sc. III.) 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 Caunri affirme the same. They are called Ewai-panoma; 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,

* Raleigh's ‘Narrative,’ printed in Hackluyt's ‘Voyages,’ 1600.

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. We give a copy of one of these, omitting the Amazon. But these tales are as old as Pliny, and of his account of the headless men there is an almost literal translation in Sir John Maundevile's 'Travels.' "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." Mr. Hunter is so sure that the passage in *The Tempest* is meant to be an attack upon Raleigh, that he proposes it as one of his special proofs that the play was written as early as 1596. But we may ask how we are 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 cre-

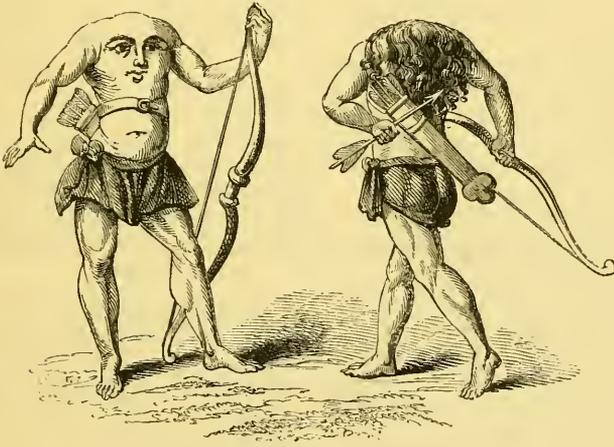
dulous, speaks precisely in the same spirit of his own

"—Most dsastrous chauces ;
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;"

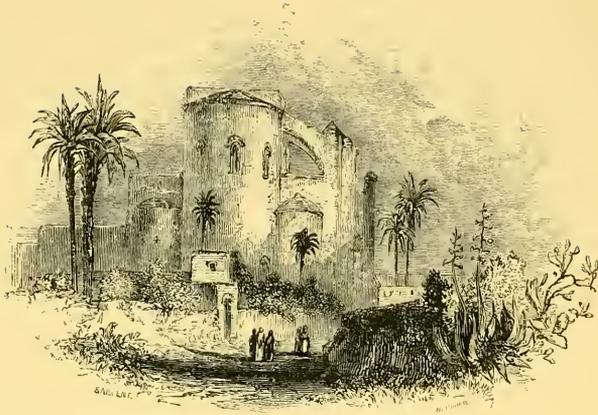
and of

"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*," 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.



"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."]



[Citadel, Famagusta.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*¹

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^a 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?^b what shall we hear of
this?

^a *Heaven.* The quarto reads *haven*, which Malone adopts, because he objects to "hyperbolic language in the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question." It is well when some reason is given for spoiling poetry. When Shakspeare 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.

^b *Mortise.* The hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the tenon of another.

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden^a billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,^b

^a *Chidden.* The quarto *chiding*, which the editors adopt without noticing *chidden*. How weak is the *chiding* billow pelting the clouds! but the billow *chidden* by the blast is full of beauty.

^b *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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare. 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

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' enchaufed 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.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads!^a 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^b 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,^c
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,—ho!
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 aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so.
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivancey.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks, you the valiant of the warlike
isle,^d

Job is the war-horse, "who swalloweth the ground with
fierceness and rage;" and when Shakspeare pictured to him-
self his *man* 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 of its
very form; and he painted it "with high and monstrous
mane."

^a *Lads.* The quarto, *lords*.

^b *Wrack.* Mr. Hunter ('Disquisition on the Tempest')
has with great propriety suggested the restoration of the old
word *wrack* to Shakspeare's text instead of *wreck*. He ob-
serves that we still use the familiar phrase "wreck and
ruin;" and he asks, upon the principle of substituting
wreck, what we are to do with this couplet of *Lucrece* :—

"O this dread night, would'st thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy *wreck*?"

^c See note on Act I., Sc. 1.

^d The reading of the quarto is,—

"Thanks to the valiant of this worthy isle."

The modern editors give us a mixed reading

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That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous seal

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.^a

[*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 paragon's description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.^b—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,

^a 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
realization, is a surfeit of hope, and extinguishes hope. Cassio
had some reasonable facts to prevent his hope being "sur-
feited to death."

^b So the folio. The quarto reads, "*Does bear all excellency.*"
The modern editors, although they have not adopted the dif-
ficult reading of the folio, acknowledge that the reading of the
quarto is flat and unpoetical when compared with that sense
which seems meant to have been given in the folio. Johnson
boldly says that the reading of the folio is "the best reading,
and that which the author substituted in his revision." 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 (*ingenit*) 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 *ἰατρογῆς—mather*. Dani-
ell uses the word *ingeniate* in the sense of *contrive*; Ben
Jousson, *ingine* for understanding.

Traitors ensteep'd^a to enlog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal^b 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'might'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,^c
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
[And bring all Cyprus comfort!]^d—O, behold,

Enter DESDEMONA, EMLIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,
and Attendants.

The riches of the ship is^e 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* EMLIA.]

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*.]

^a *Ensteep'd*. Steevens here complains of the confusion of Shakspeare'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. 11.):—

“Now 'gan the golden Phœbus for to *steep*
His fiery face in billows of the west.”

^b *Mortal*. Deadly.

^c The editors have for once adopted an improved line from the folio. The quarto has,—

“And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms.”

^d The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^e *Riches* is used as a singular noun in the 67th Sonnet.

“And for *that riches* where is my deserving.

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 to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant

She puts her tongue a little in her heart,

And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on: you are pictures
out of 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.^a

Des. O, fy 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 would'st write of me if thou
should'st 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 would'st 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.^b

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 there—
unto,

^a 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 Shakspeare's day.

^b These lines are also printed as prose in the folio.

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st 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;^a 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^b 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^c counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may re-lish 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.^d 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!^e '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!^a

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, 'T were 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^b 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?^c 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.*]

^a The term *warrior* applied to a lady is somewhat startling. In the third act Desdemona says of herself, "Unhandsome warrior that I am." Stevens 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 Shakspeare.

^b *Set down.* In some modern editions this is *let down*, which is certainly the meaning of *set down*.

^c 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.

^a "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."

^b *Wights.* The quarto, *wight*.

^c *Liberal*—licentious.

^d The quarto reads, *I will catch you in your own courtships.* *Courtship* is used for paying courtships, as in Richard II.—

"Observe'd his courtship to the common people."

^e *Courtesy.* Johnson has an extraordinary note upon this:—"Spoken when Cassio kisses his hand, and Desdemona courtships." A *courtesy*, *courtesy*, *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;" which reading he is said to have "recovered."

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither.^a 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.

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.^b 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;^c 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. Villanous 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,^a 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.^b

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^c 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,—

^a We find in the quarto, "Haply with his truncheon may strike at you."

^b 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."

^c Even'd. The quarto, even.

^a Thither. The quarto reads *hither*.

^b The quarto reads, *And will she love him still for prating?*

^c The quarto reads, "*A subtle slipper and subtle knave*," which the editors change into *a slipper 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*?

If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trace^a
 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^b 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 us'd.

[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^c 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:^d 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.

^a 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 *trash*.

^b Right. The quarto, *rank*.

^c Mere—entire.

^d Nuptial. The quarto, *nuptials*. The modern editors in adopting *nuptials* have departed from the usual phrase of Shakspeare; as, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, "This looks not like a nuptial."

Michael, good night: To-morrow, with your
 earliest,^a

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.

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet
 ten o' th' 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 alarm
 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 unfortu-
 nate in the infirmity, and dare not task my
 weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the
 gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you call
 them in.

Cas. I'll do 't; but it dislikes me.

[Exit CASSIO.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
 With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

^a With your earliest. The quarto and folio both read *your* earliest, yet in all modern editions we find *our* earliest. It is scarcely worth while to trace where this corruption originated. We find it everywhere, unexplained and undefended.

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,^a
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three else^b 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, ho!

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;^c

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, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite^d 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,^e

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,

And take thy auld cloak about thee.^f

Some wine, ho!

^a *Out.* The quarto, *outward.*

^b *Else.* The quarto, *lads.*

^c The quarto reads, "A life's but a span."

^d *Equisite.* The quarto, *expert.*

^e The quarto,—

"Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

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,—Hea-
ven's above all; and there be souls must be
saved, and there be souls must not be saved.^a

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,^b
If 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,

^a The quarto omits "And there be souls must not be saved." The editors are not content to adopt the folio, but thrust in the word *that* in the first member of the sentence.

^b Shakspeare 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.

With one of an ingraft infirmity :
It were an honest action, to say so
To the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island :
I do love Cassio well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But hark ! what
noise ?^a

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.^b

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,^c—
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.^d

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here ?

Mon. I bleed still ; I am hurt to the death.—
He dies—^e

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 !

^a We here find in the quarto, *help, help within!* as a stage direction.

^b *Twiggen bottle.* The quarto reads *wicker* bottle, which gives the explanation.

^c *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.

^d The quarto, "*you will be sham'd for ever*—a very different meaning.

^e *He dies.* Because these words are not found in the quarto, the line there being eked out with *zounds!* Malone supposes that they were absurdly inserted as a stage direction. It is evident that, although Montano fancied himself hurt to the death, he is still ready to attack Cassio, as his words express, *he dies!*

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, mas-
ters ?—

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^a

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 cobb'd,
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

^a *One at other's.* All the variorum editions give this phrase properly ; but in the smaller editions of the text we invariably find, *one at another's.* It is lamentable that typographical mistakes should be so multiplied.

^b *Cobb'd*—blackened—discoloured. The quarto reads *cooled*, evidently a mistake.

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.^a—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!^b

'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 to-
gether,

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 for-
get :—

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.

^a *Loose me.* So both the original editions. In the modern editions it is invariably 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."

^b Malone reads,—

"In night, and on the court of guard and safety."

Stevens and he have a great controversy about it ; Malone contending that *court of guard* is a proper technical expression.

Oth.

I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
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 brawl dis-
tracted.

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 im-
mortal 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^a in that than in reputation. Reputa-
tion 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 ?^b—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 ?

^a *Sense.* The quarto reads *offence*. The sense of a wound is its *sensibility*.

^b This most expressive sentence, from *drunk* to *shadow*, is not found in the quarto.

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,^a 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 unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cas. I have well 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,^b—and devotement^c 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,^d 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

^a The quarto reads (and the editors follow it without giving the parallel passage in the folio), *joy, revel, pleasure, and applause*. We are glad to "recover" *pleasance*.

^b *Mark!* is here used as an interjection. is ordinarily printed as a substantive.

^c *Devotement*. Theobald changed this to *denotement*.

^d *Broken joint*. The quarto *brail*.

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^a 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,

^a *Probal*—probable—an abbreviation not found in any other writer, we believe.

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 a while.—In troth, 'tis morn-
 ing ;
 Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem
 short.
 Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted :

Away, I say, thou shalt know more hereafter :
 Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] 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.*]



[Estradiot.]



[View of Cerini.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*A Sea-port Town in Cyprus.*”

IN the Introductory Notice we have noticed the locality of the port in Cyprus which is associated with the fate of the unfortunate Othello and Desdemona. That Famagusta was the chief port and stronghold, during the Venetian rule in Cyprus, there can be little doubt. But, as an illustration of the general scenery of that island, we present our readers with an engraving of Cerini, the ancient Cerinia, on the north-coast, from an original sketch by Mr. Arundale.

² SCENE III.—“*King Stephen was a worthy peer.*”

Percy, in his ‘*Reliques*,’ has printed from a manuscript the exceedingly interesting ballad from which Shakspeare adopted this verse. The reading in the manuscript of that verse is somewhat different, although Percy adopted Shakspeare’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;
 It’s pride that putis this countrie downe,
 Man, take thiue 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 blows his blasts soe bold,
 That all our cattell are like to spill; *
 Bell, my wife, who loves noe strife,
 She sayd unto me quietlye,
 Rise up, and save cow Crumbocke’s life,
 Man, put thiue old cloake about thee.

HE.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and somee ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very hill;
 It is soe bare and overworne,
 A cricke † he theron cannot renn: ‡
 Thou 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.

* *Spill.* To spoil; to come to harm.

† *Cricke.* A small insect.

‡ *Renn.* Run.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

SHE.

Cow Crumbocke is a very good cowe,
 Shee ha bene 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, counceill 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 graiue,
 '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.

* *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.

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.

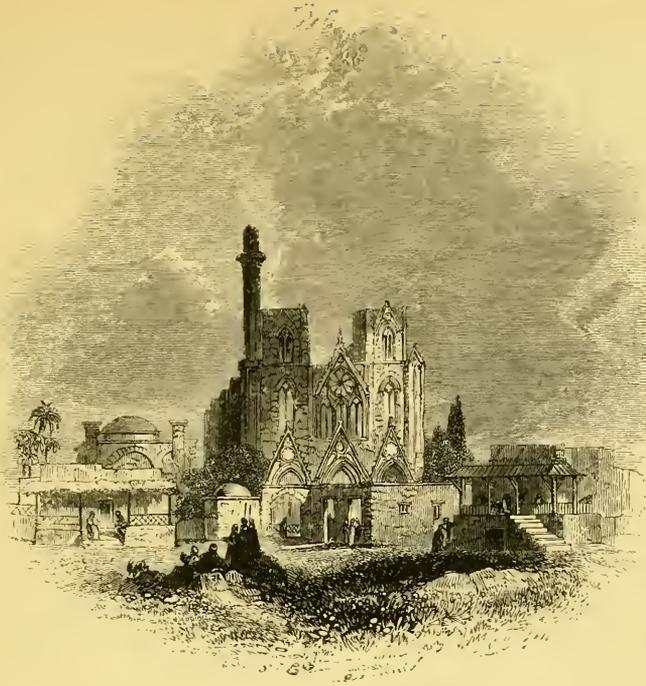
SHE.

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
 His breeches cost him but a crowne;
 Ile held them sixpence all too deere,
 Therefore he calld the taylor lowne.
 Ile was a wight of high renowne,
 And thouse but of low degree;
 Its pride that puts 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 I me good-man.
 Its not for a man with a woman to threape,*
 Unless he first give oer the plea:
 As wee began wee now will leave,
 And Ile take mine old cloake about mee.

* *To threape.* To argue.



[Venetian Remains at Famagusta]

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?^a

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,^b to make no more noise with it.

^a The quarto reads, "call'd wind instruments."

^b For love's sake. The quarto has the prettier phrase, of all loves.

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;^a away.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Cas. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

Cas. Prithce, 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].^b—In happy time, Iago.

^a The quarto, vanish away.

^b The words in brackets are not found in the folio.

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 busi-
ness
May be more free. [Exit.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never
knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.^a

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],^b
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 :^c
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.]

^a See note to Act I., Sc. 1.

^b The words in brackets are not found in the folio.

^c The quarto, *state*.

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^a it grieves
my husband,
As if the cause^b 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 any thing but your true servant.

Des. I know 't,—I thank you :^c 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,^d and talk him out of patience ;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift ;
I'll intermingle every thing 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 ?

^a The quarto, *know*.

^b The quarto, *case*.

^c The quarto, *O! sir, I thank you*.

^d 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.”

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.^a Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemon;^b 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^c Wednesday morn;—

^a The quarto, *I suffer with him.*

^b *Sweet Desdemon.* In five passages of this play, in the folio edition, Desdemona is called *Desdemon*. The circumstance is entirely unnoticed by the modern editors; but the abbreviation was 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*!"

Surely we have no warrant for rejecting such a marked peculiarity.

^c The repetition of the word *on*, instead of *or*, is the reading of the folio. It is much more emphatic.

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 mummering^a on. What! Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and so many a
time,^b

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
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 poize and difficult weight,^c
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!^d Perdition catch my
soul

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again.

^a *Mummering.* 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 *mummering*, whether it be best to depart or not.'

^b Stevens struck out *so* in the course of his hood-winked pruning.

^c 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.

^d *Wretch.* The playhouse copies, in their nicely-critical phraseology, give us *weach* instead of *wretch*. Johnson properly explains *wretch* as expressing "the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderness includes, of febleness, softness, and want of protection."

Iago. My noble lord,—
Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?
Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd
 my lady,
 Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost
 thou ask?
Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
 No further harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?
Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted
 with her.
Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou
 aught in that?
 Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?
Oth. Honest? Ay, honest.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What dost thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord?
Oth. Think, my lord? Alas! thou echoest me^b
 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 did'st not like?
 And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst,
 Indeed?
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me
 Show me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know I love you.
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,^c working from the heart,
 That passion cannot rule.

^a 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.

^b 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.

^c *Delations.* The quarto, *denotements.* The original word *dilatations* 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 *dilatations* of the folio was *delations*—secret accusations. Sir Henry Wotton uses *delations* in the same sense.

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^a 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
 Shapes faults that are not,) that your wisdom
 From one that so imperfectly conceits
 Would take no notice;^b 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?

^a The quarto, *session.* The reading of the folio, *sessions,* has a parallel in that exquisite gem, the 30th Sonnet:—

"When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past."

^b 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 conceits,
 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.

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-ey'd monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on :^a 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^b
loves !

Oth. O misery !

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough ;

But riches, fineless,^c 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^d and blow'd surmises,

^a This passage has always been a stumbling-block. Hanmer reads, and Malone adopts the reading,—

“ It is the green-ey'd 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-ey'd monster leaves us the licence of imagining that the poet had some *chimera* in his mind, to which he applied the epithet, green-ey'd. It has been suggested that Shakspeare meant to say, that the meat mock'd 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 Shakspeare'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 *nammock*, which appears not unlikely.

^b *Fondly*. The quarto, *strongly*.

^c *Fineless*—endless.

^d *Exsufflicate*. Todd, in his edition of Johnson's Dictionary, says that exsufflicate may be traced to the low

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 ;^a

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^b 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,

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

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 dissects from this ; considering the word “ not improbably a misprint for *exsufflate*, i. e. *efflate* or *effluted*, puff'd out, and, consequently, exaggerated, extravagant,—to which *blow'd* is added, not so much for the sake of a second epithet, with a new meaning, as of giving emphasis to the first.”

^a *Dances*. The quarto adds, *will*—a most weak addition.

^b *Eyes*. The quarto, *eye*.

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^a
Which my thoughts aim'd not.^b 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 mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities,^c 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.^a Haply, for I am black;
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Must be to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
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:^b

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!^c—
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?^d
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^e is too little;
[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and
it drops.*]

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

^a 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.”

^b The quarto, *Desdemona comes*.

^c 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.

^d The quarto, *Why is your speech so faint?*

^e *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.

^a Success—succession—consequence.

^b The quarto, *As my thoughts aim not at.*

^c Qualities. *So* the quarto. The folio, *quantities*.

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,^a

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 :

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,
Giv 't me again : Poor lady ! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknowledg'd :^b 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

^a 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.

^b The quarto reads—*Be not you known of 't.* The more poetical word, *acknowledg'd*, 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 *acknowledg'd* of it.'

As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison :
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, ions,
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^a—
Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,^b

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^c 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,^d 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,^e and the big wars,

^a *I did say so.* These words are simply used in the common sense—*I said so—I was right.* Iago has been describing the effect 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.

^b *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."

^c *In.* The quarto, *of.* *Sense of* is the modern use of the term, *knowledge of* ; *sense in* is the more proper and peculiarly Shakspearian 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*.

^d *Fed well.* The quarto has not these words, and they are not found in modern editions. Their rejection by the 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. This sacrifice, for the sake of a tame and uniform rhythm, is even more ludicrous when they strive to make an heroic line out of the broken sentences of two or more speakers ; as in the instance in this act where *honest* is omitted.

^e *Troops.* The quarto, *troup*.

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,¹
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 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^a me!
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That lov'^b 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 should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. ^cBy 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,^d that was as
fresh

^a *Forgive.* The quarto, *defend.*

^b *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.

^c This fine speech of Othello is only found in the folio.

^d *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 be-

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^a 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,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might^b 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!^c

grimed 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 nought I did in hate, but all in honour.”

The thought that his own name is now tarnished drives him at once into a phrenzy. 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.”

^a *Supervision.* The quarto, *supervisor.*

^b *Might.* The quarto, *may.*

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 't was^a her's,
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!^b
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.^c

^a If 't was her's. This is the reading of the second folio. The quarto and the first folio have, it was her's,—clearly an error. Malone corrected it to that was her's.

^b 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 *the unhallo'd cell*. It seems perfectly incredible that Johnson, Stevens, and Malone, should have rejected the magnificent reading of the *hollow hell*. Capell is the only one who has 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 Shakspeare wrote.

^c The reading of the quarto is—

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.'

Oth. Never, Iago.^a Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er keeps^b 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^c—

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*.

^a 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." Stevens supports the proposed rejection in his characteristic manner:—"Every reader will, I durst say, abide by Mr. Pope's censure on this passage. When Shakspeare grew acquainted with such particulars of knowledge, he made a display of them as soon as opportunity offered. He found this in the second Book and 97th chapter of Pliny's 'Natural History,' as translated by Philomon 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 Shakspeare's knowledge impresses itself, even in technicalities, upon practical men whose minds are not clouded by the low pedantry of such critics as Stevens. 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."

^b 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.

^c 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.

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 any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies is stabbing.

Des. Go to't. Where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges is to tell you where I lie.

Des. Can any thing 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.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of cruzadoes.^a 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.^a

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^a 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 handkerchief⁴

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,^b 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^c two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy, which the skilful

Conserv'd of maidens' 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.

^a *Sorry.* The quarto, *sullen.*

^b *Loathly.* So the quarto. The folio, *loathed.*

^c *Course.* The quarto, *make.*

Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startlingly 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,—]^a
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 impórtune 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^b of my heart,
 Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
 If my offence be of such mortal kind,
 That nor my^c 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^a myself up in some other course,
 To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,
 My advocacy is not now in tune;
 My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
 Were he 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 a while be
 patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will,
 Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

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?
 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^b
 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^c)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he's indited 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.

^a The lines in brackets are in the quarto only.

^b Office. The quarto, duty.

^c Nor my. The quarto, neither.

^a Shut. The quarto, shoot.

^b A sense. The quarto, that sense.

^c See Note on Act II., Scene I.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk here-
about:

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 continue^a time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*

Take me this work out.^b

Bian. O, Cassio, whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend.

^a *Continue.* The quarto, *convenient.* Continue time,
is time uninterrupted.

^b See Note on Scene III. of this Act.

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 remem-
brance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, neither:^a 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 circum-
stanc'd.^b [*Exeunt.*

^a *Neither.* The quarto, *sweet.*

^b *I must be circumstanc'd.* I must yield to circumstances.



[Venetian General.]

“Farewell the plumed troops.”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ 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 *vifteurs* 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!”

² SCENE IV.— “*I had rather have lost my purse Full of cruzados.*”

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 9s. 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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?

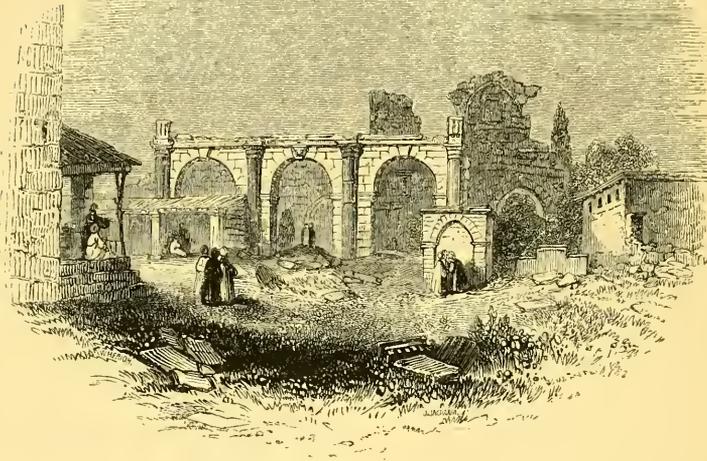
³ SCENE IV.— “*The hearts of old gave hands; But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.*”

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 *gules*, or a *blondie 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 1095*l.*, 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 want 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 Shakspeare 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.

⁴ SCENE IV.—“*That handkerchief.*”

The description of this tremendous handkerchief in the original Italian novel is, “*lavorato alla morisco stoffilissimamente.*” 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.*” Shakspeare 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.



[Piazza of the Mosque at Famagusta.]

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, be-
ing hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have
forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infectious^a 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 any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well
assur'd,

No more than he'll unswear.

Oth. What hath he said?

^a *Infectious.* The quarto, *infected*.

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 instruction.^a It is not words that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is't possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!

[*Falls, in a trance.*^b

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:^c

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?

^a *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."

^b 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.

^c The words in brackets are not in the folio.

Iago. I mock you? no, by heaven:
'Would you would bear your fortune^a 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 improper 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.^b
Whilst you were here, o'erwhelm'd^c with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited^d 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,

^a *Fortune.* The quarto, *fortunes*.

^b *List.* *Bound, barrier*,—as in Henry V., Act v., Sc. ii.:—"Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confin'd within the weak list of a country's fashion."

^c *O'erwhelm'd.* The quarto, *ere-while mad*. This is one evidence, amongst many, that both the texts were printed from a manuscript.

^d *Unsuited.* So the quarto. The folio, *resulting*.

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^a
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-
haviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieu-
tenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the ad-
dition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure
on't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's dower,^b

[*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 tri-
umph? [*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.

^a *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*.

^b *Dower*, in the sense of gift. The quarto has *power*.

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^a 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^b 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.*

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a per-
fumed one.—What do you mean by this haunt-
ing 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!^c—A likely piece
of work that you should find it in your chamber,
and know not who left it there! This is some
miux'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 handker-
chief! [*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 murder 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

^a The quarto, by this hand, she falls thus.

^b *Shakes.* The quarto, *lutes*.

^c The quarto—the whole work.

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.*]

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. I warrant, something from Venice.

'Tis Lodovico, this, comes from the duke;—
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^a 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^b 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;

^a The quarto reads thus:—

"Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico,
Come from the duke."

^a *My lord.* The quarto, *thy lord.*

^b *Falls,* used as a verb active.

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.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
 senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature^a
 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.

[Exit.]

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 to-
 gether.

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^a
 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 any body 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.^b]

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 them-
 selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
 damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

^a The quarto—of her sex.

^b The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

^a The quarto—this the noble nature.

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^a 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^b 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,^c—

^a *Motive.* The quarto, *occasion.*

^b *Place.* The quarto, *part.*

^c 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 104th 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 Davenant's plays, 1629:—

“ Even as the slow finger of the dial
Doth in its motions circular remove
To distant figures.”

But this quotation, we think, tells strongly against their opinion: it shows us what Shakspeare meant by the expression, in his Sonnet, “Steal from his figure.” The figure 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 effigy 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*. Shakspeare has also personified scorn in the 78th Sonnet:—

“ When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn.”

The *slow finger* is the *pausing* finger, pointing at the fixed

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!
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!^a

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,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou
had'st ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-
mitted?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly
book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed?^b
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,

figure; but, while it points, it *moves in mockery*. Shakspeare 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.

^a In all the old copies—I here look grim as hell. *Ay* is often printed *I*.

^b *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!”

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.^a

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer have I none, But what should go by water. Prithce, 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 us'd so, very meet. How small I been behav'd, that he might stieck The small'st opinion on my least misuse?^b

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.

^a Desdemona's question and this answer are omitted in the quarto.
^b On my least misuse. The quarto reads, on my great'st abuse.

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 called 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 villanous 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^a naked through the world, Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fie upon them!^b 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.^c Here I kneel; If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love, Either in discourse of thought,^d 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,

^a Rascals. The quarto, rascal.

^b Them. The quarto, him.

^c The following lines to the end of the speech are not found in the quarto.

^d Discourse of thought. In Hamlet we have discourse of reason—the discussion of reason. Sir John Davies has the discoursing thought. Pope changed the text before us to discourse, or thought.

And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarily divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his
humour;

The business of the state does him offence,
[And he does chide with you.*]

Des. If 'twere no other!

Iago. It is but so, I warrant.

[*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.^b
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^c 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. 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 nought but truth. I have wasted
myself out of my means. The jewels you have
had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would
half have corrupted a votarist: You have told
me she hath received them, and returned me
expectations and comforts of sudden respect and
acquaintance:^d 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,^e it is
scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

^a The line in brackets is not in the folio.

^b 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.

^c *Dafts.* The Prince of Wales, in Henry IV., is described
as one "that daft the world aside." The quarto reads, *dafts*.
The words are the same.

^d *Acquaintance.* The quarto reads *acquittance*.

^e *Nay, I think.* The quarto reads, *by this hand I say*.

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 incapable of
Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit,
and a right. He sups to-night with a 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, unpun me,—have grace and favour in
them.^a

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;^b
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,'^c
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;^c I have much to do,

^a *In them.* The quarto reads, "Have grace and favour
in them. The folio omits *in them.*"

^b *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.

^c All that follows, to the end of the song, is not found in
the quarto.

But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it, like poor Barbara. Prithee, de-
spatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpun 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.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat singing^a 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?^b

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st 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.

^a *Singing.* The ordinary reading is *sighing*, which is sup-
ported by the copy of the old ballad given in Percy's 'Re-
liquies.' But as that ballad is so materially departed from by
Shakspeare, it can scarcely be called an authority for the
change of a word from the original text.

^b This speech of Desdemona, and Emilia's answer, are not
found in the quarto.

Des. Would'st 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 would'st 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 ;^a 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 play'd for.

^a But, I do think it is their husbands' faults

^a The remainder of Emilia's speech, commencing at this line, is wanting in the quarto.

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^a send,
Not to pick bad from bad ; but, by bad, mend !

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Uses.* The quarto, *usage.*

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ 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.*’ Shakspeare, 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.

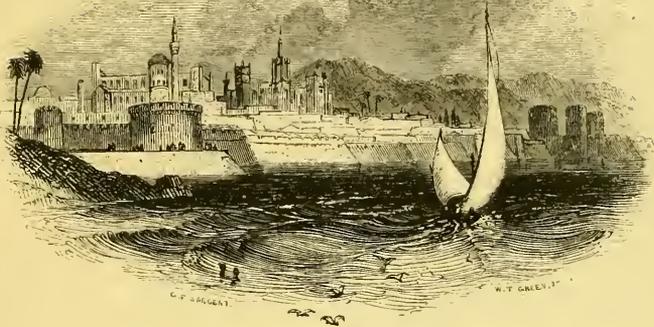
The cold streams ran by him, his eyes wept apace;
 O willow, willow, willow!
 The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face:
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his moanes:
 O willow, &c.
 The salt tears fell from him, which softened the tones.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.
 Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;
 O willow, &c.
 She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love.
 O willow, &c.
 Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

² 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 enclod'd
 Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lie:
 But if they join, you must for ever part.”



[General View of Famagusta. From Le Brun—Voyage en Orient.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk;^a 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.^b [*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.*]

^a *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 Shakspeare may have here used it as a projecting part of the fortification—a buttress.

^b *Take thy stand.* The quarto, *take thy sword*.

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat^a 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.*]

^a *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.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;^a
I will make proof of thine.^b

[*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, ho!
murther! murther! [*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his
word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. 'Tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and
just,

That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me:—Minion, your dear lies
dead,

And your unblest fate hies:^c—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, ho! no watch? no passage?^d
murther! murther!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the voice^e is very
direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groan;—'tis heavy night:^f
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then shall I bleed to
death.

Enter IAGO.

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?

^a *Thou know'st.* The quarto, *thou think'st.*

^b 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.)

^c *Your unblest'd fate hies.* The quarto, *your fate hies apace.*

^d *No passage.* No one passing.

^e *The voice.* The quarto, *the cry.*

^f 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.

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.*^a]

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these
bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town! Ho! 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
cry'd?

Iago. Who is 't that cry'd?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you
suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled
you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have
been to seek you.

^a The quarto has O. O. O! which seems to stand in the place of the stage direction, *dies.*

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 man-
ners,

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.^a—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;

^a *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.

He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.^a

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.—
Will you go on afore? This is the night,

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Bedchamber.*¹ *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?²

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister!

^a *Quite dead.* The quarto omits *quite*.

^b 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, the editors have adopted the weaker reading of the quarto, “but once put out *thine*.”

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 on the
tree.^a— [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 hea-
venly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
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 forbid.—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 death-
bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong concep-
tion,
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 murder, 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 us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. O, my fear interprets,^a—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.

^a I'll smell thee. The quarto, I'll smell it.
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^a The quarto, my fear interprets then.

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.^a

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*]

Emil. [*Within.*] My lord! my lord! what
ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet
quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.^b

Emil. [*Within.*] What ho, my lord! my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

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?^c

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.*]

^a 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."

^b 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.*

^c *What's best to do?* The quarto, *What's the best?*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, my good lord, yonder's foul murders
done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;

She comes more nearer earth^a 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 murder's out
of tune,

And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas; what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's
voice:—

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

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 murder'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.

^a *More nearer earth.* The quarto, *more near the earth.*

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;^a
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 the 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! ho!
help!

'The Moor hath kill'd my mistress. Murder!
murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter!—How now, ge-
neral?

Emil. O, are you come, Iago? you have
done well,

'That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a
man:

He says, thou toldst 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 murder'd in her bed.

All. O heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder
on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, in-
deed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon 't,—I think,—I smell 't;—O vil-
lainy!—

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!

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,

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.^a

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

^a That told me on her first. The quarto, that told me first.

^a Reprobance. The quarto, reprobation.

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;^a

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 gave it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentle-
men:

O murderous 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.^b

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, can'st thou hear me? I will play the swan,

^a As liberal as the north. The quarto, as liberal as the air. Liberal is used in the sense of unrestrained—uncontrolled.

^b The ordinary stage-direction is here, *Exeunt Montano and Gratiano*; and *Gratiano* is afterwards made to re-enter. See Illustration, p. 322.

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;—
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.

^a 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.

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, any thing :
An honourable murderer, if you will ;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his
villainy :

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death ?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body ?

Iago. Demand me nothing : What you know,
you know :

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What ? not to pray ?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well, thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath be-
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not : Here is a
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,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
lain ;

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.^a

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,^b threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe ; of one, whose subdu'd
eyes,

Albeit unuse to the melting mood,

^a *Bring away.* The quarto, *bring him away.*

^b *Indian.* The first quarto reads distinctly, *Indian*—the first folio, *Indean*. 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 *In-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 Shakspeare's day *kindred*; that *base* is used in the sense of ignorant; and, what is very important, that two poets after Shakspeare, 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."

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,

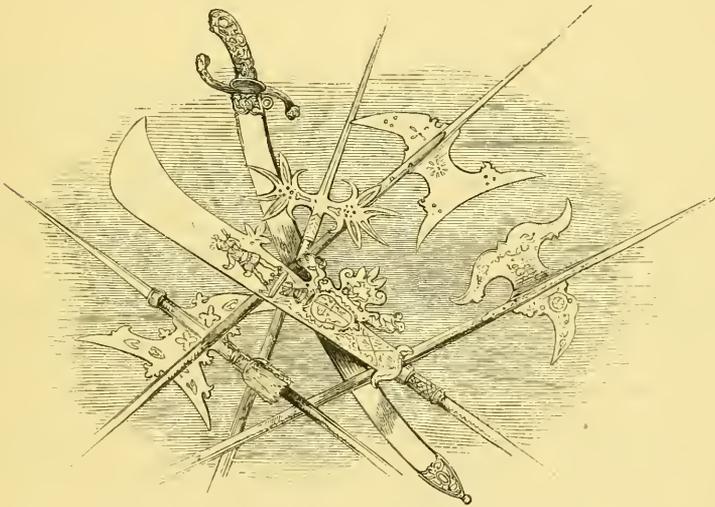
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;

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.]



[Venetian Glaive, Halberds, and Sword of an Estradiot. Meyrick's Collection.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE II.—“*A bedchamber, &c.*”

THE stage directions in the original copies of Shakspeare 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.) 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 Shakspeare 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 the same which stood somewhat elevated in the middle of the scene, and is the same from which he has 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. Shakspeare, 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 has 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.”



[Famagusta, from a recent Sketch.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE.

WHEN Shakspeare 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 familiarized 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, Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare alone possessed, and by which, out of a forgotten novel, he has made Othello."

Before we can be said to understand the idea of Shakspeare in the composition of Othello, we must disabuse ourselves of some of the commonplace principles upon which he has been intrepred. 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 recently published: † 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 Shakspeare.

If it had been within the compass of Shakspeare'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 Mephis-

* The Life of Shakspeare. By Augustine Skottowe. Vol. ii. p. 76.

† Chefs-d'Œuvre de Shakspeare. Tome ii. Paris, 1839.

‡ Coleridge.

tophilés 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 Shakspeare 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, unspiritualized, 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 Shakspeare 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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 could’st 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 just loose enough not 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.”

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Other dramatists would have made him gloomy and morose, but Shakspeare 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 preference of Cassio:—

————— “ 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, soliloquizing, 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, is a subject 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;—but 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? 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:—

OTHELLO.

“ 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,
'T were 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 is 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 Shakspeare.

Understanding, then, the native characters of Othello and Desdemona, we shall appreciate the marvellous skill with which Shakspeare 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 which 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

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“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 Shakspeare, 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 :—

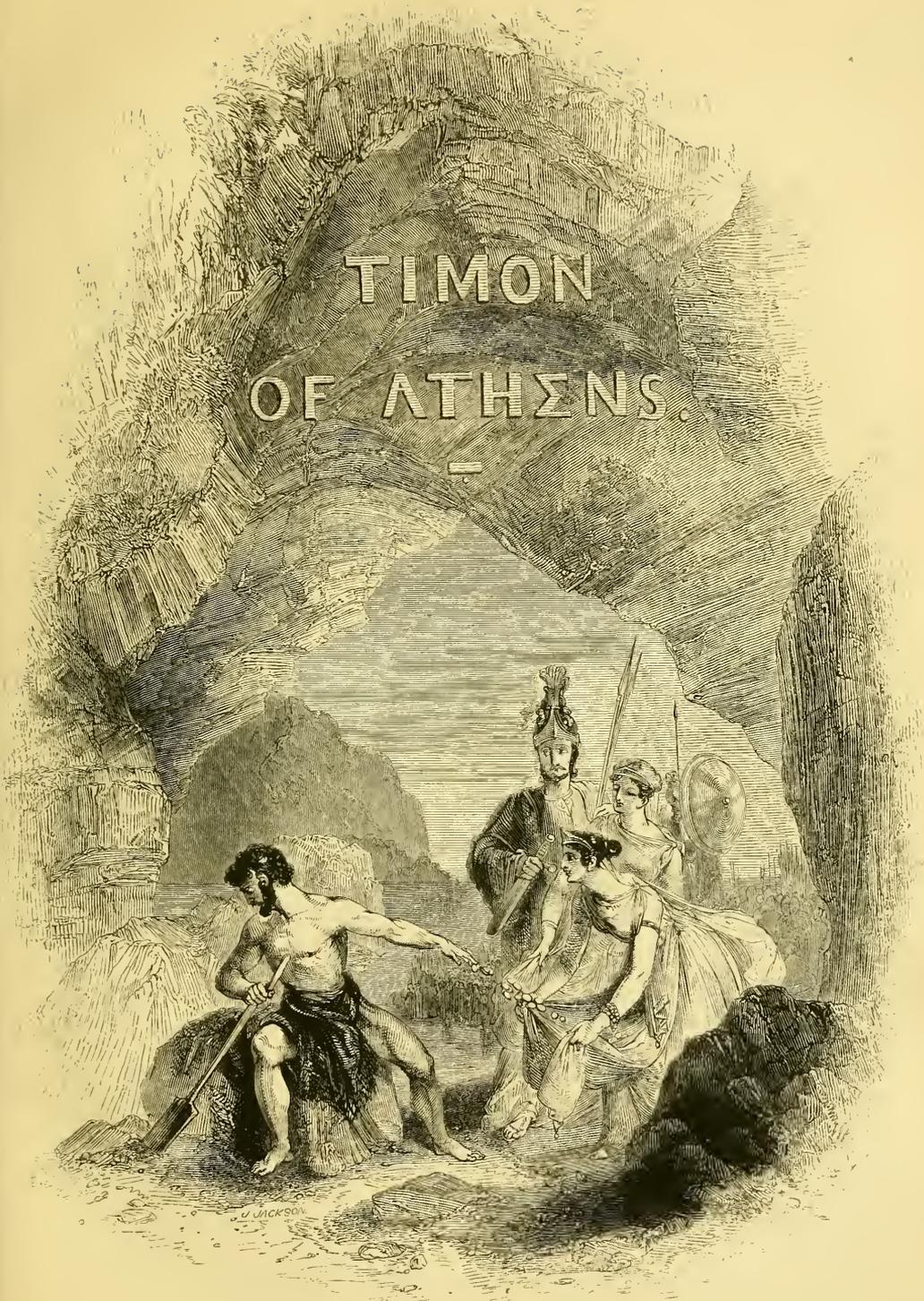
——— “there’s millions now alive,” &c.

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.





[Athenian Coin.]

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 is ordinarily printed, that of Steevens, has undergone, in an almost unequalled extent, what the editors call “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 is that some very important characteristics have been utterly destroyed in the modern copies—the record has been 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 Shakspeare of the fre-

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quency 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 in parallel columns:—

ANCIENT COPIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

SCENE II.

Ven. Most honoured Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace:

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Stew. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.
Why then prefer'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'uous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up:
Let me pass quietly.

ACT IV. SCENE 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. SCENE I.

Tim. What trumpet's that?
Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

SCENE 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. SCENE IV.

Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough. Why then prefer'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. SCENE 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:—

ACT I. SCENE II.

Tim. Now Apemantus if thou wert not sullen I would
be good to thee.
Aper. 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. SCENE II.

Tim. I will dispatch 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. SCENE 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."

ACT I. SCENE II.

Tim. Now Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee.
Aper. 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. SCENE II.

Tim. I will dispatch you severally.—You to lord Lu-
cius,—
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. SCENE 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!"

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The third and last series of examples which we shall furnish, exhibits the metamorphosis of the verse of the original into prose:—

ACT V. SCENE 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.*

ACT V. SCENE 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.

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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare.*

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 Shakspeare'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 Palace of Pleasure,' in which the story of Timon is found, was first published in 1575.

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The fore-shadowing of the fate of Timon in the conclusion of this dialogue is part of the almost invariable system by which Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 fish-wives and school-boys. Shakspeare, 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 dis-syllable. This circumstance is a confirmation to us that the dialogue with Apemantus is not entirely Shakspeare's; for it is a most remarkable fact that, in all those passages of which there cannot be a doubt that 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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's, so in the second scene it appears to us equally difficult to point out what is Shakspeare'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 uone
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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare, 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. SCENE 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,

ACT IV. SCENE 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 moist 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,

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With poisonous spite and envy.
 Who lives that's not depraved, or depraves?
 Who dies, that bears not our 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."

To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,—
 Whose naked aures live in all the spite
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoued 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 speech in the first column 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. SCENE II

"*Flav.* What will this come to?
 He commauds 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 hands 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. SCENE 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 spilt 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. Prithce, 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 remarkable short second act. The Senator of the first scene may be Shakspeare'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 connexion 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 courtezau, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularly." We shall have occasion to notice this want of connexion in other scenes of the play. In that before us, if the Timon were an older drama remodelled by Shakspeare, 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 connexion with the more important scenes. The whole thing wants the spirit of Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare. The dialogue between the

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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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare'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. We feel no interest in either event. Ulrici has noticed the uncertain connexion of this drama as a whole, particularly in the scene before us, "where it remains quite unknown who is the unfortunate friend for whom Alcibiades petitions so earnestly that he is banished for it." In Shakspeare's hand the banishment of Alcibiades is only used in connexion 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. Shakspeare was satisfied to take the frame-work, as he found it, of the story which he might connect with his display of the character of Timon. The scene before us, and the concluding scene of the fifth act, present, we think, nearly every characteristic by which the early contemporaries of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare founded his own Lear? We will take an example from that play, almost at random:—

“ *Skalliger.* A worthy care, my liege, which well declares
 The zeal you bear unto our quondam queen:
 And since your grace hath licens'd me to speak,
 I censure thus; your majesty knowing well,
 What several suitors your princely daughters have,
 To make them each a jointure more or less,
 As is their worth, to them that love profess.
Lear. No more, nor less, but even all alike,
 My zeal is fix'd all fashion'd in one mould:
 Wherefore impartial shall my censure be,
 Both old and young shall have alike for me.
Nobles. My gracious lord, I heartily do wish,
 That God hath lent you an heir indubitate,
 Which might have set upon your royal throne,
 When fates should loose the prison of your life,
 By whose succession all this doubt might cease;
 And as by you, by him we might have peace.
 But after-wishes ever come too late,
 And nothing can revoke the course of fate:
 Wherefore, my liege, my censure deems it best
 To match them with some of your neighbour kings,
 Bord'ring within the bounds of Albion.”

The whole of the senate scene in Timon is singularly unmetrical; but wherever the verse becomes regular it is certainly not the metre of Shakspeare. 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,

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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 Shakspeare puts forth either power whenever the occasion demands it. The passion of Alcibiades is of the most rapid 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 feus: whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you.”

In this scene between Alcibiades and the senate, the usually profound reflection of Shakspeare, 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. Shakspeare 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 loaths) 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 Shakspeare; 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.”

Mr. Strutt had in his possession an old manuscript play on the subject of Timon, in which there is a banquet of the same character as the scene before us, where painted stones are set before the guests. Steevens thinks that this drama “ had been read by our author, and that he supposed he had introduced from it the painted stones as part of the banquet, though in reality he had omitted them.” It is much to be regretted that Steevens did not furnish us with a more particular account of this drama, of which he has given us little besides the list of characters. We have little doubt, however, that Timon was familiar to the stage before Shakspeare took up the subject; and we further believe that the dialogue which concludes this act, after Timon’s imprecation, was transferred from an older play without much regard to its nice adaptation. Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare 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, had 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,

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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 Shakspeare. 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. We have already exhibited a specimen of this hobbling approach to metre—the characteristic of several of the rude plays which preceded Shakspeare, such as 'The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.' Mr. Collier considers that play to be wholly prose; but he adds, "by the time it was printed, blank-verse had completely superseded both rhyme and prose: the publisher seems, on this account, to have chopped up much of the original prose into lines of various lengths, in order to look like some kind of measure, and *now and then he has contrived to find lines of ten syllables each, that run with tolerable smoothness, and as if they had been written for blank-verse.*" We venture to think, that, although the greater part of 'The Famous Victories' was intended for prose, "the lines of ten syllables each that run with tolerable smoothness," were written for blank verse; and this, we believe, is the case with parts of the scene in *Timon* which we are now describing. But, 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. Of the concluding scene of the return of Alcibiades to Athens, we have already spoken.

It is not by looking apart at the scenes and passages which we have endeavoured to separate from the undoubted scenes and passages of Shakspeare, 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 to 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 indiscriminating 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 Shakspeare has here created.

The *Timon* of Shakspeare is not the *Timon* of the popular stories of Shakspeare's day. The 28th 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 Shakspeare. 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 Shakspeare'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

* 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.

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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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble." The Timon of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 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, ate 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 despatch 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 courtizans. The subsequent dialogue between Mercury and Plutus, upon the use of riches, is exceedingly acute and amusing. The gods, upon approaching Timon, desery 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

* Lucian's 'Sale of Philosophers.'—Franklin's Translation.

† 'Life of Shakspeare,' vol. II., page 280.

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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: accused 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 dithyrambe. Timon strikes him down with his spade. Another, and another, succeeds; 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 Shakspeare 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 congratulations 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare is to be traced.

The vices of Shakspeare'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 spilt 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 in illustration to Act I., has scarcely done justice to Timon: "The wild course of 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 Hogarth's 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." 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,

* A building called the Tower of Timon is mentioned by Pausanias.

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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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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. Shakspeare, 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.—
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

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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 Shakspeare 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 generalizations; 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 cuttiff.
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. Aye,
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." Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, and thus the question of its chronology becomes a mixed one. The older play which we believe Shakspeare must have remodelled, belongs, we have little doubt, to the period when our poet began to write for

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the stage—a period when the public ear was not familiarized 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 Shakspeare, bear the marks of his mature hand. We are aware that the belief which this necessarily implies, that Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 scruple 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." Such attempts to determine the date of any particular play of our poet are, for the most part, very harmless exhibitions of pedantry; and are as amusing, to the inventors of them at least, as any other of the solemn diversions which supply the place of the riddles of childhood.

SCENERY AND COSTUME.

THE localities which are represented in this play are chiefly of such Athenian remains as belong to the historical period of Alcibiades.

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.

* "I left no calling for this idle trade."—POPE.



[Pericles.]

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

TIMON, *a noble Athenian.*
 LUCIUS,
 LUCULUS, } *Lords, and flatterers of Timon.*
 SEMPRONIUS,
 VENTIDIUS, *one of Timon's false friends.*
 APEMANTUS, *a churlish philosopher.*
 ALCIBIADES, *an Athenian general.*
 FLAVIUS, *steward to Timon.*
 FLAMINIUS,
 LUCILIUS, } *Timon's servants.*
 SERVILIUS,
 PHILOTUS, } *servants to Timon's creditors.*
 TTUS,
 LUCIUS,
 HORTENSIVS, } *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, } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*
 TIMANDRA,

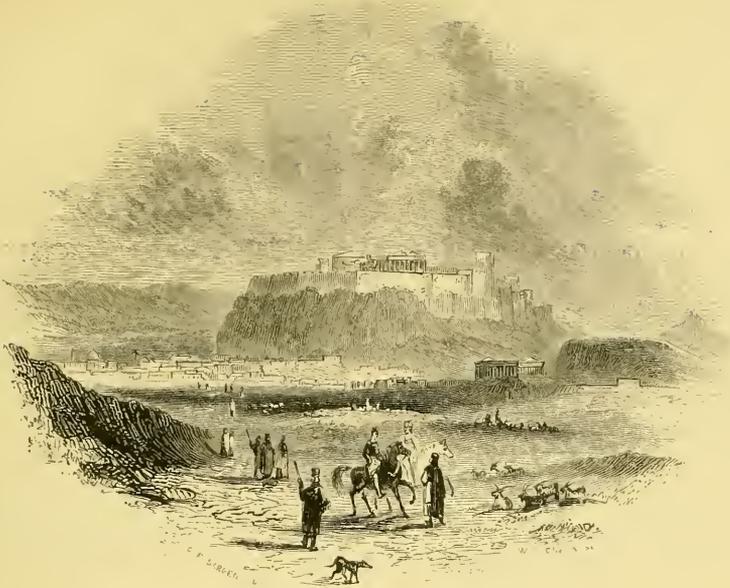
*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers,
 Banditti, and Attendants.*

SCENE, —ATHENS; and the woods
adjoining.



W. PAULHUIS

S. 517



[View of Athens.]

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 grows 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,^a as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness: He passes.^a

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.^b

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 thiug slipp'd idly from me. Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

erton. The analogy between this and the habitual exercise of "goodness" is obvious.

^a *He passes*—he excels—he goes beyond common virtues. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have, "Why this passes, Master Ford."

^b The poet is here supposed to be reading his own performance.

^a *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 continue" ex-

From whence 'tis nourished :^a 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.^b 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!^c 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^d
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

^a The reading of the original is—

“ Our poesie is as a *goune* 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.

^b 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 poetry which provokes itself, runs the quicker even for obstruction, like the current which flies faster after it has eluded the obstacles to its equal flow.

^c Monck Mason believes that the passage should be written—

————— “ How this Grace
Speaks *its* own standing : ”—

saying the *gure* 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.

^d *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 :^a 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^b 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 ser-
vants

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.^c

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,¹
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.^d

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these ?

^a An allusion to the ancient practice of writing upon waxen tablets with a style.

^b *Unbolt*—unfold—explain.

^c *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.

^d *Drink the free air*—live, breathe but through him.

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change
of mood,
Spurns down her late lov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip^a
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.^b

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,^a
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 would 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.*]

^a 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.'"

^a Slip; in the original, sit.

^b The original stage direction is, "trumpets sound, enter Lord Timon, addressing himself courteously to every suitor."

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 meer satiety of commendations.

If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd

It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated

As those which 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 should'st, 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 would'st 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; and, 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.^a

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
omit'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. Should'st 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,

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.^a*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's
age,

And call him to long peace.^b
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.*]

^a The original stage direction is curious: "Then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus discontentedly, like himself."

^b This is one of the many instances in which we adhere to the metrical arrangement of the original, discarding the "regulation" of Stevens. 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.

^a This is printed as prose in the original. (See Introductory Notice.)

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony was but de-
vis'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 for-
tunes,

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. Fye, 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.^a

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,^b 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;^c

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;

^a *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 Shakspeare's
manner, nor indeed is any part of the speech.

^b *Apperil.* The word repeatedly occurs in Ben Jonson, as
in the 'Tale of a Tub':—

"As you will answer it at your apperil."

^c Every guest in our author's time brought his own knife.

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:^a

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 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 ene-
mies, 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

^a The word Timon has in modern editions been transposed
into the previous line.

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 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!^a [*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.^b

Tim. They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.

Music, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*]

^a *Much*—an ironical and contemptuous expression.

^b 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 mask of ladies comes to gratify the fifth.

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 haulboys, and cease.^a

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,^b

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.

^a This is the ancient stage direction.

^b *Lustre.* The ordinary reading is *lively lustre*, which epithet was derived from the second folio. We follow the original copy.

'Tis pity bounty ad 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 enter-
tainment.

Flav. I scarce know how.

[*Aside.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your honour, the 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 pres-
ents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news ?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable
gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your com-
pany to-morrow to hunt with him ; and has sent
you honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; and let them be re-
ceiv'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 ;

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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

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.*

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 :

* The modern reading is, "I'll call on you." We have no doubt that the *to you* was the idiomatic phrase.

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

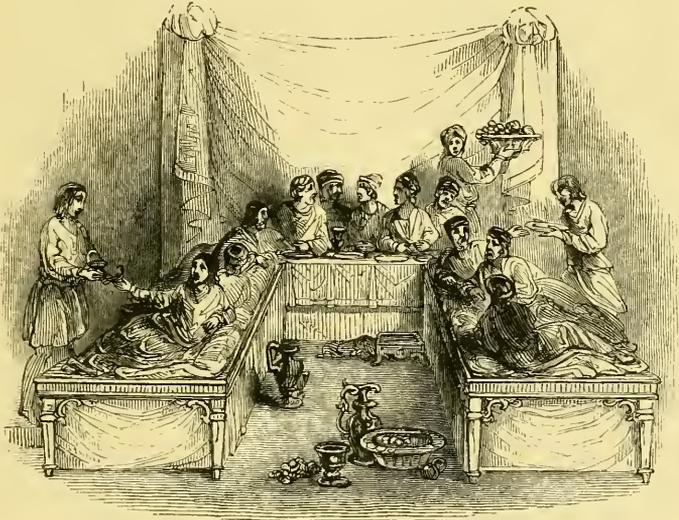
wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:^a What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

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.*]

^a Be ruin'd by the securities you give.



[Ancient Triclinium.]



[Rake's Levee.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

¹ 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 Shakspeare and Hogarth. We here reprint the passage, particularly as it affords us an occasion of introducing a miniature copy of the scene in the ‘Rake's Progress,’ to which Mr. Lamb alludes.

“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,’ which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in —shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

“Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run

counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. 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, ‘Shakspeare:’ 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*. Other's 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 Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's ‘Rake's Progress’ together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT I.

wild course of 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."

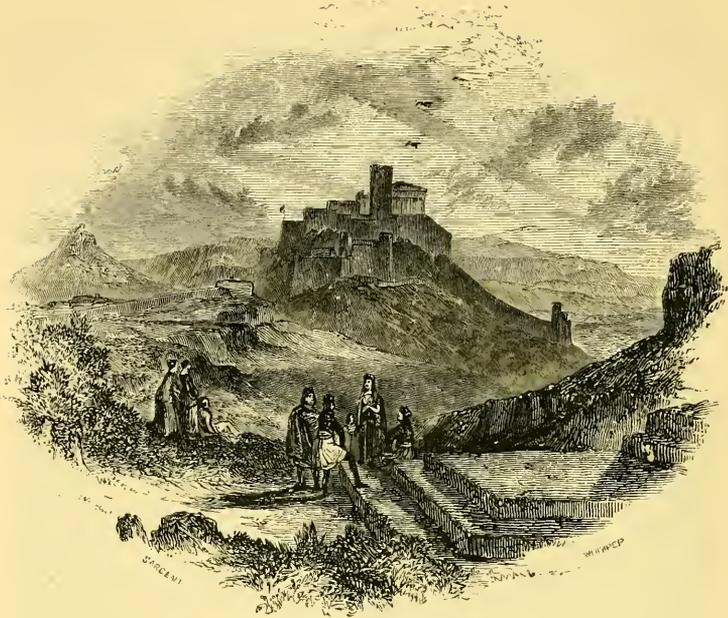
This delightful writer has not observed that in another of Hogarth's admirable transcripts of human life, 'The Marriage à-la-Mode,' the painter has also exhibited an idea which is found in the Timon of Athens—the faithful steward vainly endeavouring to present a warning of the approach of debt and dishonour 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."



[Marriage à la-Mode.]



[Aticus, from the Puyx.]

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 :^a 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,^b

And able horses : No porter at his gate ;

^a This is 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.

^b *Straight*—immediately.

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by.^a It cannot hold ; no reason
Can sound^b his state in safety. Caphis, ho !
Caphis, I say !

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir : What is your pleasure ?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon ;

Impórtune him for my monies ; 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,^c

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

^a 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.”

^b *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.

^c *Sirrah* is not in the original copy. It was added by the editor of the second folio.

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 phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, Sir.—take the bonds along with
 you,

And have the dates in compt.^a

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 ex-
 pense,

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.

Eye, fye, fye, fye !

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and
 VARRO.*

Caph. Good even, Varro :^b 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.

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 ?

^a The original reads,—

“ And have the dates in. Come.”

Theobald made the correction, alleging that the dates were
 in when the bonds were given.

^b *Good even, Varro.* It is remarkable that the servants in
 this scenetake the names of their masters, like the Lord Duke
 and Sir Charles of 'High Life Below Stairs.'

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. Serv. '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 debt, broken bonds,
 And the detention of long-since-due debts,
 Against my honour ?^a

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.

^a We print this passage as in the original. Malone reads,—

“ With clamorous demands of date-broken bonds.”

It scarcely appears to us that any change is necessary ; for
 “ the detention of long-since-due debts ” is merely an ampli-
 fication of the “ clamorous demands of debt ”

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?

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,^a 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

^a The meaning of this construction is,—perchance you made that unaptness your minister.

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^a 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,^b
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prithee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of
this lord !

^a 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.”

^b 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*.

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.^a

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

^a 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's : and it becomes vitiated, therefore, when a prose speech is converted into unmetrical verse.

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 wretch—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

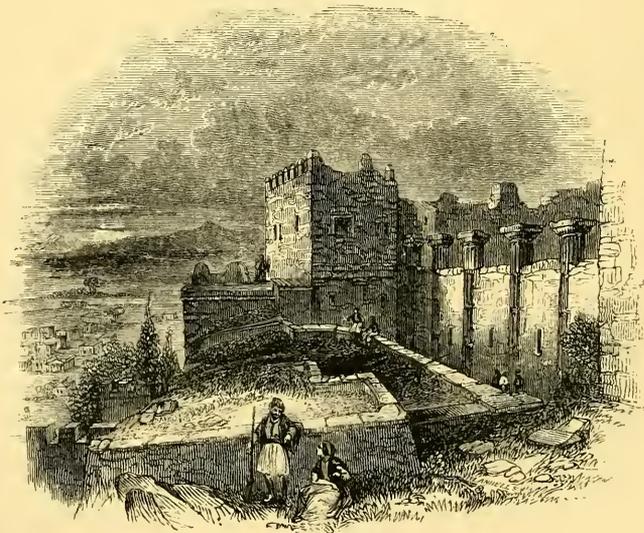
With those five talents :—that had, [*to FLAV.*] give 't these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think

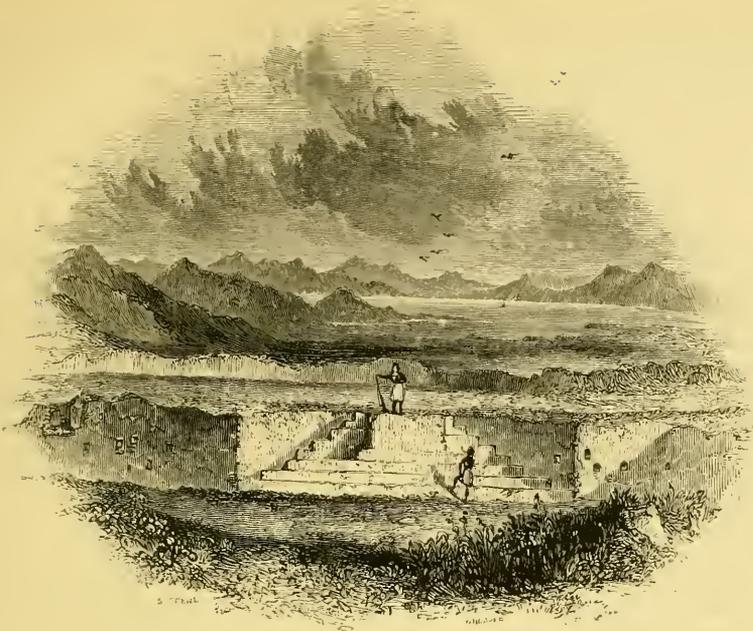
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it : That thought is bounty's foe ;
Being free itself it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]



[The Propylæa.]



[Athens. The Pnyx.]

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^a 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^a 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

^a *Respectively*—respectfully.

^a *Honesty* is here used in the sense of liberality.

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. Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

2 Stra. 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 mean time he wants less, my lord.

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure 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 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;^a
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 monstruousness 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^b
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?^c

^a 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 *spirit* of the original was changed into *spirit* by Theobald.

^b The word *thrice*, which is not in the original, is usually inserted here, "to complete the measure."

^c Steevens is here quite pathetic on the subject of metre:—

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^a 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.^b

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 man politic; he crossed himself by't:
and I cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies
of man will set him clear.^c 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,

"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 mutilation 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 Shakspeare's thoughts, we find them associated with Shakspeare's music.

^a *Thrice*. The original reads *thrive*. Johnson proposed *thrice*, which appears to us warranted by the previous line:—

"And does he send to me? *Thrice?* Humph!"

^b The pronoun *I* was not found in the first folio, but was inserted in the second. Steevens tries his hand upon the "incoerigible" metre here, by addition and transposition:—

"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 I amongst the lords be thought a fool."

^c 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 thralldom." Tieck adopts Ritson's explanation.

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, HORTENSIVS, and other
Servants to Timon's creditors, waiting his com-
ing 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;
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?

1 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:—

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

^a This is a fine flowing passage of the original, which Steevens has "regulated" into a harsh stiffness. (See Introductory Notice).

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 wond'rously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.^a

Luc. Ser. 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. Ser. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Ser. Here's mine.

Hor. Ser. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Ser. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.^b

Luc. Ser. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Ser. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. Ser. My lord,—

2 Var. Ser. 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

^a This speech is printed here as prose, according to the old copy. Steevens has made verse of it, after a certain fashion. (See Introductory Notice.)

^b The quibble which Timon here employs is used by Decker in his 'Gull's Horn Book';—"They durst not *strike down* their customers with large *bills*:" the allusion is to *bills*, or battle-axes.

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:^a
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.

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.

^a This is the reading of the second folio. The first copy has,—

"Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius *Ullorzu*: all."

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 quar-
relling

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 fellow^a 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, say, 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 pri-
soner :

If there were no foes, that were enough^a
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'tis infer'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 secu-
rity,

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 receiv '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.

2 *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 con-
tain 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

^a *Fellow.* This is usually printed *felon.*

^a *Alone* is generally inserted here "to complete the mea-
sure."

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.^a

[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.

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?

3 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

^a 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 Shakspeare's hand.

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 luke-
warm 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 thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity. [*Exit.*

*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 nought
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.*



[The Parthenon.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT III.

¹ 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:—

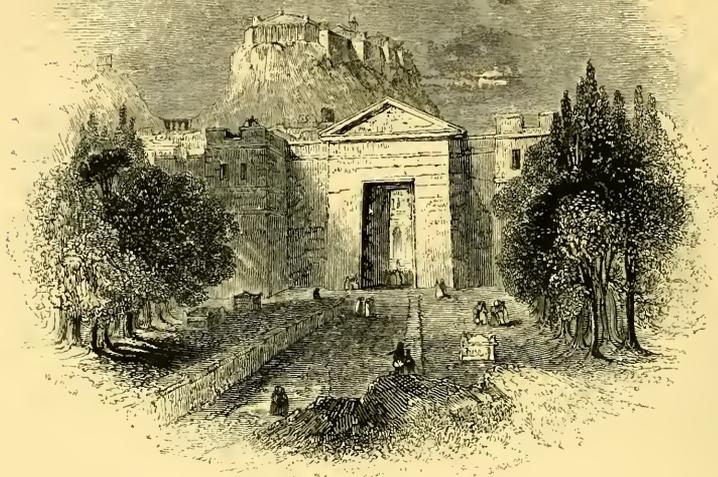
‘Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft,

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.’”



{Walls of Athens; restored.}

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdles in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens!^a 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
Convert,^b o' the instant, green Virginitv—

^a This passage is 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.

^b *Convert* is here used in the sense of *turn*—turn yourself “green virginitv.” 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.”

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 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 détestable 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.
[Exit Servants.]

O, the fierce^a 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,^b
 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 accur'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.^c

[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 for-
 tune,
 But by contempt of nature:

^a *Fierce*—violent, excessive. Ben Jonson has "*fierce* credulity."

^b *Blood*—natural disposition. (See note on *Cymbeline*, Act 1, Scene 1.)

^c 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 manufactures 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."

Steevens has certainly contrived to produce two lines of ten syllables each; but his "regulation" has made the passage more unlike Shakspeare even than it was in its original form.

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.^a Who dares,
 who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, ' This man's a flatterer ' ? If one be,
So are they all ; for every grize^b 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 :^c

This yellow slave

^a 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 twinn'd brothers with several fortunes, that is, with different fortunes, and the greater scorcs the lesser. The poet then interposes a reflection that man's nature, obnoxious as it is to all miseries, cannot bear great fortune without contempt of kindred nature. The greater and the lesser brothers now change places :—

" Raise me this beggar and deny 't that lord."

This word *deny't* was changed by Warburton into *denude*. Coleridge says " *Deny* is here clearly equal to withhold ; and the *it* (quite in the genius of vehement conversation, which a syntaxis explains by ellipses and *subauditurs* in a Greek or Latin classic, yet triumphs over as ignorances in a contemporary) refers to accidental and artificial rank or elevation, implied in the verb *raise.*" The lord is now despised, the beggar now honoured ; and 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. Warburton would read,—

" It is the pasture lards the *wether's* sides."

^b *Grize*, greese, griece, gree, are all words expressing a step—a degree.

^c *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.

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.^a Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'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. Speak, what art thou there ?

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.

^a *The April-day* is not the fool's day, as Johnson imagined ; but simply the spring-time of life. Shakspeare himself has, in a sonnet—

" Calls back the lovely April of her prime."

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!^a

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; thou was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom 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.^a

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:^b 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.

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!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon: Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

^a The same principle has been pursued in the passage before us. The metre hammered out of Steevens' smithy is certainly a curiosity:—

“*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.”

^b An allusion to the ‘Tale of Ædipus,’ according to Johnson.

^a This speech which, following the original, we print as prose, has been “regulated” into verse in the modern editions. (See Introductory Notice.)

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!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—

Believ'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 quilllets 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!"

Phr. & 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^a human sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensear thy fertile and incongruous 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 marbled 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;^b 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.

^a *The.* This is ordinarily printed *thy.*

^b *Infected.* So the original; the word has been changed into *affected*, the modern signification of which is not exactly the phraseology of Shakspeare. Rowe made the change; and he also with greater propriety altered "from change of future," to "from change of fortune."

* So in 'Chapman's Homer's Iliad:—

—"The throats of dogs shall *grave* His manly limbs."

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 like-
ness.

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 moist^a
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 crea-
tures,—

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,
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 should'st 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 pro-
ceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou would'st 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 should'st thou
hate men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt 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!

This 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.

^a *Moist.* This epithet was changed by Haumer to *moss'd*. Whiter, upon his principle of the association of ideas, thus explains the use of the word *moist*:—"Warm and moist were the appropriate terms in the days of Shakspeare for what we should now call an *air'd* and a *damp* shirt. So John Florio ('*Second Frutes*, 1591), in a dialogue between the master Torquato and his servant Ruspa:—

T. Dispatch, and give me a shirt!

R. Here is one with ruffs.

T. Thou dolt, seest thou not how *moyst* it is?

R. Pardon me, good sir, I was not aware of it.

T. Go into the kitchen and *warme* it.

Can the reader doubt (though he may perhaps smile at the association) that the image of the chamberlain putting the shirt on *warm*, impressed the opposite word *moist* on the imagination of the poet?"

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What would'st 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 ly'st 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 would'st 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;^a 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?

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. Would'st 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 mightst 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! Cholera 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 nought

But even the mere necessities upon 't.

^a 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.*]

'Twi'x 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 soldier'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch^a 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 through'd to shortly.

Tim. Through'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 trea-
sure.

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 briars 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^a professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the
grape,

Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,
And so 'scape hanging. Trust not the phy-
sician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays
More than you rob. Take wealth and lives
together;

Do villainy, do, since you protest^b 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.^c 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.*]

^a Limited—legalized.

^b Protest. The ordinary reading is *profess*. There appears
no necessity for the change, for either word may be used in
the sense of, to declare openly.

^c That is, the laws, being powerful, have their theft un-
checked.

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.^a

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:

^a Steevens "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."

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?

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—^a

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.

Metlinks, 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;

^a The same art of "regulation" has been exercised upon this passage. (See Introductory Notice.)

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 :^a Be men like
 blasted woods,

^a Steevens prints the line thus :—
 " Debts wither them. Be men like blasted woods."
 There is some difference, we think, between to wither, and to

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.*]

wither to *nothing* ; but Steevens says " I have omitted the
 redundant words, not only for the sake of metre, but because
 they are worthless."



[Temple of Theseus.]



[Timon's Cave.]

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.^a

^a It is difficult to say whether this scene, which in the original is primed 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

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 crowned 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!

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 supposed 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.

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,
 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 there-
 fore
 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 dis-
 semble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well ; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them 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 :—^a

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 !^b
You are an alchemist, 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 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,

^a 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."

^b 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."

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 bewep 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,—

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 tak '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 country-
men,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they
pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great tri-
umphers

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,

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 ;^a 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 unremovably
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

^a *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.

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, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd^a 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:

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.*]

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
wring

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;

^a *Rear'd.* The original has *read.* The whole speech is so unlike Shakspeare, that it is scarcely necessary to point out its weakness and incongruity.

And porsy insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.^a

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of 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 grief: 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,^b
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 loaths,) 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, revenges: 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 altogether.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,

^a We have adverted, in the Introductory Notice, to the remarkable contrast which this, and the former scene between Alcibiades and the Senate, present, in the structure of the verse, to the harmony of Shakspeare. The opening of this scene, and indeed nearly every part of it, superior though it be to the former scene, does not give us the metre of Shakspeare. We would try it by the test which Coleridge has proposed for the opening of the first part of Henry VI.:—"Read aloud any two or three passages in blank verse, even from Shakspeare's earliest dramas, as, *Love's Labour's Lost*, or *Romeo and Juliet*; and then read in the same way this speech, with especial attention to the metre:" If the test should fail, we shall not presume to add, with Coleridge, "if you do not feel the impossibility of the latter having been written by Shakspeare, all I dare suggest is, that you may have ears, for so has another animal, but an ear you cannot have, *me judice.*"

^b *Cunning* in this line is not used in an evil sense, but with its ancient meaning of knowledge, wisdom;—Excessive shame that they have wanted wisdom has broken their hearts.

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 remedied, 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 im-
pression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. [*Reads.*] Here lies a wretched corpse, 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 drop-
lets 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.*]



[Timon's Grave.]



[Alcibiades.]

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

¹ SCENE II.—“ *I have a tree which grows here in my close.*”

WE have referred, in our Introductory Notice, to the 28th novel of ‘The Palace of Pleasure,’ as an example of the popular notion of the character of Timon of Athens. The story of Timon’s feast with Apemantus, as well as that of the fig-tree, is found also in Plutarch. (See Illustrations of Act III.) We subjoin the ‘Novel’ from ‘The Palace of Pleasure’ 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 astonished, 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 then was 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 purposed 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 purposed 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

ILLUSTRATION OF ACT V.

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 swelling sea,
By surges cast.
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee do confound.”



[Temperance. From Raffaele.]

* * The argument upon which our Introductory Notice is mainly built,—that the *Timon of Athens* is not wholly by Shakspeare,—has led to such an analysis of the play as we ordinarily give in a Supplementary Notice; and has therefore rendered such a Notice here unnecessary.





[Country near Dover.]

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 Gloucester, 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 Church-yard 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 have each been collated by Steevens and Malone; and the differences between them have not been found of any 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 life-time, 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's most perfect efforts, such as *Macbeth*, were not published at all till they were collected in the folio. Our

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general opinions upon this question of publication are expressed in the Introductory Notice to Henry V.; and we there stated as follows with regard to this tragedy: "Lear was published by Nathaniel Butter in 1608, and in that year he produced three editions. It was in all likelihood piratical, and was probably suppressed, for no future edition appears till that of the folio, while Hamlet and Romeo and Juliet are constantly reprinted. Butter was undoubtedly not a publisher authorized by Shakspeare; for he printed, in 1605, 'The London Prodigal,' one of the plays fraudulently ascribed to our poet. Butter's edition of Lear is, however, a correct one. He must have had a genuine copy." Yet we must distinguish between a genuine copy, and a copy furnished by the author. Nine of the plays published in quarto differ very slightly from the text of the folio; and, what is of great importance, the metrical arrangement in the text of these quarto plays, and in that of the folio, is essentially the same. We have already stated with respect to these nine plays (Introductory Notice to Henry V.), that "Verbal corrections, and in one or two cases additions and omissions, are found in the folio; but they are only such as an author, having his printed works before him during at least sixteen years, would naturally make." 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 (as we have shown in the notice already referred to), 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 plaide before the King's Majesty at White-Hall, uppon S. Stephens Night; in Christmas Hollidaies." In the entry at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 26, 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 Shakspeare 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 modern 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 perhaps the longest of Shakspeare's plays, with the exception of Hamlet. 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 poverty,—
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., Scene VI., he says, "The omission of them in the folio is certainly faulty: yet I believe the folio is printed from Shakspeare's last revision, carelessly and hastily performed, with more thought of shortening the scenes than of continuing the action." We cannot willingly yield to the belief that Shakspeare "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 Shakspeare 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

* 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."

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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 Shakspeare 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. We have seen (Illustrations of Act III.) that 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." 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. Scene 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 near 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 Shakspeare 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 reigned, a wys emperour in the cite of Rome, and myghti he was of power; the whiche emperour had thre daughters. So hit liked to this emperour to knowe which of his daughters lovid him best. And tho he seid to the eldest daughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, more than I do myself, therefore, quod he, thou shalt be hily avauused, and married her to a riche and myghti kyng. Tho he cam to the second, and seid to her, daughter, how moche lovist thou me? As moche forsoth, she seid, as I do myself. So the emperour married her to a duc. And tho he seid to the thrid daughter, how moche lovist thou me? fforsoth, quod she, as moche as ye beth worthi, and no more. Tho seid the emperour, daughter, sith thou lovist me no more, thou shalt not be married so richely as thi susters beth. And tho he married her to an erle."

The French have a famous romance entitled 'La tres elegante delicieuse mellifue et tres plaisante hystoire du tres victorieux & excellentissime Roy Perceforest Roy de la grant Bretagne,' 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 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 in the present play above eight hundred years before he was born." Shakspeare 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 Hennisus, 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 fortune 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 Maglianus as by Hennisus.

“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 accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so joyfully, honorably, 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 10, 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 ead,
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 overcome, kept in prison long,
Till weary of that wretched life, herself she hong.”

The story of Lear had unquestionably been dramatised before Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare; 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 Shakspeare had produced some of his most glorious works. Theobald and Capell have selected some of the worst passages from this curious drama. We sub-join a scene which will enable our readers to compare it with the first scene of Shakspeare's Lear:—

Leir. Deare Gonorill, kind Ragan, sweet Cordella,
Ye flourishing branches of a kingly stocke,
Spring 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 Brittainy,
And from the top leape headlong to the ground;
Nay, more, should you appoint me for to marry
The meanest vassalle 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 quenched, 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 happily I love one:
Yes, 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 answertesle 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 fuster 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 my selfe 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 divide

'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 my selfe,

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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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.' * * * *

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* * * * * Old fond eyes,
Bewep 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.
Aud 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,
Aud 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 her wants ;
Yet if that he would say
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 re- pair 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,
Aud 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

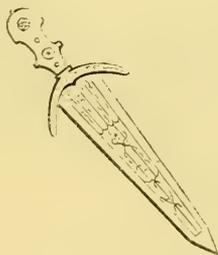
KING LEAR.

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."

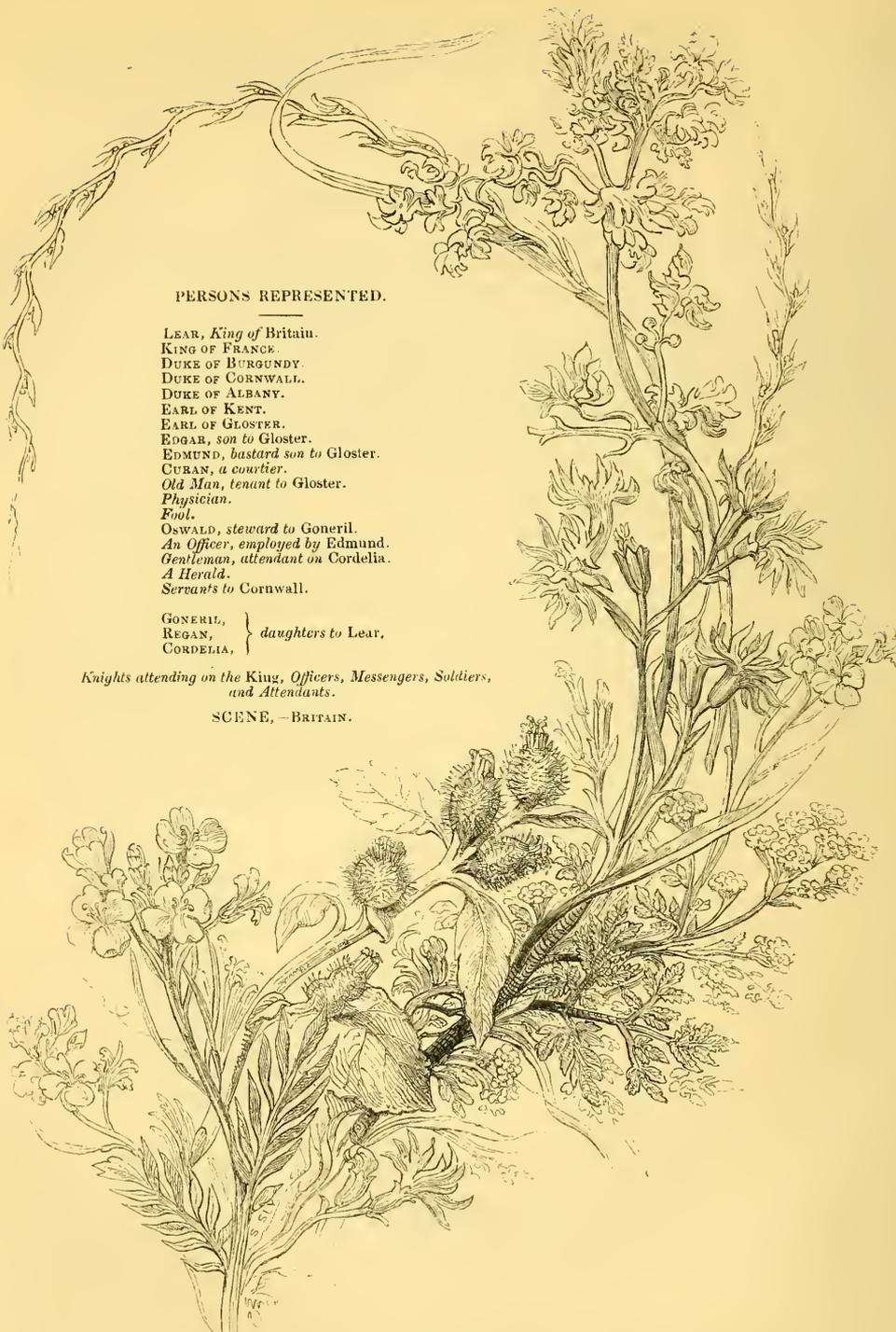
PERIOD OF THE ACTION, AND MANNERS.

The sagacious Mrs. Lenox informs us that "Shakspeare has deviated widely from *History* in the catastrophe of his play;" whereat she is somewhat indignant, for "had Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 ornamented 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 Shakspeare'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 Piet his grandsire won."



['My good biting falchion.']



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.

GENERIL,
REGAN,
CORDELIA, } *daughters to Lear.*

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.*

SCENE, — BRITAIN.



[Scene IV.]

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,^a it appears not which of the dukes he values most ; for qualities^b are so weigh'd, that curiosity^c in neither can make choice of either's moiety.^d

^a 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.)

^b *Qualities.* In the quartos *equalities*.

^c *Curiosity.*—exact scrutiny.

^d *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. 1.)

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge : I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to 't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could : 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^a 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?

^a *To*—the quartos *into*.

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.^a—Goneril,

Our eldest born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter,

Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;

Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

^a The quartos "where merit doth most challenge it."

Cor. What shall Cordelia speak?^a 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,

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^b than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity,^c and pleasure,

Than that conferr'd^d on Goneril.—Now, our joy, Although our last and least; to whose young love^e

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy Strive to be interest'd;^f what can you say, to draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

^a *Sprak.* The quartos read "What shall Cordelia do?" and this feebler reading, which destroys the force of the answer, "Love, and be silent," is received by all the modern editors.

^b *Ponderous.* The quartos, *richer.*

^c *Validity*—value, worth.

^d *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.* The modern editors adopt the reading of the folio in the first instance, and reject it in the second.

^e We give the text as it stands in the folio, by which we lose the words which have passed into a household phrase, "Although the last not least." But in truth the modern text is not to be found in any edition of Shakspeare. 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, re-arranging 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.

^f *Interest'd.* This verb, from the French *intéresser*, is used also by Ben Jonson and Massinger.

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing will come of nothing:^a 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^b 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.^c]

Lear. But goes thy heart with this?^d

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

^a 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."

^b You—the quartos, *it*.

^c The line in brackets is not found in the folio.

^d 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.

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.—Ourselves, 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 in-
vade

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^a to folly. Reserve thy state;^b
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

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 re-
main

The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

^a Falls—the quartos, *stoops*.

^b Reserve thy state—the quartos, *reverse thy doom*.

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 sentences 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^a of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day follow-
ing,

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,^b
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,

^a *Disasters*—the quartos, *diseases*.

^b *By Jupiter*.—Johnson says, "Shakspeare 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 Troinovant, and there was torn in pieces, after he had ruled the Britons by the space of twenty years."

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.^a

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,^b

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:^c 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,

^a 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.

^b *Best* is omitted in the folio, but is found in the quartos.

^c M. Masou 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.

I'll do 't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Had'st 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^a that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal king,^b
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^c 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^d 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,

^a *Regards*, the reading of the folio, means *considerations*; the quartos read *respects*, which has the same meaning.

^b *Royal king* in the folio; the quartos *Royal Lear*.

^c *Respects of fortune*—so the quartos; the folio, *respect and fortunes*.

^d *Here and where* are used as nouns. We have a similar use of *where* in the Comedy of Errors, Act II., Sc. 1.

"How if your husband start some other *where*?"
See note on that passage.

Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORN-
WALL, 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^a 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.^b

Gon. Let your study
Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted^c cunning
hides;

Who covers faults at last with shame derides.^d
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 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-
engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly

^a *Love*—the quartos *use*.

^b In the quartos this speech is given to Goneril, and the next to Regan.

^c *Plighted*—the quartos read *pleated*. In modern 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.

^d 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*.

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^a 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^b of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as 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.^c 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^d his power!

^a *Sit*—the quarto, *hit*.

^b *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*.

^c *Top the legitimate*.—In the folio we find *th' legitimate*; in the quarto, *tooth' legitimate*. *Top* was suggested by Edwards in the 'Canons of Criticism.' *Toe* is Hamner's reading.

^d *Prescrib'd*—the quarto reads *subscrib'd*.

Confin'd to exhibition!^a 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^b 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.

^a *Exhibition*—allowance.

^b *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."

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has 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,^a 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 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,^b 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^c 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!—^d] 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.^e

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey^f 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 discreetly 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,^a 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.¹

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.

^a *Treachers.* Traacher is the French *tricheur*, a trickster—a cheat. The word is used by Chaucer, by Spenser, and the dramatic contemporaries of Shakspeare.

^a *Declined*—the quartos, *declining*.

^b *Where*—in the sense of *whereas*.

^c *Pretence*—purpose.

^d The passage between brackets is omitted in the folio.

^e There are several explanations of this passage. Steevens represents Gloucester 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.

^f *Convey*—manage.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come;^a] 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.^b 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?

^a The passages between brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b 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. The modern 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*.

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me;^a every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[*Horns within.*]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he distaste it,^b let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
[Not to be over-ru'l'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.^c]

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.^d [*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,

^a This is ordinarily pointed,

"By day and night! he wrongs me."

We doubt, however, whether *by day and night* was meant as an adoration. 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.

^b *Distaste*—the quartos *dislike*.

^c The passage in brackets is omitted in the folio.

^d 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.

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
So may it come thy master, whom thou lov'st,^a
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 for?

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 can'st thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that which ordinary men are fit for I am 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, ho, 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.*]

^a This line is ordinarily printed thus,—

“ (So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st.”

We follow the punctuation of the original, by which we understand, so it may come that thy master, &c.

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knicht. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

Knicht. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knicht. 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?

Knicht. 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 farther into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knicht. 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 stricken, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base football player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: 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.² [*Giving KENT his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost
thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my cox-
comb.

Lear. Why, my boy? ^a

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 ban-
nish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a
blessing against his will; if thou follow him,
thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now,
nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two
daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living,^b I 'd keep
my coxcombs myself: There 's mine; beg ano-
ther of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth 's a dog must to kennel; he must
be whipp'd out, when the lady brach^c 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,^d
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.^e

^a The quarto makes *Kent* answer, "Why, fool?" which is the ordinary reading. The alteration of the folio to "why, my boy:" clearly shows 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.

^b *Living*—estate—means of living.

^c *Lady brach*—the quartos "lady oth'e brach." The modern editors read "Lady the brach." They have adopted this reading because *Hotspur* says,—

"I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish."

According to *Blount*, in his 'Ancient Tenures,' a female harrier is a brach.

^d *Owest*—ownest.

^e In the quartos this speech is given to *Lear*; but it appears

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:² and ladies too, they will not let
me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatch-
ing.—³] 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 had'st
little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'st
thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in
this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

² 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.³

Lear. When were you wout to be so full of
songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou
madest thy daughters thy mothers;^b for when
thou gav'st them the rod, and put'st down thine
own breeches,

³ 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.⁴

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."

⁴ The passages in brackets are not in the folio.

^b *Thy mothers*—the quartos, thy mother.

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 whipp'd for speaking true, thou 'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd 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 dark-
ling.^a

^a Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a note upon this line, says that Shakspeare'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 gibb nonsense that came into the mind." He adds, "I know no other way of accounting for the incoherent words with which Shakspeare

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. I would you would make use of your good wisdom

Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
These dispositions, which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.^a

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? 't is not so.
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—^b

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

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 description of a man by his mercenary friends, when he is become a "sheal'd peascod." But Shakspeare 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 throw away;
So when he had resign'd his regiment
His daughter 'gan despise his drooping day."

^a This speech is ordinarily printed in prose, as in the quartos. In them it begins with "Come, sir," which being rejected, it is rendered strictly metrical, as in the folio.

^b This speech is again generally printed as prose, after 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.

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 dis-
order'd rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents,—[O, sir,
are you come ?^a]
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 GON.
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 !^b
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,

^a The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^b 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, the text of every modern edition :—

"It may be so, my lord,—Hear, nature, hear ;
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful !"

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 ;^a
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 per-
force,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee !

The untented woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee !—Old fond eyes,
Bewep this cause again I'll pluck ye out ;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha ! Let it be so :—

I have another daughter,^b
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.^c

[Exit 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 mas-
ter. [To the Fool.

^a More of it—in the quartos, *the cause*.
^b We print this passage as in the folio. It is ordinarily 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 child-like.

^c In the quartos, *Thou shalt, I warrant thee, follows*.

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,
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.^a

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 it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attack'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.

^a *Too far*—Stevens rejects these words, after his tasteless fashion of emendation.

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 slipshod.

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 can'st 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. Can'st 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 !

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How 's that ?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old 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.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ 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. Shakspeare, 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 semitone, 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.

² SCENE IV.— ————“*Here 's my corcomb.*”

The Fool of Lear, with reference to the purposes of the drama, has been thus described by Cole-

ridge:—“The Fool is no comic buffoon to make the groundlings laugh,—no forced condescension of Shakspeare’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 Shakspeare’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.”* 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.”

* ‘Utopia,’ Book II., ch. viii.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

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 licence of the domestic fools, but their indifference to the consequences of their freedoms. It was in a later period that Laud revenged himself on Archee 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 Archee 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.'"



[Henry VIII. and Will Sommers]

We shall have occasion to revert more generally to the subject of Shakspeare's fools, particularly in connexion with their stage office, in some drama which will afford us more space, such as *Twelfth Night*, or, *As You Like It*. In the mean time we 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 coxcomb 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."



³ 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 the First 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.



[' I heard myself proclaimed. ']

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^a 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:—

^a *Queazy*—this is explained as delicate, uncertain. *Titchish* perhaps gives the meaning more clearly.

Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.

Yield: come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—

Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.— [Exit EDGAR.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where 's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand his auspicious mistress:—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—[Exit Serv.]—By no means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all the thunder^a 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^b mine arm: And when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether ghastr'd 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,

^a The thunder—in the first quarto, *their thunders*.

^b *Launch'd*—the folio has *latch'd*—the quartos *launched*, meaning *lanc'd*. So Spenser—'Faery Queen,' Book I., c. 4—

"For since my breast was *launched* with lovely dart Of dear Sausfoy, 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."

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 might^a 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,^b) 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^c To make thee seek it.'

Glo. O strange^d and fasten'd villain! Would he deny his letter, said he?—[I never got him.^e] [Trumpets within.

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not wher'^f 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.^g

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

^a *Pight*—settled—pitched.

^b *Character*—hand-writing.

^c *Spurs*—so the quartos; the folio, *spirits*.

^d *Strange*—in the folio; the quartos, *strong*.

^e The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^f *Wher'*—wherefore.

^g *Strange news*—so the quartos; the folio, *strangeness*.

That tended upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort. ^a

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 ^b 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 ^c 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 strength you please.—For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant So much commend itself, you shall be ours; Natures of such deep trust we shall much need; You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-ey'd night.

Occasions, noble Gloucester, 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 messen- gers

From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses, ^a Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam: Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Gloucester'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 pincfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, 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. ^b

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 let-

^a *Businesses*—the quartos, *business*.

^b 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 Shakspeare'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.

^a *Of that consort*—these words are not found in the quartos, and therefore are omitted by the modern editors, to the injury of the sense.

^b *Expense and waste*—in the folio; one of the quartos, *waste and spoil*, which is adopted by the modern editors. *Expense* is expenditure, a step before waste.

^c *Bewray*—reveal.

ters 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, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue; stand, you neat slave; strike. [Beating him.]

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What 's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, Goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'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^a 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 whorson 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 intrinsic^b t' unloose: smooth every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebels;

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

^a Hours—so the quartos; the folio, *years*.

^b *Intrinsic*—closely tied.

Renegé,^a affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks^b With every gale and vary of their masters, Knowing nought, 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.¹

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?^c

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^d 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?

^a *Renegé*—so the quartos; the folio, *revenge*. To *renegé* is to deny.

^b *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?”

^c *What is his fault?*—the quartos, *what's his offence?*

^d *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.

Stew. I never gave him any.^a
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact,^b 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-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
You stubborn ancient knave, you 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.

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 contemn'd'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with:^c] 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,

^a I never gave him any—so all the old copies. The modern editions read, *never any*.

^b Compact—the quartos, *conject*. Compact is here used in the sense of confederate.

^c 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.”

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
[For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—"]
[KENT is put in the stocks.]
Come, my lord; away.

[*Exeunt* REGAN and CORNWALL.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
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!^b
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:^c—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn
thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*]

^a This line is also omitted in the folio.

^b 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 Shakspeare's time. (See note on Hamlet, Act 1., Sc. II.)

^c This monologue of Kent's has presented many difficulties to the modern editors. 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 considered 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.”

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^a villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans,^b sometime with
 prayers,
 Enforce their charity. ²—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 de-
 part 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 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.^c

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.

^a *Pelting*—petty—of little worth. (See note on Richard
 11., Act II. Sc. 1.)

^b *Bans*—curses.

^c *Nether-stocks*—stockings.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

[*Lear.* No, no ; they would not,

Kent. Yes, they have.^a]

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 ; 't is worse
 than murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage :

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
 Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this
 usage,

Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
 I did commend your highness' letters to them,
 Ere I was risen from the place that 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,
 Which presently they read : on those contents
 They summon'd up their meiny,^b 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 ;^c
 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 chil-
 dren kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore, ne'er turns the key
 to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many do-
 lours^d for thy daughters, as thou can'st tell in a
 year.

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b *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.

^c *Drew*.—The personal pronoun *I* is understood before
drew.

^d *Dolours*. There is a quibble here between *dolours* and
dollars.

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?^a

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,^b 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.

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.

^a Number—the quartos, train.

^b Upward—the quartos, up the hill.

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:^a

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.^b

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,^a when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, 'Down, wantons, down: 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

[*KENT is set at liberty.*]

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

^a Commands, tends, service. The quartos, commands her service.

^b Till it cry sleep to death. We point this passage as in the original copies. It is given in all the 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.

I have to think so ; if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adultrous.—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.^a

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation : If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome
end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old ;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine : you should be rul'd, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself : Therefore, I pray
you,

That to our sister you do make return :
Say, you have wrong'd her.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house?^b
'Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;
Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg,^c
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

^a 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.

^b *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 Shakspeare . . . *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."

^c In the modern editions we have here the stage direction *knéeing*. We doubt the propriety of this. Lear is not addressing these words to Regan, but is repeating what he would say to Goneril if he should ask her forgiveness.

On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fye, sir, fye!

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.^a

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^b 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,^c

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^d are old,

^a *Blister*—The quartos read *blast her pride*.

^b *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, thy *tender-hefted* nature may be thy nature which may be held by tenderness.

^c *Sizes*—allowances. A *sizar* in a college is one to whom certain *sizes* or portions are allowed.

^d *You yourselves*. The quartos omit *you*, and the editors all follow that omission, tastelessly enough, as we think.

Make it your cause ; send down, and take my part!—

Art not ashamed 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:—
Bet 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.

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,^a
Or ere I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 't will 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. 'T is his own blame; hath put himself^b
from rest,

^a *Flaw*—Douce conjectures that *flaw* might signify a *fragment* in Shakspeare's time, as well as a *crack*.

^b *Hath put himself.* The personal pronoun *he* is understood.

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. 'T is 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^a
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; 't is a
wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a *High*—The quartos *bleak*.



[^a Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here.]



[Sarum Plain.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ 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.” Hammer 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.

² SCENE III.—“The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars,” &c.

Harrison, in his description of England, published with ‘Holinshead's Chronicle,’ gives, upon the whole, the most minute and satisfactory account of the state of society in England in Shakspeare's early years. Shakspeare 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; and the whole passage shows us, as the author of ‘The Pictorial History of England’ has truly said, that “the merry England of the days of Elizabeth was, in some respects, rather a terrible country to live in:”—

“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.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

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. | 3. Hookers, or Anglers. |
| 2. Uprightmen. | 4. Rogues. |

- | | |
|---------------------------|---|
| 5. Wild Rogues. | 10. Freshwater Mariners, or Whippjacks. |
| 6. Priggers, or Prancers. | 11. Dummerers. |
| 7. Palliards. | 12. Drunken Tinkers. |
| 8. Fraters. | 13. Swaddlers, or Pedlers. |
| 9. Abrams. | 14. Jacksmen, or Patricoes. |

Of womenkind:—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Demanders for glimmer, or fire. | 5. Walking Mortes. |
| 2. Bandy-baskets. | 6. Dores. |
| 3. Mortes. | 7. Delles. |
| 4. Autem Mortes. | 8. Kinching Mortes. |
| | 9. Kinching Coves.” |

The “Bedlam beggars,” of Shakspeare 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 Decker, in his ‘English Villainies,’ has noticed the impostors personating the proper Bedlams, who were known by the name of Abrahammen. 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 sobersness, 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 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 Turlyupin, and Hamner Turlum; but there is a better reason for rejecting both these terms than for preferring either; viz. that Turlygod is the corrupted word in our language. The Turlyupins 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 wolvisch howlings which these people in all probability would make when influenced by their religious ravings. Their

* MS. Lansdowne, 226.

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 Flenings had a proverb, 'as unfortunate as Turlupin and his children.'

³ SCENE IV.—"Cry to it, nunce, as the cockney did to the eels."

In the ancient ballad of 'The Tournament 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 cokeneby by Christe coloppes to make."

If Percy and Tyrwhitt were unquestionably right, we should have no difficulty in explaining that the *cockney* in Shakspeare 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 Tournament 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 Shakspeare. 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 uestle-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 husbandry, 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 Loudon 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 Cokeney'—

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 Cockney, 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 Keyser, appears to have the same foundation. It probably commenced under the Norman government."



[Scene I.]

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,^a
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.^a]

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool; who labours to out-jest

His heart-strook injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;

And dare, upon the warrant of my note,^b
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 Corn-
wall;

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^c and packings^d of the dukes;

^a The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^b Note—The quartos *art.* Note is knowledge.

^c Snuffs—dislikes. ^d Puckings—intrigues

^a *The main* is here used for the main land.

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.ª]

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 ;
And she will tell you who that fellow is
That yet you do not know. Eye 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,^b 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,
Sing me white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !
Crack nature's moulds, all germens^c 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^a
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 't is 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^b 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^c o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

^a The quartos,—

“ That have with two pernicious daughters join'd.”

^b Gallow—scare.

^c Pudder—This is always modernized into *pothor* ; the same
word, doubtless, but somewhat vulgarized by the change.

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio.

^b Winds—The quartos *wind*.

^c Germens—seeds of matter. So in *Macbeth* :—

“ the sum

Of nature's germens tumble altogether.”

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular^a 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 tem-
pest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More harder than the stones whereof 't is rais'd:
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in,) return and force
Their scantred 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 fel-
low?

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.^b

Lear. True, boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel. [*Exeunt LEAR and KENT.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—

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 throgs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—

^a *Simular*—counterfeit.—The quartos read *simular man*; but *simular* is used as a noun by writers before Shakspeare.

^b 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.

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 fecht.¹

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live be-
fore 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.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is divi-
sion between the dukes; and a worse matter
than that: I have received a letter this night;—
't is dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd
the letter in my closet: these injuries the king
now bears will be revenged home; there is part
of a power already footed: we must incline to
the king. I will look^a 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 con-
tentious storm

¹ *Look*—The quartos *seek*.

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^a 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. Prithce, 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 house-
less 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^b 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.^a

Lear. Didst thou give all to thy daughters ?^b
And art thou come to this ?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom ?
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and
through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er
bog and quagmire ; that hath laid knives under
his pillow, and halters in his pew ;^c 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 !^e Do poor Tom some cha-
rity, 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 pen-
dulous 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 ;^d 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,^e proud in heart and
mind ; that curled my hair, wore gloves in my

^a 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."

^b The quartos read,—

" Hast thou given all to thy two daughters ? "

^c *Taking*—malignant influence.

^d *Word's justice.* The quartos read, *word justly.*

^e *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."—

^a *Raving.*—Two of the quartos read *raging*.
^b *Loop'd*—is the reading of the quartos,—the folio has *lopp'd*.

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 blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sese; ^a 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,^b squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old;^c

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee! ³

^a *Sese.* The quartos read *cease*. It is probably the same word as *sesa*, 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."³ 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.

^b *The web and the pin.* Florio, in his 'New World of Words' (1611), interprets the Italian Cataratta "A dimness of sight occasioned by humours hardened in the eyes, called a cataract, or a pin and a web."

^c *The old.*—*The wold.* Spelman writes, Burton upon *Olds*—*Swithold*.—The reading of all the old editions is an abbreviation of *Saint Withold*, which is the modern reading.

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;^a 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,⁴ and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; 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.^b

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modò he 's call'd, and Mahu.⁵

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. Impörtune him once more to go, my lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him?

^a *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."

^b 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."

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, sooth him ; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on ; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

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.^a

[*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

^a 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.”

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.*]

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.^a

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^b 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 :—

^a We print the direction for the entrances of the characters as in the folio. In the modern editions they are all brought in when the scene opens.

^b *Hissing*—This is ordinarily printed *whizzing* ; in the folio it is *hizzing* ; in one of the quartos, *hizzing*.

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? ^a

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me: ^{b—c}

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 shephér'd?

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? ^{c]}

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

^a 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 licence of emendation seems warrant'd.

^b *Come over the bourn, Bessy*, was a song entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1564.

^c This wonderful scene, beginning with the speech of Edgar—"The foul fiend bites my back," and ending here, is not given in the folio (see Introductory Notice).

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience
now,

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so
much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting. [Aside.]

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark
at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—
Avaunt, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,

Hound or spaniel, brach ^a or lym; ^b

Or bobtail tike, ^c or trundle-tail; ^d

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. Sese. Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market-towns:—Poor Tom, thy
horn is dry. ^e

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

^a *Brach*—a female harrier. (See note on Act I., Sc. iv.)

^b *Lym*—limmer—leamer—a hunting dog, so called from the leme or leach in which he was held till he was let slip.

^c *Tike*, according to Steevens, was the Runic word for a worthless dog. (See Note on Henry V., Act II. Sc. 1.)

^d *Trundle-tail*—In the comedy of 'A Woman killed with Kindness' (1617), we have, "your dogs are trundle-tails and curs."

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
 master ;
 If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
 With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
 Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;
 And follow me, that will to some provision
 Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent*. 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'er-
 skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
 ship.

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,
 When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts de-
 file thee,

In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
 What will hap more to-night, safe scape the
 king !

Lurk, lurk.^a [*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.^b

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-
 mund, keep you our sister company ; the re-

venges we are bound to take upon your traitor-
 ous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise
 the duke, where you are going, to a most festi-
 nate 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 dependents,
 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 ?

^a The lines in brackets are not in the folio. In that edition
 the scene ends with the lines spoken by Kent—

“ Give thee quick conduct, come, come away !”

^b *Traitor*—the quartos, *villain*.

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 help 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.^a

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??

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 'st, 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,

And, in the end, meet the old course of death,

Women will all turn monsters.

^a We omit the usual stage direction at this place, as well as a subsequent stage direction, for reasons given in Illustration 7.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguish mad-
ness
Allows itself to anything.

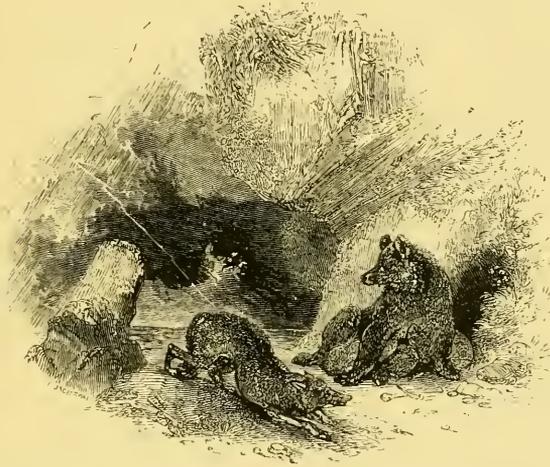
2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and
whites of eggs,

To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven
help him!] ^a

[*Exeunt severally.*]

^a 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.”



[‘This night wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf.’]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ 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 Shakspeare’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 heme is spoune,
England’s done;”

—440

whereby it was generally conceived that, after the princes had reigned which had the principal letters of that word heme (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.”

² 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.” Shakspeare 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," Shakspeare 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 Deubam 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 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, Fliberdigibbet, Hoberdiance, 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 Mauh"—

he uses names which are also found in Harsnet, where Modo was called the prince of all other devils. (See Illustration 5.)

3 SCENE IV.—"Aroint thee, witch, aroint 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 *rouan-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*, *behind*, &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 *arougt*. 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.

⁴ SCENE IV.—“*Whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.*”

Shakspeare, 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 roguing 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 buried 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.”

⁵ SCENE IV.—“*The prince of darkness is a gentleman;*
Modo he’s called, and Mahu.”

In a previous illustration 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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.”—*Saint Augustin—Pusey’s Translation.*

⁶ SCENE VI.—“*Come o’er the bourn, Bessy, to me.*”

This is the first line of a “song 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.

7 SCENE VII.—“*Where is thy lustre now?*”

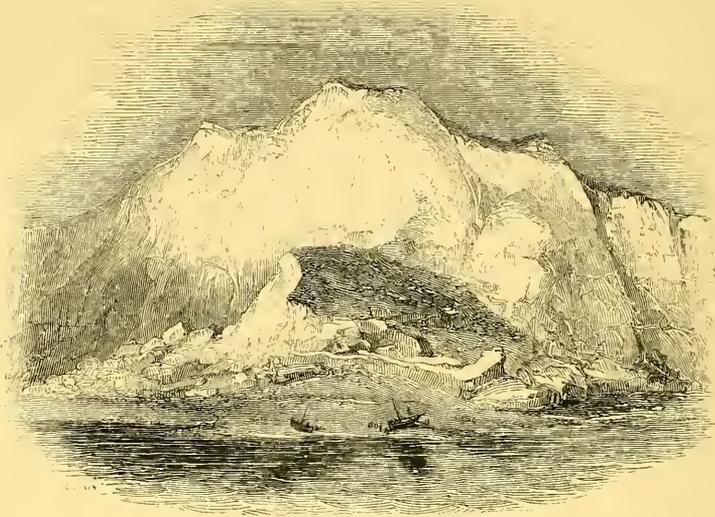
Of the scene of tearing out Gloster's eyes, Coleridge thus speaks:—“I will not disguise my conviction that, in this one point, the tragic in this play has been urged beyond the outermost mark and *ne plus ultra* of the dramatic.” He subsequently says, “What can I say of this scene? There is my reluctance to think Shakspeare 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., we have shown the uses of the “secondary stage,” by which contrivance “two scenes might be played which could be wholly comprehended, although *not* everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen.” We have also referred, in that Illustration, to Tieck's argument, that the horrid action of tearing out Gloster's eyes did not take place on the stage proper, giving a portion of the note of that eminent German critic. We now repeat his argument at length:—

“The chair (or seat) in which Gloster is bound is the same 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, which was again withdrawn when necessary. Shakspeare has therefore, like all the dramatists of his age, frequently two scenes at one and the same time.† In Henry VIII. the nobles stand in the

* This was incorrectly printed. *he has*, in Othello.

† Massinger has some strong cases in point. See particularly the Virgin Martyr and the Great Duke of Florence.

ante-chamber; the curtain is withdrawn, and we are in the chamber of the king. Thus also, when Crammer waits in the ante-chamber, the curtain then opens to the council-chamber. We have here this advantage, that, by the pillars which divided this 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 would be wholly comprehended, although not everything in the smaller frame was expressly and evidently seen. 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.”



[Dover Cliff.]

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.^a You cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;

I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 't is seen
Our means secure us;^b 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. 'T is 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.

^a The quarto here introduces, "Alack, sir!"

^b *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.

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 toward 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. 'T is the times' plague, when madmen
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parrel that
I have,

Come on 't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—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,^a 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!^b]

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,

^a The quartos—*bless the good man.*

^b The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

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:¹

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 Gloucester's
treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son,

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot;

And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to
him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

[*To EDMUND.*

It is the 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 bro-
ther;

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:

I must change names^a at home, and give the dis-
taff

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.

^a Names—the quartos, *arms.*

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.^a

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[*Exit Steward.*]

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.^b

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 silver 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,
'T will come:

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.^c

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, sit'st still, and cry'st
Alack! why does he so?]

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

[*Alb.* 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.*]

^a So the folio. One of the quartos, a fool usurps my bed; another, my foot usurps my head.

^b In one of Heywood's Dialogues, we have the proverbial expression—"It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling."

^c The passage in brackets is not in the folio; and the subsequent passages in brackets are also omitted in that edition.

[^a 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.^b

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Mareschal of France, Monsieur Le Far.^c

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 Were like a better day:^d Those happy smiles,^e 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?

^a The whole of this scene is wanting in the folio. (See Introductory Notice.)

^b This speech is printed as prose in the original. The modern editors have regulated it into hobbling metre.

^c *Monsieur Le Far*—so the original copies. In modern editions we have *Monsieur Le Fer*, to give Steevens an opportunity of girding at the limited knowledge of Shakspeare in the names of Frenchmen, because he has a similar name in Henry V.

^d *Better day*.—This is the modern reading; the original is *better way*. Treek 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."

^e *Smiles*.—This beautiful diminutive is found in the original; and we know not why it should not hold its place in the text.

Let pity not be believed!—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^a 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. [Exit.]

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 harlocks, 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.

^a *Dear cause*—important business. So in Romeo and Juliet—"dear employment."

Phy. There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All 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! *—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.

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 im-
perfect
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.

* *Distress*—so the quartos; the folio has *desires*.

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!²

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!³

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; ^a 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. ^b Farewell.—

[*GLOSTER leaps, and falls along.*]

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself

^a *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.”

^b *Gone, sir*—This is ordinarily printed, *gone, sir?* as if
Edgar asked Gloster if he had gone; whereas Gloster has
previously told him, “go thou farther off;” and, when Gloster
again speaks to him, he says, *gone, sir.*

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,⁴
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;
art sound.

Ten masts at each ^a 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: ^b

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^c sea;

^a *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.

^b *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.

^c *Enridged*. This is the reading of the quartos. The folio
enraged. *Enridged* is the more poetical word, and Shak-
spere 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.”

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 't would 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 coin-
ing;^a

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:^b draw me a clothier's
yard.^c—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—
this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.—There's
my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring
up the brown bills.^d—O, well flown, bird!—i' the
clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give me 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

^a *For coining.*—So the quartos.—The folio *crying*. Ticek, 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."^b New levies are brought to him—"There's your press-money."

^b *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 layeth out his buttocks as though he should shoot at crows."

^c *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."

^d *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."

not men o' their words: they told me I was
every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remem-
ber:

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 Gloucester'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 you' 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.^a

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;—Fye,

fye, fye! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of civet;

good apothecary, sweeten^b my imagination:

there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mor-
tality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great
world

Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know
me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough.

Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst,

blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this

challenge; mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all thy letters suns, I could not
see.^c

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?

^a These words, beginning, *behold you' 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. We doubt, with Malone, whether any part of it was intended for metre.

^b The quartos, *to sweeten*.

^c So the folio—the quartos—

"Were all the letters suns, I could not see one."

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 you' justice rails upon you' 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^a 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!—^b

^a *Plate*—the old copies read *place*. The correction, which is ingenious and valuable, was made by Pope.

^b *This a good block!* Stevens 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.

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.^a

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,—^b]

Lear. I will die bravely, like a smug^c 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.

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.*

^a *Kill* was the ancient word of onset in the English army.

^b The words in brackets are not in the folio.

^c *Smug*.—This epithet is not found in the quartos; and the modern editors therefore tastelessly omit it.

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
Let not my worse 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;^a

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding.

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. Chill 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. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd
out of my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as
'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th'
old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whe-
ther your costard or my ballow^b be the harder:
Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll 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^c party:—O, untimely death.

[*Dies.*]

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;

^a To fortune's blows—the quarto, *by*.

^b Ballow—the quartos, *bat*. Grose, in his 'Provincial Glossary,' gives *ballow* as a north-country word for *pole*. Edgar is speaking the Somersetshire dialect.

^c English—so the folio; the quartos, *British*. (See Introductory Notice.)

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 goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.'

'Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,^a
' 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 murderous 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, Gentle-
men, and others, attending.

Enter CORDELIA and KENT.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live and
work,

^a We print this subscription as in the folio. It is ordinarily given thus:—

"Your wife (so I would say), and your
affectionate servant."

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-paid.

All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:^a
These weeds are memories of those worsen 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 way 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.^b]

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!

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^c 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?]^d Mine enemy's dog,

^a *Suited*—clothed.

^b The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

^c *Oppos'd against the jarring*—The quartos, *expos'd against the warring*.

^d The lines in brackets are omitted in the folio.

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!

'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 't is 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,^a 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:^b

^a *No, sir*—These words are not in the folio.

^b Every reader of Shakspeare, who has become familiar with this most exquisite scene through the modern editions, 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 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 Shakspeare 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.”

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^a in him : [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.^b]

^a Kill'd—the quartos, *cured*.

^b The words in brackets are omitted in the folio.

Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will 't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :

Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old and
foolish.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician,
and Attendants.

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,

That the duke of Cornwall was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As '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 king-
dom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.

Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle 's fought.

[*Exit.* ^a]

^a The scene in the folio concludes with Lear's speech—*I am old and foolish*.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

¹ 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, has sent us the following particulars regarding Shakspeare'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 3.)

² 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 areh'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 eaves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness 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: Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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 Gloucester—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 Gloucester can measure

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

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,—

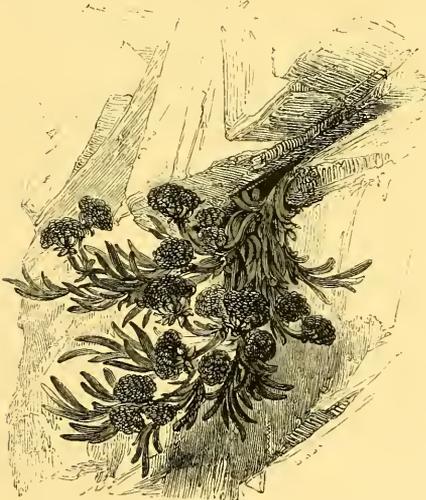
"How fearful is the edge of this high cliff!"

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 Shakspeare'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.



[Samphire.]

³ SCENE VI.

—————"Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire;
dreadful trade!"

There can be little doubt that Shakspeare 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 eleeves 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."

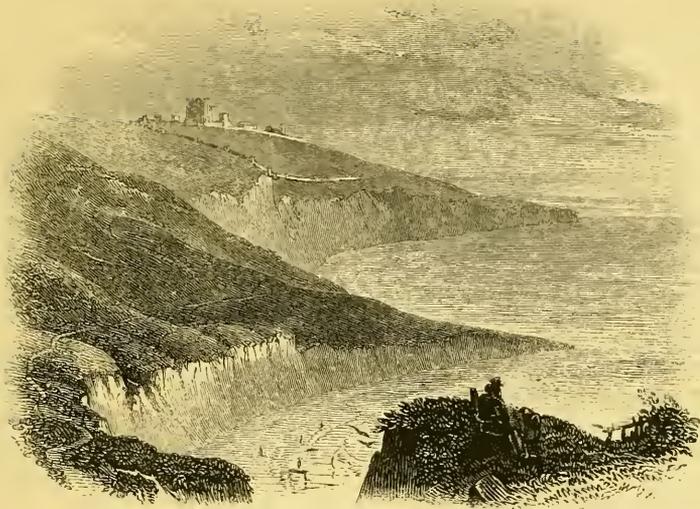
⁴ SCENE VI.—"*Hadst thou been aught but gossamer.*"

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 Shakspeare 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 connexion with the spider, we may quote Gilbert White's remarks, attached to his interesting description of a shower of gossamer:—

"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.*



[Dover Castle, in the time of Elizabeth.]

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.^a]

^a 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.

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,

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^a here.

^a The question—the quartos, to question.

Alb. Let's then determine with the ancient of war

On our proceeding.^a

[*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.]

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'T is 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 incur'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,

^a *Proceeding*—the quartos, *proceedings*.

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^a shall devour them, flesh and
fell,^b

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 employ-
ment

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.^c] [*Exit Officer.*]

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

^a *Good years*—so the folio; the quartos, "the good shall devour them." The ordinary reading is *goujeers*. We sub-join 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 understood 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*."

^b *Fell*—skin.

^c 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.

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 de-
manded,

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.^a

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 an-
swer

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;

^a *Addition*—the quartos, *advancement*.

'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 bespoken.

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^a 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.^b [*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, ho!

[*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!^c

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;

^a Make—the quartos, *prove*.

^b Medicine—the quartos, *poison*.

^c This speech is not found in the folio, nor the two subsequent exclamations of "Sound, trumpet!" and "Sound!"

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;^a 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.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;

But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,

And that thy tongue some say^b 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,^c Gloster:

By the law of war,^d thou wast not bound to answer

Au 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:—

^a We print as in the folio. The quartos read,—

"Behold, it is the privilege of my tongue,
My oath and profession."

The modern reading is—

"Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath and my profession."

This is the compound of Steevens and Company, which is labelled 'Shakspeare.'

^b Say—assay. (See note on Act I., Sc. II.)

^c Practice—the quartos, *mere practice*.

^d War—the quartos, *arms*.

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[Gives the letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:

Who can arraign me for 't? [Exit GONERIL.]

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Edm. Ask me not what I know.^b

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 of plague^c 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,^d Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift

^a Can—the quartos, shall.

^b 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 modern 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."

^c Plague—the quartos, scourge.

^d We print this line as in the folio. The quarto, which is the ordinary reading, has,—

"That with the pain of death we'd hourly die."

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 woful, 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 worse 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.^a]

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.^b

^a The lines in brackets, beginning—"This would have seem'd a period," are omitted in the folio.

^b We give the passage as in the folio. The quarto reads—

"It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak!"

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady : and her sister
By her is poison'd ; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both ; all three
Now marry in an instant.

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 ?^a

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 ?—

See'st thou this object, Kent ?

[*The bodies of GONERIL and REGAN are
brought in.*]

Kent. Alack, why thus ?

Edm. Yet Edmund was below'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. Hasten 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 fordid 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

^a The quartos, O! it is he.

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 ?^a

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, murderers, traitors
all !

I might have sav'd her ; now she 's gone for ever !
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha !

What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fault-
chion

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^b them-
selves,

And desperately are dead.

^a 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.

^b Fore-done—the quartos, fore-doom'd. We have previously had *for-did* used in the same sense of destroy.

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!^a No, no,
no life:

^a *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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare, 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."

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!—

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.

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 god's state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me,^a—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.

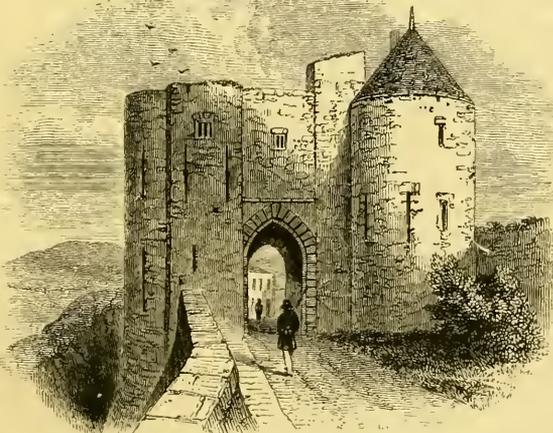
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*^b]

^a *My master calls me*—the quarto has the line thus—

"My master calls, and I must not say no."

^b This is the original stage direction.



[Norman Gateway, Dover Castle.]



[Lear. After a study by Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

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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 Raffaele? 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 excellencies. 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

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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 analysed 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 so 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 Shakspeare, to the condition of being tolerated, and perhaps even admired, by the most dull, gross, and anti-poetical capacity. These were not easy tasks; but Nahum Tate has enjoyed more than a century of honour for his labours; and his new versions of the Psalms are still sung on (like the shepherd in Arcadia piped) as if they would never be old, and his Lear is still the Lear of the playhouse, with one solitary exception of a modern heresy in favour of Shakspeare. To have enjoyed so extensive and lasting a popularity, Nahum Tate 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 re-arranges the emeralds and rubies of our Edwards and Henries 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare; and we are relieved from the oppressive sense of the vast by the juxta-position 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,' recently published in his 'Posthumous Essays,' &c., has stated the grounds for his belief that the Lear of Shakspeare may sustain a comparison with the master-pieces 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 *Cædipus 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 Shakspeare as forming "an obscure chaos, composed of murders and buffooneries, of heroism and meanness."

In certain schools of criticism, even yet, the notion that Lear "may be judged to be the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art existing in the world" would be treated as a mere visionary conceit; and we should still be reminded that Shakspeare was a "wild and irregular genius," producing these results because he could not help it. In France are still heard the feeble echoes of the contest between the disciples of the romantic and the classic schools. *M. Guizot* stated,

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some twenty years ago, 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 Shakspeare 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. Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 before us in the soliloquy, "Thou, nature, art my goddess." Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare. 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,—

* Vie de Shakspeare.

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“ 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, Shakspeare 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 mean time, 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare'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

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disguise. The "tardiness in nature" of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare's?

The mixed character of Shakspeare'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 in-compliance 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 Shakspeare. When Regan and Goneril speak slightly 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 Shakspeare'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 comprehension 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 Shakspeare only could effect, are utterly destroyed by the stage conception of Lear, such as has been 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?"

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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 juxta-position. We do not suspect Tate of comprehending the metaphysical principle upon which Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare 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 unobserved—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 woful 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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare. "Cordelia," says Dr. Johnson, "from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And if my sensations could add anything to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor."

* 'Blackwood's Magazine,' vol. v.

This was a bold or a lazy avowal in Johnson; for Aristotle describes the popular admiration of the tragedy which ends happily for the good characters, and fatally for the bad, as a result of the "weakness of the spectators;"* and though Johnson vigorously attacked Aristotle's Unities—or rather the doctrine of the Unities imputed to Aristotle—the good critic must have been sleeping when he gave his voice to the general suffrage at the risk of being accounted weak. Johnson was too clever a man not to know that he lost something by not reading "the last scenes" of Shakspeare's *Lear*; and we have considerable doubts whether he ever looked into the last scenes of Tate's *Lear*. Carrying the principle to the end with which we set out, we venture to print the last scene of each writer in apposition; and we ask our readers to apply the scale of Tate, in the manner which we have indicated, to the admeasurement of Shakspeare:—

[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.

* * * * *

Alb. Since then my injuries, Lear, all 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.

[SHAKSPEARE.]

"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. Prithce, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!
What is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

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,
I 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.—

* Treatise on Poetry—Twining's Translation.

KING LEAR.

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, suffering 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.*)

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.

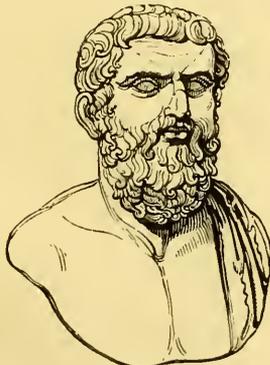
Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him

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 Shakspeare, 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 Shakspeare can be understood—by study, and by reverential reflection. The age which produced the miserable parody of Lear that till within a few years has banished the Lear of Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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 Shakspeare 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.



[Sophocles.]

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