THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.
THE WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
EDITED BY
HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH
NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL
AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,
AND
NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME V.

TORONTO:
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1889.
Three of the five plays contained in this volume are to be found among the Tragedies in the First Folio, although, perhaps, strictly speaking, only two—Julius Caesar and Macbeth—really belong to that category; Troilus and Cressida being a play of that nondescript class which is generally described as tragi-comedy. Of the two comedies which complete this volume, All’s Well That Ends Well is one of the least popular of all Shakespeare’s plays of that class; while Measure for Measure forms, as it were, a stepping-stone between the greatest of his comedies and the greatest of his tragedies. It is a play but seldom seen upon the stage; yet it is quite as dramatic as The Merchant of Venice, though the nature of the story, and the almost total absence of the element of high comedy, will prevent its ever attaining any great popularity.

The delay in the issue of this volume has been caused by more than one circumstance, chiefly by an unfortunate loss of nearly four acts of the text of Hamlet, which had been prepared for the printers. It was thought better, therefore, to include Macbeth in this volume; though it must be clearly understood that this play is entirely out of its chronological order. In fact, according to the original plan, Hamlet should have preceded both Measure for Measure and Troilus and Cressida. I have to thank Mr. Arthur Symons for enabling us to get this play ready under very considerable pressure as to time.

As in the last volume, those notes added by me to plays edited by any of our collaborators, for the opinions expressed in which I am solely responsible, are distinguished by the addition of my initials. For the Stage Histories of all the plays in this volume I am also responsible.

I cannot help referring here to a loss which all lovers and students of
Shakespeare have recently sustained. As this volume was being prepared for publication, the news arrived of the death of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, whose long and loving devotion to the memory of Shakespeare has given to us work, the value of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. From the very commencement of this edition he took the warmest interest in it; and I owe much to the hearty encouragement which I always received from him. In spite of the fact that many of the conclusions arrived at, and of the opinions expressed in my Introductions, were contrary to those which, guided by the experience of a lifetime, he himself held, his criticism of our work was as generous as his help, in every way and whenever we asked it, was ungrudgingly given. It is impossible not to feel that, not only I myself personally, but all concerned in the production of the Henry Irving Shakespeare, have lost a true friend. I had hoped to have had the benefit of his guidance in the preparation of the brief life of Shakespeare, which is to be given with the last volume of this edition; but that, alas, was not to be; and I can only hope that all of us, who are engaged in the study of Shakespeare, may try and imitate his untiring industry, his genuine modesty, his true kindness of heart, and his loyal enthusiasm in the work to which he devoted not only his time, but what is dearer to many men than their time—a great portion of his fortune.

F. A. MARSHALL.

London, January, 1889.
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All. Hail, King of Scotland!
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, Count of Rousillon.
Lafeu, an old Lord at the French court.
Parolles, a follower of Bertram.
First Lord, Two brothers belonging to the French court, serving with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Second Lord, Two brothers belonging to the French court, serving, Two brothers...
First Gentleman, Two brothers belonging to the French army.
Second Gentleman, Two brothers belonging to the French army.
A Gentleman, attached to the French army.
Steward, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
A Page.
First Soldier, Second Soldier.

Countess of Rousillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.
An old Widow of Florence.
Diana, daughter to the Widow.
Violenta, neighbours and friends to the Widow.
Mariana, neighbours and friends to the Widow.

Scene—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

Historical Period: the 13th or 14th century.

Time of Action (according to Daniel).

Eleven Days distributed over about three months.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval; Bertram's journey to Court.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval; Helena's journey to Court.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval two days; cure of the King's malady.
Day 4: Act II. Sc. 3, 4, 5.—Interval; Helena's return to Rousillon; Bertram's journey to Florence.
Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 6: Act III. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval "some two months" (iv. 3, 56).
Day 7: Act III. Scene 5.
Day 8: Act III. Scenes 6, 7; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval; Bertram's return to Rousillon; Helena's return to Marseilles.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 5; Act V. Scene 1.
Day 11: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.

1 Lafeu: Spelt Lafeu in the Folio.
2 See note on Dramatis Personæ.
3 Helena: Sometimes spelt Helen in the Folio.
4 Violenta: A mute personage. Perhaps her part was omitted for practical reasons in the copy from which the Folio was printed.
ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

All’s Well That Ends Well was first printed in 1623 in the First Folio. In the entry of this volume in the Stationers’ Register, November 8th of that year, it is enumerated among such plays as had not been previously entered to other men. This is the first time we hear of the play under its present name, and the period at which it was first produced is therefore purely a matter of conjecture. The theories here put forward are substantially those received by most modern critics, but every reader is at liberty to form his own opinion.

Francis Meres, in the list of Shakespeare’s plays which he gives in the well-known passage of his Palladis Tamia (1598), mentions a comedy entitled Love labours wonne, and this immediately following Love labours lost. No other mention of this comedy has ever been found, and since Mere’s testimony to its existence is unimpeachable, we are left to make the best conjecture we can as to its fate. Has it been lost, or is it one of the plays which we now know by another name? That love’s Labour’s Won, an undoubted work of so popular a dramatist as Shakespeare, should have utterly disappeared, while Love’s Labour’s Lost has survived, is very unlikely; and there is every probability that, if it had so far escaped the printer, there would have been an acting copy in existence which the editors of the First Folio would have secured. But they have printed no play under this name, and we must, therefore, conclude that it is in some sense or other identical with one of the existing plays. Which play this was is a question which seems to have troubled nobody till Farmer in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare suggested that it was All’s Well That Ends Well, and although two or three others have been put forward,¹ no other has such strong claims.

There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of the supposition that Love’s Labour’s Won and All’s Well are absolutely identical. Considerations of style and metre forbid us to suppose that the latter in its present shape was written as early as 1598; if it was, we should have to put it earlier than such plays as Much Ado, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, none of which are mentioned by Meres, and which he could not fail to have pointed to, had he been acquainted with them, rather than to the “Gentlemen of Verona” and the “Errors” in order to prove Shakespeare’s excellence “for the stage.” But although the prevailing tone and style of All’s Well unquestionably indicate a later date than these three plays, there are good reasons for believing that it is an earlier play remodeled, and that this earlier play was the Love’s Labour’s Won of Meres. Love’s Labour’s Won was evidently considered by Meres to be a companion play to Love’s Labour’s Lost, and in All’s Well there are certain passages quite in the rhyming, balanced, somewhat artificial style of that play—passages which Mr. Fleay, who was the first to call attention to them, aptly terms “boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits.” The following is a list of them as picked out by Mr. Fleay, and among them, at the end of the play, may be noticed an expression of Helena suggestive of the old title:

This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

—Act v. 3, 314, 315.

¹ The Tempest, Hunter (impossible!); Much Ado, Brac; The Taming of the Shrew, Hertzberg.

Act i. 1. 231-244. Speech of Helena, preserved for its poetic worth; it is also very appropriate to
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

the situation, emphasizing, as it does, Helena's self-reliance and strength of purpose.

Act i. 3. 134-142. Nine lines spoken by the Countess, the first four in alternate rhymes.

Act ii. 1. 132-213. Dialogue between the King and Helena in continuous rhyme, quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and quite in Shakespeare's early style. The gradual yielding of the sick king to Helena's persuasions is well depicted, and it probably struck the author as a bit worth preserving.

Act ii. 3. 78-111. Rhymed lines spoken by the King, Helena, and the two lords, with prose comments by Lafc. inserted on the revision. Helena's choice of a husband, naturally a telling bit in the original play.

Act ii. 3. 132-151. Speech of the King, of which the same may be said.

Act iii. 4. 4-17, and iv. 3. 252-260. Two letters in the form of sonnets. "This sort of composition," says Mr. Fleay, "does not quite die out till the end of Shakespeare's Second Period, but it is very rare in that period, and never appears in the Third." It is, however, conceivable that Shakespeare may have resorted to this form for a letter by a poetical character like Helena, or a fantastic character like Parolles, even in his Third Period.

Act v. 3. 90-72, 291-294, 301-304, 314-319, 325-340. Rhyming bits, chiefly from the speeches of the King and Helena, the last, which includes the epilogue, forming a suitable finish to the play.

The above passages will be seen to be quite in Shakespeare's early style, as we find it in Love's Labour's Lost, the title of which play probably suggested that of Love's Labour's Won, and we cannot be far wrong in surmising that both plays were written about the same time, i.e. in the period 1590-92.1 The date at which the play was recast and appeared in its present shape of All's Well That Ends Well was probably the period 1601-1604. We should thus put it, with Professor Dowden and others, later than the romantic comedies Much Ado, As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, and earlier than the three great tragedies, Othello, Lear, and Macbeth, while we should bring it near to Measure for Measure, to which the conjectural date 1603 has been assigned.—a play which, apart from certain resemblances of incident, it resembles perhaps more closely than any other in "motif" and expression.

The source from which Shakespeare derived the story of All's Well is the story of Giletta of Narbona, which forms the Ninth Novel of the Third Day of the Decameron. He probably became acquainted with it through the translation in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566-67, but all that he derived from it was the outline of the plot. The name Giletta he changed to Helena, Beltramo he anglicized into Bertram; the other names, with the exception of that of Helena's father, Gerard de Narbon, are his own. Lafc. the Countess, the Steward, the Clown, and Parolles, are entirely his own creation, nor is there the slightest hint of the comic scenes in the original story, the extent of Shakespeare's obligation to which will be evident from the following analysis of it.

Giletta, the daughter of Gerado of Narbona, a physician, having been brought up in the family of the Count of Rossignone with his only son Beltramo, fell in love with Beltramo "more than was meete for a maiden of her age." On his father's death, Beltramo, as the king's ward, was sent to Paris, "for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife." Accordingly she watched for an opportunity of going herself to Paris and joining Beltramo, and at last, hearing that the king "had a swellynge upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was grown to a Fistula," and had abandoned all hope of cure, she thought that "if the disease were suche (as she supposed),easily to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbанд." So she "made a pouder of certain herbes, which she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris"(act i. sc. 1 and 3). Here she obtained an interview with the king, and "putte hym in confort, that she was able to heale hym, sayying: 'Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or grieve unto your highnesse, within eighte daies I will make you whole of this disease.' The kyng hearing her saie so, began to mocke her, sayying: 'How is it possible for thee, beynge a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renowned Phisicians in the worlde can not?'

1 In common with Love's Labour's Lost may be noticed the name Dumnain, All's Well, iv. 3. 290, &c.; and perhaps an allusion to the crazy Italian, Monarcho (see Love's Labour's Lost, Introduction), All's Well, i. 1. 118.
INTRODUCTION.

He thanked her, for her goodwill, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaille of any Phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: 'Sire, you dispise my knowledges, because I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunning of maister Gerard of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived.' The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: 'This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therfore, why should I disdain to prove her cunning?' Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a little space, without any offence or grief unto me.' And byeng determined to prove her, he said: 'Damosell, if thou dost not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wolt thou shall folowe thereof.' 'Sire,' said the maiden: 'Let me be kept in what guarde and keepynig you list: and if I doe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I do heale your grace, what recompence shal I have then?' To whom the kyng answered: 'Because thou art a maiden, and unmaried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promisse, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion.' To whom she answeread: 'Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in maringhe: But I will have suche a husbande, as I my selfe shall demaund: without presupposition to any of your children, or other of your bloudde.' (act ii. sc. 1). The king granted her request, and being cure by her even before the appointed time, told her to choose such a husband as she wished. Accordingly she chose Beltramo. The king, however, was very lothe to graunt him unto her: But becouse he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused him to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: 'Sir Counte, because you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retornne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell which I have appointed to be your wife.' To whom the Counte gave his humble thankes, and demaunded what she was? 'It is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medicines, hath healed me.' The Counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, 'Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self.' To whom the kyng said: 'Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faithe, which we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?' 'Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, because I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage.' 'Well you shall have her (said the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall heale a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladye of a greater house.' So Beltramo had to give way and was married to Giletta, but immediately after the marriage he begged leave to return home (act ii. sc. 3). 'And when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but took his journey into Thuscane, where understandyng that the Florentines, and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willingly received, and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a ceneine number of men, continuing in their service a longe tyme' (act iii. sc. 3). As for Giletta, she returned to Ronsillon, and governed the country very wisely for some time, hoping thereby to induce her husband to return to her. At last she sent to the count offering to leave the country, if that would satisfy him. His reply was, "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a somme in her armes, begotten by me." (act iii. sc. 2). Giletta, however, was not to be discouraged, and giving out that she intended to devote the rest of her days to a religious life, she left Ronsillon, "tellyng no man whither she went, and never rested, till she came to Florence (act iii. sc. 4): where by Fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self, with the state of a poore
pilgrime, desires to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with her companie. And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demandedd of the good wife of the house what he was; who answered that he was a strange gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossighione, a curtous knighte, and wellbeloved in the citie, and that he was mervelously in love with a neighbor of her, that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substance, nevertheless of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest Ladie (act iii. sc. 5). Giletta accordingly repairied to this lady, and with her laid the plot by which she was to fulfyll the two conditions which her husband had laid down (act iii. sc. 7). The lady got the ring from Beltramo, “although it was with the Countes ill will,” and having sent him word that her daughter was ready “to accomplishe his pleasure,” she substituted Giletta in her place (act iv. sc. 2). By way of recompensing the service the lady had done her, Giletta gave her five hundred pounds and many costly jewels “to marie her daughter” (act iv. sc. 4), and Beltramo having returned to Rousillon, she remained at Florence till she was “brought a bedde of twoe soones, which were verie like unto their father,” and “when she sawe tyme,” she took her journey to Rousillon, and appeared in her husband’s hall with her two sons in her arms just as he was about to sit down to table with a large company. She then produced the ring, and called upon Beltramo to recognize his children, and to receive her as his wife. This he could not refuse to do, but “abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and embraced and kissed her, acknowledging her againe for his lawfull wife (act v. sc. 3).”

STAGE HISTORY.

No record of the performance of All’s Well That Ends Well in Shakespeare’s time remains, nor do we find any mention of it among the plays performed on the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration, nor can any record be found of such a play as Love’s Labour’s Won having ever been acted. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that any manager thought it worth his while to bring this play forward on the stage, when it was produced for Mrs. Giffard’s benefit at the theatre in Goodman’s Fields (March 7, 1741), Mrs. Giffard taking the part of Helena, and her husband that of Bertram. The Paroles of this revival was Joseph Peterson, an actor of some note, who played Buckingham to Garrick’s Richard III. on the occasion of the latter’s first appearance at Goodman’s Fields, October 26, 1741; Miss Hippsley was the Diana; she, as well as Mrs. Giffard, were in the cast in Richard III. at Garrick’s début, the former as Prince Edward, the latter as Queen Anne.

Davies, who does not seem to have known of the performance at Goodman’s Fields, says that this play, “after having lain more than a hundred years undisturbed upon the prompter’s shelf, was, in October, 1741, revived at the theatre in Drury Lane” (Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 7). It was really on the 22nd January, 1742, that this production took place; a production attended by so many calamities to the actors that the play was termed by them “the unfortunate comedy.” On this first representation Mrs. Woffington, who played Helena, was taken so ill that she fainted on the stage during the first act (Genest, vol. iii. p. 645), and the part had to be read. The play was advertised for the following Friday, but had to be deferred till February 16th in consequence of Milward’s illness. This illness was said to have been caused by his wearing too thin clothes in the part of the King which he played with great effect. He was seized with a shivering fit, and, when asked by one of his fellow-actors how he was, replied, “How is it possible for me to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington?” (Davies, vol. ii. p. 7). This illness soon terminated fatally, for on February 9th we find that there was a performance of All’s Well for the benefit of Milward’s widow and children. Davies says that Mrs. Ridout, “a pretty woman and a pleasing actress,” was taken ill and forbidden to act for a month, and that Mrs. Butler
"was likewise seized with a distemper in the progress of this play" (at supra, p. 9). Genest challenges the correctness of both these statements, on the ground that the names of these actresses appear in the bills for the remaining performances of this play; but, unless the habits of theatrical managers were different to what they are now, such a fact as the appearance of a name on the bills would not be a positive guarantee that the actor or actress so named did absolutely perform. Other troubles besides those occasioned by illness beset the production of this play. Fleetwood, the manager, had promised the part of Parolles to Macklin, but "Theophilus Cibber, by some sort of artifice, as common in theatres as in courts, snatched it from him to his great displeasure" (at supra, p. 9). Macklin had to content himself with the part of the clown. In spite of these fatalities and these contretemps this revival certainly seems to have been successful; for the comedy was repeated nine times; Delane taking the place of Milward. Berry's performance of Lafeu is much praised by Davies; nor does Cibber seem to have made the ridiculous failure in the part that might have been expected. When the piece was revived at Covent Garden, April 1st, 1746, Chapman succeeded Macklin as the clown; this actor was admitted to be the best representative of Shakespeare's clowns and of some other comic characters, but was the victim of a delusion that he could play tragedy; and he indulged this delusion in the theatre at Richmond which belonged to him, playing such parts as Richard III. to the utter ruin of his own property. This revival at Covent Garden was notable for the fact that Woodward first played Parolles, a part in which he is said to have been unequalled. Mrs. Pritchard was the Helena. The piece was produced again, under Garrick's management at Drury Lane, February 24, and March 2, 1756; probably owing to the instigation of Woodward, who was so fond of the part of Parolles that he revived this comedy on several occasions, not only in London but under his own management in Dublin. Mrs. Pritchard now exchanged the part of Helena for that of the Countess. On October 23rd, 1762, Woodward having left Garrick's company, King took the part of Parolles, Bertram being played by Palmer. On July 26, 1785, All's Well was produced at the Haymarket in three acts for the benefit of Bannister, jun., who played Parolles; Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated authoress, being the Countess, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Helena. On December 12, 1794, All's Well was produced, as arranged for the stage by John Kemble at Drury Lane. The cast included himself as Bertram, with King as Parolles and Mrs. Jordan as Helena. It was only played for one night. This play would seem to have been cast in 1793, as the first edition bears that date and contains Mrs. Siddons' name as the representative of Helena. On May 24, 1811, this version was again played under Charles Kemble's management; Fawcett playing Parolles and Munden Lafeu. The comedy seems, on the whole, to have been tolerably well received. It is said that Faw-cett's performance of Parolles was less successful than in 1793, as he is said to have been much influenced by J. F. Toole in his acting. On June 22nd, Kemble's alteration is a very good one. He has retained as much as possible of the original text, and has not introduced any embellishments of his own; but, by means of judicious excisions and a few ingenuous transpositions, he has made a very good acting version of the play. We do not find any further record of its performance except at Bath, May 23, 1820, when, according to Genest, "it was acted in a respectable manner" (vol. ix. p. 132). The last time that it was produced at a London theatre was in 1852, September 1st, when Phelps revived it at Sadlers Wells, Phelps himself taking the part of Parolles; but the revival was not very successful.

Although All's Well That Ends Well from the nature of its main story can never be a

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1 Fawcett's copy of Kemble's edition of this play dated 1811 is in my possession. It is marked, for stage purposes, as far as his own part is concerned; but the alterations and cuts are very few.—F. A. M.
popular play, we may hope some day to see its revival, if only for a short period, when any actor can be found of sufficient vivacity and impudence—coupled with a thorough knowledge of his art—to play the part of Parolles. At any rate the experiment of its revival might be worth trying at some of those matinées, at which such dismal and depressing experiments are wont to be made on the patience of the audience, and on the long-suffering endurance of the critics.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is no doubt that at a first reading All's Well That Ends Well is one of the least attractive of Shakespeare's plays; it has neither the freshness and sprightliness of the earlier comedies, nor the thrilling interest of the great tragedies which succeeded it. But on re-reading it its beauties rise into relief before us; and although we should undoubtedly gain much from a careful representation of it upon the stage, we can more easily afford to dispense with the actor's aid than in most plays. There are no telling situations, no stirring incidents, the action moves calmly and soberly to its conclusion, but our interest in the heroine carries us through. It is to Shakespeare's conception of her character, perhaps, that his choice of what might seem an unpromising subject is due; but every character in the play is sketched with a master's hand, and if some scenes are dramatically irrelevant, as, for instance, those in which the clown is introduced, they fulfil their purpose in the fresh lights which they throw upon the principal personages, each of whom is a finished portrait. There is no waste of words in this play: the whole is instinct with thought, and it is perhaps from the irrepressible reflective energy of the writer's mind that the number of obscurities of language arises.

Nothing can give a clearer notion of the genius of Shakespeare than a comparison between the bald, wooden narrative in the Palace of Pleasure and the picture which he has painted from it. The characters which he has adopted from his original are so transformed that they may be considered almost as much new creations as those which are wholly of his own invention. Compare Helena with the Giletta of the story. Of Giletta and her proceedings we have an unimpassioned straightforward narrative told in business-like fashion. We read of her love for Beltramo, and her desire to have him for a husband; of the conditions which he lays down, and of her fulfilment of them; we recognize in her a woman of a determined will, but we do not feel for her the love and admiration which we feel for Helena. Boccaccio retails the incidents, Shakespeare lets us into the secrets of the heart. Helena is his ideal of true womanhood, of true self-devotion, only equalled among all his heroines by Imogen and Hermione. The devotion of Helena is the key to the play, and as if to exalt it still higher, as if to emphasize the boundless capabilities of a woman's love, when once it has fastened itself upon an object, he has given it an object so unworthy as Bertram. Brought up with the young and handsome noble, we cannot wonder, though we may regret, that she has fallen in love with him; but regrettable as the passion of such a woman for such a man may be, when once she has given herself to him—

"I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power"—

she will shrink from nothing that may follow; she will save him even from himself.

It is but a superficial criticism that sees anything immodest in the conduct of Helena. She is not afraid to choose her husband, but her courage is equalled by her humility. She can meet adversity with resignation. When her hopes are dashed by the seeming refusal of the king to accept her offices she does not complain:

"My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you:
Humby entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again."

And when she is scornfully rejected by Bertram, although her claims have all the advantage of the king's powerful advocacy, she accepts the situation with a sigh which only too plainly indicates the painfulness of the effort:
INTRODUCTION.

"That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad: Let the rest go."

The same spirit of self-sacrifice animates her subsequent conduct. For Bertram she is ready to suffer anything. In obedience to his commands she returns home, but she will not stay there when she finds that her presence keeps him away:

"My being here it is that holds thee hence: Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offic'd all."

Yet she is not a woman who never tells her love, not one who sits like Patience on a monument smiling at grief. She is a woman, who, with all her gentleness and tenderness, combines an indomitable resolution. Although she has abandoned her home for her husband's sake, so assured is she of her power to help and preserve him, that she goes straight to Florence in search of him, where she may at least watch over him in her disguise, and perchance find some occasion of securing him. The occasion offers, and with the decision which is one of her characteristics, she seizes it at once, saves her husband from sin, and in the end, if she has not yet won his affection, is at any rate acknowledged by him as his lawful wife.

The loveliness of Helena is felt by every personage in the drama except Bertram and Parolles. In this respect the latter is not worth consideration; but Bertram, the son of a noble father and a gentle mother, might have been expected at least to recognize her worth. Every allowance must be made for his aristocratic prejudices, and above all, for the constraint put upon him in a matter in which no man brooks constraint—the choice of a wife; but we cannot but feel that he is throughout unworthy of such a woman as Helena, and, like Johnson, we cannot reconcile our hearts to him. Had he had the courage to brave the king's displeasure and refuse the wife proferred to him, we might have questioned his taste, but could not have condemned his conduct; but after once accepting her his action is inexcusable. If in the end he finds salvation it is through no merit of his own; the victim of a delusion for a worthless led-captain, he is cured by the device of his friends; false to his promises to the girl whose seducer he believed himself to be, he is rescued from meshes of his own deceit and from his sovereign's displeasure by the timely interposition of his wife. We are left to hope that under her guidance he will be led to better things.

Much of Bertram's shortcoming is attributed to Parolles, a snib-taffeta fellow with whose inducement the young nobleman corrupts a well-derived nature; and Parolles is indeed a pitiful rascal. An abject sneak and coward, he is the only thorough specimen of his class that Shakespeare has depicted. He has been compared with Falstaff, but the very idea is sacrilege; he has not a spark of the wit and the geniality which always gives us a kindly feeling for honest Jack. When he is exposed he feels no shame; he hags himself in his disgrace:

"Captain I'll be no more; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live."

Yet, like old Lafen, who was the first that "found" him, we are content to dismiss this miserable creature, not without compassion, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to."

A peculiar charm is lent to this play by the halo which it casts around old age. With this, as with all other phases of humanity, Shakespeare manifests his intense power of sympathy. The King, Lafen, and the Countess are each delightful in their way. The King, who joins a benevolent regard for the rising generation to his exulog of the past; Lafen with his dry genial humour; and above all, the aged Countess, the most admirable character of her class that Shakespeare has drawn for us. The scene in which she elicits from Helena the confession of her love for Bertram sets before us at once her calm matronly dignity, her womanly insight, and her sympathy with the emotions of a girlish heart; unlike her son she could see that nobility does not depend upon birth alone, and in Helena she could recognize "a maid too virtuous for the contempt of empire."
Scene I. Rousillon, in France. The hall of the Countess of Rousillon’s house.

Enter Bertram, the Countess of Rousillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew: but I must attend his majesty’s command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

_Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; — you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.

Count. What hope is there of his majesty’s amendment?

_Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o’er my father’s death anew. — (Act i. 1. 3, 4.)

ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.
Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon? 43

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises; her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; [for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity.] She derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness. 52

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it. 61

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

[Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

[Laf. How understand we that?]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father
In manners, as in shape: thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key; be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,
That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down, Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord;
'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, so Advise him.

1 Honesty, honourable position, claims to respect.
2 Share, go even with, be as great as.
3 Check'd, chidden.
Enter Parolles.

Par. Save you, fair queen!
Hel. And you, monarch!
Par. No. And no.
Par. Are you meditating on virginity?
Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricade it against him?
Par. Keep him out.
Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance. 128
Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.
Hel. Bless our poor virginity from under-miners and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?
Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion; away with 't! Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 136
Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offending against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't! Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?
Par. Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: of with 't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now. 2 Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek; and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 'tis a withered pear: will you any thing with it?
Hel. Not my virginity yet. There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 181 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptions christendoms; 3 That blinking Cupid gossips. 4 Now shall he— I know not what he shall:—God send him well!— The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—
Par. What one, 't faith?
Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—
Par. What's pity?
Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't, Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.  [Exit.]

1 Stain, tinge.
2 Wear not now, are not in fashion.
3 Adoptions christendoms, assumed Christian names or appellations.
4 Gossip, gives as a sponsor.
Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.
Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.
Par. Under Mars, 1.
Hel. I especially think, under Mars.
Par. Why under Mars?
Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars. 210
Par. When he was predominant.
Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.
Par. Why think you so?
Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.
Par. That’s for advantage.
Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well. 219
Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee a certainty. [1 will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier’s counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away.] farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [Exit. 230
Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our show designs when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose
What hath been cannot be: who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The King’s disease,—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixed, and will not leave me. [Exit.

[Scene II. Paris. The King’s palace.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th’ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A brave: war.

First Lord. So ’tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, ’tis most credible; we here receive it
A certainty, vouch’d from our cousin Austria,
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend?
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom.

Approv’d so to your majesty, may plead
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm’d our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What’s he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafau, and Parolles.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear’st thy father’s face;
Frank nature, rather curious than in haste.
Hath well compos’d thee. Thy father’s moral parts
Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.
Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty’s.
King. I would I had that corporal soundness now

1 Retrograde, in astronomy, means, seeming to move contrary to the succession of the signs.
2 Wear, fashion.
3 Fated, invested with the power of destiny.
4 Nature, congenial, kindred. 5 In sense, in thought.
6 Braving, defiant.
7 Our dearest friend, i.e. our cousin Austria.
8 Sick for, pining for.
9 Frank, bountiful.
10 Curious, careful.
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contemn nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception¹ bid him speak, and at this time

His tongue obey'd his² hand: who were below
him
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.³ Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now
But goers backward.

His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say,—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausive⁴ words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—"Let me not
live,"—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it⁵ was out,—"Let me not live," quoth he,

¹ Exception, disapprobation.
² His, its.
³ He humbled, he made himself humble.
⁴ Plausive, pleasing.
⁵ It, i.e. the pastime.
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff    50
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive1 senses
All but newthingsoldisland; whose judgmentsare
Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
Expire before their fashions:"—this he wish'd:
1, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Ser. Lord. You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it2 you shall lack3 you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long
is't, count,
Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet;—
Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:4—nature and sickness
 Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.

[Exeunt. Flourish.]

Scene III. The Countess of Rousillon's

garden.

Enter Countess, Steward, and Clowns.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to evant your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; [for then we wound our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deserving, when of ourselves we publish them.]

Count. What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah; [the complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavesies yours.]

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

1 Apprehensive, fantastic, fanciful.
2 He, love.
3 Lack, miss.
4 Applications, attempts at healing.

5 Ears, ploughs.
6 Jowl, thrust.
Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For I the ballad will repeat,
   Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
   Your cuckoo sings by kind.]

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. Nay, madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me; alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; [keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.]

Stew. Pray you, leave me: stell this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[Exit Steward.

Enter Helena.

[ Even so it was with me when I was young;
If ever we are nature's, these are ours; this
Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;
It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them
none.
Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now. ]

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

1 Next, nearest.  2 Fond, foolishly.
Why not a mother? [When I said a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: what’s in "mother."
That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were unwomb’d mine: ’tis often seen Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds.

A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You never oppress’d me with a mother’s giv’n, Yet I express to you a mother’s care:— God’s mercy, maiden! does it curl thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What’s the matter, That this distemper’d messenger of wet, The many-colour’d Iris, rounds thine eye? Why,—that you are my daughter?

Hle. That I am not. Count. I say, I am your mother. Hel. Pardon, madam, 100
The Count Ronsillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour’d name; No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die: He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother? Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were— So that my lord yourson was not my brother— Indeed my mother! or were you both our mothers, I care no more for than I do for heaven, So I were not his sister. Can’t no other, But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:
[God shield, you mean it not! “daughter” and “mother”
So strive upon your pulse.] What, pale again? My fear hath catch’d your fondness: now I see [The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears’ head: now to all sense ’tis gross] You love my son; invention is ashamed, Against the proclamation of thy passion, 189

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true; [But tell me then, ’tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, th’one to th’other; and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours, That in their kind 6 they speak it: only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is’t so?] If it be so, you’ve wound a greatly cleaw; If it be not, forswear’t: how’er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, 7 To tell me truly.

Hle. Good madam, pardon me! 190 Count. Do you love my son? Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress! Count. Love you my son? Hel. Do not you love him, madam? Count. Go not about; my love hath in’t a bond, 8 Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the full appreh’d. 9

Hel. Then, I confess. Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son:— My friends were poor, but honest; so’s my love: Be not offended: for it hurts not him, That he is lov’d of me: I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit; Nor would I have him till I do deserve him; Yet never know how that desert should be. [I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet in this capious and intemible 10 sieve I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore 211 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper, But knows of him no more. My dearest madam, Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do: but, if yourself, Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth, 11 Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

1 Native, kindred, as in i. 1. 238.
2 Both our mothers, the mother of both of us.
3 I care no more for, I care as much for, wish it equally.
4 Can’t no other. Can it not be otherwise, but that if I am your daughter, &c.
5 Grossly, palpably.
6 In their kind, in their way.
7 Avail, interest; compare iii. 1. 22. 8 Bond, obligation.
9 Appreh’d, informed against you.
10 Captious and intemible, capacious, and incapable of retaining.
11 Cites a virtuous youth, proves that you were no less virtuous when young.
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your fair
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies: }

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected
Forgeneral sovereignty,?[and that the will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive
More than they were in note, amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

FIRST LORD. It is our hope, sir,

After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let high Italy—
Those hated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

1 Sovereignty, efficacy. 2 Inclusive, comprehensive. 3 Render'd, said to be. 4 Conversation, intercourse. 5 Doctrine, learning. 6 Success, fortune. 7 Gain, profit. 8 Owes, owns. 9 Bated, beaten down, subdued.
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,

That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.  Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty! King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them:

They say, our French lack language to deny, If they demand: beware of being captives, Before you serve.

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings. King. Farewell.—Come hither to me. [Exit, attended.

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us! Par. 'Tis not his fault, the spark. Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars! Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with,—

"Too young," and "the next year," and "'tis too early."

Par. An thy mind stand to?, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,

Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry, Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count. Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles! Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spario, with his cicatrice,

an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.  Sec. Lord. We shall, noble captain. [Exit Lords. Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the king!

Re-enter King. Bertram and Parolles retire.

Par. [To Ber.] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list7 of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do mustert true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men. [Exit Bertram and Parolles.

Enter Lafieu.

Laf. [Kneeling] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. [Rising] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon. I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy gate,
And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 'tis thus;

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them: I've seen a medicine8

1 Questant, seeker, aspirant.
2 I am commanded here, i.e. to remain here.
3 Kept a coil with, made a fuss about.
4 A smock, used contemptuously for a woman.
5 Till honour be bought up, and therefore there is no more left to be gained.
6 For me, concerning me.
7 List, boundary, limit.
8 Medicine, physician.
ACT II. Scene 1.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT II. Scene 1.

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
Quick'en a rock, and make you dance canary
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
touch
Is powerful to arouse King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand, so
And write to her a love-line.

King. What "her" is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one
arriv'd,
If you will see her:—now, by my faith and
honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see
her,—
For that is her demand,—and know her busi-
ess?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
logues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him: A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[Exit.

1 Canary, a lively dance.  
2 Deliverance, utterance.

3 Profession, what she professes to be able to do.
ACT II. Scene 1.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;
Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one, Which, as the dearest issue of his practice, And of his old experience th' only darling, He bade me store up, as a triple eye, Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so: And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd With that malignant cause, wherein the honour Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power, I come to tender it, and my appliance, With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden; But may not be so credulous of cure, When our most learned doctors leave us, and The congregated college have concluded That labouring art can never ransom nature From her inaudible estate.—I say we must not So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady To empirics; or to dissever so Our great self and our credit, to esteem A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains: I will no more enforce mine office on you; Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts A modest one, to bear me back again. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful: Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live: But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part; I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try, Since you set up your rest, 'gainst remedy. He that of greatest works is finisher Oft does them by the weakest minister: So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown
From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied:
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;

Hel. Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid: Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him that all things knows, As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows;
But most it is presumption in us when The help of heaven we count the act of men. Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent; Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. I am not an imposter, that proclaim Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure, My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace, Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring; Ere twice in morn and occidental damp Moist Hesper's bath quench'd his sleepy lamp; Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass; What is inform from your sound parts shall fly, Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A trumpeter's boldness, a divulged shame,— Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name Scar'd otherwise; my, worse—if worse—extended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

1 Set up your rest, are resolved.
2 Holy writ, Matthew xi. 25, or Daniel i. 17 and ii. 48, 49.
His powerful sound within an organ weak:  
And what impossibility would say  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate  
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,—  
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all  
That happiness and prime can happy call:  
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate  
Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.  
Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,  
That ministers thine own death, if I die.  

_Hel._ If I break time, or flinch in property  
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;  
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee;  
But, if I help, what do you promise me?  

_King._ Make thy demand.  

_Hel._ But will you make it even?  

_King._ Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of heaven.  

_Hel._ Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand  
What husband in thy power I will command:  
Exempted be from me the arrogance  
To choose from forth the royal blood of France,  
My low and humble name to propagate  
With any branch or image of thy state;  
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know  
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.  

_King._ Here is my hand; the premises observ'd,  
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:  
So make the choice of thy own time; for I,  
Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely.  
More should I question thee, and more I must,—  
Though more to know could not be more to trust,—  
From whence thou came'st, how tended on:  
but rest  

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—  
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed  
As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.  

_Flourish. Exeunt._

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Scene II. Rousillon. The hall of the Countess's house.  

_Enter Countess with a letter, and Clown._  

_Coun._ Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the height of your breeding.  

_Clo._ I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught: I know my business is but to the court.  

_Coun._ To the court! why, what place make you special, when you put off that with such contempt? But to the court!  

_Clo._ Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may easily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.  

_Coun._ Marry, that's a bountiful answer that fits all questions.  

_Clo._ It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks,—the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.  

_Coun._ Will your answer serve fit to all questions?  

_Clo._ As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffeta punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean to a wrangling knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, may, as the pudding to his skin.  

_Coun._ Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?  

_Clo._ From below your duke to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.  

_Coun._ It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.  

_Clo._ But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to 't. Ask me if I am a courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.  

_Coun._ To be young again, if we could:—
will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—there’s a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to ’t, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequel to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to ’t.

Clo. I ne’er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, To entertain ’t so merrily with a fool.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—why, ’tis serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this, And urge her to a present answer back: Commend me to my kinsmen and my son: This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. 

Count. Not much employment for you; you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.]


Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make mo-

dern and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, ’tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so ’tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there ’tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as ’tis were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That ’s it; I would have said the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: for me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, ’tis strange, ’tis very strange, that is the brief and the tidings of it; and he ’s of a most facinerious spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say.

[Laf. In a most weak—[pausing] and debile minister great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[pausing] generally thankful.

Par. I would have said it;] you say well.—
Here comes the king.

1 Bound to ’t, destined to undergo it.

2 Modern, commonplace.

3 Causeless, for which no cause can be assigned.

4 Fear, object of fear. 5 Transcendence, superiority.

6 Generally, not for one person only, but universally.
Enter King, Helena, and Attendants. Lafeu and Parolles retire.  

Laf. Lustig, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto. Peruse

Par. Mort du vinagre! is not this Helen?  

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.  

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—  

[Exit an Attendant.  

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;  
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense  
Thou hast repea'ld, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.  

Enter three or four Lords.  

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youth-ful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make;  
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.  

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!  

Laf. I'll give bay Curtal and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,  
And writ as little beard.  

King. Peruse them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.  

Hel. Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health.  

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.  

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That I protest I simply am a maid.—  
Please it your majesty, I've done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

"We blush that thou should'st choose; but, be refus'd,  
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;  
We'll ne'er come there again."  

King. Make choice; and see,  
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.  

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs stream.—[

[To First Lord] Sir,  
will you hear my suit?  

First Lord. And grant it.  

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.  

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.  

Hel. [To Sec. Lord] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes and her humble love!  

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.  

Hel. My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave.  

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs.  

Hel. [To Third Lord] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!  

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em.  

Hel. [To Fourth Lord] You are too young,  
too happy, and too good.  
To make yourself a son out of my blood.  

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.  

Laf. There's one grape yet.—I am sure thy father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.  

Hel. [To Bertram] I dare not say I take you; but I give  
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

1 Lustig, cheerful.  
2 Coranto, a quick lively dance.  
3 Curtal, a horse with a docked tail.  
4 Be refus'd, if thou art refused.  
5 The rest is mute, I have no more to say to you.

25
ACT II. Scene 3.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord; But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down.

Must answer for your raising? I know her well: She had her breeding at my father's charge.

A poor physician's daughter! my wife!—Disdain!

Rather corrupt me ever!

King. Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the which
I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty. If she be
All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:

[From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:
Where great additions swell's, and virtue none,
It is a drop'd honours; good alone
Is good without a name. Vileness is so:
The property by what it is should go,
Not by the title.] She is young, wise, fair;
In these to nature she's immediate heir;
And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire; honours thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than from our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave

1 Disdain, overweening pride of my own.
2 Corrupt, deprave.
3 Stand off, keep at a distance from each other.
4 Swell's, swell us.
5 Debosh'd, debased.

A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,
I can create the rest: virtue and she
Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I'm glad:
Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat,
I must produce my power. Here, take her hand,
Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision shackle up
My love and her desert; [that canst not dream,
We, poising us in her defective scale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow.] Check thy contempt;
Obey our will, which travails in thy good:
[Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy duty owes and our power claims;]
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the staggers and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate
Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider
What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,
Is, as I were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand.
ACT II. Scene 3.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate
shall more attend upon the coming space, 188
A balance more replete.
Expecting absent friends.] As thou lov'st her,
Ber.
I take her hand.
Thy love's to me religious; 1
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
Ber. I take her hand.
Thy love's to me religious; 1
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
King. Good fortune and the favour of the
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,
Expecting absent friends.] As thou lov'st her,
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master
Ber. I take her hand.
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Thy love's to me religious; 1
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master
Ber. I take her hand.
Thy love's to me religious; 1
Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Lafl. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Lafl. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Lafl. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser—

Lafl. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a snare of the contrary. [If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.] I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Lafl. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: [for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. ]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he be double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafecu.

Lafl. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Lafl. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Lafl. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Lafl. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile.

Re-enter Bertram.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, That would be known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

1 Taking up, rebuking, contradicting.  
2 In the default, at a need.  
3 As I will by thee, i.e. as I will pass by thee.  
4 Forfeited, forsaken, abandoned.  
5 Would be requires to be.
He wears his honour in a box unseen,  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Of Mars's fiery steed.]

To other regions! France is a stable!  
Therefore, to the war!  

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.  
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow  
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.  

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it. — 'Tis hard;  
A young man married is a man that's marrid;  
Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go;  
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 'tis so.  

[Exeunt.}

1 Kicky-wicky, a playful term for a wife.

2 Capriccio, properly an Italian word = fancy.
ACT II. Scene 1

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly; the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man: for many a man's tongue shakes out his master'sundoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away; thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, f'faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; A very serious business calls on him.

[The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint, Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, Which they distil now in the curbed time, To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.]

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable.3

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [Exit Par.] Come, sirrah.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V. Paris. Another apartment in the palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant appro.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial1 goes not true: I took this lark for a hunting.

[ Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sworn against his experience, and transgressed against his valour;

And my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.] Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To Bertram] These things shall be done, sir.

[ Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I; sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.]

Ber. [Aside to Par.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. [Aside to Ber.] She is.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] Will she away to-night?

Par. [Aside to Ber.] As you'll have her.

Ber. [Aside to Par.] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

1 To a compell'd restraint, by referring to a compulsory abstinence.

2 The curbed time, the time of restraint.

3 Probable need, a specious appearance of necessity.

---Johnson. 4 Dial, watch.
Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin.

Laf. [A good traveller is something at the
latter end of a dinner;] but one that lies three-
thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thou-
sand nothings with, should be once heard, and
thrice beaten. — God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my
lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to
run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't,
boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped
into the custard; and out of it you'll run again,
rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my
lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took
him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord;
and believe this of me, there can be no kernel
in this light nut; the soul of this man is his
clothes: I trust him not in matter of heavy con-
sequence; I have kept of them tame, and know
their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have
spoken better of you than you have or will
to deserve at my hand; but we must do good
against evil.] — Exit.

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common
speech
Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my
clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from
you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his
leave
For present parting; only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
[Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat
you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you:
For my respects are better than they seem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my
mother:

[Now.]

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have
fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—no-
thing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—

Faith, yes:—

Strangers and foes do sm德尔, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to
horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good
my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—

Farewell. — Exit Helena.

Gothan toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! — 

[Exeunt.

* Something at the latter end of a dinner, i.e. for the
sake of his traveller's tales.
* Parting, departing.
* Musc, wonder.
* Respects, motives; that to which I have respect, or
regard, in acting as I do.
* Appointments, engagements.
ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace’s part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
 Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion: therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess’d.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of our nature,
That surfeit on their case, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us
Shall on them settle. You know your places well;
When better fall, for your avail they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [Flourish. Exit.]

Scene II. Roussillon. The hall of the Countess’s house.

Enter Countess with letter, and Clown.

Count. [Having read Helena’s letter] It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a man that had this trick of melancholy sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. [Opening a letter.

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Ishels o’ the country are nothing like your old ling and your Ishels o’ the court: the brains of my Cupid’s knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E’en that you have there. [Exit.

Count. [Reads] “I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have walled her, not hedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, Bertram.”

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to; that’s the loss of men, though it be the getting of children.] Here they come will tell you more: for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [Exit.

1 Motion, perception, intuition. 2 Avails, profit. 3 Ling, a fish (Gadus morhua).
Enter Helena with a letter, and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.
Het. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.
Sec. Gent. Do not say so.
Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,—
I've felt so many quirks^1 of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman unto 't:—where is my son, I pray you?
Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the
Duke of Florence:
\[\text{[We met him thitherward; for thence we came,}
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,}
Thither we bend again.\]
Het. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
passport.

[Reads]
"When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, [and show me a
child begotten of thy body that I am father to,]
then call me husband: but in such a then I write a
never."

This is a dreadful sentence.
Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?
First Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.
Count. I pray thee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thon robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he?
Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.
Count. And to be a soldier?
Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and,
believe 't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience^2 claims.
Count. Return you thither?
First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest
wing of speed.
Het. [Reads] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France."
'Tis bitter.
Count. Find you that there?
Het. Ay, madam.

[^1 Quirks, humours. ^2 Convenience, propriety.]

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[First Gent. 'Tis but the boldness of his
hand, haply, which his heart was not consenting to.] 80
Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend
upon,
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with
him?
First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.
Count. Parolles, was't not?
First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.
Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.
My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.3
[First Gent. Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.
Count. ] Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.
Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.
Count. Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies.
Will you draw near?
[Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.
Het. "Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France."
Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in
France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is 't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou 100
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? [O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

[^3 With his inducement, owing to his instigation. ^4 Holds, considers, judges.]
Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing\(^1\) air,  
That sings with piercing; do not touch my lord:  

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;  
Whoever charges on his forward breast,  
I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;  
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause

**Scene III. Florence. Before the Duke’s palace.**


*Duke.* The general of our horse thou art;  
and we,  
Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence  
Upon thy promising fortune.  

*Ber.* Sir, it is  
A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet  
We’ll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,  
To th’ extreme edge of hazard.  

*Duke.* Then go thou forth;  
And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,  
As thy auspicious mistress!  

*Ber.* This very day,  
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file;  
Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove  
A lover of thy drum, hater of love.  

**Scene IV. Rousillon. Hall in the Countess’s house.**

*Enter Countess and Steward.*

*Count.* Alas! and would you take the letter of her?  
Might you not know she’d do as she has done,  
By sending me a letter? Read it again.  

*Stew.* [Reads]  

“I am Saint Jaques’ pilgrim, thither gone:  
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,  
That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,  
With painted vows my faults to have amended.  
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war  
My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:  
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far  
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.”
His taken labours bid him me forgive;

12 I, his despeteful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger does the heales of worth;
He is too good and fair for death and me;

Whom1 I myself embrace, to set him free.”

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice2 so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she
writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve of him the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messenger:—
My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. [Exeunt.]

Scene V. Florence. Before the gates.

A distant march.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

1 Whom, i.e. death. 2 Advice, consideration, discretion.

Diu. They say the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their greatest commander; and that with his own hand he slew the duke’s brother. [Distant march.] We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions3 for the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; [their promises, enticements, oaths,

3 Suggestions, incitements, temptations.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France,
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking: think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.
Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count
Reports but coarsely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monsieur Parolles.
Hel. O, I believe with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.  
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.
Wil. I war'n't, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid
might do her
A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the amorous count solicits her
In the unlawful purpose.
Wil. He does indeed;
And broke with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honestest defence.
Mar. The gods forbid else!
Wil. So, now they come:—

Flourish of trumpets.

Enter Bertram, Parolles, and the whole army.

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow:

1 Succession, i.e. their following the example of others who have been wrecked before them.
2 ample, fully.
3 In argument of praise, as for praise.
4 To, in comparison with.
5 Examined, called in question.
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest, he were much goodlier: is't not a handsome gentleman? 83

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that same knife [pointing at Parolles] That leads him to these passes: were I his lady, I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt; the battle. 90

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: look, he has spied us.

Wed. Harry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[Exit Bertram, Parolles, and army.

Wed. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you Where you shall host.² of enjoin'd penitents There's four or five, to Great Saint Jaques³ bound, Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you. Please it this matron and this gentle maid To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking Shall be for me; and, to requite you further, I will bestow some precepts of this virgin Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exit.

SCENE VI. A room in Bertram's lodgings.

Enter Bertram and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't; let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a hilding,¹ hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most

notable coward, an infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your lordship's entertainment.⁵

[First Lord. It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might at some great and trusty business, in a main danger, fail you.]

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

First Lord. None better than to let him fetch off his drum, which you hear him so confidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure, he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination: if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

[First Lord. O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he says he has a stratagem for 't: when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in 't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.]-Here becomes:

Sec. Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.⁶

Enter Parolles.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on 't, let it go; 't is but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is 't but a drum? A drum so lost!—There was excellent command,—to charge in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our own soldiers!

¹ Passes, courses.
² Host, lodge.
³ Jaques, dissyllable here, as in iii. 4. 4, and elsewhere.
⁴ Hilding, a base fellow.
⁵ Entertainment, service, as in iv. i. 17.
⁶ In any hand, in any case.
ACT III. Scene 6.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

[First Lord. That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cesar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.] 1

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or hie jacet. 3

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it. 78

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: [and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation; 4 and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership, 5 will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. 90

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water.

—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; dares himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do it?

[First Lord. You do not know him, my lord, as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after. ]

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Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: 6 [but we have almost embossed him, 7— you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.]

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case 8 him. He was first smoked 9 by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. 120

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

ThelassI spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once,

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her,

By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, 8

Tokens and letters which she did re-send;

And this is all I've done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. 129

[Exit.

SCENE VII. Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter Helena and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds 9 I work upon.

1 Hie jacet, here lies 2 Stomach, inclination.
3 My mortal preparation, my preparation for death.
4 To the possibility of thy soldiership, as far as the matter depends on what thy soldiership may possibly accomplish.
5 Embossed him, inclosed him like game.
6 Case, hay, strip.
7 Smoked, smelled out, found out.
8 We have i' the wind, we have scent of.
9 Grounds, foundations.
ACT III. Scene 7. ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. ACT III. Scene 7.

Wid. Though my estate be fall’n, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you. First, give me trust, the count he is my husband,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken Is so from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you; For you have show’d me that which well approves You’re great in fortune.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further.—(Act iii. 7. 1, 2.)

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay and pay again, When I have found it. The count he woos your daughter, Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolv’d to carry her: let her, in fine, consent, As we’ll direct her how ’tis best to bear it; Now his important blood will naught deny That she’ll demand: a ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe’er repented after.

Wid. Now I see The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more, But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent: after this,

---

1 Bear, manage, execute.  2 Important, importunate.
To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wild. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall persever,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics\(^1\) of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads\(^2\) us 41

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:\(^3\)
But let's about it. \([\text{Exit.}]\)

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ACT IV.

**Scene I. The French camp before Florence.**

*Enter Second French Lord, with five or six other Soldiers in ambush.*

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but
by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon
him, speak what terrible language you will,—
though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter; for we must not seem to understand
him, unless some one among us, whom we
must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the in-
terpreter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him?
knows he not thy voice? 11

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast
thon to speak to us again?

First Sold. Een such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of
strangers: the adversary's entertainment.
Now, he hath a smack of all neighbourling
languages; therefore we must every one be a
man of his own fancy, not to know what we
speak one to another; so we seem to know,
is to know straight our purpose: choughs' lan-
guage, gabble enough, and good enough. As
for you, interpreter, you must seem very poli-
tic.—But couch, ho! here he comes,—to be-
guile two hours in a sleep, and then to return
and swear the lies he forges. 29

*Enter Parolles.*

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours
't will be time enough to go home. What shall

\(^1\) Musics, bands of musicians,

\(^2\) It nothing steeds, it is of no use.

---

I say I have done? It must be a very plau-
sive invention that carries it: they begin to
smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked
too often at my door. I find my tongue is too
foolhardly; but my heart hath the fear of Mars
before it and of his creatures, not daring the
reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] This is the first truth that
er'thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to
undertake the recovery of this drum, being
not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing
I had no such purpose? I must give myself
some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet
slight ones will not carry it; they will say,
"Came you off with so little?" and great ones
I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the in-
stance?\(^4\) Tongue, I must put you into a but-
ter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these
perils.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] Is it possible he should
know what he is, and be that he is? 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments
would serve the turn, or the breaking of my
Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring\(^5\) of my beard; and to
say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. [Aside] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was
stripped—


Par. Though I swore I leaped from the
window of the citadel— 61

\(^3\) Fact, crime.

\(^4\) Instance, proof.

\(^5\) Baring, shaving.
Sec. Lord. [Aside] How deep?  
Par. Thirty fathom.  
Sec. Lord. [Aside] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.  
Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy’s: I would swear I recovered it.  
Sec. Lord. [Aside] You shall hear one anon.  

[Drum beats without.]

Par. A drum now of the enemy’s!  
Sec. Lord. Throca movensus, cargo, cargo, cargo.  
All. Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.  
Par. O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes.  
[They seize and blindfold him.]

First Sold. Boskos tromuldo boskos.

Par. Within these three hours ’twill be time enough to go home.—[Act iv. 1. 27, 28.]

Par. I know you are the Muskos’ regiment; And I shall lose my life for want of language: If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch, Italian, or French, let him speak to me; I will discover that which shall undo The Florentine.  
First Sold. Boskos vornado:—  
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—Kerelybonto:—sir, Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.  
Par. O!

Sec. Lord. Oscorbiduchos colivoreco.  
First Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet; And, hoodwink’d as thou art, will lead thee on To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform Something to save thy life.  
Par. O, let me live! And all the secrets of our camp I’ll show, Their force, their purposes; may, I’ll speak that Which you will wonder at.  
First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
Par. If I do not, damn me.
First Sold. Acorde linta:—
Come on; thou art granted space.
[Exit, with Paroles guarded by four Soldiers. Drum beats without.
Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled.
Till we do hear from them.
Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.
Sec. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:—
Inform on that.
Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.
First Lord. Till then I’ll keep him dark and safely lock’d.
[Exeunt.

Scene II. Florence. A room in the Widow’s house.

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.
Día. No, my good lord, Diana.
Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
[When your sweet self was got. 10
Día. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.]
Día. No:
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o’ that,—
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell’d to her; but I love thee
By love’s own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.
Día. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.
Ber. How have I sworn!
Día. ‘Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vow’d true.
[What is not holy, that we swear not by;
But take the High’st to witness: then pray you,]
tell me.]
If I should swear by God’s great attributes,
I lov’d you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill! This has no holding,
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths
Are words and poor conditions, but unseal’d,
At least in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it;
Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne’er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover; say thou’rt mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so perséver.
Día. I see that men make ropes in such a scarce,
That we’ll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I’ll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power
To give it from me.
Día. Will you not, my lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i’ the world
In me to lose.
Día. Mine honour’s such a ring:
My chastity’s the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i’ the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.
Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I’ll be bid by thee.

1 Muffled, blindfolded.
2 Barely leave, leave bare, naked.
3 Holding, binding force, validity.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT IV. Scene 2.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall
know them
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.
Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I've won by wooing thee. [Exit.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!
You may so in the end.—
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men have the like oaths; [he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried.] Since Frenchmen are so braid,1
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [Exit.

Scene III. The Florentine camp.
Enter the two French Lords.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?
Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since; there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.
First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady.
Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty2 to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.
Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; [and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour:] he hath given her his monumental3 ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Scene. I have delivered it an hour since.—(Act iv. 3. 3.)

First Lord. [Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we! Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.
First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?]
We shall not, then, have his company tonight!

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace; I would gladly have him see his company\(^1\) anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously\(^2\) he had set this counterfeit.\(^3\)

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Roussillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?\(^4\)

First Lord. The stronger part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death; her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

Sec. Lord. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

\(^1\) Company, companion. \(^2\) Curiously, carefully. \(^3\) Counterfeit, false coin, i.e. Parolles. \(^4\) Justified, proved. \(^5\) Stronger, more certain.

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First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master?

Sec. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.

[Exit.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.]

Enter Bertram.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:\(^6\) I have congied\(^7\) with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained\(^8\) my convey; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effect'd many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,\(^9\) has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. [Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.]

\(^6\) An abstract of success, a few brief successful strokes. \(^7\) Congied, taken leave. \(^8\) Entertained, engaged. \(^9\) Counterfeit module, delusive image.
Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed her milk; he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a' ? 129

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Ber. A plague upon him! [looking off']. Muffled! he can say nothing of me.—Hush, hush!

Enter the six Soldiers, bringing in Parolles blindfolded.

First Lord. Hoodman comes!—Portortarosa.

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more.

First Sold. Bosko chimarcho.

First Lord. Boldibindo chicarmurco.

First Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [Reads] "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this!

First Lord. You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoretic of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape5 of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

[Par. But I can him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

First Sold. [Reads] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot."4 What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: [Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiliano, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chito- pher, Vainmond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each; so that] the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Par. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition,2 and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [Reads] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertise in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

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1 Shed, upset. 2 Hoodman, Parolles blindfolded.

5 Chape, the metal tip at the end of the scabbard.
4 A foot, i.e. in infantry. 6 Condition, character.
Par. I know him: a' was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrive's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 214

[First Lord (Dumiain) lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search. 229

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

First Sold. Here 'tis: here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [Reads] 238

"Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Ronsillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again. [Bertram lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; [for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.] 250

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [Reads]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it; After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;
He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;
And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this.
Men are to mell1 with, boys are not to kiss:
For count of this,2 the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thine in thine ear, 260
Parolles." 269

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in's forehead.

See. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 259

[First Lord whispers to the Soldier.

Par. [Falls on his knees] My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, it the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumiain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty? 279

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: [drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.] I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

First Lord. I begin to love him for this. [Ber. For this description of thine honesty?]

A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.]
First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, has led\(^1\) the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Ber. Ootl morrow, noble captain.—(Act iv. 3. 349.)

Par. Sir, for a cardecue\(^2\) he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, [the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.]

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve

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\(^1\) Led, carried.

\(^2\) Cardecue, quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown = fifteen pence.
well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die [Parolles groans]: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head. 342

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [Unmuffling him. So, look about you: know you any here! [All laugh, and bow mockingly to Parolles. Ber. Good morrow, noble captain. 349

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I’d compel it of you: but fare you well. [Exit Bertram and Lords, laughing.

First Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on’t yet. 359

Par. [Rising] Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. [If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.] Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [Exit with Soldiers.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
’T would burst at this. Captain I’ll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall: simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a bragart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass, That every bragart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword: cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame! being fool’d, by foolery thrive! There’s place and means for every man alive. I’ll after them. [Exit.

Scene IV. Florence. Room in the Widow’s house.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong’d you, One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety; ’fore whose throne ’tis needful, Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel: Time was, I hid him a desired office, Dear almost as his life; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar’s bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks: I duly am inform’d His grace is at Marseilles; to which place We have convenient convey. You must know, I am supposed dead: the army breaking, My husband lies him home; where, heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We’ll be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter’s dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But, O strange men! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen’d thoughts Defiles the pitchy night: so lust doth play With what it loathes, for that which is away; But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Diu. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you: But, with the word, the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away; Our wagon is prepar’d, and time revives us:

1 Breaking, disbanding.
2 Motice, instrument.
3 Impositions, injunctions.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT IV. Scene 4.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's the crown;
What'ever the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. Rousillon. Hall of the Countess's house.

Enter Countess, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipt-taffeta fellow there, whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creat-

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1 A snipt-taffeta fellow, a fellow who wore ribbons or snippings of taffeta—Lafeu's contemptuous allusion to Parolles' fine clothes. Compare ii. 5. 18-21.

2 Herb of grace, rue.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his person is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; alias, the prince of darkness; alias, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, that his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee.] Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.²

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it?

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

[Exit. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.]

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: [his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livary of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. [Exit Countess and Lafew.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man. [Exit.

1 Suggest, seduce.
2 Unhappy, roguish.
3 No pace, no settled, orderly habits.
4 Carbonadoed, disfigured with cuts.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V.

SCENE I. The coast of France, near Marseilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you’ve made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;—

Enter a Gentleman.

Hel. This man may help me to his majesty’s ear,
If he would spend his power.

Gent. God save you, sir.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall’n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues; for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What’s your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The king’s not here.

Hel. Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence remov’d last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All’s well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means unfit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;

Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.
been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddied in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.

[Exit.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me to do, 'tis too late to pare her nails now. [Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?] There's a cardecue for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

[Exit."

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1 Allow the wind, don't stop it, stand to the leeward of me.

2 Ingenious, conscious how contemptible he is.
Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. [You beg more than "word," then.—] Cox! my passion! give me your hand:—how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! [dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.] [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you.  [Exeunt.

Scene III. Rousillon. A room in the Countess's house.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high² bent upon him, 10 And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;— We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition:—let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 'tis our will he should.

First Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I've letters sent me 30 That set him high in fame.

Re-enter First Lord, ushering in Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,² For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail In me at once: but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. [Kneeling] My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole;  [Bertram rises.

Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue:

[Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contemplt his scornful perspective³ did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; Extended or contracted all proportions]

1 Cox, God's (disguised form of the word).
2 High, violently.
3 A day of season, a seasonable day.
4 Perspective, an optical glass. 5 Favour, features.
To a most hideous object: theence it came
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excuse'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away
From the great compt: but love that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sinner turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." [Our rush faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.]

Be this sweet Helen's knoll, and now forget her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin:
The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see ourwidower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear heaven, bless!
Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse! 2

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—

[Bertram gives Lafew a ring.

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessity to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave 4 her
Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign, Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life, I've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, 5 and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd 6
In heavy satisfaction, 7 and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Phutus himself, That knows the tinct 7 and multiplying medici-
Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough en-
forcement
You got it from her: she call'd the saints to
surety
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,— 110
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love
mine honour;
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove

4 Reave, bereave, deprive.
5 Subscribe'd to mine own fortune, acknowledged how matters stood with me.
6 Heavy satisfaction, sorrowful acquiescence.
7 Tinct, tincture.
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,  
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close 
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe, 
More than to see this ring.—Take him away. —
[Guards seize Bertram.  
[My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall, 
Shall tax my fears of little vanity, 
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him!—]  
We'll sift this matter further.  

Ber. If you shall prove 
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy 
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence, 
Where yet she never was. [Exit, guarded.  

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thoughts.  

Enter a Gentleman.  
Gent. Gracious sovereign, 
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not: 
[Presenting a letter to the King.  
Here's a petition from a Florentine, 
Who hath for four or five removes come short 
To tender it herself. I undertook it, 
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech 
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know, 
Is here attending: [her business looks in her 
With an importing visage; and she told me, 
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern 
Your highness with herself.]  

King. [Reads] "Upon his many protestations 
to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to 
say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a 
widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking 
no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice: 
grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a 
seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone. 

Diana Capulet."  

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, 
and toll for this:  
I'll none of him.  

King. The heavens have thought well on 
thee, Lafen,  
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these 
suitors:—  
Go speedily and bring again the count.  
[Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.  

1 Removes, stages of her journey; for she failed to 
over-take the king.  
2 Importing, significant.  
3 Tell, pay toll.  

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady,  
Was founly snatch'd.  

Count. Now, justice on the doers!  

Re-enter Bertram, guarded.  

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are mon-
sters to you, 
And that you fly them as you swear them 
lordship, 
Yet you desire to marry.  

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow and 
Diana.  

What woman's that?  

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine, 
Derived from the ancient Capulet: 
My suit, as I do understand, you know,  
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.  

Wil. I am her mother, sir, whose age and 
honour 
Both suffer under this complaint we bring; 
And both shall cease, without your remedy.  

King. Come hither, count: do you know 
these women?  

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny 
But that I know them: do they charge me 
further?  

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your 
wife?  

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.  

Dia. If you shall marry, 
You give away this hand, and that is mine;  
You give away heaven's vows, and those are 
mine;  

You give away myself, which is known mine;  
For I by vow am so embodied yours, 
That she which marries you must marry me,— 

Either both or none.  

Laf. [To Bertram] Your reputation comes 
too short for my daughter; you are no hus-
band for her.  

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate 
creature, 
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your 
highness  
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour 
Than for to think that I would sink it here.  

4 Cease, come to an end, perish.
ACT V. Scene 3.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to friend
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. [Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King.] What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, 191
[Showing it to the King and Countess.
Whose high respect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[Exit Lafeu.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd; 207
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
And board'd her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Maddling my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her own suit, coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;

[And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.]

Dia. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. 4 I pray you yet,— 221
Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story, then, goes false, you threw it him 229
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle 6 shrewdly, every feather
starts you.—

Re-enter LAFEU with PAROLLES.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—
By him and by this woman here what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he love this woman?

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave,—
What an equivocal companion 8 is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's command.

1 Validity, value. 2 Debosh'd, debased. 3 Modern, modish. 4 Diet me, put me under strict treatment. 5 Boggle, start aside, swerve. 6 Companion, contemptuously, as we use fellow.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V. Scene 3.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew which of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways, How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave't him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hast this ring, Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty:

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [She gives Widow the ring.]—Stay, royal sir:—[Exit Widow.]

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:

He knows himself my bed he hath defil'd; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:

So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick: And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter Widow, with Helena.

King. Is there no exorcist Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes? Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord; 'T is but the shadow of a wife you see, The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both:—O, pardon!

Hel. [O my good lord, when I was like this maid, I found you wondrous kind.] There is your ring; And, look you, here's your letter; this it says: "When from my finger you can get this ring, And are by me with child, &c." This is done: Will you be mine, now you are doubly won? Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly, I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
ACT V. Scene 3.

**All's Well That Ends Well.**

_Hel._ If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
_[To Countess]_ O my dear mother, do I see you living?

_Laf._ Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—
_[To Parolles]_ Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

_King._ Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—
_[To Diana]_ If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;

For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,

Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly 1 more leisure shall express: 322
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

_[Flourish._

**Epilogue.**

_[The king's a beggar, now the play is done: All is well ended, if this suit be won, That you express content; which we will pay, With strife to please you, day exceeding day: Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts; Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts._

[Exeunt.]

1 _Resolvedly, clearly._
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. DRAMATIS PERSONAE. The Dramatis Personae of this play have been left, either through oversight or through the haste with which the play was written, in a very confused and unsatisfactory condition as far as the naming of them goes. We have at least four important speaking characters who have no names at all, viz. the First and Second Lord, the First Soldier, and the Gentleman attached to the French court who aids Helena in her suit to the king (v. 1): besides these we have Two Gentlemen belonging to the French army (iii. 2.), and the usual quantity of nameless lords and gentlemen. In the case of the French lords who accompany Bertram to the war, the omission seems the more singular, because from iv. 3. 199-324 we learn that they were two brothers, and that their names were Dumain. In the edition which Kemble prepared for the stage we find no less than five additional Dramatis Personae named: Dumain, Lewis=First and Second Lords, who take an important part in act iv. scene 3; Jaques and Biron, belonging to the French army, and friends, apparently, of Bertram; and Tourville, a gentleman belonging to the French court, who appears in act v. It would certainly be far more convenient to adopt some names for the First and Second Lord, if not for all these characters; but there is no internal evidence in the play on which we can assign to any of these nameless characters any name except Dumain to the First Lord,
and Dunnain, jun., to his brother; the latter's Christian name not being mentioned. The First Soldier, who plays the part of the Interpreter, is generally known by that title, as appears from the notices of the performance of this play. We have therefore given a somewhat fuller description of Dramatis Personae than that usually given; and though we have not ventured to go so far as to adopt into the list of Dramatis Personae the names to be found in Kemble's acting edition, yet it would be a very great convenience if, as far as concerns the First and Second Lord, editors were to agree to adopt the names of Dunnain and Lewis, for the first of which, as we have already said, there is a justification in the text.—F. A. M.

ACT I. Scene 1.

2. Line 5: to whom I am now in ward.—Warship was one of the feudal incidents. In virtue of it the lord had the care of his tenant's person during his minority, and enjoyed the profits of his estate. By another "incident," that of marriage, the lord had the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, or a wife to his male wards; a refusal involving the forfeit of the value of the marriage, that is, the sum that any one would give the lord for such an alliance. These customs prevailed in England and in some parts of Germany, but in no province of France with the exception of Normandy. Shakespeare, however, is not responsible for whatever error there may be in making the French king impose a wife upon Bertram, as he only followed the original story. See Hallam, Middle Ages, vol. i. p. 177, ed. 1883.

3. Lines 10-12: whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance. —So worthy a gentleman as Bertram would be more likely to arouse kindly feelings in a man of defective sympathies, than fail to win them from so generous a heart as that of the King of France. Warburton altered lack to slack, which, says Capell, "is the very term the place calls for; and so natural a correction, that he who does not embrace it, must be under the influence of some great prepossession."

4. Lines 47-49: where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too.—While we commend his virtues we naturally feel pity for the man in whom they are but bright spots in a nature otherwise vicious; but why are these virtues called traitors? Surely not, as Johnson thought, because they betray his too confiding friends into evil courses, but because they are false to, inconsistent with, the rest of his character.

5. Line 55: livelihood.—Livelihood; not used by Shakes-peare in its modern sense. Compare:

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood.
-Venus and Ad. 25, 26.

6. Line 61: than to have it.—F. 1 reads "than to have." The reading in the text is due to Byssse. For the insertion of to in the second member of the comparison Abbott (Shakespearean Grammar, § 416) quotes Bacon (Essays, 160): "'In a word, a man were better relate himself to a Statue or Picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in another." Capell printed: "'than have it."

7. Lines 65, 66: If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.—If grief in any shape is the enemy of the living, excessive indulgence in it must soon make of it a fatal or deadly enemy. It is to this sentiment that Lamen refers (l. 65): "How understand we that?"

8. Line 85: The best wishes, &c.—Since Rowe the whole of this speech has been given as spoken to Helen. On the suggestion of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson (Shakespeariana, vol. i. p. 54) I have assumed the first part of it: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you"—to be addressed to the countess.

9. Lines 91, 92: these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him.

Not, as Johnson supposed, the tears shed by great people, the King and Countess, but, as Monck Mason says, "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lamen and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him.

10. Line 100: sphere.—The sphere of a star is the orbit in which it moves; and this is generally the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word; he rarely applies it to the star itself, as in the following:

all kind of nature
That labour on the bosom of this sphere.—Timon, i. 1. 65. 66.

11. Line 106: In our heart's table.—The table is the material on which the picture is drawn; compare:

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.—Son. xiv.

12. Lines 114-116:

That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on SUPERFLUOUS folly.

The vices of Parolles suit him so well that they enable him to take precedence over men of unattractive, unyielding virtue; he is received into good society when they are left out in the cold, and wisdom starves while folly has more than enough.

For this use of "superfluous" compare:

Let the superfluous and lust-dicted man,
That shaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly.
-Lear, iv. 1. 70-72.

13. Line 150: He that hangs himself, & c.—He that hangs himself and a virgin are, in this circumstance, alike; they are both self-destroyers.—Matine.

14. Line 160: within ten yeare it will make itself ten.—F. 1 reads "within ten yeare it will make it selfe two;" which is clearly wrong. The correction is due to Sir Thomas Hamner.

15. Line 171: which wear not now.—F. 1 reads "which were not now." The correction is Rowe's.

16. Line 170: Not my virginity yet.—This speech has
caused much perplexity to the commentators. Johnson says: "The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure;" and Warburton is persuaded that "the eight lines following friend (I. 181) is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player," who, finding a thousand loves mentioned and only three enumerated, added a few more of his own. The obscurity, however, is not so great as appears at first sight. The chief difficulty is the occurrence of the word there, without anything being mentioned to which it could refer: "There shall your master have a thousand loves" (I. 180). From I. 191: "The court's a learning-place," it is clear that, with possibly a secret undercurrent of reference to herself (Rolfe), the place in Helena's mind is the court, where Bertram would be entangled in all those thousand love affairs. Nevertheless the transition from the short line 'not my virginity yet' is abrupt, and perhaps intentionally so. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots in Shakespeare, 1826, p. 151) says: "A short line here is surely not out of place, where the subject is cut short—where there is a break, a pause—perhaps a silent wish, a secret sigh; where at any rate there is a marked crisis in the conversation, and Helena has to extemporize another more appropriate but not less engaging topic." If this explanation does not satisfy us, we must take refuge in the supposition that some words have been lost, the recovery of which will complete the sense; and accordingly Hamner reads: 

"Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court:"

This reading was adopted by Capell, while Malone suggested that the omission is in Parolles's speech, and that after the words "'tis a withered pear" we should read, "I am now bound for the court; will you anything with it? [i.e. the court]." It may be noticed that the Folio has only a colon at yet, a fact which, so far as it is of any value at all, tends to show that the line is incomplete. As they stand the words "Not my virginity yet" are a reply to Parolles's question, "Will you anything with it?" and mean "I will nothing with my virginity yet." 

17. Line 181: A mother, and a mistress, &c.—These are the names Helena applies to the various mistresses who will captivate Bertram at court; for instance, a rare and matchless dame would be a phoebe, and one who commands him and his affections a captain.

18. Line 188: christendom.—Christian names—the only time Shakespeare uses the word in this sense. Malone quotes Nash, Four Letters Confuted (1593): "But for an author to renounce his Christendom to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptism," &c.

19. Line 218: a virtue of a good wing.—The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." A bird of a good wing is a bird of swift and strong flight.—Monck Mason.

20. Line 227: when thou hast none, remember thy friends.—Dyce quotes W. W. Williams (The Parthenon, Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848), who proposed to read: "when thou hast money, remember thy friends."

21. Lines 237, 238:

The mightied space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things.

Malone correctly gives the meaning: "The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join like likes (mutar parum), like persons in the same situation or rank of life." Space will then be put for spaces, according to the metrical usage, by which "the plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in s, se, ss, ee and ge are frequently written . . . without the additional syllable" (Abbott, Sh. Gram. § 471). See also W. S. Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, art. II, p. 243, where a large number of examples are quoted. For "native" in the sense of congenial, kindred compare:

"tis often seen
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.—Act I. 3. 150-152.

and

The head is not more native to the heart.—Hamlet, i. 2. 47.

22. Line 241: What hath beene cannot be.—Hamner suggested: "What hath not beene can't be," and so Dyce: but I agree with sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 153) in thinking the change unnecessary. These timid venturers regard as impossible what, in spite of their obstinate refusal to believe it, has actually taken place.

ACT I. Scene 2.

23. Line 1: Senex.—The Senex, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them Senex. They were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was Siena. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.—Stevens.

24. Line 11: He hath arned our answer.—He hath furnished us with a ready and fit answer.

25. Line 18: Count Rousillon.—The Folio, which here has Count Rossignoll, usually spells the word Rossillion. Painter has Rossigliane.

26. Lines 29-30:

but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, &c.

The punctuation is that of the Folio. Sir William Blackstone (approved by Capell, Steevens, and Dyce) proposed to punctuate:

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier.

But the original punctuation gives the better sense: "The young lords of the present day," says the king, "may go on with their mockeries till no one pays any attention to them, and without that power of keeping their folly within the bounds required by self-respect which Bertram's father had. He was so much all that a courteous gentleman ought to be that his pride was without contempt, and his sharpness without bitterness, unless in-
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. Scene 3.

1. Scene and Cartwright had faculties of the humble poor—their own poor way of expressing their appreciation of the great man's condescension" (Hard Knots, p. 155). He humbled, then, is in the phrase of "creatures of another place," "he made himself humble." Malone explains it, "he being humbled in their poor praise," i.e. humbling himself by accepting their praises. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt.

28. Lines 50, 51:

So in approach lines not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.

Approach, as in ii. 5. 3: "of very valiant approach," is the state of being approved; and the lines mean, as Dr. Schmidt explains, after Heath and Malone, "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech."

29. Lines 59, 60:

After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits.

Suff is the burnt wick, and used metaphorically for a feeble and expiring old age, and the words mean "to be called a snuff by younger spirits." Compare:

My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out.

—Lear, iv. 6. 39, 40.

30. Lines 61, 62:

whose judgments are
More fathers of their garments.

Johnson explains this: "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress."

ACT I. Scene 3.

1. Stevens calls attention to some verses by William Cartwright prefixed to the folio Beaumont & Fletcher, 1647, which may have reference to this dialogue between the Countess and the Clown, or to that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 5:

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest ye've
I'th' Ladies questions, and the Foole's replies;
Old fashion'd wit, which walk't from town to town
In turn'd Horse, which our fathers call'd the Clown;
Whose wit our nice times would observansse call,
And which made Hawdrey passe for Comical.

—Ed. 1647, sig. d 2 b.

2. Line 3: Madam, the care I have to EVEN your content, &c.—"It ill becomes me to publish my deserts myself; I would have you look in the record of my deeds, to discover the trouble I have taken to act up to your satisfaction." For the verb even in this sense compare:

There's more to be considered; but we'll even
All that good time will give us [and so make the most of it].

—Cymbeline, iii. 4, 184, 185.

33. Line 29: to go to the world.—To be married. Compare: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331). And "a woman of the world" is a married woman. "I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world" (As You Like It, v. 3. 3).

34. Line 30: ISBELL the woman and i.—F. 1 has "Iseball the woman and w"; the correction was made in F. 2.

35. Line 35: Service is no heritage.—According to Ritson a proverbial expression. The connection seems to be, "if service is no blessing, children are." The Rev. John Hunter (ed. 1873) quotes Psalm cviii. 3, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."


—"You don't understand fully what a great friend is." Hamner altered to "you're shallow, madam; e'en great friends;" and the change was adopted by Capell, Malone, and Dyce.

37. Line 49: to in the crop, spelt June in the Folio, is to get it in, harvest it.

38. Lines 55, 56: young Charbon the puritan and old Poytsan the papist.—Malone suggested that Poytsam was a misprint for Poynson, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days; and that Charbon, "Firebrand," was an allusion to the fire zeal of the Puritans. Dyce quotes a writer in Notes and Queries, Aug. 8, 1866, p. 106. After dismissing the latter part of Malone's conjectures as unsatisfactory this writer continues: "As however Poynson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Charibon, or Chairbonne was given authentically to the fast-denying or sleek Puritan as derivative from chair bone, or bonne chair. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations; and if other proof were wanting it, is to be found in this, that Shakespeare has clearly appropriated to his own purposes the old French proverb, 'Jemme chair, et viel poisson'—young flesh and old fish (are the daintiest). Hence also, the full meaning intended to be conveyed is not that some, but that the best men, whatever their age or whatever may be their own or their wives' religious opinions, all share the common fate."

39. Line 55: they may joUL horns together.—For jovil (i.e. dash, thrust), compare: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jovil it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone" (Hamlet, v. 1. 89).

40. Line 64: the ballad.—Stevens quotes John Grange, The Golden Aphrodisiot, whereunto be annexed his Garden, 1577:

Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your mind.
As cuckoldes come by destenie, so cuckoldes sing by kind.

41. Line 90: but ONE every blazing star.—F. 1 has "are every;" the emendation is due to the Collier MS. Stanion printed "fore."

42. Line 96: That man should be at woman's command, &c.—"Tis a wonder if a man should execute a woman's commands, and yet no mischief be done! But then
NOTES TO ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

honesty like mine, though not very precise or puritanical, will do no mischief; it will bear itself humbly, and do my lady’s bidding, though all the while secretly priding itself on its own excellence." The Puritans, as everybody knows, took violent offence at the surplice, and their "big hearts" would brook nothing more ornamental than the black gown. The surplice might be styled a surplice of humility when worn in humble submission to the orders of the church. Steevens quotes A Match at Midnight, 1633 (Dodsley, ed. Hazlitt, vol. xiii, p. 14): "If has turned his stomach for all the world like a Puritan’s at the sight of a surplice;" and The Hollander, 1648: "A puritan who, because he saw a surplice in the church would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes."

For "no puritan" Tyrwhitt proposed a puritan; "though honesty be a puritan, i.e. strictly moral, it will not stand out obstinately against the injunctions of the church, but will humbly submit itself to them." This conjecture had the approval of Malone, but the original reading gives sufficiently good sense.

43. Line 118: Love no god that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level.—Only, as Schmidt points out, is used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative; "that would extend it only where, &c."

44. Line 119: DIAN no queen of virgins.—The words DIAN no were inserted by Theobald. The Folio has "leuell, Queene of Virgins, that," &c. For the word knight, applied to a female, compare:

Pardon, goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight.


Thy virgin knight is Hero, who, like Helena, belonged to Diana’s order of chastity. See Much Ado, note 339.

45. Line 129: that would suffer her poor knight surprised.—Rowe unnecessarily inserted "to be" before "surprised." Drye quotes:

And suffer not their mouths shut up, oh Lord, Which still thy name with praises do record.

—Drayton’s Harmonie of the Church, 1597, sig. F a.

46. Lines 157, 158:

That this distemper’d messenger of wet,
The many-colour’d Iris, rounds thine eye!

Referring, says Henley, to "that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears," he compares:

And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream’d like rainbows in the sky.

—Rape of Lucrece, 1595, 1587.

47. Line 177: The mystery of your LONELINESS.—Theobald’s correction for the loneliness of the Folios.

48. Line 153: th’ one to th’ other. F. 1 has "’ton tooth to th’ other," a manifest printer’s error.

49. Line 154.—The plural behaviours is here, as often elsewhere, used in the sense of "gestures," "manners;" e.g. "one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love" (Mutch Ado, ii. 3. 7).

50. Line 194: bond.—For this word in the sense of obligation, compare "you make my bonds still greater," i.e. my obligations to you (Measure for Measure, v. 1. 8); and:

To build his fortune I will strain a little
For ’t is a bond in men. —Timon of Athens, i. 1. 143, 144.

51. Line 197: approach’d.—For this sense of approach’d = informed against, compare:

were he twenty times my son,
I would approach him. —Rich. II. v. 2. 101, 102.

52. Line 208: this captious and intenable sieve.—Farmer supposed captions to be a contraction of capacious; Malone thought it only signified "capable of receiving what was put into it." No other instance of the word is known. Intenable is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has intenable.

53. Line 210: And lack not to lose still.—If, like the daughters of Danaus, she still kept on pouring water into a sieve, though the supply never failed, she lost it all. Her love failed not, but since it never was rewarded it was thrown away.

54. Lines 218, 219:

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love.

Malone proposed to read:

Love dearly, and wish chastely, that, &c.,

but the separation of the dependent clause from "wish" by another verb is but the result of rapid composition. The words of course mean: "If you ever entertained an honest passion which implies the union of chastity and desire, of Diana and Venus, then pity me."

55. Line 226: I will tell truth.—So F. 1; F. 2 has "I will tell true."


57. Lines 232, 233:

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note.

"As prescriptions which were really more powerful than they were reputed to be." They were in note so far as note has been taken of them. [Schmidt explains inclusive: "full of force and import;" but does not more inclusive mean "including more qualities," i.e. "more comprehensive"? F. A. M.]

58. Lines 248-251: There’s something in’t

That his good receipt

Shall for my legacy, be sanctified.

For in’t Hamner unnecessarily substituted hints, which, besides, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare as a verb. That is, as very often, used to introduce a fact supposed to be in connection with what precedes; "it being the case that." The following passages will well illustrate this use:—

What foul play had we, that we came from thence! —Tempest, i. 2. 60.

I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home. —Merry Wives, i. 4. 43.
ACT II. SCENE I.

60. Lines 1, 2: 
Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you,—and you, my lords, farewell.

It appears from act 1, 2, 13-15—
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part;

that the young lords had leave from the king to espouse either side in the Tuscan quarrel. Hence we may conclude, with the Cambridge editors, that there are two parties of lords taking leave of the king here,—the party who were going to join the Florentines, and the party who were going to join the Senois, and the king turns first to the one and then to the other.

61. Lines 3-5:
Share the advice between you; if both gain, all
The gift both stretch itself as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

If both parties of young lords endeavour to profit by it, and make it their own, the good advice the king has given them will be a gift ample enough for both.

62. Line 6: After well enter'd soldiers.—The meaning of this passage is: "After our being well entered, initiated, as soldiers"—a Latinism; compare such a phrase as post artem conditam. Latinisms in construction, though common in learned writers such as Bacon and Ben Jonson, are very rare in Shakespeare. Milton uses the one in question:—

Nor delay'd
The winged sail
after his charge received.

and
He, after five subdued unmind'd sunk
Into the wood fast by.

—P. L. v. 248.

—Quoted by Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 418.

63. Lines 12-14:
let high Italy—
Those rated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come, &c.

The Folio read higher Italy. I have ventured to print Schmidt's conjecture high (i.e. "great," "exalted") Italy; the passage then becomes fairly intelligible.

If we take bated to mean "beaten down," "subdued," as in—
These griefs and losses have so bated me.
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

—Merc. of Ven. iii. 5. 32-34.

The sense will be, "Let great Italy witness your valour, exhibited, as it will be, in subduing those upstart states which have been formed out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four monarchies of the world." One of these states would be Sienna, with whom the Florentines were now "by the ears." It is very improbable that Shakespeare was thinking of any particular quarrel between these two states—such as that of 1495 mentioned by Staunton. For the framework of the play he was simply following Painter's story, without any historical specifications whatever. Thus the King of France is simply King of France, and not Charles VIII., who invaded Italy in 1494 and made an alliance with the Florentine, or any other individual king. Of those who retain the original reading, "higher Italy," some give it a geographical signification: "the side next to the Adriatic," says Hamner, "was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower;" but both Florence and Sienna are on the lower side, and Capell accordingly says that "the poet has made a little mistake, using 'higher' where he should have said 'lower'; but this is of no moment:" while Johnson explains it to mean merely upper Italy. Warburton, on the other hand, thought it had a moral sense and meant higher in rank and dignity than France—a most forced interpretation. For bated Hamner printed bastards, the bastards of Italy being opposed to the sons of France. The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

64. Line 50: I shall stay here the FORESHORE to a smoke.
—The foreshore of a team was gaily ornamented with tufts, and ribbons, and bells. Bertram complains that, bedizened like one of these animals, he will have to squirt ladies at the court instead of achieving honour in the wars.—Staunton.

65. Lines 32, 35:
and no sword worn
But one to dance with.

Light swords were worn for dancing. Dance (Illustrations, ed. 1883, p. 194) quotes: "I think wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our Gentlemen went simply, and our Scrungingmen plainly, without Cuts or gards, bearing their heavy Swordes and Bucklers on their thighs, in sted of cuts and Gardes and light damning Swordes; and when they rode carrying good Spears in theire hands, in stede of white rods, which they carry now, more like ladies or gentilwomen then men; all which delicateys maketh our men clean effeminate and without strength" (W. Stafford. A Compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints, 1581, p. 65, of the New Shakspeare Society's reprint). Compare also he Octavius at Philippis kept His sword e'en like a dancer; while I struck The keen and wrinkled Casius.

—Ant. and Cleop. iii. 11. 35.

i.e. Octavius did not draw his sword.

66. Line 37: I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.—As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body.—Mock Mason.

67. Line 43: one Captain Spario, with his electrom.—Theobald's correction for "one Captaine Spario his sienatrice, with" of the Folios.

68. Line 54: they wear themselves in the cap of the time, &c.—The language of Parolles is affected and sententious throughout, like that of Don Armado in Love's Labour's Lost. Hence its occasional obscurity. "These young men," he says, "are the ornaments in the cap of fashion, and there they muster, or arrange, the correct modes of
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

69. Line 64: I'll FEEL thee to stand up.—Fee is Theobald's correction for see of the Folio. Staunton (comparing Richard II. v. 3. 129, 130):

Biting. Good aunt, stand up.
Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.)

reads sue. “The afflicted king mindful of his own debility remarks, ‘Instead of your begging permission of me to rise I'll sue thee for the same grace.’”

70. Line 70: Good faith, across; i.e. “I would you had broken it across;” for in tilting it was thought awkward and disgraceful to break the spear across the body of the adversary, instead of by a direct thrust. Staunton thinks the allusion is “to some game where certain successes entitle the achiever to mark a cross.”

71. Line 75: I've seen a medicine.—For medicine in this sense (French, médicin) compare:

Casillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
—Wint. Tale, iv. 4. 596-598.

and

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
—Macbeth, v. 2. 27-29.


73. Line 80: To give great Charlemain a pen in 's hand. —Charlemain late in life vainly attempted to learn to write.—Dryce.

74. Lines 87, 88:

hath annaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness.

i.e. more than I like to confess, the confession involving a confession of weakness.

75. Line 138: Since you set up your rest against remedy. —In the game of primero "to set up one's rest" was to stand upon the cards you have in your hand in the hope that they may prove better than those of your adversary; hence its very common figurative use, "to take a resolution." Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 18.

76. Line 147: despair most Fits.—Fits, according to Dyce, who quotes Nichols's Illustrations, &c., vol. ii. p. 345, is Theobald's correction for shifts of the Folio. Theobald, however, printed stirs, which is Pope's emendation.

77. Lines 158, 159:

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of nine din.

I am not an impostor, pretending to have another object in view from that which I am really aiming at.

78. Lines 164, 165:

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torch to his diurnal ring.

“Ere they shall conduct him round his daily orbit.” The pilot's glass in line 165 must be a two-hour glass.

79. Line 167: his sleepy lamp.—The Folios have "her sleepy lamp;" corrected by Rowe.

80. Lines 175-177:

my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; may, worse— if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.

"May my name be otherwise branded, stigmatized as belonging to anything rather than a maiden." What follows is the reading of the Globe Shakespeare, and explains itself. The passage as it stands in the Folio is very difficult. F. 1 has

my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.

Schmidt (Sh. Lex. s. v. extend) attempts to explain this as follows: "nor would that be an increase of ill; it would not be the worst mended by what is still worse." But ne = nor occurs nowhere else in any work attributed to Shakespeare except in the doubtful Prologue to Pericles (ii. 36), and none but the most servile worshipper of the Folio will be content with this explanation. The other three Folios alter ne to wo ("no worse of worst extended"), which Steevens interprets, "provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation), let my life be ended with the worst of tortures." Of the various emendations suggested, the reading given in the text seems decidedly the best. Malone first suggested may for ne.

81. Line 184: Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all.—To mend the metre Theobald printed: "Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all." But see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 509: "Lines with four accents are found when a number of short clauses or epithets are connected together in one line, and must be pronounced slowly."

82. Line 195: Ay, by my sceptre and my hope of hea-

VEN.—The Folios have "hopes of helpus"—perhaps from the verb occurring twice two lines above. The correction is Thrilby's, and is one required by the rhyme.

83. Line 213: my deed shall match thy deed.—So the Folio. The Globe reads "my deed shall match thy need."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

84. Line 24: as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.—"Tib and Tom," says Dods (Illustrations, p. 150), "were names for any low and vulgar persons, and they are usually mentioned together in the same manner as Jack and Gill." Rush rings were sometimes used in the marriage ceremony, especially where the parties had cohabited previously. They were also employed as rustic gifts emblematic of marriage. Boswell quotes:

O thou great shepheard, Lohbin, how great is thy grief!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted rush-ringer, and gite Rosemary.
—Spenser, Shepherds Calendar, November.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

85. Lines 1-46: They say . . . Here comes the king.—I have printed this passage as it stands in the Globe ed. Johnson, who saw that "the whole Merriment of the
scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not;" was the first to make any change in the distribution of the dialogue. The Folio distributes it as follows:

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<th>Line</th>
<th>Par.</th>
<th>Say both of Galen and Paracelsus.</th>
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<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Par.</td>
<td>Say both of Galen and Paracelsus.</td>
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"Old Lay. Of all the learned and authentic folk."}

Line 24: "Old Lay. In a most wise—"

And deliberate minder great power, great transcendence, which should indeed give vs a further vic to be made, then alone the recovery of the king, as to be

"Old Lay. Generally thankfull. Enter King, Helen, and attendants."

Par. 1 would have said it, &c.

The rest is as it appears in the text.

86. Line 29: "A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.—The title of some pamphlet is here ridiculed."

Workburton.

87. Line 31: "Why your DOLPHIN is not Lester. —Steevenses thought the Dauphin was intended; but Malone, followed by Dyce, rightly interpreted it of the dolphin, which is "a sportive lively fish." Compare:

his delights

Were dolphin-sides: they shou'd his back above

The element they lived in. —Ant. & Cleop. v. 2, 88-93.

88. Line 64: marry, to each, but one! —Monck Mason says: "To each, except Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be herself." But it is much more natural to understand it, as Rolfe does, to mean "but one mistress."

89. Line 66: My mouth no more were broken. —A broken mouth is a month which has lost part of its teeth. —Johnson.

90. Line 67: And write as little beard. —From meaning "to subscribe" ("a gentleman born . . . who writes himself Armiger," Merry Wives, i. 1, 9), to write came to mean "to claim a title," "lay claim to." Compare, "I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man" (Line 283 of this scene); "and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor" (II. Hen. IV. i. 2, 30).

91. Line 68: A noble father. —The Folio here has the stage-direction: She addresses her to a Lord.

92. Lines 84, 55: I had rather be in this choice than throw AMES-ACE for my life. —It is very difficult to see what Lafeu means here. Ames-ace, formed from the old French ambès as, and now called abès-ace, is the two nes at dics. Now if this were the highest throw, the ace counting highest as in whist, the meaning would be clear; Lafeu would say that he would rather have a good chance of winning such a prize as Helena, than have the best possible luck at gaming. But unfortunately there is no proof forthcoming that ames-ace was ever counted as the highest throw; on the contrary, except in games in which all doubles counted double, and in which ames-ace was still the lowest doublet, as seizes was the highest,—it was always the lowest throw. Even in the expression of Thomas Nash, "as you love good fellowship and ames-ace" ("The Induction to the Bapper Mounser Pages of the Court," prefixed to the Unfortunate Traveller, 1594; Works, ed. Grosart, v. 9), the reference is probably to the custom of throwing for wine, the lowest thrower having to pay for it; and the meaning will be, "as you love good fellowship and would rather throw for wine even if you were the loser, than spoil the sport of the company." The next point to be settled is the meaning of "for my life:" does it mean "in exchange for, as the price of, my life," or "during my whole life?" If the former, we must suppose the preservation of Lafeu's life to depend upon the remote chance of his throwing ames-ace, and the expression will not amount to more than, "I had rather be in this choice than just escape with my life." But if this is so, why should he have mentioned ames-ace rather than any other throw? The latter alternative is the more probable, that is, that the case suggested by Lafeu is his throwing ames-ace, or having bad luck during the remainder of his life. But how is this to the point, and what is the drift of the speech? Dr. Brinley Nicholson, who was kind enough to send me a very full discussion of ames-ace, answers the question as follows: "The humorous old man [Lafeu] uses a humorous comparison, one not unknown then or now. We may call it, for want of a better term, a comparison by contraries, or if you will, an ironical comparison; but another example will best explain it. One laulng a sweet-sanged prima donna says, 'I'd rather hear her than walk an hundred miles with peas in my boots.' Literally taken this is nonsense, but taken in the spirit in which such a saying is uttered, it is seen that the greatness of his desire is to be measured by the difficulty, toil, pain, and resolution required to complete the task with which he associates that desire." And Mr. F. A. Daniel, who accepts Dr. Nicholson's interpretation, gives another known example of this mode of expression; to the effect, "I would rather have it, than a poke in the eye with a birc rod." Rolfe takes the same view: as he conceivably puts it, "He ironically contrasts this ill luck[ames-ace for life]with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice."

93. Line 90: No better, if you please; i.e. I wish no better wife than you.

94. Line 105: There's one groove yet, &c. —Old Lafeu, having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as boys of ice, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, "There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass." —Johnson.

95. Line 132: From lowest place when virtuous things proceed.—When is Thrilby's correction for shcience of the Folio.

96. Lines 156, 157: My honour's at the stake; WHICH TO DEFEAT I must produce my power. Which often stands for which thing (Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 271). So here it is "which danger to defeat." Theobald changed defeat to defend, and so Dyce reads.

97. Line 170: Into the staggerers. —Some species of the staggerers, or the horse's applexy, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made.—Johnson.
NOTES TO ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

98. Lines 185, 186: whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born BRIEF.
The brief may be, as Johnson suggests, the marriage contract; but Malone compares:
she told me,
In a sweet verbal bray, it did concern
Your highness with herself. —Act ii. 3. 136-138.
And—
To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice,
It is no pamper’d glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin.
—The History of Sir John Oldcastle, Prologue 5-7.
which passages prove that brief need not always imply a written document; it may therefore mean the brief truth which has just taken place, and upon which the king says, it is convenient that the marriage ceremony shall forthwith follow.

99. Line 190: else, does crr.—The Folio here inserts: Parolles and Lafeu stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

100. Line 210: What I dare too well do, I dare not do.—I am only too ready to chaste you, but I must not. I am quite man enough to do so, but it is not expedient. You are a lord, and there is no lettering of authority
(see below, line 523).

101. Line 289: METHINKS'T.—The Folio have methinks't.

102. Lines 276-279: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldrity; i.e. more than the warrant of your birth and virtue gives you title to be. Ham-mer, with some plausibility, altered to "more than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission." The Folio have methinks't. and one of Taylor the water-poet's books is entitled, A Kicky-Winsy, or aerry-come-twng; wherein John Taylor hath satirically suet'd 750 bad Debtors, that will not pay him for his Return of his Journey from Scotland.

103. Line 297: That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.
—So F. 1. The later Folios have kickey-wickey: probably a colloquial term formed from kick, and implying restiveness; here applied in an intelligible, though not very complimentary sense to a wife. Nares quotes:
Perhaps an ignis fatuus now and then
Starts up in holes, stinks, and goes out again;
Such kicke-wickey flames shew but how dear
Thy great light's resurrection would be here.
Poems sub. to R. Fletcher's Epig. [1658], p. 162.

104. Lines 305, 309: year is no strife
To the dark house and the detected wife.
The "dark house," says Johnson, "is a house made gloomy by discontent." "Detected" is Row's correction for "detected" of the Folios.

105. Line 310: capriccio.—F. 1 has capricchio. This Italian word was adopted as an English one. Cotgrave gives under Caprio, "a humour, capricchio, &c."

ACT II. SCENE 4.

106. Line 16: FORTUNES.—Capell's correction for fortune of the Folios.

107. Line 25: The search, sir, was profitable.—Before these words, as at the commencement of the speech, "If you find me," the Folios have the prefix Clo. Perhaps a short speech of Parolles—for instance, "In myself," as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests (Shakespeariana, vol. i. p. 55)—has fallen out here.

108. Line 44: puts it off to a compell'd restraint.—Defers it by referring to a compulsory abstinance. So:
Please it your lordship, he hath put me off [for payment]
To the succession of new days this month.
—Tim. of Ath. ii. 3. 19, 20.

109. Lines 45, 46: Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets, Which they distil now in the cursed time.
The want and delay of "the great prerogative and rite of love" is strewed with the sweets (of expectation), which they (the want and delay) distil now in the time of restraint and abstinance.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

110. Line 29: End ere I do begin.—The Folios have: "And ere I do begin." The emendation, (to whomsoever it may be due,) was found in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio, and is supported by a passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 31:
I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.
—Staunton.

111. Line 46: like him that leaped into the custard.—It was customary at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose. Theobald quotes:
He may perchance, in full of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nought,
And take his Almoni-custard into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoody over their shoulders.
—Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, i. 1. (p. 97, ed. 1631).

112. Lines 51-53: I have spoken better of you than you have or will deserve at my hand.—So F. 1. Probably some word has fallen out after have; Malone suggested qualities. F. 2 reads: "than you have or will deserve."

113. Lines 94, 95:
Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur!—
Farewell.
The Folios assign these words to Helena;
Het. I shall not beseke your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.
The change in distribution and punctuation is due to Theobald, who observes that "neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage: Bertram observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismission."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

114. (Stage-direction) The two Frenchmen.—These are distinguished in the Folio as "French E" and "French G," and in i. 2 as "1 Lo. G." and "2 Lo. E." I have followed the Globe editors in styling uniformly G First
ACT III. Scene 1.

NOTES TO ALL’S WELL THAT ENDSS WELL. ACT III. Scene 5.

Lord, E Second Lord, except in the last nine lines of iii. 6, where G once is evidently (and so the Globe) Second Lord, and E twice First Lord. The Folio sometimes calls them “Cap. G” and “Cap. E,” and in i. 1 E is “1 Lord E.” Capell and Malone suggested that the initials E and G stand for the names of the actors who played the parts, and in the list of actors prefixed to F. 1 we find the names William Eccleston, Samuel Gilburne, and Robert Gough. The same actors, as Capell points out, also took the parts of the two Gentlemen in act iii. 2, who are styled in the Folio “French E” and “French G.”

115. Lines 11-13:
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion.

I cannot explain state secrets, except as an ordinary outsider who frames for himself a tolerable idea of the nature of a great council, though unable to form any judgment on the weighty points there discussed. This seems to be the general sense of this somewhat obscure passage. A “self unable motion” is a “motion” which is itself unable to do something or other; and here apparently to discharge the functions of a counsellor. For motion in the sense of “mental sight,” “intuition,” compare this sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded cloke.
—Meas. for Meas. ii. 120, 121.

116. Line 22: When better fall, for your accuits they fell.
—The part tense is required by the rhyme; otherwise one would be tempted to read “they fall” “when better men (i.e. men in higher posts) are slain, you will step into the places they have left vacant.”

ACT III. SCENE 2.

117. Lines 7, 8: he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing. —The ruff is probably, as most of the commentators take it to be, the top of the boot which turned over with a fringed and scalloped edge and hung loosely over the leg; this was usually called a ruffe: “not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch’d hold of the ruffle of my boot, and being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me” (Ben Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour, iv. 4. p. 149, ed. 1616).

118. Line 9: sold a goodly minor for a song. —So F. 3; Fl. 1 and 2 have “hold a goodly,” &c.

119. Line 14: our old ling and our labels o’ the country. —So F. 3; F. 1 has “our old Lings.”

120. Line 29: EST that. —Theobald’s correction for “In that” of the Folio.

121. Line 21. —F. 1 inserts the heading A Letter, and omits Count (reads).

122. Line 53: Can woman me unto’t. —“Can make me weak enough to give way to it as a woman usually does.”

123. Line 68: If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine; i.e. all the griefs which are thine, the relative, as often in Shakespeare, being omitted. Rowe altered it to “all the griefs as thine,” unnecessarily weakening the passage.

124. Line 71: And thou art all, my child; i.e. my only child. For all in this sense of alone, only, compare:
To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come, To find a face where all distress is stelled.
Many she sees where cares have carved some, But none where all distress and colour dwell’d.
—Rape of Lucrece, 1443-46.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say They love you all (i.e. only you). —Lear, i. 1. 101, 102.
The word all of course agrees with thou, not with child.

125. Lines 92, 93:
The fellow has a deal of that too much, Which holds him much to have.

“He has a deal of that too much (excess), which considers him to have much,” i.e. excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities. Rolfe, whose view of the passage this is, compares:
For goodness, growing to a pluriy,
Dies in his own too much.
—Hamlet, iv. 7. 118, 119.

126. Lines 113, 114:
move the still-PIECING air
That sings with piecing.

F. 1 has “the still-pleasing air;” F. 2 the “still piecing.”
“Still-pleasing air,” i.e. the air which closes again immediately, is due to Malone. “Pece” is an Elizabethan spelling of piece (“Now good Cesarino, but that pece of song,” Tw. Night, ii. 4. 2, F. 1); so that if we accept this reading we have only to alter one letter.

127. Lines 123-125:
No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all.

“Come home from that place, where all that honour gets from the danger it encounters, if it gets anything, is a scar, while it often loses everything.”

ACT III. SCENE 4.

128. Lines 24, 25: and yet she writes, Pursuit would be but vain.

This must be supposed to be in a part of the letter not read aloud by the steward.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

129. Line 21: are not the things they go under. —Are not the things for which their names would make them pass.
—Johnson.

130. Line 23: example . . . cannot for all that disunite succession, but that they are lined, &c. —All these terrible examples of ruin before their eyes cannot prevent maidens from doing as others have done before them. “But that they are lined” = “to prevent their being lined.” For this use of “but,” signifying “prevention,” compare:
Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
—Meas. for Meas. iv. 2. 93, 94.

And see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 122.
ACT III. Scene 5.

NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

132. Line 55: He's bravely taken here.—According to Schmidt, the verb "take" is here intransitive, "to have the intended effect" (German, sich machen). Compare:

yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.

i.e. if it have the right effect. So here the meaning is "he has done well here," "he has behaved bravely." 

compare also:

[pages and shows] Never greater
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

i.e. better executed. If this is not the meaning we must interpret, "he is bravely taken here," i.e. "he is received as a brave fellow here."

133. Lines 69, 70:

I WARR't, good creature, whereaser she is, Her heart weighs sadly.

For Warr't I am indebted to Mr. B. G. Klinear (who writes it Warrt), Cruces Shakespearinae, 1855, p. 146. In Hamlet, i. 2. 243:

Ham. Perchance 't will walk again.

Nor. I warrant it will.

Q. 2 has "I warrant it will. F. 1 has "I write good creature, whereas e she is," &c., which Malone and Schmidt defend. F. 2 has "I right good creature," Rowe, "Ah! right good creature;" Capell, "Ay, right;—Good creature!"

The Globe, "I warrant, good creature;" Dyce, after Williams, "I wot, good creature."

134. Line 56: That leads him to these PASSES.—The Folios have places. Theobald conjectured places; passes, which Dyce prints, was suggested by Mr. W. N. Lottsom (Walker’s Crft. Exam. vol. ii. p. 249), who compares:

your grace, like power divine, Hath looked upon my passers.

[meas. for meas. v. 1. 374, 375]

courses, proceedings.

135. Line 97: Where you shall host.—For host in this sense compare:

Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host.

—Com. of Err. i. 2. 9.

ACT III. Scene 6.

136. Lines 37-41: let him fetch his drum; . . . when your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit LEMP OF ORR will be melted.

—The Folios have "this success," corrected by Rowe. Lemp of ore is Theobald’s correction for lump of ours of the Folios. But why was so much importance attached to a drum? Fairholt, quoted by Rolfe, informs us that the drums of the regiments in those days were decorated with the colours of the battalion: to lose a drum was therefore to lose the colours of the regiment.

137. Lines 41-43: if you give him not John Drum’s entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed.—To give a person John or Tom Drum’s entertainment is to turn him forcibly out of your company. The origin of the expression is doubtful. Douce suggested that it was a metaphor borrowed from the beating of a drum, or else alluded to the drumming a man out of a regiment; while Rolfe has "no doubt that originally John Drum was merely a sportsive personification of the drum, and that the entertainment was a beating, such as the drum gets;" afterwards "the expression came to mean other kinds of abusive treatment than beating." Theobald quotes Holinshed’s Description of Ireland: "—no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his [the mayor of Dublin 1551] family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his ears, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, Tom Drum’s entertainment, which is, to have a man in by the headache, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

138. Line 167: we have almost embossed him.—Emboss was a hunting term, old French embosquer, and meant to inclose (game) in a wood. So here the Second Lord means that they have almost got Parolles in their toils. There is another hunting term embossed, meaning "foaming at the mouth from fatigue," with which the above must not be confounded. "When he [the hart] is foaming at the mouth, we say that he is embout" (Gascoigne, Book of Hunting, 1575, p. 242, quoted in Hazlitt’s Dodolay, vol. xi. p. 460). In this sense the word does not come from embosquer, but is merely a technical application of the ordinary verb emboss, "to cover with bosses." Shakespeare twice uses it in this sense:

the poor cur is embossed.

—Taming of the Shrew, Ind. 17.

and

O, he is more mad
Than Talamon for his shield; the bear of Thessaly
Was never so embossed.


139. Line 191: We’ll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case him.—Another hunting term signifying to skin the animal. Compare:

Some of ‘em knew me,
Els they had cased me like a coyp too,
As they have done the rest, and I think rested me,
For they began to taste me scandally.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Love’s Pilgrimage, ii. 2 (ed. 1647, p. 9).

ACT III. Scene 7.

140. Line 19: Resolve’d to carry her.—So Dyce and Globe. F. 1 has Resolve. F. 2 and most editors Resolve.

141. Line 21: his important blood.—Compare:

Therefore great France
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.

—Le. iv. 4. 25. 26.
NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

149. Line 22: If I should swear by God's great attributes.

—So the Globe editors; the Folio has Jones, probably in accordance with the statute to restrain the abuse of the divine name (3 James I. chap. 21).

150. Lines 38, 39:

I see that men make ropes in such a scaree,
That we'll forsake ourselves.

This is the great crux of the play. None of the many emendations which have been proposed being really satisfactory, I have printed the words just as they stand in the Folio, except that the latter prints rope's instead of ropes. That there is an error somewhere few will doubt, although there have been several ingenious but far-fetched attempts at explanation. All that can be affirmed with any confidence is that the words, "That we'll forsake ourselves," are intended to convey Diana's pretended surrender to the proposals of Bertram, "we will prove unfaithful to our principles, we will give in;" and that the previous line must have given some sort of reason or excuse for such apparent weakness. "Diana ought, in all propriety," says Mr. Halliwell [Phillips] in his folio Shakespeare, "to make some excuse to Bertram (and to the audience) for the abrupt change in her feelings and conduct,—some acknowledgment of his powers of persuasion, or some confession of her own insufficiency." Diana then abruptly demands the ring, and Bertram fancies his triumph is complete. A soare is a broken precipice, or, according to others, a ravin, or merely a scare (fright).

I subjoin some of the principal emendations which have been suggested:

Rowe: "make hopes in such afeare"
Malone: "make hopes, in such a scene."
Mitford, printed by Dyce: "make hopes, in such a case."
Halliwell [Phillips]: "may coys in such a sorte."
Staunton: "make hopes, in such a scare."
Kimneur: "have hopes, in such a cause."

151. Line 73: Since Frenchmen are so braid.—Steevens quotes Greene's Never too Late, 1610 (ed. Dyce, p. 302):

Dian rose with all her maid
Blushing thus at love's braidz.

i.e. crafts, deceits. The word, which is, however, here an adjective, comes from braid, to twist; what is deceitful being, metaphorically speaking, twisted and tortuous.
ACT IV. Scene 3.

NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

ACT IV. Scene 3.

153. Lines 26-28: we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends.—They betray themselves before they attain to their abhorred ends, i.e. detestable purposes.

154. Line 29: in his proper stream o'erflows himself.—That is, "betray his own secrets in his own talk."—Johnson. He no longer confines his unlawful intents within the bounds of secrecy.

155. Line 34: for he is dietted to his hour.—See above: Dis. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window; When you have conquered my best maidens, remain there but an hour.

The meaning then is, "the hour of his appointment is fixed, as well as the duration of his stay." Such is the regimen to which he has to submit. This will help to explain v. 3, 219-221:

Dua. I must be patient:
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me,
I.e. "you may prescribe rules for me, and give me just as much or as little as you please."

156. Line 36: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized.—For company in the sense of companion compare:
To seek new friends and stranger companions.
—Mids. Night's Dream, i. 1, 299.

157. Line 103: Entertained my convoy.—Taken into service guides, &c. For entertain compare:
Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room.
—Much Ado, i. 3, 60.

158. Line 113: this counterfeit module.—Module is a variant of model. Model comes through the Italian and French from the Latin modulat, a measure; module apparently comes from the Latin. Parolles is a counterfeit module, because he pretended to be a soldier and was really a fool.

159. Line 135: Stage-direction: the Folio has, Enter Parolles with his Interpreter, and Inter. Int. or Interp. is prefixed to the speeches of the First Soldier.

160. Line 158: All's one to him.—In the Folio this concludes the preceding speech. Capell made the change. Rowe printed "All's one to me."

161. Line 182: if I were to live this present hour; i.e. and die at the end of it. Hamner printed "live but this present hour." Dyce, following W. S. Walker, boldly prints "if I were to die." Toilet suggests that Parolles meant to say die, but fear occasioned the mistake.

162. Line 213: getting the shrive's fool with child.—"Female idiots were retained in families for diversion as well as male, though not so commonly" (Douce, Illustrations, p. 198).

163. Line 222: your lordship.—The Folios have Lord, without the period, but the abbreviation was no doubt intended: corrected by Pope.

164. Line 288: by the general's looks.—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have your, a mistake arising from the abbreviation yr. in the M.S.

165. Line 289: He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.
—He will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.—Johnson.

166. Line 302: a place there called Mile-end.—Mile-end Green was the usual drilling ground for the London trainbands. See II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 286.

167. Lines 313, 314: and cut the entail from all remanders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually; i.e. and set free the estate from payment of all remainers, and (grant or sell) a perpetual succession for it. Dyce suspects some error. Hamner altered for it to "in it."

ACT IV. Scene 4.

168. Line 9: Marseilles.—F. 1 spells the name of this town here Marseile, and in iv. 5. 35, Marseilus.

169. Line 16: Nor you, mistress.—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have: "Nor your Mistress."

170. Lines 28, 21:
As it hath fated her to be my motive
And helper to a husband.
A motive is that which moves anything, so, means, instrument. Compare:
my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recasting fear [i.e. the tongue].
—Rich. ii. 1. 192, 193.

171. Lines 30-33:
Yet, I pray you:
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.
Perhaps the passage admits of this explanation. Helena has just before said:
You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalf:

To which Diana has replied:

Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer:

And Helena now continues: "Yet, I pray you," i.e. for a while I pray you be mine to suffer: "but, with the word, the time will bring on summer," &c. i.e. but so quickly that it may even be considered as here while we speak, the time will, &c.—Dyce. Rolfe, with greater probability, thinks that the words Yet, I pray you, merely serve to resume the thread of Helena's discourse, after Diana's impulsive interruption.

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ACT IV.  SCENE 5.

172. Lines 2-4: whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.—An allusion to the fashion of wearing yellow. Warburton points out that the mention of saffron suggested the epithets unbaked and doughy, saffron being commonly used to colour pastry. So in the Winter’s Tale the shepherd’s son says: “I must have saffron to colour the warden pies” (Winter’s Tale, iv. 3. 46).

Yellow starch was much used for hands and ruffs, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, an infamous woman, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and was executed at Tyburn (1615) in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour (see Hazlitt’s Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 328). Read quotes Heywood, If You know not me, you Know Nobody: “many of our young married men have taken an order to weare garter points, and shottyings; and to thought yellow will grow a custom” (Heywood, Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 259, ed. 1874).

173. Line 19: They are not heres.—So the Folios. Rowe printed Sallet-herbs.

174. Line 22: Grass.—So Rowe; the Folios have grace.

175. Line 32: my bauble.—The fool’s bauble was a kind of baton; figures of its various shapes will be found in Donce (Illustrations, Plates II. and III.).

176. Line 41: an English name.—So Rowe; F. I has maine.

177. Line 67: A shrewd knave and an unhappy.—Compare: Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too [speaking of Cupid].—Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2. 12.

Here the meaning is simply “rughtish” or “mischievous;” but it often has a stronger sense, as: “O most unhappy strumpet!” [pernicious] (Com. of Err. iv. 4. 127). And: unhappy was the cock

That struck the hour:—Cymb. v. 5. 153, 154.

178. Line 70: he has no pace, but runs where he will.—He observes no rule, has no settled habits, is not broken in. Hamner unnecessarily altered pace to place; and so even Dyce.

ACT V.  SCENE 1.

179. Line 6: (Stage-direction) Enter a Gentleman.—So Rowe, followed by most editors. F. I has: Enter a gentle Astrarier; F. 2: Enter a gentle Astrarier; F. 3: Enter a Gentleman a stranger. An astrainer or estrainer is, as Steevens discovered before the appearance of his second edition, a keeper of goshawks. There is, however, no apparent reason why the personage accosted by Helena should be a keeper of goshawks or of anything else, and throughout this scene the Folio prefixes “Gent” to his speeches, while in scene 3 it introduces him simply as “a Gentleman.”

ACT V.  SCENE 2.

180. Line 1: Good Monsieur Lascarre.—So Dyce. F. I has “Good Mr. Lumnach.”

181. Line 26: I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort.—Warburton’s certain emendation for “smiles of comfort” of the Folios.

182. Line 55: under her.—Her was added in F. 2.

183. Lines 41, 42:

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than “word,” then.

A quibble: Parolles (Parolles) in French is not “word” but “words.” F. 3 has “more than one word.”

184. Line 43: Cox my passion!—Cox or cock, as in the oath “by cock and pie,” was a disguise or corruption of God.

ACT V.  SCENE 3.

185. Lines 1, 2:

We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem
Was made much poorer by it.

Does our esteem mean “the esteem in which we are held by others,” or “the esteem in which we hold others?” Schmidt, who explains the phrase by “we are less worth by her loss,” seems to take the former view; but surely the King is contrasting his own power of estimating and appreciating true worth with that of Bertram, for he goes on to say that Bertram “hack’d the sense to know her estimation home.” Now the King’s esteem in which he held others was all the poorer, inasmuch as one estimable person so esteemed was lost; and this is much what Staunton means when he interprets our esteem by “the sum of all we hold estimable.”

186. Line 6: Natural rebellion, done t’ the blaze of youth.—The Folios have blade; blade was proposed by Theobald, who, however, did not venture to admit it into his text. It was adopted by Warburton and Capell, and is rendered extremely probable by what follows:

When oil and fire, too strong for reason’s force, Overbear’s it, and burns on.

Theobald quotes, in support of his conjecture:

I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blares, daughter, &c.

—Hamlet, i. 3. 145-147.

and

For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects.

—Troylus and Cr. iv. 5. 105-106.

Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 163) with great probability suggests blood, comparing:

The strongest oaths are straw
To the fire I the blood.

—Tempest, iv. 1. 52-53.

The blood of youth burns not with such excess.

—Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2. 73.

and

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood.

—I. Henry IV. v. 2. 17.

187. Lines 16, 17:

Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes.

Richest eyes are eyes that have seen most beauty. Compare: “to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands” (As You Like It, iv. 1. 23).

188. Line 45: Contempt his sourful perspective did
The Globe editors read "while shame full late," &c., but change seems objectionable, because it destroys the antithesis between "love" which wakes, and "hate" which continues to sleep; I have therefore retained the original reading, which Sir Philip Perring explains as follows: hate, the "displeasures" of line 63, having destroyed our friends and done its work, enjoys its afternoon slumber, while love awakes, though too late, and weeps to see the havoc hate had made. This is fairly satisfactory; but I would add that "after their dust" seems to be connected by a kind of zényma with the preceding verb "destroy," for it is we who sleep, not our "displeasures," and that the main point of the antithesis is, that hate continues to sleep unconcerned, while love awakes to weep. The Globe marks line 65 "our own love," &c., as corrupt.

190. Lines 71, 72: Conat. Which better than the first, &c. —These two lines were first given to the Countess by Theobald: in the Folios they are part of the preceding speech.

191. Line 79: The last that e'er I took her leave at court. —The last time that I ever bade her farewell at court. So the Folio, but with e'er spelt ere. Rowe printed: "The last that e'er she took her leave;" Hamner: "The last time e'er she took her leave." Dyce: "The last time, ere she took her leave."

192. Lines 95, 96: noble she was, and thought I stood engag’d. The plain meaning is: When she saw me receive the ring she thought I stood engaged to her. —Johnson. This is the most natural interpretation; but the Folio happens to spell the word ingag’d, which Tyrwhitt, Malone, Staunton, and Schmidt (who even calls the reading engaged preposterous) explain to mean "not engaged." En and in are, however, sometimes interchangeable even in modern spelling.

193. Line 102: the tint and multiplying medicine. —The tincture, by which alchemists professed to turn baser metals into gold, and the philosopher’s stone, which had the power of making a piece of gold larger.

194. Line 114: conjectural. —So F. 2; misspelt in F. 1 connecturally.
WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

Note.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as two separate words in F. I.

1. Lorenz, 922; Sornetti XXXIV. 13.
2. 1 = in military; used frequently in the ordinary sense.
3. As a sub. used repeatedly.
4. In a bare or naked condition; it occurs three times—only.
5. In aadness here and in Sorn. v. 8, xviii. 4. In I. Henry IV, iv. 2, 77, the word is used in the sense of "blessed."
6. Used elsewhere as a sub.
7. Of corn. The reading of II. in a figurative sense. See note 156.
8. Used adjectively.
9. Used figuratively — a cheat; occurs frequently in ordinary sense.
10. Used transitively in Ant and Cleo. iv. 6, 32.
11. A dance; and so used as a verb in Chaucer's "Leg." iii. 1. 22. Occurs three times— the wine of that name.
12. An anglicized Italian word — fancy, humorous. See note 106.

13 = to fly; used frequently elsewhere in various senses.
14. Venus and Adonis, 897.
15. Christian names; the word occurs frequently in its ordinary sense.
16. In expression "ez my passion!"
17. In the phrase "in the default" — at a need; occurs three times in its ordinary sense.
18. = learning; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
19. Used in expression "it eats dryly."
20. = inclosed; used elsewhere in other senses.
22. Doubtful, occurs frequently in other senses.
23. Lumcey, Arg. 1.
24. Used — warlike adventure.
25. Paroles' felicity for insinuous, which latter word does not occur in Shakespeare.
26. = having the power of fate; used elsewhere — destined.
27. For paper; used elsewhere in various other senses.
28. The crown's paws of physiognomy.
29. Chrismons, or gives as a sponser; used elsewhere intransitively in its ordinary sense.
30. = hawk-like.
31. Used in a peculiar sense — comprehensive; occurs in Richard III, iv. 1, 59 — inclosing.
32. = merely.
33. Contempt; it occurs several times — mistake.
34. Here — cheese-mite; it is used once again in Pericles, II. Prov. i. = anything small.
35. = Morris-dance. Morris = a game occurs in Middle Night's Dream, i. 1. 88; and morris-dance in Henry V, ii. 4, 25.
36. Sailed; used figuratively, in Hamlet, iv. 5, 81.
37. Used with in — professional experience; occurs frequently in its more usual senses.
38. Used figuratively — estimation; occurs frequently elsewhere in various other senses.
WORDS PECULIAR TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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<tr>
<td>Recantation</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Rector</td>
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<td>Red-tailed</td>
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<td>Relinquished</td>
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1 = persons; personage = "personal appearance" occurs in Midsomer Night's Dream, iii. 2 229, and Twelfth Night, i. 6, 164.  
2 i.e. the pile of cloth; used in ordinary sense = heap, in fire passages.  
3 Here = reasonable; it occurs once again in Love's Labour's Lost (i. 2. 124) = "endowed with reason."  
4 Lucrce, 430, 1128.

Act Sc. Line | Word |
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<td>Reminders</td>
<td>iv. 3 313</td>
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<td>Removes</td>
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<td>Re-send</td>
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<td>Resolvedly</td>
<td>v. 3 332</td>
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<td>Riddle-like</td>
<td>i. 3 225</td>
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<td>Ring-carrier</td>
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<td>Ruttable</td>
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<td>Sally (verb)</td>
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<td>Scarce</td>
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<td>Schools</td>
<td>(sub.)</td>
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<td>Seducer</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Self-gracious</td>
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<td>Shot (verb intr.)</td>
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<td>Shrieve</td>
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<td>Shrove-Tuesday</td>
<td>...</td>
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<td>Sithence (conj.)</td>
<td>i. 3 125</td>
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<tr>
<td>Snack</td>
<td>...</td>
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</table>

5 Used here in legal sense; the word occurs elsewhere frequently in the ordinary sense.
6 = stages of journey; used elsewhere in various senses.  
7 Occurs in an corrupt passage.  
8 Used in its academical sense = schools of art or science; it occurs frequently in the ordinary sense.
9 In the phrase "shot out" = sprouted; occurs frequently in other senses.
10 = a smattering; occurs in this play iii. 3 207 and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 111 = taste.

Act Sc. Line | Word |
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<td>Smoke</td>
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<td>Snip-taffeta</td>
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<td>Soundness</td>
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<td>Spark</td>
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<td>Sword-men</td>
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<td>Tax (sub.)</td>
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<td>Thievish</td>
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11 = to find out; the word occurs elsewhere frequently with varied meanings.
12 A young man.  
13 Used figuratively = bewildering; = vertigo, Cymbeline, v. 3 234; = a disease in horses, Taming of Shrew, iii. 2 56.  
14 Used figuratively = unbinding; occurs II. Henry VI. ii. 3. 16 = made of steel.  
15 = the act of following another's example. It occurs frequently in other senses.  
16 The Phoenix and Turtle, 13.
17 Here = a change, accusation; tazze (in fiscal sense) occurs Rich. II. ii. 1 246.
18 Here and in Sonn. lxvii. 8 used figuratively; elsewhere used in its literal sense.

Act Sc. Line | Word |
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<td>Thitherward</td>
<td>iii. 2 55</td>
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<td>Threateningly</td>
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<td>Tile</td>
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<td>*Tite-woman</td>
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<td>Token (verb)</td>
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<td>Tolerable</td>
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<td>Traitress</td>
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<td>Unbaked</td>
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<td>Unsealed</td>
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<td>Unserviceable</td>
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<td>Vent (sub.)</td>
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<td>Vileness</td>
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Wear (intr.) | ... | i. 1 171 |

17 Used blunderingly by Dogberry for intolerable, Much ADO, i. 3. 37.
18 = well-derived.
19 = well-lost.
20 = to pay toll.
21 The verb is usual = to break the seal, occurs four times.
22 = utterance; Venus and Adonis, 334.
23 = to be the fashion.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None

ORIGINAL EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note 199. v. 3. 216: Her onset, coming.
JULIUS CAESAR.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

OSCAR FAY ADAMS AND F. A. MARSHALL.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

Julius Cæsar.  
Octavius Cæsar.  
Marcus Antonius,  
M. Emilius Lepidus,  
Cicero,  
Publius,  
Pompeius Lena,  
Marcus Brutus,  
Cassius,  
Casca,  
Trebonius,  
Labienus,  
Decius Brutus,  
Metellus Cimber,  
Cinna,  
Flavius,  
Marullus,  
Artemidorus, a Sophist of Cnidos.  

A Soothsayer.  
Cinna, a Poet.  
Another Poet.  
Lucilius,  
Titinius,  
Messala,  
Young Cato,  
Volumnius,  
Varro,  
Clitus,  
Caecilius,  
Strato,  
Lecti,  
Dardanius,  
Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.  
Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.  
Portia, Wife to Brutus.  

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

Scene, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

Historic Period: From March 15th, B.C. 44, to November 27th, B.C. 43.

TIME OF ACTION.

Six days represented on the stage, with intervals:

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, one month.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3.
Day 4: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 5: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, one day at least.
Day 6: Act V.

except in i. 2. 283, where it is spelt Murrellus. Theobald corrected this name to the form given in North’s Plutarch, Marullus. Calphurnia, wife to Cæsar, is uniformly called Calphurnia in the Folio; and so she is called in North’s Plutarch, at any rate in the early editions of that work. Many editors retain the spelling Calphurnia.

¹ Rowe was the first to give the list of Dramatis Personae imperfectly. Theobald supplied some of the omissions. Decius Brutus should be Decimus Brutus, strictly speaking, but this mistake came from North’s Plutarch, and indeed is found both in the early French translation and in the Greek text of the original (edn. 1572).

The name Marullus is throughout spelt Marullus in Fl.,
LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first published, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109-130 in the division of "Tragedies." At the beginning of the play, and at the head of each page, it is entitled "The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar;" but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, "A Catalogue of the severall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is set down as "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar." No play in the Folio is printed with greater accuracy, and none presents fewer textual difficulties for the editor or critic.

The date of composition has been the subject of considerable discussion. Malone believed that the play "could not have appeared before 1607;" and Chalmers, Drake, and the earlier commentators generally, were unanimous in accepting his conclusions. There was a natural disposition at first to associate it chronologically with the other Roman plays, neither of which can be placed earlier than 1607; but, though Knight considers it "one of the latest works of Shakespeare," the great majority of recent editors are inclined to put it five years or more earlier than Antony and Cleopatra. Collier argues that it must have been performed before 1603; and Gervinus also decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as Hamlet." He adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in Hamlet, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." Halliwell, in his folio edition, 1865, takes the ground that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This is evident, he says, "from the following lines in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shake-peare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:"

The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antoons had shone
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

I am inclined to believe that this is a reference to Shakespeare's play, though Halliwell appears to have modified his own opinion since the above was written. In his Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare (6th ed. 1886, vol. ii. p. 257) he says: "There is supposed to be a possibility, derived from an apparent reference to it in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, that the tragedy of Julius Cæsar was in existence as early as 1599; for although the former work was not published till 1601, the author distinctly tells his dedicatee that 'this poem, which I present to your learned view, some two yeares agoe was made fit for print.' The subject was then, however, a favourite one for dramatic composition, and inferences from such premises must be cautiously received. Shakespeare's was not, perhaps, the only drama of the time to which the lines of Weever were applicable; and the more this species of evidence is studied, the more is one inclined to question its efficacy. Plays on the history of Julius Cæsar are mentioned in Gosson's Schoole of Abuse, 1579; the Third Blast of Retraite from Plaies, 1580; Henslowe's Diary, 1594, 1602; Mirrour of Policie, 1598; Hamlet, 1603; Heywood's Apology for Actors, 1612. There was a French tragedy on the subject published at Paris in 1578, and a Latin one was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Tarlton, who died in 1588, had appeared as Cæsar, perhaps on some unauthorized occasion, a circumstance alluded to in the Ourania, 1606."

The allusion in Weever's book does not fit
any of the other plays on the story of Cesar that have come down to our day; and it does fit Shakespeare’s play so exactly that, since it was first pointed out, the editors have unanimously accepted Halliwell’s original view of it. It does not follow necessarily that Julius Cesar must have been written as early as 1599. Even if the Mirror of Martyrs was written then, an allusion like this may have been inserted just before it went to press two years later. The date 1599, however, may not be too early. The internal evidence of metre and style is not inconsistent with that date. Fleay (Chronicle History of Shakespeare, 1886, p. 214) makes it 1600; “at any rate Cesar must be anterior to the Quarto Hamlet which was produced in 1601.” Stokes (Chronological Order of Shakespeare’s Plays, 1878, p. 88), after a careful discussion of all the evidence, sums up the matter thus: “The great similarity of style between this play and Hamlet and Henry V. has been pointed out by Gervinus, Spedding, Dowden, Hales, and others, and, I suppose, must have been felt by nearly every reader. It is not only shown by the many allusions to Cesar in these plays [allusions, by the by, which show a co-ordinate estimation of his character], but by the ‘minor relations’ of these plays. This point is so strong that, taking into consideration some of the references mentioned above, there can scarcely be any doubt that the original production of this play must be placed in 1599-1600. It may have been revised afterwards, and the appearance of several works bearing similar titles in 1607 suggests, as Mr. Fleay says, its reproduction at that date.”

It is not necessary, however, to suppose, as Fleay does, that the play was revised by Ben Jonson. He lays considerable stress on “the spelling of Antony without an h; this name occurs in eight of Shakespeare’s plays, and in every instance but this invariably is spelled Anthony.” But if the scholarly Ben had made this orthographical correction, is it likely that he would have permitted the impossible Latin form Calphurnia to stand? Or would he have retained the Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus, or such palpable anachronisms as striking clocks and the like? It is as absurd to suppose that Jonson could have overlooked these things as that Bacon could have originated them. To the latter, as to the former, Decius Brutus for Decimus Brutus would have been like Sly’s “Richard Conqueror” for the well-known William.

It may be mentioned here, as a curious instance of judicial blindness, that Judge Holmes, by far the ablest of the advocates of the Baconian lunacy, in his Authorship of Shakespeare (3rd ed. 1886, vol. i. p. 289), quotes Bacon’s Essay on Friendship as a parallel to the second act of the play (and one by which, “if there be a lingering doubt in any mind” as to Bacon’s authorship of the latter, that doubt “must be removed”); and yet in the very passage quoted Bacon has “Decimus Brutus” and “Calphurnia,” instead of the “Decius Brutus” and “Calphurnia” of the drama. The judge does not see that he is himself furnishing indisputable evidence that the philosopher was perfectly familiar with what the dramatist was palpably ignorant of.

We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any of the earlier plays on the same subject. The only source from which he appears to have drawn his material was Sir Thomas North’s version of Plutarch’s Lives, translated from the French of Bishop Amyot, and first published in 1579. He has followed North closely, almost slavishly, as the illustrative extracts given in the notes will show. As Gervinus says: “The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of Brutus and Cesar in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from Plutarch; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with Plutarch would consider in form and manner to be quite Shakespearian, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet’s deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over Pompey (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the Lupercalian feast, until Caesar’s murder,
and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Caesar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Caesar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Caesar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Caesar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

Archbishop Trench, in his Lectures on Plutarch, in referring to North's translation of the Lives, remarks:

"But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's Lives was accessible to him. . . . It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of Coriolanus no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

STAGE HISTORY.

Julius Caesar always seems to have been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, in spite of its want of any female interest, and of the fact that Caesar, who is virtually the hero, is killed in the middle of the play. We find that on the 20th May, 1613, Lord Treasurer Stanhope paid John Heminges "for presentings before the Prince Highnes the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyn Elector fowertene several plays," of which "Cesar's Tragedye" was one. When Thomas Killigrew, after the Restoration, established the King's Company, and opened a new theatre at Drury Lane, 1665, Julius Caesar was one of the stock pieces of the company. Downes gives us the cast as follows: "Julius Caesar, Mr. Bell, Cassius Major Mohun, Brutus, Mr. Hart, Anthony Mr. Kynastow, Calphurnia, Mrs. Marshal, Portia, Mrs. Corbet." The only other plays of Shakespeare, which were included in the fifteen stock plays of which Downes gives the casts, are "The Moor of Venice" (Othello), and King Henry the Fourth; while amongst the other plays, of which he gives merely the names, are included The Merry Wives of Windsor and Titus Andronicus; so that however much we may decry Julius Caesar as an acting play, it had the honour of being one of the four—for we cannot include Titus Andronicus—which helped to keep alive Shakespeare's fame at a time when his rivals, Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, were held to be his superiors by the general public. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Julius Caesar seems to have been frequently played. In 1682, at the Theatre Royal, it was again acted with identically the same cast as in the above-mentioned performance. In 1684 Killigrew's and Davennant's companies coalesced, and, under the title of the King's Company, removed to the Theatre

1 This name is spelt Calphurnia, as in F.1. both in Downes and Genest throughout, and I have not thought it necessary to alter the spelling, though Calphurnia is the correct form.
Royal, Drury Lane; some time in that year they presented this play, Betterton appearing—for the first time apparently—as Brutus, supported by William Smith as Cassius, Goodman as Julius Cæsar, Mrs. Cooke as Portia, and Lady Slingsby as Calphurnia. Langbaine (p. 453) says that this play was printed in Quarto, London, 1684; and he adds: "There is an Excellent Prologue to it, printed in Covent Garden Drollery, p. 9." Genest says this edition "differs very little from the original play, except that the part of Marullus is given to Casca, and that of Cicero to Trebonius" (vol. i. p. 423). Lowndes mentions a Quarto of Julius Cæsar with the title-page "a Tragedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Lond. n. d. (1680) 4to. On the reverse of the title is a List of Actors, in which Betterton is set down for acting Brutus." He also mentions two Quartos printed in 1684 and 1696 respectively, and another n. d. (1696); so that evidently, during this period, the play was popular among readers as well as among playgoers.

It would appear that Julius Cæsar was not again represented till February 14th, 1704, when it was played at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cast is not given. This, as will be seen, is nearly twenty years from the last recorded performance. It is most probable that it was represented in the interval more than once, though there is no record of its revival. Betterton was still acting, so he probably played his old part of Brutus. On October 30th, 1705, the company removed to the Haymarket Theatre from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Julius Cæsar was revived on March 14th, 1706. No particulars are given, but the cast must have been a strong one; for Betterton, Booth, Verbruggen, Bowman, as well as Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, were included in the company. The next performance was on January 14th, 1707, at the Haymarket Theatre, when Genest says it was performed "For the encouragement of the Comedians acting in the Haymarket, and to enable them to keep the diversion of plays under a separate interest from Operas—By Subscription" (vol. ii. p. 363).

The cast was, Brutus = Betterton: Cassius = Verbruggen: Antony = Wilks: Julius Cæsar = Booth: Octavius = Mills: Casca = Keen: Calphurnia = Mrs. Barry: Portia = Mrs. Bracegirdle. The minor parts were also played by well-known actors, viz. "Plebeians" = Johnson, Bullock, Norris and Cross. It would appear that "Lord Halifax proposed a subscription for reviving 3 plays of the best authors with the full strength of the company" (at supra). The next play of this series, King and no King, was given on January 21st; and on February 4th the third, Marriage a la Mode, or the Conical Lovers; a compound manufactured by Cibber out of two of Dryden's plays, Marriage a la Mode and Secret Love. Cibber in his Apology (edn. 1740) says: "not only the Actors, (several of which were handsomely advanced, in their Sallaries) were duly paid, but the Manager himself too, at the Foot of his Account stood a considerable Gainer" (p. 195).

On April 1st of the same year Julius Cæsar was revived for the benefit of Keen, probably with much the same cast. On December 22nd, 1709, at Drury Lane, Booth appeared as Brutus, Powell as Cassius, with Mrs. Knight as Calphurnia. A new prologue and epilogue were spoken by Keen and Mrs. Bradshaw, who represented respectively Julius Cæsar and Portia. On March 16th, 1713, at Drury Lane, Mills played the part of Julius Cæsar for his benefit, Brutus being played by Booth, Antony by Wilks, Cassius by Powell, Casca by Keen. It may be noted that on this, as on many other occasions, such actors as Johnson, Pinkethman, Bullock, Norris, Cross, and Leigh took the parts of the "Plebeians," that is, of the Citizens; the play

\footnote{1 Downes does not mention this performance, and Genest does not give the day or the month on which it took place.}

\footnote{2 This actress appears to have acted many principal parts; among others, Queen Margaret in Cowper's Henry VI., Regan in Tate's mutilation of Lear, and Cressida in Dryden's Troilus and Cressida. She affords the only instance of any titled actress to be found in the playbills of this period; though many of them had a sort of left-handed claim to such a distinction. Downes mentions her among the persons who joined the Duke's Company in 1679 as Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Lee, afterwards Lady Slingsby. She is generally spoken of as Mrs. Mary Lee, and appears to have been no relation to poor mad Nat Lee. According to Genest, "Dame Mary Slingsby was buried at Pimperes 1683, 4th." (Genest, vol. i. p. 449.)}
INTRODUCTION.

was repeated on the 6th of April. By this time it seems to have become an established favourite. Booth chose it for his benefit March 22nd, 1716. It seems to have been acted at least two or three times every season at Drury Lane up to 1727–28; then it seems to have been put on the shelf as far as that theatre was concerned.

During the period from 1720–28 inclusive, Julius Caesar was played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre about half a dozen times. On October 18th, 1722, we find in the cast that Quin played Brutus, Boheme Cassius, Walker Antony, Leigh Julius Caesar. It would appear, according to Genest, that the "comic characters" were played by Bullock and others (vol. iii. p. 116). These were the Citizens, whom, as has been pointed out, actors of considerable importance were content to represent. At Goodman's Fields, December 1st, 1732, Julius Caesar was produced and played for twelve consecutive nights. On September 19th, 1736, there was a performance of this play at Drury Lane, with the following cast: Brutus, Quin; Cassius, Milward; Wright, Antony; W. Mills, Julius Caesar; Casca, Cibber, jun.; "Citizens," Johnson, Miller, Harper, and Griffin, with Portia, Mrs. Furnival, and Calphurnia, Mrs. Butler. Davies says that the part of Casca was "enlarged" by "adding to it what belongs to Titinius;" and he observes, "if I remember right, was acted by a principal comedian. Above five and forty years since, Winstone was selected for that character, when Quin acted Brutus, and the elder Mills Cassius, Milward M. Antony, and W. Mills Julius Caesar. He praises Winstone very much, of whom he says: "The assumed doggedness and sourness of Casca sat well upon Winstone;" and adds: "The four principal parts have not since that time been equally presented." (Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 212). Davies praises Milward very much in Antony, although it would appear that this actor played Cassius far more frequently, and compares him in this character with Wilks and Barry: he also says that William Mills succeeded better in Caesar than in any other part. But the most interesting thing that the gossiping biographer of Garrick tells us about this play is, that the great "little Davy" once had a mind to have tried his skill in the part of Cassius; but either from a fear that Quin in Brutus would completely outshine him, or for some other reason, he gave up the idea; and this play was never revived during his management. On April 28th, 1738, there was a performance at Drury Lane for the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Shakespeare, when Julius Caesar was played; Mrs. Porter being the Portia. In the season 1742, 1743, Quin was engaged at Covent Garden, where he was playing as a counter-attraction to Garrick at Drury Lane; and, as might be expected, we find Julius Caesar revived at that theatre and strongly cast, with Hale as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Bridgewater as Caesar, and with such actors as Hippisley, Chaplain, and Woodward in the small parts of the "Plebeians." This was on November 20th, 1742. On March 18th, 1744, Sheridan took his benefit at Covent Garden in the part of Brutus. At this theatre Mrs. Pritchard appeared as Portia on October 31st, 1744. On March 28th, 1747, we find a solitary performance of Julius Caesar for Sparks's benefit, who played Cassius to the Brutus of Delane and the Antony of Barry. The play was repeated on April 30th, when Gifford was Antony; Barry only appears to have played the part twice that season. On November 24th, 1748, Quin had rather a remarkable cast to support him in his favourite part. It included Delane as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Sparks as Casca, Mrs. Horton as Calphurnia, and Mrs. Woffington as Portia. Three representations of this play were given in November, 1750, at which Barry was the Antony to Quin's Brutus; and so successful was he in the part that he played it seven times during this season.

On January 31st, 1766, Genest records a performance of this play at Covent Garden "not acted eight years," the cast of which was not very remarkable, except for the fact that Mrs. Bellamy played Portia. Apropos of this performance Genest notices that an edition of Julius Caesar was printed in 1719, "as altered by Davenant and Dryden." This must have been a mistake, however, because Julius
Cæsar was one of the plays assigned to Killigrew; and therefore Davenant could not play it at his theatre. Walker, who played Brutus on this and subsequent occasions at Covent Garden, used to speak of the following lines at the end of the fourth act:

Sure they have raised some devil to their aid,
And think to frighten Brutus with a shade:
But ere the night closes this fatal day,
I'll send more ghosts this visit to repay.

These lines are not found in the edition printed in 1682 "as acted at the Theatre Royal," but they are given in Bell's edition printed from the Prompter's Book at Covent Garden, 1773. The author of these touching and poetical verses is apparently unknown; but, as Genest points out, it is clear that they must have been received into what he calls "that Sink of corruption—the Prompt Book" after 1682.

We pass over some performances of no particular interest till we come to the first appearance of John Kemble in the character of Brutus. Baedon says: "On the 29th of February, 1812, Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy of Julius Cæsar; he had, as usual, made some very judicious alterations and arrangements in the piece, and in his own performance of Brutus exhibited all that purity of patriotism and philosophy, which has been, not without some hesitation, attributed to that illustrious name" (Life of Kemble, vol. ii. p. 543). There can be little doubt that this performance of the play, with Young as Cassius and Charles Kemble as Antony, must have been most effective, as Brutus was one of the characters in which the elder Kemble was supreme. Macready played both Cassius and Brutus, but in his own opinion he chiefly excelled in the latter. It is a pity that this great actor did not adopt the plan which, according to Mrs. Garrick, her husband followed, of writing his own criticisms, or rather of publishing them; for he did write them apparently in his own diary. Perhaps, if he could have seen such criticisms as the following in print during his lifetime, it might have reconciled him to that profession by means of which he gained a position, which he could scarcely have achieved even in the pulpit, after which he appears sometimes to have hankered, but which profession, nevertheless, he would seem always to have been abusing, and to have regarded as a degradation while he remained in it. In his diary, under date January 24th, 1851, he says: "Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The distance, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it." (vol. ii. p. 365). Let us hope that the audience did feel all this, or, at any rate, some of it. It is, however, satisfactory to know that among the many mortifications which this great artist had to endure, self-depreciation was not one. In another part of his diary Macready says, with indisputable good sense, that Brutus "is one of those characters that requires peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented." It was in the season 1818–19 that he first played Cassius to Young's Brutus at Covent Garden, apparently on the occasion of the latter's benefit. According to his own account Macready played this part to oblige Young; but he seems to have taken great pleasure in it, and to have repeated it again in 1822, at Covent Garden, to Young's Brutus; Marc Antony being then Charles Kemble and Casca Fawcett. This revival was very successful, there being as much as £600 (?) taken at the first performance.

Edmund Kean, apparently, never played in Julius Cæsar at all. Phelps closed his second season on May 5th, 1846, with this play, which, however, never seems to have been a great favourite with him. In our own time this play has never been represented with greater effect than it was by the celebrated German company of the Theatre Royal, Meiningen, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1881. The completeness in every detail, and the admir-

1 See Macready's Reminiscences, vol. i. p. 233. I have ventured to query the sum mentioned, as I do not believe Covent Garden Theatre could have held so much money at that time, and at the then existing prices.
able stage-management, especially in the arrangement of the crowds, rendered these performances some of the most successful ever given by a foreign company in this country.

—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Julius Caesar has been condemned, from a dramatic point of view, for its lack of unity. It is like two plays in one, the former being concerned with the death of Caesar, the latter with the revenge of that deed. The nominal hero disappears at the end of the third act, and only his ghost is seen thereafter. But the ghost is a connecting link between the two parts of the drama. "O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!" exclaims Brutus, when he comes upon the dead bodies of Cassius and Titinius; and Cassius, as he killed himself, had cried:

Cesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

(iii. 45, 46.)

It is not without purpose that the dramatist introduces these significant utterances. Caesar is dead, indeed, but we must not forget that his spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,

(iii. 1. 271, 272.)

has "let slip the dogs of war" against his butchers. The eloquent prophecy of Antony over his bleeding corpse is fulfilled.

The treatment of the living Caesar by the poet, however, has been a puzzle to many of the critics. It is evident from the many allusions to the great Roman in the other plays, that his character and history had made a deep impression on Shakespeare. Craik, after quoting the references to Caesar in As You Like It, II. Henry IV., Henry V., the three parts of Henry VI., Richard III., Hamlet, Antony and Cleopatra, and Cymbeline, remarks that these passages "will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of the mighty Julius than the play which bears his name," "We have," he adds, "a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good-nature or affability. . . . It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Caesar had been carefully reserved for another drama." Hazlitt remarks that the hero of the play "makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do." Hudson says: "Cesar is far from being himself in these scenes; hardly one of the speeches put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken all together they are little short of a downright caricature." He is in doubt whether to explain this by supposing that Caesar was too great for the hero of a drama, "since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for anything else," or whether it was not the poet's plan "to represent Caesar, not as he was indeed, but as he must have appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and equal judgment at our hands." He is disposed to rest on the latter explanation, but to me it seems very clearly a wrong one. What the conspirators thought of Caesar is evident enough from what they themselves say of him. It was not necessary to distort or belittle the character to make us see how they saw him; and to have done it to make us see him as they saw him would have been a gross injustice to the foremost man of all this world of which we cannot imagine Shakespeare guilty. As to its being necessary in order that we may do justice to the conspirators, if it leads us to justify their course in killing him, does it not make the fate that afterwards befalls them appear most undeserved? Does it not enlist our sympathies too exclusively on their side?

On the whole I am disposed to think that the poet meant to represent Caesar as Plutarch represents him—as having become ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by victory, jealous and fearful of his enemies in the state, and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears and misgivings under an arrogant and haughty demeanour. He is shown, moreover, by the dramatist at a critical point in his career, hesitating between his ambition for the crown (which we need not
suppose to have been of a merely selfish sort, for he may well have believed that as king he could do more for his country's good than in any other capacity) and his doubt whether the time had come for him to accept the crown. It may be a question whether even Cæsar could be truly himself just then; whether even he might not, at such a crisis in his fortunes, show something of the weakness of inferior natures.

It must be remembered, too, that, as Hazlitt has said, Cæsar does nothing in the play, has nothing to do, except to play the part of the victim in the assassination. So far as any opportunities of showing what he really is are concerned, he is at much the same disadvantage as “the man in the coffin” at a funeral—a very essential character in the performance, though in no sense an actor in it. If he is to impress us as verily “great Cæsar,” it must be by what he says, not by what he does, and by what he says when there is no occasion for grand and heroic utterance. Under the circumstances a little boasting and bravado appear to be necessary to his being recognized as the Roman Dictator.

After all, there is not so very much of this boastful language put into the mouth of Cæsar; and, as Knight reminds us, some of it is evidently uttered to disguise his fear. When he says:

The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear,
(iii. 2. 41-43.)

he is speaking to the servant who has brought the message from the augurers. “Before him he could show no fear;” but, the moment the servant has gone (he is doubtless intended to leave the stage), he tells Calpurnia that “for her humour he will stay at home,” proving plainly enough that he does fear. His reply afterwards to Decius beginning

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
(iii. 2. 32.)

is directly suggested by Plutarch, who says that when his friends “did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person,” he would not consent to it, “but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death.” His last speech—

I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, (iii. 1. 65-71.)

though boastful, is not unnatural in the connection, being drawn from him by the persistent importunities of the friends of Cimber. The fact that Cæsar has so little to say has, I think, led the critics to exaggerate this characteristic of the speeches.

With regard to Brutus also the critics have had their doubts. Coleridge asks, “What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?” He is perplexed that Brutus, the stern Roman republican, should say that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar as king, if he would only be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be; and also that, in view of all Cæsar had done—crossing the Rubicon, entering Rome as a conqueror, placing Gauls in the senate, &c. —he finds no personal cause to complain of him. He resolves to kill his friend and benefactor, not for what he has been or what he is, but for what he may become. He is no serpent, but a serpent’s egg; therefore crush him in the shell.

It is curious that Coleridge should not have seen that by “personal cause,” so distinctly opposed to “the general,” Brutus refers to his private relations with Cæsar as a man and as a friend, not to public acts or those affecting the common weal. All those enumerated by Coleridge belong to the latter class.

That Brutus should be influenced by his speculations as to what Cæsar might become, is in thorough keeping with the character. Brutus is a scholar, a philosopher, and a patriot; but he is not a statesman. He is an idealist, and strangely wanting in practical wisdom. It is significant that Shakespeare represents him again and again with a book in his hand. He is a man of books rather than a man of the world. His theories are of the noblest, his intentions of the most patriotic and philanthropic, but they are visionary and impracticable. There are such men in every age—reformers who accomplish
INTRODUCTION.

no reform, because their lofty dreams are
impossible of being made realities in this
workaday world. Such men are easily mis-
led and made tools of by those more unscru-
ulous than themselves; as Brutus was by
Cassius and the rest. They are often inco-
sistent in argument, as Brutus in the speech
that puzzled Coleridge. They are influenced
by one-sided views of an important question,
deciding it hastily, without looking at it from
all sides, as they ought, and as those who are
less rash and impulsive see that they ought.
So Brutus sends to Cassius for money to pay
his legions, because he cannot raise money by
vile means; but he knows how Cassius raises
the money, and has no scruples about sharing
in the fruits of the "indirection." He is
thinking only of paying the soldiers, and does
not see that he is an accomplice after the act
in what he so sharply rebukes in Cassius. He
is inconsistent here as in many other cases;
but the inconsistency is perfectly consistent
with the character.

Cassius is a worse man, but a better states-
man, or rather politician. He is shrewd and
fertile in expedients, but not overburdened
with principle or conscience. He is tricky,
and believes that the end justifies the means.
He can write anonymous letters to Brutus,
"in several hands, as if they came from several
citizens," and can put placards in the same
vein "on old Brutus' statute." He is none too
honest himself, but he understands the value
of a good name to "the cause," and therefore
wishes to secure the endorsement of one of
whose "countenance, like richest alchemy, will
change to virtue and to worthiness" what, he says,
"would appear offence in us"—the less scru-
plus politicians.

We must not, however, take Cassius to be
worse than he really is. As a politician he is
a都认为 in expediency—whatever is likely to
secure the end in view is right; but as a
man he has many admirable traits of charac-
ter. If it were not so, Brutus could not love
him as he does. He has a high sense of per-
sonal honour withal. He is indignant when
Brutus tells him he has "an itching palm;" but
he has just told Brutus that bribery is
not to be judged severely when it is necessary
for political purposes. "At such a time as
this it is not meet" to be overcritical of
"every nice offence." There spake the poli-
tician; in the other case, the man. We must not
be too hard upon him. Sundry good friends of
ours in public life are his modern counterparts.

Except in the great scene in the forum,
where his speech to the people is perhaps the
finest piece of oratory to be found in all Shakes-
peare—and entirely his own, be it noted, no
hint of it being given by Plutarch—Antony
plays no very striking part in the drama.
We see him roused by a sudden ambition from
his early career of dissipation, and taking a
place in the Triumvirate; and it reminds us
of Prince Hal's coming to himself, like the re-
pentant prodigal, when he comes to the throne.
But Antony is, morally at least, a slighter
man than Henry. His reform lacks the sin-
cerity and depth of the latter's, and he cannot
hold the higher plane to which he has tem-
porarily risen. His fall is to be depicted in a
later and greater drama, of which he is the
hero and not a subordinate actor as here.

Portia is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's
women. As Mrs. Jameson has said, her
character "is but a softened reflection of that
of her husband Brutus: in him we see an
excess of natural sensibility, an almost woman-
ish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets
of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profes-
sion, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds
against his nature by the strong force of prin-
ciple and will. In Portia there is the same
profound and passionate feeling, and all her
sex's softness and timidity held in check by
that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which
she thought became a woman "so fathered and
so husbanded." The fact of her inflicting on
herself a voluntary wound to try her own
fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this
disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day
on which Cesar was assassinated, Portia ap-
peared overcome with terror, and even swooned
away, but did not in her emotion utter a
word which could affect the conspirators.
Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance
literally [in ii. 4. 1-20].

"There is another beautiful incident re-
lated by Plutarch which could not well be
dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake his fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears."

No critic or commentator, I believe, has thought Calpurnia worthy of notice, but the reader may be reminded to compare carefully the scene between her and Caesar with that between Portia and Brutus. The difference in the two women is not more remarkable than that in their husbands’ bearing and tone towards them. Portia with mingled pride and affection takes her stand upon her rights as a wife—"a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife"—and he feels the appeal as a man of his noble and tender nature must:

O ye gods, Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Calpurnia is a poor creature in comparison with this true daughter of Cato, as her first words to Caesar sufficiently prove:

What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

(ii. 2. 8, 9.)

When a wife takes that tone, we know what the reply will be: "Caesar shall forth." Later, of course, she comes down to entreaty:

Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear That keeps you in the house, and not your own. (ii. 2. 50, 51.)

And Caesar, with contemptuous acquiescence in the suggestion to let Antony say he is "not well to-day," yields to her weak importunities. When Decius comes in and urges Caesar to go, the story of her dream and her forebodings is told him with a sneer (can we imagine Brutus speaking of Portia in that manner?), and her husband, falling a victim to the shrewd flattery of Decius, departs to his death with a parting sling at her foolish fears, which he is ashamed at having for the moment yielded to. Calpurnia was Caesar’s fourth wife, and the marriage was one of convenience rather than of affection.

There are no portions of Roman history that seem so real to us as those which Shakespeare has made the subjects of his plays. History merely calls up the ghost of the dead past, and the impression it makes upon us is shadowy and unsubstantial; poetry makes it live again before our eyes, and we feel that we are looking upon men and women like ourselves, not their misty semblances. It might seem at first that the poet, by giving us fancies instead of facts, or fancies mingled with facts, only distorts and confuses our conceptions of historical verities; but, if he be a true poet, he sees the past with a clearer vision than other men, and reproduces it more truthfully as well as more vividly. He sees it indeed with the eye of imagination, not as it actually was; but there are truths of the imagination no less than of the senses and the reason. Two descriptions may be alike imaginative, but one may be true and the other false. The one, though not a statement of facts, is consistent with the facts and impresses us as the reality would impress us; the other is neither true nor in keeping with the truth, and can only deceive and mislead us. Ben Jonson wrote Roman plays which, in minute attention to the details of the manners and customs of the time, are far more scholarly and accurate than Shakespeare’s. He accompanies them with hundreds of notes giving classical quotations to illustrate the action and the language, and showing how painstaking he has been in this respect. The work evinces genuine poetic power as well as laborious research, and yet the effect is far inferior to that of Shakespeare’s less pedantic treatment of Roman subjects. The latter knows much less of classical history and antiquities, but has a deeper insight into human nature, which is the same in all ages. Jonson has given us skilfully-modelled and admirably-sculptured statues, but Shakespeare living men and women.

88
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

Scene I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, meeting a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.
Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical,1 you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11


Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

1 Mechanical, i.e. belonging to the class of mechanics, artisans.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thounaughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.2 I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor women’s matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover3 them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat’s leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir,
we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

_Mer._ Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

_First_ Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[Exeunt Citizens with a downcast air.
See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

_Mer._ May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

_First._ It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

Scene II. A public place.

_Ant._ An Altar with fire on it, by which the Soothsayer
is standing; on either side a mob of citizens.
_Enter_ in procession with music, _Cæsar;
_Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Cassca, Priests, Senators, Standard-bearers, Lictors, Guards, &c._

_Cæs._ Calpurnia!

_Casca._ Peace, ho! _Cæsar_ speaks.

_Cæs._ Calpurnia!

_Cal._ Here, my lord.

_Cæs._ Stand your directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.— _Antonius—
_Ant._ _Cæsar_, my lord!

_Cæs._ Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

_Ant._ I shall remember;
When _Cæsar_ says "Do this," it is perform'd.

_Cæs._ Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[Music.

_Sooth._ _Cæsar_!

_Cæs._ Ha! who calls?

_Casca._ Bid every noise be still.— _Peace yet again!_ [Music ceases; the crowd opens and discovers Soothsayer.

_Cæs._ Who is it in the press* that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; _Cæsar_ is turn'd to hear.

_Sooth._ Beware the ides of March.

_Cæs._ What man is that?

_Brut._ A soothsayer bids you beware the ides
of March.

_Cæs._ Set him before me; let me see his face.

_Cass._ Fellow, come from the throng; look upon _Cæsar_. [The Soothsayer advances.

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1 That—so that

2 Ceremonies, trophies, honorary ornaments.
Julius Caesar.  

ACT I. Scene 2.

Caesar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caesar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: [Exit Soothsayer, Antony, and the rest.—pass.] [Sennet.] Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius in procession.

Cassius. Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll leave you. [Going—Cassius stops him.

Brutus. I do observe you now of late: I have not from your eyes that gentleness And show of love as I was wont to have; You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius, Be not deceiv'd; if I have veild my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance Merely upon myself. Vexed I am Of late with passions of some difference, Conceptions only proper to myself, Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours; But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,— Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—Nor construe any further my neglect, Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war, Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself, But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius. 'Tis just;

And it is very much lamented, Brutus, That you have no such mirrors as will turn Your hidden worthiness into your eye, That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,— Except immortal Caesar,—speaking of Brutus, And groaning underneath this age's yoke, Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius, That you would have me seek into myself For that which is not in me?

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;

And, since you know you cannot see yourself So well as by reflection, I, your glass, Will modestly discover to yourself That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus: Were I a common laughter, or did use To stale with ordinary baths my love To every new protestor; if you know That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard, And after scandal them; or if you know That I profess myself in banqueting To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[Flourish and shout.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear, the people Choose Caesar for their king.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.—

But wherefore do you hold me here so long? What is it that you would impart to me? If it be aught toward the general good, Set honour in one eye, and death in the other, And I will look on both indifferently; For let the gods so speed me as I love The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, As well as I do know your outward favour. Well, honour is the subject of my story.— I cannot tell what you and other men Think of this life; but, for my single self, I had as lief be as live to be In awe of such a thing as I myself.

1 Sennet, a kind of flourish on the trumpet.
2 Merely. altogether, entirely.
3 Passions of some difference, conflicting emotions.  
4 Of the best respect. i.e. best worthy of respect.
5 Jealous on, suspicious or distrustful of.
6 State, make state, or common.
7 Scandal, defamation, slander.
8 Speed, favour, prosper.
9 Favour, face, personal appearance.
I was born free as Caesar; so were you; We both have fed as well; and we can both Endure the winter’s cold as well as he: For once, upon a raw and gusty day, The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores, Cæsar said to me, “Dar’st thou, Cassius, now Leap in with me into this angry flood, And swim to yonder point?” Upon the word, Accoutred as I was, I plunged in, And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did. The torrent roard; and we did buffet it With lusty sinews, throwing it aside, And stemming it with hearts of controversy: But ere we could arrive the point propos’d, Cæsar cried, “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!” I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber Did I the tired Cæsar;—and this man Is now become a god; and Cassius is A wretched creature, and must bend his body If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him. He had a fever when he was in Spain, And when the fit was on him I did mark How he did shake: ’tis true, this god did shake; His coward lips did from their colour fly; And that same eye whose bend1 doth awe the world Did lose his2 lustre: I did hear him groan; Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

1 Bend, look. 2 His, its.
Brutus and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar? Why should that name be sounded more than yours? Write them together, yours is as fair a name; Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well; Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em, Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.

[Shouts.]

Now, in the names of all the gods at once, Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed, That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd! Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods! When went there by an age, since the great flood, But it was fam'd with more than with one man? When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome That her wide walls encompass'd but one man! Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough, When there is in it but one only man. O, you and I have heard our fathers say, There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome As easily as a king!

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous; What you would work me to, I have some aim; How I have thought of this, and of these times, I shall recount hereafter; [Cassius is going to speak; checking him] for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you, Be any further mov'd. What you have said, I will consider; what you have to say, I will with patience hear; and find a time Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

[Shouts heard nearer.]

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: Brutus had rather be a villager Than to repute himself a son of Rome Under these hard conditions as this time Is like to lay upon us.

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Footnotes:
1. Flood, the deluge of Dencalion.
2. Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins.
3. Aim, conjecture.
4. As=such as.
5. Conference, debate.
6. Given, disposed.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Antony goes to Caesar's side; Brutus
crosses to Casca as he is going, and
pulls his cloak. Music. Exeunt
all in procession, except Casca,
Brutus, and Cassius.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would
you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd
to-day,
That Caesar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you
not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had
chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him;
and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the
back of his hand, thus; and then the people
fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice; what was the
last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by
thrice, every time gentler than other; and
at every putting-by mine honest neighbours
shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the
manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not
mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a
crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was
one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he
put it by once; but, for all that, to my think-
ing, he would fain have had it. Then he
offer'd it to him again; then he put it by
again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath
to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd
it the third time; he put it the third time by;
and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement
shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and
threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and utter'd
such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar
refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd
Caesar; for he swooned, and fell down at it.

And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh,
for fear of opening my lips and receiving the
bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar
swoon!

Casca. He fell down in the market-place,
and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like;—he hath the falling-
sickness.

Cas. No, Caesar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling sick-
ness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that;
but I am sure Caesar fell down. If the rag-
rag people did not chapp him and hiss him,
according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them,
as they use to do the players in the theatre, I
am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto
himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he
perceiv'd the common herd was glad he re-
 fused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his dou-
blet and offer'd them his throat to cut:—an I
had been a man of any occupation, 3 if I would
not have taken him at a word, I would I
might go to hell among the rogues:—and so
he fell. When he came to himself again, he
said, If he had done or said any thing amiss,
he desir'd their worship's to think it was his
infirmitie. Three or four wenches, where I
stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave
him with all their hearts:—but there's no
heed to be taken of them; if Caesar had stabb'd
their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er
look you in the face again:—but those that
understood him smiled at one another and
shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it
was Greek to me. [I could tell you more news
too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs
off Caesar's images, are put to silence.] Fare
1 Falling-sickness, epilepsy.
2 True, honest.
3 Of any occupation, a mechanic, like the plebeians about
him.
you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?
Casca. No, I am promised forth.1
Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow?
Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.
Cass. Good; I will expect you.
Casca. Do so. Farewell both. [Exit Cassa.
Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle2 when he went to school.
Casca. So is he now, in execution3
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a saucce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.
Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow if you please to speak to me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,309
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.
Casca. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.—
[Exit Brutus.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wronged
From that4 it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduce'd?
Cesar doth bear me hard,5 but he loves
Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not honour me. I will this night,
In several hands,6 in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,7
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely
Cesar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[Exit.

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Scene III. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, Casca, with his sword drawn, and
Cicero.

[Cic. Good even, Casca: brought7 you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway8 of earth
Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against9 the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap10 a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These11 are their reasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things. 31
Unto the climate12 that they point upon.
Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their fashion,13

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1 I am promised forth, i.e. I have promised to go out
(to supper).
2 Quick mettle, of a lively spirit.
3 Execution, metrically five syllables.
4 From that, from that to which.
5 Doth bear me hard, has a grudge against me.
6 Hands, handwritings.
7 Brought, escorted.
8 Sway, balance, equilibrium.
9 Against, opposite.
10 Drawn upon a heap, crowded close together.
11 These, such and such.
12 Climate, country.
13 After their fashion, in their own way.

95
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Cass. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cæsar, Cassius, what night is this!—(Act i. 3. 42.)

Cic. Good night, then, Cassius; this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.
Cass. Farewell, Cicero.
[Exit Cicero.]

Enter Cassius.

Cass. Who's there?
Cass. A Roman.

Cass. Cassia, by your voice.
Cass. Your ear is good. [Thunder and lightning.] Cassius, what night 2 is this!
Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Cass. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And thus unbraced, 3 Cassius, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone; 4
And when the cross 5 blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Cass. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
Cass. You are dull, Cassius, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and case your mind in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens;
But if you would consider the true cause of Why these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts from quality and kind; 6
Why old men fool, 7 and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordinance, 8
Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Cassius, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

1 Clean from, quite away from, or contrary to.
2 What night, what a night.
3 Unbraced, ungirt; explained by the next line.
4 Thunder-stone, thunderbolt.
5 Cross, zigzag.
6 From quality and kind, i.e. deviate from or change their natures.
7 Fool, become fools.
8 Their ordinance, what they were ordained to be.
As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

_Cass._ 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cæsius?

_Cass._ Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

_Cass._ Indeed, they say, the senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

_Cass._ I know where I will wear this dagger,
then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cæsius. 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.  [Thunder.

_Cass._ So can I; 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

_Cass._ And why should Cæsar be a tyrant,
then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans minds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

_Cass._ You speak to Cæsius; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand; 115
Be factions for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

_Cass._ There's a bargain made.  [Grasping Cassi's hand.
Now know you, Cæsius, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch:  [Thunder and lightning]
for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element:
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

_Cass._ Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

_Cass._ 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—[Enter Cinna.] Cinna, where haste you so?

_Cinna._ To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

_Cass._ No, it is Cæsius; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

_Cinna._ I am glad on 't.  [Thunder.] What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

_Cass._ Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

_Cinna._ Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

_Cass._ Be you content:—good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the pretor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

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1 Prodigious, portentous.
2 Woe the while! alas for the times!
ACT II.


Enter Brutus.

Brutus. What, Lucius: ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. Cal'd you, my lord?

Brutus. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Lucius. I will, my lord. [Exit. Lightning.

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general, he would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?
—That;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of

Cæsar. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us
His contemence, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cæsar, Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceived. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him. [Exit.

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereeto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Lucius. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Give's him a letter.

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Lucius. I know not, sir.

Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Lucius. I will, sir. [Lightning. Exit.

Brutus. The exhalations, whistling in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, holds it up, and reads.

"Brutus, thou sleepest! awake, and see thyself. Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleepest! awake!"

Such instigations have been often drop'd Where I have took them up.

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out: Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. "Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[Knocking within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar I have not slept. Between the acting of a dreadful thing And the first motion, all the interim is Like a phantasma or a hideous dream: The Genius and the mortal instruments Are then in council; and the state of man, Like to a little kingdom, suffers then The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are more with him.

Brut. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour:

Brut. Let 'em enter.

[Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shall Rome to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability; For, if thou path, thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, followed by Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius, with their faces masked in their togas.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? Brutus. I have been up this hour, awake all night. Know I these men that come along with you? Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here But honours you; and every one doth wish You had but that opinion of yourself Which every noble Roman bears of you.—

[They all uncover their faces.

This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Brutus. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word?

[He retires with Cassius.

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and you grey lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south,

1 Phantasma, vision.
2 Genius, spirit, soul.
3 Mortal instruments, bodily powers.
4 More, more.
5 That, so that.
6 Favour, face, feature.
7 Path, walk.
8 Prevention, discovery, and consequent thwarting.
9 Fret, diversly, variegated.
10 Growing on, verging toward.
ACT II. Scene 1.

Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

[Brutus and Cassius come forward.

Br. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Br. No, not an oath! If not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, country-men, What need we any spur but our own cause To prick us to redress what other bond Than secret Romans that have spoke the word, And will not palter and what other oath Than honesty to honesty engag’d That this shall be, or we will fall for it? 123 Sweat priests and cowards and men cautious, Old feeble carriages and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor the insuppressible metal of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath; when every drop of blood, That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass’d from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? 141

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs Will purchase us a good opinion, And buy men’s voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul’d our hands; Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear, But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him; 150

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casu. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch’d but only Caesar?

Cas. Decius, well urg’d:—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov’d of Caesar, Should outlive Caesar. We shall find of him A shrewd contriver, and you know his means, If he improve them, may well stretch so far As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160 Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Br. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs, Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards; For Antony is but a limb of Caesar; Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius. We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar, And in the spirit of men there is no blood; O, that we then could come by Caesar’s spirit, And not dismember Caesar! But, alas, 170 Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let’s kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds: And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, Stir up their servants to an act of rage, And after seem to chide ’em. This shall make Our purpose necessary and not envious; 18 Which so appearing to the common eyes, We shall be call’d purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; 19 For he can do no more than Caesar’s arm When Caesar’s head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrained love he bears to Caesar— Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

1 Weighing, considering.
2 High-sighted, supercilious, haughty.
3 Palter, shuffle, equivocate.
4 Cautelous, crafty, wary.
5 Even, pure, blameless.
6 Insuppressible, irrepressible.
7 Several, separate.
8 Break with him, break it to him.
9 Shrewd, evil, mischievous.
10 Envy, malice.
11 Come by, get at.
12 Make, make to appear.
13 Envious, malicious.
14 Purgers, cleansers or healers.
15 Several, separate.
16 Several, separate.
17 Several, separate.
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought\(^1\) and die for Caesar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear\(^2\) in him; let him not
die;
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cass. The clock has stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from\(^3\) the main\(^4\) opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:\(^5\)
It may be, these apparent\(^6\) prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'er-sway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent, \(^2\)
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to
fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the utter-
most?\(^7\)

Cicero. Be that the uttermost, and fail not
then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,\(^8\)
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by
him.\(^9\)

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

---

\(^1\) Take thought, give way to anxiety or despondency.
\(^2\) Fear, ground for fear, cause of fear.
\(^3\) From, away from, contrary to.
\(^4\) Main, strong, fixed.
\(^5\) Ceremonies, omens drawn from sacrifices, or ceremonial rites.
\(^6\) Apparent, manifest.
\(^7\) Bear Caesar hard, bear him a grudge.
\(^8\) By him, by his house.

---

Cass. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave
you, Brutus.—\(^2\)

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
member
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Brut. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on\(^9\) our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:\(^10\)
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

[Exeunt all but Brutus, muffling up
their faces in their togas.]

[Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: \(^2\)
Thou hast no figures,\(^11\) nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.]

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've un-
gently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about, \(^2\)
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture\(^12\) of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. \([\text{So I did;}}

Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour, \(^2\)

Which sometime hath his hour with every
man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition.\(^13\)
I should not know you, Brutus.] Dear my lord, Make me acquainted with your cause of grief. Brutus. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health, He would embrace the means to come by it. Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick?—and is it physical
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours

Of the dank3 morning? What! is Brutus sick.] And will he steal out of his wholesome bed, To dare the vile contagion of the night, And tempt the rheumy4 and unpurged air To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; You have some sick offence5 within your mind, Which, by the right and virtue of my place, I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270

[Kneels. I charm6 you, by my once commended beauty, By all your vows of love and that great vow, Which did incorporate and make us one, That you unfold to me, yourself, your half, Why you are heavy, and what men to-night Have had resort to you; for here have been Some six or seven, who did hide their faces Even from darkness.

Brutus. [Raising her] Kneel not, gentle Portia. Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281 That appertain to you? Am I yourself But, as it were, in sort or limitation, To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs Of your good pleasure? If it be no more, Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife. Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife; As clear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart. [Embraces her. Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret. 290

I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife; I grant I am a woman; but withal A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter. Think you I am no stronger than my sex, Being so father'd and so husbanded? Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em: I have made strong proof of my constancy, Giving myself a voluntary wound 299 Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience, And not my husband's secrets?

2 Dank, damp, moist. 4 Rheumy, causing rheumatism; according to some = damp. 5 Some sick offence, something that offends and makes you sick. 6 Charm, conjure.
ACT II. Scene 1.

BRU.  O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—

[Knocking within.]
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.—  [Exit Portia.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knocks?

LIG. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

BRU. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

LIG. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

BRU. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

LIG. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

BRU. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

[Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, has conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible,

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

LIG. But are not some whole that we must

make sick?

BRU. That must we also. What is it, my

Caius?  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,

To whom it must be done.

LIG. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

BRU. Follow me, then.  [Exit.]

ACT II. Scene 2.

Scene II.  A room in Caesar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Caesar in his night-gown.

CEA. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho! they murder Caesar!”— Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

SERV. My lord!

CEA. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

SERV. I will, my lord.  [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

CAL. What mean you, Caesar? Think you
to walk forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

CEA. Caesar shall forth. The things that threaten'd me

Never look'd but on my back; when they shall see

The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

CAL. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath welphed in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squall about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

CEA. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions

Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

1. Charactery, handwriting.
2. Exorcist, one who raises spirits. See note 89, II. Henry VI.
4. To whom, to him to whom.

5. Present, immediate.
6. Stood on ceremonies, laid stress on omens.
8. Use, what is usual.
When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
[Exit Servant.

If he should stay at home to-day for fear,
No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter’d in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum’d in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We’ll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knees, prevail in this.
Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius.

Here’s Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators.
And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot be false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Say, he is sick
Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh’d at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. The cause is in my will,—I will not come:
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:—
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dream’d to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d that I will stay at home to-day.

This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath’d,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia’s dream is signified.

And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render’d, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“Lo, Cæsar is afraid”? 

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.
ACT II. Scene 2.

JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT II. Scene 2.

Cas. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia! 105
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
[Give me my robe, for I will go.—]

Enter Publiius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

[Exit Calpurnia.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Cas. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

[Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius, 111

Cesar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Bru. Caesar, 't is strucken eight.

Cas.] I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Ant. Here will I stand till Caesar pass along.—(Act ii. 3. 11.)

Enter Antony.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Cas. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Trebonius, I will:—[aside] and so near
will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cas. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

[Exeunt Caesar and Antony, Casca and Decius, Cinna and Metellus, and Trebonius.

Bru. That every like is not the same, 1 O Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns 2 to think upon!

[Exit.

1 That every like is not the same, that the semblance is not always the reality (the same as it seems).
2 Yearns, grieves.
Scene III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casea; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS."  

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11 And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation. 3

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. 4

[Exit.

Scene IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house; Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone: Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

[Aside] O constancy, 5 be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet!

Luc. Madam, what should I do? Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 11 And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well; I heard a bustling rumour 6 like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, 7 madam, I hear nothing.

[Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow; which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour; lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended 8 towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance. 

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is narrow;

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, Of senators, of prætors, common suitors, Will crowd a feeble man almost to death: I'll get me to a place more void, 9 and there Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit, That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; Say I am merry: come to me again, And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exit severally.
ACT III.

SCENE I. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

CAESAR. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

CAESAR. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

DEC. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ART. O, Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

ART. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR. What! is the fellow mad?

PUB. Sirrah, give place.

CASCA. What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise. CAESAR sits in state chair.

POP. [To Cassius] I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASCA. What enterprise, Popilius?

POPE. Fare you well.

[Advances to Caesar.]
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

[Cæsar crosses behind to Cassius, and Decius to Cassa.

Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cassius. Cassius, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, 1

For I will slay myself.

[Popilius kisses Cæsar's hand.

Brutus. Cassius, be constant: Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change. 2

Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Antony and Trebonius cross behind state chair and exeunt.

Decius. [Crosse to Brutus] Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

[Metellus advances to Cæsar's chair.

Brutus. He is address'd: 3 press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Cæsar. What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus Cimber. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.—

[Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couragings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordain'd and first decreed

Into the law of children. Be not fond, 4

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thaw'd from the true quality 41

With 46 that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,

1. Turn back, return home.
2. Change, change colour or expression.
3. Address'd, prepared, ready.
4. Fond, foolish.
46 With, by.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III. Scene 1.

Caesa. Speak, hands, for me.

[Metellus labys hold on Caesar's robe;—Caesa stabs Caesar in the week. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He then is stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.

Cas. Et tu, Brute?—Then, fall, Caesar.

[Caesar dead at the foot of Pompey's statue.

The Senators and People retire in confusion.

[Caes. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim it about the streets.

Cass. Some to the common pulpit, and cry out.

"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchiseisment!"

Brus. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Caesa. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Brus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's Should chance—

Brus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;—

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brus. Do so;—and let none man abide this deed, But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?

Trebr. Fleed to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Brus. Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Caesa. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit; So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—[Stoop, Romans, stoop, And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;] Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

Cass.[Stoop, then, and wash.—] How many ages hence Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Caesar bleed in sport, That now on Pompey's basis lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cass. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cass. Ay, every man away; Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;—

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:— Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.

Say I love Brutus and I honour him; Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him and be resolv'd How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus ThorOUGH the hazards of this untried state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. [Servant rises.

---

1 *Et tu, Brute!* And thou, Brutus!
2 *Good cheer,* be of good cheer, be not alarmed.
3 *Abide,* answer for.

---

*On Pompey's basis, i.e. at the base of Pompey's statue.*
*Resolv'd, informed, satisfied.*
*Thoroughe, the original form of through.*
Tell him, so please him come unto this place, 
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, I
Depart untouch'd.

Sir. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit Servant.]  

Bru. I know that we shall have him well
to friend.  

Cass. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—

Enter Antony.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

[Kneeling by Cæsar's body.]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee
well.—

[Rises.] I know not, gentlemen, what you in-
tend,

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank; If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich
With the most noble blood of all this world. I
do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  

[Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke.]

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, I
shall not find myself so apt to die; No place will please me so, no mean of death, As here by Cæsar and by you cut off, The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us. Though now we must appear bloody and cruel, As, by our hands and this our present act, You see we do, yet see you but our hands And this the bleeding business they have done: Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful; And pity to the general wrong of Rome— As fire drives out fire, so pity pity— Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
ACT III. Scene 1.

JULIUS CAESAR.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do’t by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter’d with the hands of war,
All pity chok’d with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar’s spirit ranging for revenge,

[With Até by his side come hot from hell.]
Shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice
Cry “Havoc!” and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters and is coming;
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

[Seeing the body.

O Cæsar!—[He is overcome with grief.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.

1 Cold modesty, cool (dispassionate) moderation.
2 Prick’d, marked, i.e. enlisted.
3 Produce, bear forth.
4 Fall, befall.
5 Havoc! the old signal that no quarter was to be given.
6 That, so that.
Passion, 1 I see, is catching; for mine eyes, 2
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues
of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him
what hath chance’d.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome 2 of safety for Octavius yet; 29
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[Exit with Caesar’s body.

Scene II. The Forum.

Shouts of Citizens heard within. Enter Brutus
and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers. 3—
Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar’s death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,
When severally 4 we hear them rendered. 10
[Exit Cassius with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended:
silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! 5 hear me for
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear;
believe me for mine honour; and have respect
to mine honour, that you may believe; cen-

1 Passion, emotion. 2 Rome, a play upon room.
3 Part the numbers, divide the multitude.
4 Severally, separately.
5 Lovers, friends.

sure 6 me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Caesar’s, to him I say that Brutus’ love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free
men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I shew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, 7 for which he suffered death.

Enter four Guards bearing Caesar’s body on a
bier, Antony and others.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[He descends from the rostrum.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home
unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Cit. Caesar’s better parts
Shall now be crown’d in Brutus.

6 Censure, judge. 7 Enforced, exaggerated.
First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with<br>shouts and clamours.
Bru. My countrymen,—
Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
First Cit. Peace, ho! 59
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,<br>And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;<br>Do grace1 to Caesar's corpse, and grace his<br>speech<br>Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony<br>By our permission is allow'd to make.<br>I do entreat you, not a man depart,<br>Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.<br>First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark<br>Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public<br>chair;2<br>We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up. 69<br>Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding3 to<br>you. [He goes up into the rostrum.<br>Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?<br>Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,<br>he finds himself beholding to us all.<br>Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm<br>of Brutus here.<br>First Cit. This Cesar was a tyrant.<br>Third Cit. Nay, that's certain;<br>We are blest that Rome is rid of him.<br>Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony<br>can say.<br>Ant. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me<br>your ears;<br>I come to bury Cesar, not to praise him.<br>The evil that men do lives after them, 80<br>The good is oft interred with their bones;<br>So let it be with Cesar. The noble Brutus<br>Hath told you Cesar was ambitious;<br>If it were so, it was a grievous fault,<br>And grievously hath Cesar answer'd it.<br>Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—<br>For Brutus is an honourable man,<br>So are they all, all honourable men,—<br>Come I to speak in Cesar's funeral. 89<br>He was my friend, faithful and just to me:<br>But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. 92<br>He hath brought many captives home to Rome,<br>Whose ransom did the general offers fill;<br>Did this in Cesar seem ambitious?<br>When that the poor have cried, Cesar hath<br>wept;<br>Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.<br>Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;<br>And Brutus is an honourable man.<br>You all did see that on the Laperal<br>I thrice presented him a kingly crown,<br>Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?<br>Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;<br>And, sure, he is an honourable man.<br>I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,<br>But here I am to speak what I do know.<br>You all did love him once,—not without cause;<br>What cause withholds you then to mourn for<br>him?<br>O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,<br>And men have lost their reason!—Bear with<br>me; 110<br>My heart is in the coffin there with Cesar,<br>And I must pause till it come back to me.<br>First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in<br>his sayings.<br>Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the<br>matter,<br>Cesar hath great wrong.<br>Third Cit. Has he not, masters? I<br>fear there will a worse come in his place.<br>Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would<br>not take the crown;<br>Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.<br>First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear<br>abide it.4<br>Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire<br>with weeping. 120<br>Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in<br>Rome than Antony.<br>Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again<br>to speak.<br>Ant. But yesterday the word of Cesar might<br>Have stood against the world; now lies he<br>there,<br>And none so poor to do him reverence.<br>O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir<br>Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

1 Grace, honour.
2 Public chair, the rostrum or pulpit in the Forum. Beholding, behelden.

4 Dear abide it, pay dearly for it.
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's
wounds,
And dip their napkins\(^2\) in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it,
Mark Antony.

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All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's
will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but
men:
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his
heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it?

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it,
Mark Antony!
You shall read us the will! Caesar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay
awhile?
I have o'ershoot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors! honourable
men!
All. The will! the testament!
See. Cit. They were villains, murderers!
The will! Read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the
will?

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1 Commons, common people, plebeians.
2 Napkins, handkerchiefs.
Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar;  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?  
**All.** Come down.  
**Sec. Cit.** Descend.  

*He comes down from the rostrum, and goes to the head of the body.*

**Third Cit.** You shall have leave.  
**Fourth Cit.** A ring; stand round.  
**First Cit.** Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.  
**Sec. Cit.** Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!  
**Ant.** Nay, press not so upon me; stand far*¹* off.  
**All.** Stand back! room! bear back!  
**Ant.** If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day² he overcame the Nervii:—  
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd³  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:⁴  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!  
This was the most unkindest cut of all;  
For, when the noble Caesar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;  
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.  
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down;  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel  
The dint⁵ of pity; these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold

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¹ *Far* probably a contraction of *further.*  
² *That day,* on that day when.  
³ *Resolv'd,* satisfied.  
⁴ *Angel,* darling.  
⁵ *Dint,* impression.

Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
Here is himself, narry'd, as you see, with traitors.  
**First Cit.** O piteous spectacle!  
**Sec. Cit.** O noble Caesar!  
**Third Cit.** O woful day!  
**Fourth Cit.** O traitors, villains!  
**First Cit.** O most bloody sight!  
**Sec. Cit.** We will be reveng'd!  
**All.** Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!  
Kill! Shal! Let not a traitor live!  
**Ant.** Stay, countrymen.  
**First Cit.** Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.  
**Sec. Cit.** We'll hear him, we'll follow him,  
we'll die with him.  
**Ant.** Good friends, sweet friends, let me not  

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
They that have done this deed are honourable:—  
What private griefs⁶ they have, alas! I know not,  
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
That love my friend; and that they know  
full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on:  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,  
Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor  
dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but, were I  
Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Caesar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.  
**All.** We'll mutiny.  
**First Cit.** We'll burn the house of Brutus.  
**Third Cit.** Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.  
**Ant.** Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

⁶ *Griefs,* grievances.
ACT III. Scene 2.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv'd your loves? Alas, you know not! — I must tell you, then: — You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true; — the will! — let's stay, and hear the will.

[Reading the scroll] To every Roman citizen he gives, To every several man, seventy-five drachmas. —

Third Cit. O royal Caesar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His privatearbours, and new-planted orchards; On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures, To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never! — Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire the traitors' houses. Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything. [Exeunt Citizens, with the body.

Ant. Now let it work. — Mischief, thou art about, Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him: He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.

1 Drachmas, coins equal to about 9d. each.
2 Orchards, gardens.
3 Fire, metrically a dissyllable.
ACT III. Scene 3.

JULIUS CAESAR.

[Scene III. The same. A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast
with Caesar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?
Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?
Third Cit. Where do you dwell?
Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.
First Cit. Ay, and briefly.
Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.
Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.
Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry;—you'll bear me a bang\(^1\) for that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Sec. Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.\(^2\)

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! 31

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

[Scene I. Rome. A room in Antony's house.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.\(^3\)
Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?
Lep. I do consent,—

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.
Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house; Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

1 Bear me a bang, get a blow from me.
2 Turn him going, turn him adrift, send him packing.
3 Prick'd, marked.

Ost. Or here, or at the Capitol. 11

[Exit Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritible man, Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit, The three-fold world divided,\(^4\) he should stand One of the three to share it?
Ost. So you thought him; And took his voice who should be prick'd to die In our black sentence and proscription.\(^5\)
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you; And though we lay these honours on this man, To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business.\(^6\)

Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will,

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\(^4\) Divided, being divided, when it is divided.
\(^5\) Proscription; metrically four syllables.
\(^6\) Business; here a trisyllable.

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Then take we down his head, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:—
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth;—
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and staid by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius
Are levyng powers; we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I
fear,
Millions of mischiefs.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Before the tent of Brutus, in the camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius, and Soldiers; Pindarus meeting them; Lucius at some distance.

Br. Stand, ho!
Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Br. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.

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1 Taste, measure, degree.
2 A property, a thing to be used as we please.
3 Powers, forces.
4 At the stake, like a wild beast tied to a stake, to be baited by dogs.
5 In his own change, because of some change in himself.
6 Full of regard, worthy of all regard.
7 Resolv'd, informed.
8 Familiar instances, proofs or manifestations of familiarity.
9 Hot at hand, spirited when held in.
10 Fall, let fall.
ACT IV. Scene 2.

JULIUS CAESAR.

Brutus. Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies!
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Brutus. Cassius, be content;1
Speak your griefs2 softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge3 your griefs,
And I will give you audience.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

Scene III. Within the tent of Brutus.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cassius. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted4 Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.5
Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice6 offence should bear his comment.7
Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have8 an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold9
To undeservers.
Cassius. I an itching palm!10
[Half draws his sword.

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius. Chastisement!
Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cassius. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.9
Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius. I am.
Brutus. I say you are not.
Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus. Away, slight man!
Cassius. Is't possible?
Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
[Cassius advances angrily, as if
go to speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash cholera?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?
Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! [Cassius paces
agitatedly to and fro.] Must I endure all this?
Brutus. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud
heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I
budge?
Must I observe10 you? Must I stand and crouch

1 Content, quiet, calm. 2 Grieves, grievances. 3 Enlarge, state fully. 4 Noted, stigmatized. 5 Slighted off, treated slightlying disregarded. 6 Nice, petty, trifling. 7 Bear his comment, receive its criticism. 8 To have, for having. 9 Conditions, the terms on which offices are to be conferred. 10 Observe, be obsequious to.
Under your testy humour? [Cassius stops, restraining himself with great effort.] By the gods, you shall digest the venom of your spleen, though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I’ll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, when you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier; 51 let it appear so; make your vaunting true, and it shall please me well: for mine own part, I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cass. [Calmly] You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus; I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar liv’d he durst not thus have mov’d me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cass. [Suppressing his anger by a great effort] Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats; for I am arm’d so strong in honesty that they pass by me as the idle wind which I respect not. I did send to you for certain sums of gold, which you denied me;

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, and drop my blood for drachmas, than towring from the hard hands of peasants their vile trash by any indirection.—I did send to you for gold to pay my legions, which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer’d Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 79 to lock such rascal counters2 from his friends, be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts, dash him to pieces!

Cass. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not:—he was but a fool that brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv’d my heart; a friend should bear a friend’s infirmities, but Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer’s would not, though they do appear 91 as huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!

For Cassius is aweariness of the world;

Hated by one he loves, brav’d by his brother,

Check’d3 like a bondman; all his faults observ’d,

Set in a note-book, learn’d and conn’d by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep my spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast; within, a heart dearer than Phitus4 mine, richer than gold:

If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart; strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know, when thou didst hate him worst, thou lov’dst him better

Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;

Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.5 o Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb;

That carries anger as the flint bears fire,

Who, much enforced,6 shows a hasty spark and straight is cold again.

1 Indirection, dishonesty

2 Counters, pieces of metal used in casting accounts; here used contemptuously for money.

3 Check’d, chided, reproved.

4 Phitus, the Roman god of wealth.

5 Shall be humour, shall be regarded as mere caprice.

6 Enforced, struck forcibly.
Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. [Embracing him.] And my heart too.

Cass. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cass. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Poet. [Within] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [Within] You shall not come to them.

[Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter [Poet, followed by ] Lucilius and Titinius.

Cass. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!
Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.¹
Brut. I'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling² fools!—
Companion,² hence!
Cass. Away! away! be gone! [Exit Poet.]

Brutus and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you.
Immediately to us.

[Enter Lucilius and Titinius.]
Lucius!

[Enter Lucius.]

A bowl of wine.
[Exit Lucius.]

Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Brut. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!
Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use.
If you give place⁴ to accidental evils.
Brut. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.
Cass. Ha! Portia?
Brut. She is dead.
Cass. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Brut. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract;⁵
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cass. And died so?
Brut. Even so.
Cass. O ye immortals gods!

¹ Fashion: here a trisyllable.
² Jiggling, rhyming.
³ Companion: used contemptuously = fellow.
⁴ Give place, give way.
⁵ Fell distract, became distracted.
On such a full sea are we now afloat; 222
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our
talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cass. No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 229

Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[Exit Lucius.]

Farewell, good Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cass. O my dear brother! 230

[Embracing Brutus.]

This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter Lucius, with the gown.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cass. Good night, my lord!

Bru. Good night, good brother!

Tit., Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus!

Bru. Farewell, every one!—

[Exit Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

[Goeth for his lute, and returns.]

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art 'er-

watch'd. 241

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sir, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.
Brut. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[Servants lie down.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brut. Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Brut. It does, my boy; I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Brut. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Brut. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live, I will be good to thee.—

[Lucius sits, and begins to play, but soon falls asleep.
This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber, Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument: I'll take it from thee [Takes lute from Lucius and lays it down]; and, good boy, good night.—

Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition.

[Ghost approaches.
ACT IV. Scene 3.

JULIUS CAESAR.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? 280

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. [Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so criedst out? Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst.] Didst thou see
any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord! [Both advance.

Bru. Why did you cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers² betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord. 304

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered. You said the enemy would not come down, But keep the hills and upper regions. It proves not so: their battles³ are at hand; They mean to warn⁴ us at Philippi here, Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms,⁵ and I know Wherefore they do it: they could be content To visit other places, and come down With fearful bravery,⁶ thinking by this face⁷ To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage; 11 But 'tis not so.

1 Store, stand up.
2 Set on his powers, move forward his forces.
3 Battles, battalions, forces.
4 Warn, summon, attack.
5 Bosoms, confidence.
6 With fearful bravery, with a show of courage though full of fear.
7 Face, appearance.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals; 12 The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out, And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle³ softly on, Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand 1; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? ⁹

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20

[March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

8 Battle, army. 9 Exigent, exigency.
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Brut. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Caesar’s heart, Crying, “Long live! Hail, Caesar!”
Cass. Antony, The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stinging too.
Brut. O, yes, and soundless too;  
For you have stol’n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hack’d one another in the sides of Caesar;  
You show’d your teeth like apes, and fawn’d like hounds,  
And bowl’d like bondmen, kissing Caesar’s feet;  
Whilst damned Cassius, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;  
This tongue had not offended so to-day, 
If Cassius might have rul’d.
Oct. Come, come, the cause; if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look—
I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Caesar’s three and thirty wounds  
Be well aveng’d; or till another Caesar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

On their charge, when they attack us.
Make forth, go forward.
Posture, character, direction.
Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.
1 On their charge, when they attack us.
2 Make forth, go forward.
3 Posture, character, direction.
4 Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.
5 The cause, let us to business.
6 The proof of it, the practical application or enforcement of it.
7 Up again, back to its sheath.
ACT V. Scene 1.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT V. Scene 1.

**Mess.** Believe not so.

**Cass.** I but believe it partly.

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv’d to meet all perils very constantly.

**Bru.** Even so, Lucilius.\(^6\)

**Cass.** Now, most noble Brutus, the gods to-day stand friendly, that we may, lovers in peace, lead on our days to age! But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,\(^7\) Let’s reason with the worst that may befall. If we do lose this battle, then is this The very last time we shall speak together; What are you then determined to do?\(^{100}\)

**Bru.** Even by the rule of that philosophy By which I did blame Cato for the death Which he did give himself. I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent\(^8\) The time of life,—arming myself with patience To stay\(^9\) the providence of some high powers That govern us below.

**Cass.** Then, if we lose this battle, You are contented to be led in triumph Thorough\(^{10}\) the streets of Rome?

**Bru.** No, Cassius, not! think not, thou noble Roman, That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; He bears too great a mind. But this same day Must end that work the ideas of March begun; And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take; For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius! If we do meet again, why, we shall smile; If not, why, then this parting was well made.

**Cass.** For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus! If we do meet again, we’ll smile indeed;\(^{121}\) If not, ’tis true, this parting was well made.

**Bru.** Why, then lead on.—O that a man might know

The end of this day’s business ere it come! But it sufficeth that the day will end, And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [Flourish of trumpets. **Exeunt.**

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1. **Strain**, race, stock. 2. **Peevish**, foolish.
3. **Stomachs**, appetites.
4. **As Pompey was**, i.e. at Pharsalia.
5. **Former**, foremost, forward.

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\(^{6}\) Even so, Lucilius, indicating the close of the private conversation.

\(^{7}\) **Incertain** = uncertain.

\(^{8}\) **Present**, anticipate.

\(^{9}\) **Stay**, await.

\(^{10}\) **Thorough**, through.
[Scene II. The field of battle.]

**Alarums. Enter Brutus and Messala.**

**Brut.** Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills

Unto the legions on the other side.

[Loud alarum.]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[Exeunt.]

**Scene III. Another part of the field.**

**Alarums, drums, trumpets, and shouts. Enter Cassius with an eagle in his hand, and Titinius.**

**Cass.** O, look, Titinius, look, the villain fly! Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

**Tit.** O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

[Alarums, drums, and shouts.]

**Enter Pindarus.**

**Pin.** Fly further off, my lord, fly further off! Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

**Cass.** This hill is far enough. [Gives ensign to Pindarus.]—Look, look, Titinius; Are those my tents where I perceive the fire? 

**Tit.** They are, my lord.

**Cass.** Titinius, if thou lov'st me, Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him.

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assur'd Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

**Tit.** I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.]

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1. *Bill,* written orders.
3. *It,* i.e. the ensign, or standard, implied in *ensign,* or standard-bearer.
4. *Far,* farther.
5. *Hilt,* i.e. the sword by the hilt.
Enter Titinius, with a laurel crown on his head, and Messala.

Mess. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mess. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate, With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mess. [Seeing Cassius' body] Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mess. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!

Fin. Titinius is enclosed round about.—(Act v. 3. 23.)

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night, So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone; Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done! Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed. O hateful Error, Melancholy's child! Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,

1. Change, alteration of fortune.
2. To night, that is, into night, or darkness.
3. Success, used in its neutral sense, referring to the issue whether good or bad.

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mess. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears; —I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel and darts envenom'd Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.—

[Exit Messala.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Ahs! thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caesars Cassius.—

By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman’s part;
Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart.

[Dies.

Alarum. Enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?
Mess. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius’ face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Love alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown’d dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

[Exeunt. 

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not! Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country’s friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[Charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country’s friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honour’d, being Cato’s son. 11

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour’d in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!


First Sold. I’ll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta’en, Brutus is ta’en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness; I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word into Octavius’ tent

How every thing is chanc’d.

[Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.

1 In, into. 2 Moe, more. 3 Funerals = modern funeral. 4 That, on condition that.
Scene V. Another part of the field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brutus. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Clitus. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.
Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.

Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.
Brutus. Peace then! no words.
Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! 

[Whispers him. Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?
Clitus. O Dardanius!
Dardanius. O Clitus!
Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, 
That it runs over even at his eyes.]

Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Volumnius. What says my lord?

Brutus. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night,—at Sardis once, And, this last night, here in Philippi fields. I know my hour is come.

Volumnius. Not so, my lord. 29

Brutus. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[Low alarums.

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-

nus,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

1 That, so that.
Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius's saying true.
Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain\(^1\) them.

[Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?]
Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer\(^2\) me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mess. How died my master, Strato?
Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.]
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

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1. Entertain, take into service.
2. Prefer, recommend.

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cesar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, “This was a man!”
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field\(^3\) to rest, and let's away,
To part\(^4\) the glories of this happy day.

[Exit.]

3. Field, army.
4. Part, divide, share.
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

1. CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR was born in July, 100 B.C. He belonged to the Julian family (Julia gens), one of the most ancient in Rome. Through the influence of Marius, who had married his aunt, he was made a priest of Jupiter when a mere boy. In 83 B.C. he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, which offended Sulla, who proscribed him when he refused to divorce his wife. After being in concealment for some time in the Sabine country he was pardoned by Sulla, who is reported to have said of him, "In that boy there are many Mariuses." Soon after, Cæsar went to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, and subsequently won distinction in the Roman campaign in Cilicia. About 76 B.C., while on his way to Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates, and detained until his friends could ransom him. This done, he manned a Milesian fleet, pursued and took the pirates, and crucified them, as he had threatened while with them, though they supposed it to be a jest. In 68 B.C. he was elected quaestor at Rome. The same year his wife died, and in 67 B.C. he married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey and grand-daughter of Sulla. He became while in 65 B.C., and gained great favour with the people by the magnificence of the public games he instituted. In 64 B.C. he was chosen Pontifex Maximus. The next year the conspiracy of Catiline occurred, and being suspected of complicity in it he narrowly escaped sharing the fate of its leaders. Becoming praetor in 62 B.C. he was sent a year later as proconsul to Spain, where his military successes led to his being called imperator by the army. He was chosen one of the consuls in 60 B.C., and to strengthen his influence with Pompey gave him his daughter Julia in marriage. He also formed a secret alliance with Pompey and Crassus, known as the first triumvirate. Soon after the government of Gaul was decreed to him for five years, and in 58 B.C. his famous Gallic campaigns began. In two years he had subdued the Helvetii, the German Ariovistus, and the Belgic tribes. In 56 B.C. he overran and conquered nearly all the rest of Gaul; and in 55 he destroyed two German tribes that had tried to establish themselves in the province. He also bridged the Rhine and carried the war into the German territory. The same year he invaded Britain, and a year later made further conquests in the island. The next few years, to 51 B.C.,
were spent in quelling formidable insurrections and otherwise completing the pacification of Gaul. Meanwhile his daughter who married Pompey had died, and a coldness and jealousy had sprung up between the generals. In 50 B.C. the senate, influenced by his enemies, required him to disband his army. This he determined not to do, and being supported by his soldiers he crossed the Rubicon and began his triumphant progress to Rome, while Pompey, the consuls, and most of the senate fled towards Capua. Pompey, closely pursued by Caesar, kept on to Brundisium, and escaped into Greece. Caesar, unable to follow for want of ships, turned to Spain, where the lieutenants of Pompey had a formidable army. Completing the conquest of the country in forty days, and reducing Massilia also, he returned to Rome, where he had already been declared dictator. After many difficulties and delays he managed to get an army across into Greece, and encountered Pompey at Dyrrachium, where he was repulsed with some loss, and withdrew to Thessaly, pursued by his rival. The battle of Pharsalia followed, with the defeat of Pompey and his flight to Egypt, where he was treacherously murdered. Caesar, having followed him to Egypt, was captivated by Cleopatra, and established her upon the throne to which her elder brother had been a claimant. He then marched against Pharnaces, king of Pontus, and defeated him near Zela, sending to the senate the famous despatches, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Returning to Rome in September, 47 B.C., he set out that same year for Africa, where he routed the Punic forces under Scipio at Thapsus. He now came back to Rome master of the world, but was soon called into Spain, where the sons of Pompey had gathered a powerful army, which, after a very severe action at Munda, he utterly defeated. This was the last of Caesar's wars, and he henceforth devoted himself to the interests of his country and the world, reforming the calendar, enacting salutary laws, and carrying out great public improvements. The senate had made him *imperator* for life, as well as dictator and *praefectus maiorum*; and he was already pontifex maximus, or head officer of the religion of the state. Having no legitimate children, he adopted his grand-nephew Octavius as his successor and inheritor of his name.

At this point in his history the play begins, and the rest is told better by Shakespeare than this concise sketch can give it. The assassination occurred on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of Caesar's age.

2. **Octavius Caesar**, or **Caesar Julius Cesar Octavianus**, as he was named when he became the heir of Julius Caesar, was born at Velitrae, near Rome, 63 B.C. He was the son of Caesar Octavius and Atia, daughter of Caesar's sister Julia. At the age of twelve he pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia, and at sixteen assumed the *toga virilis*. Being adopted by Julius Caesar, he went with him to Spain in 45 B.C. When Caesar was assassinated he was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, whence he returned to Rome to claim his inheritance. He found a rival in Antony, but in 43 B.C. defeated him near Mutina (Modern Cassiplina Gaul). The senate, jealous of his growing power, transferred the command of his army to Decimus Brutus; but he marched to Rome, was elected consul before he had reached the legal age, and formed the triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus against Marcus Brutus and the other republicans. Then followed the events of the play, ending with the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. Octavius and Antony soon quarrelled, but after a feigned reconciliation combined their forces against Sextus Pompey, over whom Octavius gained a decisive victory (30 B.C.) while Antony was warring in the East or dallying with Cleopatra in Egypt. Meanwhile Octavius was establishing his power in Italy; and Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra and his neglect of Octavia (sister of Octavius) led to a final and irreconcilable breach with Antony and the war which ended in his ruin at Actium, 31 B.C. Octavius was now sole master of the Roman empire, and, after being several times elected as consul, received the title of Augustus from the senate in 27 B.C. Four years later he accepted the *tribunitia potestas* for life, and held it until his death, in August, 14 A.D. Of the glories of this reign it is unnecessary to add any detailed account here.

3. **Marcus Antonius**, born about 53 B.C., was noted in his early years for his extravagance and dissipation. For a time he was a lieutenant of Caesar in his Gallic campaigns, and in January, 49 B.C., was intrusted by him on his departure for Spain with the command of his forces in Italy. He did good service, and later commanded the left wing of Caesar's army at Pharsalia. When Caesar became dictator, in 47, Antony was made master of the horse; and in 44 he was colleague of Caesar in the consulsip. His career after the death of Caesar is sketched in the preceding notice of Octavius, and Shakespeare fills out the outline in the present play and in Antony and Cleopatra. After the battle of Actium Antony retreated to Alexandria, where he killed himself in 30 B.C.

4. **Marcus Junius Brutus** was born 80 B.C. Cato Uticensis was his maternal uncle, and became his father-in-law. In the civil wars Brutus sided with Pompey; but after the battle of Pharsalia he became the intimate friend of Caesar. The remainder of his history is included in the play. His death by his own hand occurred in 36 B.C.

5. **Caesius Cassius Longinus** showed his early zeal for liberty at school, where he struck Fatustus, the son of Sulla, for boasting of his father's absolute power. He married a sister of his friend Brutus. He was quaestor under Crassus in the disastrous expedition against the Parthians in 53 B.C., and saved the remnant of the army by a skilful retreat. Later he defeated the Parthians in Syria. He commanded a fleet for Pompey, and surrendered to Caesar after the battle of Pharsalia. His connection with the conspiracy against Caesar and his subsequent fortunes are related in the play.

6. **Calpurnia** was the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul in 58 B.C. She was married to Cesar in 59 B.C., and was his fourth wife; the other three being Cornelia, Cornelia, and Pompeia. Little else is known of her history beyond what Plutarch narrates and Shakespeare incorporates in the play.

7. **Portia** (or Porcia, as the name is also spelt) was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Plutarch is
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT 1. Scene 1.

17. Line 3: Being mechanical.—Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive in Mids. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 9:
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals;

and in II. Henry VI. i. 3. 196:
Base dunghill villain and mechanical.

Shakespeare uses the substantive mechanical only once, in Coriolanus, v. 3. 83, and he uses the adjective belonging to the class of workmen, in Henry V. i. 2. 200, and in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 32, v. 2. 200. He never uses either the substantive or adjective in what may be called, more or less, its scientific sense. Much stress has been laid by some commentators upon the anti-democratic tone of Shakespeare in his plays; and, indeed, this feature of his writings has been used as an argument that the plays must have been written by some one who belonged to the aristocratic class; these persons would probably point out with triumph that Shakespeare never uses the word mechanical or mechanic except in a contemptuous sense, as will be seen from the quotations and references given above. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that Shakespeare was, above all things, a dramatist; and, in every instance that he has used either mechanical or mechanic, he has put the word into the mouths of persons who would naturally despise the working-classes. For the unreasoning mob, always ready to be led by the nose by any demagogue, Shakespeare undoubtedly had an honest contempt; and students of human nature will find that this contempt is just as strong amongst our middle class as it was in Shakespeare's day. That Shakespeare had any lack of sympathy with the honest and industrious poor, or that he was wanting in love of true liberty, no one who reads his plays intelligently can for a moment imagine.—F. A. M.

18. Lines 4, 5:
without the sign
of your profession.

On this passage Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note:
"It is more likely Shakespeare had in his mind a custom of his own time than any sumptuary laws of the Romans" (Charnon Press ed. p. 82). It is evident that there is no reference here to the medieval guilds; as the next speech but one, that of Marullus, shows us that what the tribune meant was not that the mechanics should wear any special badge or sign, but merely the usual working dress of their trade or occupation; in short, that they had no right to be in holiday attire, or, as we should say, in their Sunday clothes, on a working day.—F. A. M.

19. Line 11: a cobbler.—He puts his answer in such a way as to suggest the meaning of a clumsy workman rather than a maker of shoes, and for some time the tribune does not perceive the quibble.

20. Line 14: a mender of bad soles.—We have a similar play upon sole in the Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 123:
Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew.

21. Line 15: What trade, thou knave!—In the Ff, this speech is given to Flavius; but the reply, "Mend me," shows that it belongs to Marullus.

22. Line 16: be not out, &c.—The play upon out with (angry with) and out (at toes or heels) is obvious enough, though Marullus does not see it.

23. Lines 24-27: all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. Scene 1.

-F. 1 reads thus: "all that I live by, is with the Ante: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a surgeon to old shoes," a reading which, to my mind, is utterly indefensible. It is quite clear that there is a pun intended on with and with self; but that the full stop or colon has been omitted in the Folio, and that withal is a misprint for with all. If withal be joined on to the following sentence, I cannot see what possible meaning it can have. The actor, in speaking the words, must pause after withal; and therefore it would show a most foolish and pedantic adherence to the old text if the very slight alteration adopted by nearly all modern editors were rejected. As to the question of printing "with self, or with all," that is a matter of no importance. To the ear the pun is clear enough, and that is the great point to be considered. Many instances might be noticed of this excessively primitive and obvious play upon words; in fact, I believe that no one, who has ever been guilty of a pun at all, has failed to make this one.—F. A. M.

24. Lines 22, 29: *As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather.—*This expression was proverbial. In the Tempest (ii. 2, 62, 73) the drunken Stephano cuts it in two, and mixes the halves up with other familiar phrases: "*As proper a man as ever went on four legs;*" and "*any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather.*"

25. Line 36: *his triumph.—*This was Caesar's fifth and last triumph, celebrated in honour of his defeat of the sons of Pompey in Spain, at the battle of Munda, March 17th, B.C. 45.

26. Line 47: *To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome.—*For a similar elliptical use of the verb to pass compare King John, v. 6. 40: "**Passing these flats;*" and Richard III. i. 4. 45.

*1 pass't, methought, the melancholy blood.*

Rolfe very aptly supplies a parallel expression, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 20, "To reel the streets at noon."

27. Line 50: *Tiber trembled underneath her banks.—* A Roman would have said "his banks;" but there is no ground for changing the gender either here or in i. 2. 101 below, as some editors have done. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *her* in both passages.

28. Line 56: *That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood.—*That is, "over Pompey's offspring;" not, as might be supposed, over Pompey's death or murder. The elder of Pompey's sons, Cneius Pompey, was slain after the battle of Munda; but there is no specific reference to that fact in the present passage. Blood, in the sense of relations by blood, or lineal descent, is often used by Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 57, 55:

*Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shedst, Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.*

*This certainly seems to me rather a strained interpretation of the text. "Pompey's blood" may be equivalent here to "Pompey's blood relations;" but I can only find two passages, besides the one quoted, where blood is used by Shakespeare to signify "relations by blood," and not merely "relationship." In the passage from Richard II., quoted above, King Richard is addressing Hercford, and it is evident that blood is there used in a double sense. In i. Henry VI. iv. 5. 16, 17, John Talbot says to his father: The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood, That basely fled when noble Talbot stood; where the expression is simply elliptical of *Talbot's blood, though there it might be taken to mean "offspring."

The remaining passage is in Richard III. ii. 4. 61-63: themselves, the conquerors, Make war upon themselves; brethren to brother, Blood to blood, self against self; where blood certainly means blood relationship. As for blood being equivalent to "bloodshed," we may quote Macbeth, ili. 4. 126: "The secret'st man of blood."-F. A. M."

29. Line 66: *See whether.—*The Ff. print where, as in v. 4. 30 below, and some modern editors have *where* or *wh'er;* but whether is equally common in the early editions when the word is metricaly equivalent to a monosyllable (as in ii. 1. 194 below), and, in our day, it had better be read or recited as a disyllable in all cases. The unaccented extra syllable is common enough in Shakespeare's verse.

30. Line 72: *the feast of Lupercal.—*The Lupercal was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to the old Italian god Lupercus, who came to be identified with Pan. Virgil refers to it in the *Aeneid,* viii. 344:

*sub rupe Lupercal*—

Parrhasio dicitam Panos de more Lyceni.

*Here the feast of the Lupercalia was annually celebrated in February. After certain rites and sacrifices, the Luperci, or priests of Lupercus, ran through the city, wearing only a goat-skin cincture, and striking with thongs of leather all whom they met. This symbolized a purification of the land and the people. The day of the ceremony was called dies februnata (from febru, purify), and the month Februarius.*

31. Line 78: *is an ordinary pitch. —*For pitch as a technical term of falconry compare i Henry VI. ii. 4. 11: Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch and for its metaphorical use, as here, Richard II. i. 1. 109: How high a pitch his resolution soars!

ACT I. Scene 2.

32. Line 4: *When he doth run his course.—*Compare North's Plutarch! (Life of Caesar): "At that time the feast of Lupercalia was celebrated, which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds and herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceans in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men, (and some of them magnifies themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their
hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their
schoolmaster to be stricken with the fersal; convincing
themselves that, being with child, they shall have good
delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to
come with child. . . . Antonio, who was Consul at that
time, was one of them that ran this holy course" (pp. 56, 58).

33. Line 19: the Ides of March.—In the Roman calendar
the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and Octo-
ber, and on the 18th of the other months.

34. Line 29: that quick spirit that is in Antony.—Simi-
lar references to Antony's reputation for levity and pro-
fissity (e.g. below, i. 1. 188, 189) are skilfully introduced by
the dramatist, to make the contrast of his behaviour
after the death of Caesar more impressive.

35. Line 30: MEREly upon myself.—This emphatic
sense of merely and the adjective mere is common in
Elizabethan writers, but it has sometimes been a stumbling-
block to editors. For example, Bacon in his 58th Essay
(Of Vices and Virtues) remarks: "As for con-
frontations and great draughts, they do not merely
destroy people—"(that is, do not entirely destroy); but
Montague, Whately, and others, mistaking and per-
verting the meaning, have changed "and destroy" to "but
destroy." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 135-137:

O, for 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

36. Line 42: Which give some soil, perhaps, to my BE-
HAVIORES.—There is no reason for suspecting the plural to
be a misprint. Compare Much Ado, i. 3. 8: "seeing how
much another man is a fool when he dedicates his beh-
aviour to love;" and again, in line 100 of the same scene:
"whose sight hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever
to abhor." Shakespeare uses the plural in five other
passages, but more frequently the singular.

37. Line 52: for the eye sees not itself, &c.—Compare
Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 105, 106:

nor doth the eye itself.
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself.

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, Nosce Teipsum, 1599:

the mind is like the eye.

Not seeing itself, when other things it sees.

[It may be worth noting that there is a curious optical
experiment, by means of which the eye may be said to
see itself. If in a darkened room, against any level
plain-coloured surface (such as a drawn blind or a distempered
wall), a lighted candle be waved vertically in front of the
eye, you will presently see, projected on the plain surface
behind the candle, a map of the interior of the eye, some-
what magnified, in which the small blood-vessels and a
dark cavity, representing the pupil of the eye, can be
clearly distinguished.—F. A. M.]

38. Line 53: But by reflection by some other things.—
This is the reading of the Q. and is easily explicable as
meaning "only by being reflected by something else.
" Pope, however, changed it to " reflection from some other
things," and Walker made the further alteration of thing
for things, which Dyce adopts. [I think there can be no
doubt that the clumsy repetition of by is a printer's miskat-
take for from or in. It is unfortunate that there is no
other passage in Shakespeare in which he uses either the
verb reflect or the noun reflection with a preposition after
it in a similar sense. The plural may be allowed to
stand.—F. A. M.]

39. Line 56: mirrors.—Walker, followed by Dyce, reads
mirror.

40. Line 60: Except immortal Caesar.—This is said sig-
ificantly, if not ironically.

41. Line 62: Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his
eyes.—Whether his refers to Brutus, or to his friends,
has been disputed. On the whole, the former is the prefer-
able explanation, as it avoids the necessity of making his
equivalent to their, while it gives as good a sense. The
friends of Brutus have wished that he could see himself
as he is, or as in the mirror which Cassius would hold up
to him.

42. Line 66: Therefore, good Brutus, &c.—Creake (Eng-
lish of Shakespeare, ad loc.) remarks: "The eager, in-
patient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is
vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as
if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's inter-
rupting question; for such is the only interpretation
which his therefore would seem to admit of."

43. Line 72: a common laughter.—The F. have "com-
mon laughter;" emended by Pope, who has been followed
by all the recent editors. Lover has been plausibly sug-
gested as in keeping with the context. "A common
lover" would be "everybody's friend."

44. Line 77: profess myself.—That is, "make protesta-
tions of friendship."

45. Line 86: Set honour in one eye, &c.—Coleridge
says: "Warburton would read death for both; but
I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good,
the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter
two so balanced each other that he could decide for the
first by equipoise; may—[the thought growing—that honour
had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it
as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with
Brutus" (Notes on Shakespeare, p. 102, Harper's ed.).
Creake remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to sup-
pose any such change or growth either of the image or
the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he
will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they
present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake
of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of
death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as
fearlessly and steadfastly upon the one as upon the other.
He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even
by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or
hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be un-
derstood to set honour above life from the first: that he
should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have
been the height of the unhelico."
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT 1. Scene 2.

47. Line 98: We have both fed as well.—That is, "have been bred as well, brought up as well." Our birth and training have been as good as his. It is a characteristic Roman touch to lay so much stress on physical strength and endurance as Cassius does in this passage.

48. Line 100: For one, upon araw and gusty day, &c.—Cæsar was a famous swimmer. Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) quotes the following passage from Holland's translation of Suetonius (already referred to by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 15): "At Alexandria being busy about the assault and winning a bridge where by a sodaine salie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he leapt into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recooured clear of the ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the ennemie should not have it as a spoyle." (Life of Julius Cæsar, ed. 1666, p. 20). Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Egyptians made towards him with their oars on every side: but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said, that then, holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvellously at him, and was driven sometyme to duck into the water; howbeit the boat was drowned presently" (p. 85).

49. Lines 107-109:

The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinners, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.

Compare the spirited description of Ferdinand swimming, in Tempest, ii. 1. 114-120:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose empyre he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swift that met him: his bold head
Bore the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore.

50. Lines 112-114:

I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear.

Compare ii. Henry VI. v. 2. 62, 63:

As did Aeneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my munday shoulders.

51. Line 122: His coward lips did from their colour fly.
The meaning may be simply "lose their colour;" but Craik remarks: "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his colours." Possibly the dramatist had both ideas in his mind at the same time; and the double meaning of the sentence is intentional.

52. Line 135: Like a colossus.—For other allusions to the famous Colossus of Rhodes, see 1. Henry IV. v. 1. 125, where Falstaff asks Prince Hal to bestride him if he is struck down in the battle; and the Prince replies: "Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship;" and Troilus and Cressida, v. 5. 7-9:

Bassard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colosseus-wise, waving his beam, &c.

53. Line 155: wide walls.—The Fl. have "wide Walkes," which some editors retain. Rowe's emendation of walls is, however, generally adopted.

54. Line 156: Rome indeed, and room enough.—There is an evident play on Rome and room, as in iii. 1. 259 below:

No Rome of safety for Octavius yet.

The two words were probably pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day; but that the modern pronunciation of Rome was beginning to be heard appears from I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 51, where the Bishop of Winchester says, "This Rome shall remedy," and Warwick replies, "Room thither, then." For the play on room, compare King John, iii. 1. 130: "I have room with Rome to curse awhile;" and Hawkins, Apollo Shroving, p. 85: "We must have roome, more than the whole City of Rome." Dyce, in his Glossary (p. 367), quotes other examples of this pronunciation.

55. Line 160: The eternal devil.—Johnson took eternal to be a misprint or corruption of infernal. Walker (Critical Examination, vol. i. p. 65), followed by Abbott (Grammar, p. 18), regards it as used inaccurately in the sense of infernal. Schmidt explains it as "used to express extreme abhorrence;" as in "eternal villain" (Othello, iv. 2. 130) and "eternal cell" (Hamlet, v. 2. 370). According to Wright and Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, eternal is used in the east of England for "infernal, damned;" and the Yankee tarred is probably the same provincialism. In the present passage it seems to be used in this way, or as a familiar intensification.

56. Line 188: by some senators.—Dyce reads senator, which was suggested by Walker.

57. Line 192: Let me have men about me that are at F.—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar). "Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, 'what will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time when Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, 'As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, 'I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most,' meaning Brutus and Cassius." So also in Life of Brutus: "For, intelligence being brought him one day, that Antonius and Dolabella did conspire against him: he answered, 'That these fat long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and white-complexioned fellows,' meaning that by Brutus and Cassius." (p. 97).

58. Line 220: Why, there was a crown offered him, &c.—Compare North (Life of Antonius). "When he [Antony] was come to Cæsar, he made his fellow-runners with
him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But Caesar, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. Antonius again did put it on his head: Caesar again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as Antonius did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it; and as oft also as Caesar refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. But Caesar, in a rage, arose out of his seat, and plunging down the collar of his gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of Caesar's statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit Caesar did turn them out of their offices for it." In the Life of Caesar, the tearing open his doublet, and offering his throat to be cut, is said to have been in his own house when "the Consuls and Pretors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to ex- cuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, 'that their wis are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dizziness and giddiness'" (p. 95).

59. Line 245: the rabblement shot from.—The Fl. have hosted, which is clearly a misprint for shoted—the spelling of the word above in "mine honest neighbours shoted." Johnson and Knight read hosted, which is out of place as expressing "insult, not applause." 

60. Line 256: 'T is very like; he hath the falling-sickness.—In the Fl. there is no point after like, but it is evident from North that Brutus must have known of Caesar's infirmity: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and otherwise to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Cordova, a City of Spain,) but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field" (p. 57).

61. Line 263: I am no true man.—In Shakespeare's day true man was the familiar antithesis to thief, as honest man now is. Compare (inter alia) Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3, 157: "A true man or a thief:" and Measure for Measure, iv. 2, 46: "Every true man's apparel fits your thief.'

62. Line 268: he pluck'd me ope his doublet.—The me is the expletive dative, used generally to give a free and easy tone to the discourse. Compare the confusion due to the use of it in the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 8-17: "Villain, I say, knock me here soundly." &c.

The doublet is the English garment so called, which Shakespeare, with his usual carelessness in such matters, claps on the shoulders of his Romans.

63. Line 270: a man of any occupation.—Johnson explains the phrase as in the foot-note to the text. Grant White takes it to mean "a man of action, a busy man." The Clarendon Press edition suggests that both senses may be combined, which is barely possible.

64. Line 282: Ay, he spoke Greek.—The absurdity of Cicero's speaking Greek in a popular assembly is sufficiently obvious; but it is introduced to prepare the way for the little joke, "it was Greek to me." According to Shakespeare's authority Casca knew Greek. See the quotation from North in note on il. i. 33, p. 147.

65. Line 290: He was quick mettle.—The reading of Collier's MS. Corrector is mettled. Walker would read metal on account of the blunt, but mettle and metal were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's time.

66. Line 301: This redness is a sauce to his good wit, &c.—Compare Lear, ii. 2. 101-105:

This is some fellow.
Who, having been priz'd for bluntness, doth affect
A sappy roughness.

67. Line 319: he should not humour me.—Johnson is clearly right in making he refer to Caesar. He explains the passage thus: "Cesar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Var. Ed. xii. p. 24). Warburton says it is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; he renders the sentence thus: "He (Brutus) should not cajole me as I do him" (at supra). Wright is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made Caesar dislike the one and love the other." To this Rolfe replies: "The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of Caesar unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wright, and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, he should not humour me naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally what follows what came after: Caesar should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence Caesar has over him.

ACT I. Scene 3.

68. Line 16: a tempest dropping fire.—The Fl. reading is "a tempest-dropping fire." Rowe was the first to delete the hyphens.

69. Line 17: any thing more wonderful.—That is, "anything more that was wonderful," as Craik explains it; not "anything more wonderful than usual," as Abbott, in his Shakespearian Grammar (§ 6), makes it.
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. Scene 3.

70. Line 15: You know him well by sight.—A "graphic touch" that has needlessly vexed the souls of commentators. Dyce suggests "you'd knew him," and Craik "you knew him" (that is, would have known him); but the slaves had no distinctive dress by which one would recognize them as such.

(The only distinction was that the males were not allowed to wear the toga nor the females the stola; otherwise they were dressed like other poor people of the time, in dark-coloured clothes and ecervide (slippers). It had been proposed in the senate to give them a distinctive dress; but it was decided not to do so, lest they should learn how numerous they were. Cicero in his oration in Pisonem (53, 92), speaks of vestis servilis.—F. A. M.)

For the context, compare North (Life of Caesar): "Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before Caesar's death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noontides sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But Strabo the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they saw it thought he had been burnt: but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Caesar himself also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a heart" (pp. 97, 98).

71. Line 21: glad'd upon me.—The F. have "glæd'd upon me," which Pope was the first to correct.

72. Lines 22, 23: and there were drawn

upon a heap a hundred ghostly women.

For the use of upon or on, compare Henry V, iv. 5, 18: Let us on heeps go after our lives; and Exodus viii. 14: "And they gathered them together upon heepes." For heap, applied to persons, compare also Richard III, ii. 1. 53: "Among this princely heap," &c.

73. Line 35: Clean from the purpose.—This use of clean is common in the Authorized Version of the Bible. See Psalms lxxvii. 8; Isaiah xxiv. 10; Joshua iii. 17, &c. Compare also Ascham's Scholemaster (Mayor's ed. p. 37): "This fault is clean contrary to the first."

74. Line 48: what night is this!—Craik prints "what a night is this!" but the omission of the a in such exclamations was not unusual. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 53, 54:

If what fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5, 129-126:

Fab. What dish of poison has she dressed him?
Sir To. And with what using the stainted checks at it!

75. Line 49: the thunderstone.—The ancients believed that such a solid body fell with the lightning and did the mischief. It is called brontie by Pliny in his Natural History (xxxvii. 10). Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 270, 271:

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Ann. Nor the all-threaded thunder-stone.

and Othello, v. 2. 234, 235:

Are there no stones in heaven

But what were for the thunder?

It is said that the fossil shell known as the belenomite, or fangor-stone, gave rise to this superstition. [Brontia has generally been identified with these roundish masses of crystallized iron pyrites (sulphur of iron), often found in the neighbourhood of iron ore, which are still commonly known by the name of thunder-stones. Pliny's description is as follows: "Brontia is shaped in manner of a Tortoise head: it falleth with a creake of thunder (as it is thought) from heaven; and if wee will believe it, quencheth the fire of lightning." (Holland's Pliny, edn. 1601, vol. ii. p. 225 B.)—F. A. M.]

76. Line 69: Case yourself in wonder.—The F. have "cast your selfe in wonder," which is followed by Collier, Staunton, and the Cambridge editors. Case was proposed independently by Swayne Jervis and M. W. Williams, and is adopted by Dyce and others. Wright explains "cast yourself in" as "hastily dress yourself in."

77. Line 65: Why old men fool, &c.—The F. reading is "Why Old Men, Fools, &c." The correction was suggested by Lettsom, and is accepted by Dyce, the Cambridge editors, and others. Collier and Staunton read, with Blackstone: "Why old men fools;" that is, why old men become fools. [I think there is a good deal to be said here for the reading of F.1, though Lettsom's ingenious conjecture secures an effective antithesis; still the fact that old men, fools, and children were all trying to explain the phenomena and calculating what the various portents meant, would be a circumstance sufficiently unusual for Cassius to mention.—F. A. M.]

78. Line 75: As doth the lion in the Capitol.—That is, "roars in the Capitol as doth the lion." Wright suggests that Shakespeare imagined that lions were kept in the Capitol, as they were in the Tower of London.

79. Line 76: A man no nightier than thyself or me.—The grammatical error is not uncommon among intelligent people even now. Then is easily mistaken for a proposition. We can hardly, however, agree with Craik (p. 127), that "the personal pronoun must be held to be, in some measure, emancipated from the dominion or tyranny of syntax."

80. Line 80: I know where I will wear this dagger, then.—As Craik remarks, it is a mistake to omit the comma after dagger, as some editors do. "Cassius does not intend to be understood that he is prepared to plunge his dagger into his heart at that time, but in that case."
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I. Scene 3.

83. Line 128: the element.—Often used for the heaven or sky; as by North (Life of Pompey): “the dust in the element,” or the air. See also the quotation in note on line 15 above: “the fires in the element.” Milton uses the word in the same sense in Comus, 298: “some gay creatures of the element” (spirits of the air).

84. Line 129: In favour’s like, &c.—The Fr. read: Is Favoris, like the word we have in hand.

The emendation is due to Johnson, and is generally adopted. Steevens suggested It favours, or Is favour’d; and Rowe, Is severous.

85. Line 136: one attempt.—The Fr. have “our Attempts,” which some editors retain. The emendation is Walker’s.

86. Line 144: Where Brutus may but find it.—The but is apparently equivalent to only (as not unfrequently), the meaning being “only taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it” (Crail). Abbrev (Grammar, § 125) gets at the same meaning by paraphrasing this: “Where Brutus can (do nothing) but find it.”

87. Line 146: Upon old Brutus’ statue.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Julius Brutus, (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: ‘O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!’ and again, ‘that thou were here among us now!’ His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Pretor, was full of such bills; ‘Brutus thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed!”’ (p. 112).

88. Line 152: Pompey’s theatre.—This was the first stone theatre built in Rome, and could accommodate 40,000 spectators. It was opened in B.C. 55 with dramatic representations and gladiatorial shows lasting for many days.

ACT II. Scene 1.

89.—In the Fr. the heading of the scene is “Enter Brutus in his Orchard,” that is, in his garden, the usual sense in which Shakespeare uses orchard (see As You Like It, note 6, and Much Abo, note 62). In ill. 2, 253 below, we have mention of “private arbours, and new-planted orchards,” which are described in North’s Plutarch as “gardens and arbours.”

90. Line 10: It must be by his death.—Coleridge (p. 105) remarks here: “This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare’s motive, his rationale, or in what point of view he meant Brutus’s character to appear. For surely—this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present quantum of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before described faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoic-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenders here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to a king, or to Caesar, a monarch in Rome, would Caesar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Caesar’s past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?” By personal cause Brutus clearly meant such as “concerned himself personally,” as opposed to such as affected “the general,” or the public weal. The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the latter head.

Dowden (Primer, p. 117) well says: “Brutus acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus’s moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little.”

Brutus was a scholar, a philosopher, but not a practical man. It is not without purpose that Shakespeare represents him as a reader and quoter of books. His politics were those of books, and too good for the real life about him.

91. Line 12: But for the general.—This use of the general for the community or the people was common. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4; 27:

The general, subject to a well-wish’d king;
and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: “caviare to the general.”

92. Line 15: Crown him!—that.—The use of that, though clear enough (Be that so, suppose that), is exceptional. We do not know of any other instance of the word thus standing alone.

93. Line 24: the utmost round.—This is the only instance of upmost in Shakespeare; and uppermost he does not use at all.

94. Line 34: and kill him in the shell.—Craik (p. 150) remarks: “It is impossible not to feel the expressive force of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell.”

95. Line 40: the ideo March.—The Fr. have “the first of March;” corrected by Theobald. (This is one of the instances where one is obliged to substitute what Shakespeare ought to have written for what he, most probably, did write. See the note of Mr. Ablis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed., where the passage from the Life of Brutus is quoted which led Shakespeare into the error.—F. A. M.)

96. Line 53: My Anteecedents.—Byce reads “My ancestor;” but the plural may well enough stand, and most editors retain it; though, strictly speaking, the singular number would be more correct, for there was only one of his ancestors of whom Brutus could have been thinking, and
that was Junius Brutus, the first consul, and the expeller of the Tarquins.

97. Line 59: March is wasted fifteen days.—This is the early reading, but Theobald and the majority of modern editors change it to “fourteen days.” The text is true to Roman usage, which in such cases counted the current day as complete. Thus in the New Testament, Christ says, “After three days I will rise again;” but the crucifixion was on Friday, and the resurrection early on Sunday morning.

98. Line 66: The genius and the mortal instruments. —There has been much dispute over these words, but they probably mean nothing more than the mind or soul and the bodily powers through which it acts. Compare lines 175–177 below:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em.

According to Johnson, the poet “is describing the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of his own mind; when the genius, or power that watches for his protection, and the mortal instruments, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance” (Var. Ed. vol. x. p. 29). But though genius elsewhere in Shakespeare has this sense (as in The Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 332:

One of these men is Genius to the other, &c.),

it does not suit the present passage, especially when compared with the one quoted, in which hearts is clearly parallel to genius here.

I must say that I cannot agree with this note. In the first place Shakespeare never uses genius in any other sense than in what may be called its spiritual sense, i.e. that of “a spirit, either good or evil, which governs our actions.” Besides the passage in our text, and that given above from The Comedy of Errors, Shakespeare uses the word genius five times: in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 142: “His very genius hath taken the infection of the disease;” in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 52, 53:

Mark! you are called; some say the Genius so

Grieves; “Come!” in him that instantly must die;

in Macbeth, iii. 1. 55–57:

and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk’d; as, it is said,
Mark Antony’s was by Caesar;

in The Tempest, iv. 1. 36, 37:

the strongest suggestion
Our worst genius can;

and in II. Henry IV, iii. 2. 357, in the sense of the embodied spirit: “a” was the very genius of famine.” The only one of these passages, in which genius can have anything but the meaning which Johnson gives it, is the one from Twelfth Night; and, as that is in prose, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare would have written genius had he meant simply spirit or soul. Perhaps the distinction may seem to some persons not of much importance, for the genius, whether good or bad, would act through the soul or spiritual part of the man; but I think it would be a pity to lose sight of the special meaning here—a meaning which it appears always to have had in English literature, at least up to the middle of the seventeenth century—embodifying, as it does, a belief which was a very characteristic one. As to the passage below (175–177), Mr. Adams follows Craik in regarding it as the parallel or complement of this; but I cannot see any positive connection between them. There is no distinction in the latter between the spiritual and bodily parts of men; the meaning simply is: “let our hearts (i.e. our feelings) stir us up to an act of rage which afterwards, in our calmer moments, they may seem to disapprove” (see note i10 below); while in the passage before the struggle is represented as taking place, in one man’s being, between the spirit that is supposed, more or less, to govern the actions, and the mortal part of him (including the will) which puts these actions into force. Mortal probably is used here in the sense of “deadly,” as in Macbeth, i. 5. 42.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 67: the state of man.—F. 1 has “the state of a man;” corrected in F. 2. Knight and Craik, however, retain the a.

On the passage comp. Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 184–186:

twist his mental and his active parts
Kingdom’s Achilles in contention rage,
And batters down himself.

100. Line 70: your brother Cassius.—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

101. Line 72: there are noe with him.—This word noe occurs forty or more times in the early editions of Shakespeare, as in other books of the time. It was regularly used with a plural or collective noun. The only instance of the latter sort in Shakespeare is Tempest, v. 1. 234:

“And noe diversity of sounds.” The modern editions generally change the word to more, unless it is required for the rhyme, as in Much Ado, ii. 3. 72–75:

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of drafts so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was heavy.

[The difficulty in deciding whether or not to retain such forms as noe is to know where to draw the line; for we may soon, without intending it, be logically committed to an old-spelling text. Skeat says that noe and more were originally “well-distinguished, the former relating to number, the latter to size.”—F. A. M.]

102. Line 83: For, if thou path, thy native semblance on.—This, except for the comma after path, is the reading of the Fi. Path is found as a transitive verb in Dryden, and its intransitive use (= walk) is not more peculiar than many other liberties of the kind in Shakespeare. It is possible, however, that it may be a missprint, and various emendations have been proposed. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested put, which Dyce adopts; but it seems a Hibernism to speak of putting on one’s natural appearance. Other conjectures are pass and hadst. Johnson well paraphrases the passage: “If thou walk in thy true form.” [There is a verb in Sanskrit, path, pathth, to go, which comes from the same root, put, to go, as the Greek τάκτος, to tread, and our path. In the old slang word still used by thieves, to put—as to go, we have an old cognate form of the verb.—F. A. M.]
NOTES TO JULIUS CESAR.

103. Line 107: Which is a great way growing on the south, &c.—That is, "which must be far to the south, considering the time of year." It is curious that no commentator has noted that on the 15th of March, or previous to the vernal equinox, the sun would not rise at all to the south of the true east, but a little northward of that point. [It should be noted that during this and the preceding speech the change from night to early dawn is supposed to take place; but, even in Italy, in the middle of March it would not be light at three o'clock in the morning.—F. A. M.]

104. Line 114: No, not an oath! &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed." (p. 114).

105. Line 114: the face of men.—This is the F. reading, and is retained by most of the recent editors. Warburton proposed fate for face, Mason faith, and Malone faiths.

106. Line 134: the INexpressive metal of our spirits. —The passive sense of inexpressive is paralleled by that of sundry other words in -ire. Compare inexpressible (inexpressible) in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10: "The fair, the chase, and inexpressive she; incomprehensible (incomprehensible or unknown) in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 198: "th' incomprehensible deeps;" &c.

107. Line 138: a severall bastardy. —"A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treachery against ancestry and honourable birth" (Crakie).

108. Lines 144, 145: his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion. Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is a play upon silver and purchas.

109. Line 150: let us not break with him.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for that they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, (the which specially required hot and earnest execution)" (p. 114).

110. Lines 170-180.—One part of this passage has been already alluded to in note 98 above. The point of what Brutus says, when we look at it in its entirety, is evident. He is advising a course of deliberate hypocrisy; the conspirators are to try and entrap the sympathies of the people by committing the murder with all due delicacy and decorum, and then pretending to regret it. This is very characteristic advice, and shows that Brutus was quite fit to be the leader of a political party which claimed to be the "popular" one. But it appears that all the great actors who played the part of Brutus, and, naturally enough, sought to make him a sympathetic character, have always omitted this passage on the stage; as well they might, considering their object.—F. A. M.

111. Line 153: yet I fear him.—Pope, whom Craik follows, reads "Yet I do fear him.

112. Line 157: take thought and die.—Both think and thought are used in this sense. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13: 

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?
Eno. Think, and die.

See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25. Bacon (Henry VII. p. 230) says that Hasivs "dyed with thought" (anxiety).

113. Line 192: count the clock.—A palpable anachronism, as the Roman caeptus, or water-clocks, had no mechanism for striking the hours.

114. Lines 204, 205:

That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.

Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter" (Var. Ed. vol. xii. pp. 50, 51). Compare Spenser, Faery Queen, ii. 5. 10:

Like as a Lyon, whose imperial powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defyes,
'T avoid the rash assault and wrathful stowre
Of his feers foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spyes,
He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
His precious horn, sought of his enimyes,
Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releas,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

There is a similar allusion in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 339: "wrt thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy wrath."

Steevens adds (at supra, p. 51): "Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's Natural History, book viii."

115. Line 215: Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard.—His real name was Quintus, but the mistake is in North. Compare the Life of Brutus: "Now amongst Pompey's friends, there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cesar for taking part with Pompey, and Cesar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Caesar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto him—"
him: ‘Ligarius in what a time art thou sick!’ Ligarius rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: ‘Brutus,’ said he, ‘if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole’” (p. 113).

116. Line 219: I have given him reasons.—Dye adopts Walker’s suggestion of reason; but no change is called for.

117. Line 225: Let not our looks put on our purposes.—That is, “such expression as would betray our purposes.” Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (i. 5. 64-67):

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under’t.

See also Macbeth, i. 7. 81, 82:
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

118. Line 230: the honey-heavy dew of slumber.—The Ff. reading is: “the honey-heavy-Dew of slumber.” This, with the slight change in the text, is retained by Knight and the Cambridge editors. It is aptly explained by Grant White as “slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet.” Dyce reads, “the heavy honey-dew of slumber.”

119. Line 233: Enter Portia.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men’s nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber gave herself a great gash within in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incessantly after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: ‘I being, O Brutus,’ said she, ‘the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess, that a woman’s wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet Brutus good education, and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.’ With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could” (pp. 115, 116).

120. Line 246: an angry wattle of your hand.—The Ff. have watter, which probably indicates the current pronunciation of the word.

121. Line 251: Is Brutus sick?—This old English use of sick is still current in America. Grant White says here: “For sick, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb ill.”

122. Line 257: I charm you.—“I conjure you;” as in Lucrece, 1681, 1882:

And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me.

Pope needlessly changed charm to the prosaic charge.

123. Lines 290, 290:

As dear to me as are the rude drops
That visit my sad heart.

Some commentators regard this as an anticipation of Harvey’s discovery; but the general fact of the circulation of the blood was known centuries before his day, though the details of the process were not understood. Gray has imitated the passage in The Bard, 41:

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

124. Line 308: All the charactery of my sad brows.—For charactery compare Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 77: Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

It will be observed that the word is accentuated as here.

125. Line 315: To wear a kerchief.—The word kerchief (French, couvrir, to cover, and chief, head) is here used in its original meaning of a covering for the head. As Malone notes, Shakespeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a kerchief on their heads. Compare Fuller’s Worthies: “if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a kerchief on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be mercifull to him.”

126. Line 223: like an exorcist.—See II. Henry VI. note 90.
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 2: *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,* &c. — Compare North (Life of Caesar), "he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many mumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that Caesar was slain, and that she had him in her arms."

128. Line 19: *ought to mix up the clouds.* —The Ff. have fight, which Knight and Craik retain. The emendation is due to Dyce.

129. Line 23: *Horses did neigh.* —Here the 1st Folio has "Horses do neigh," which F. 2 corrects.

130. Line 24: *And ghosts did shriek and squall about the streets.* —Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 113-129:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mighty Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire, and dew of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

131. Line 46: *We are two lions lidd't in one day.* —The Ff. reading is, "We hearce," &c. Upton's correction is generally adopted by the editors. Theobald proposed "We were."

132. Line 67: *To be afear'd to tell greybeards the truth.* —See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 148.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

133. Line 72: *That is enough to satisfy the senate; i.e. That should be enough, as I look at it, or as I choose to admit.*

134. Line 76: *my statua.* — Here the Ff. have statue, as in ii. 2. 192 below:

Even at the base of Pompey's Statue:
but the editors, with few exceptions, substitute statua, which was common both in poetry and prose in Elizabethan writers. See II. Henry VI. note 189.

135. Lines 79-81:

*And these doth she apply for warnings and portents Of evils imminent.*

We have printed this passage as in Dyce. In Ff. lines 79 and 80 are printed as one line, making an Alexandrine in a very awkward portion of the speech. Ff. read "And Evils imminent." Hamner first substituted the obvious correction Of. There can be little doubt that And was a repetition by the printer in mistake from the line above. — F. A. M.

136. Line 89: *For tinttures, stains, relics, and cog Mason.* — *Tinturers and stains are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall press for tintures,' &c., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Caesar by implication the very kind of death Calpurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary?* The pressing for tintures and stains, it is true, would be a confusion of so much of Calpurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death — Many lusty Romans Came smilling, and did bathe their hands in it.

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Caesar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik).

137. Lines 102, 103:

*for my dear, dear love*

To your proceeding bids me tell you this; i.e. "For my loving concern for your welfare or success leads me to take the liberty to say this." He apologizes for venturing to advise Caesar, but excuses it on the ground of affectionate interest.

138. Line 104: *And reason to my love is liable.* — *Reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love* (Johnson); or, as Rolfe gives it, "my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain."

139. Line 114: *it is strucken eight.* — For the anachronism see note 113 above. Elsewhere we find, as forms
of the participle, struct, strook (a variation in spelling), stroken, and striken.

140. Lines 128: 129:
That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!
It grieves me to the heart to think that to be like a thing is not necessarily to be really that thing. It is hard for Brutus to play a part—to pretend to be other than he is. For his friend Cassius nothing is easier than to suit his behaviour to his immediate purpose.

For yearns the H. have earnes, which is merely a different spelling of the word. Rolfe quotes examples of it from Spenser (Faerie Queene, iii. 10. 21):

And ever his faint hart much earned at the sight
(where the sense is the same as here); and I. 6. 25: “he for revenue did earnes.” Shakespeare uses yearn both transitively and intransitively. For an example of the former see Henry V. iv. 2. 26:

It yearns me not [grieves or troubles me not] if men my garments wear.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

141. Line 20: Enter the Southsayer. Rowe changed Southsayer to Artemidorus. It must be confessed that the introduction of the two characters is singular; but at the beginning of the next scene we have speeches assigned to them in immediate succession, and in the heading of that scene the H. also give “Enter Artemidorus, Publius, and the Southsayer.” It is therefore improbable that there is any misprint or corruption in the original text; and under these circumstances we are not justified in making any alteration.

142. Line 42: Brutus hath a suit, &c.—This is said lest the boy, whose presence she has for the moment forgotten, should suspect to what she refers in the line above:
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

ACT III. SCENE 1.

143. The Capitol.—Here, as in Hamlet (iii. 2. 100) and Antony and Cleopatra (ii. 6. 18), the assassination of Caesar is represented as occurring in the Capitol instead of the Curia of Pompey. Compare North (Life of Brutus): “Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also, that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by divine providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of Pompey, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautify that part of the city with the theatre he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth day of the month March, which the Romans call Motus Marchis: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Caesar thereto to be slain, for revenue of Pompey’s death” (p. 116).

See also the Life of Caesar: “And one Artemidorus also, born in the Isle of X尼斯, a Doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus’ confederates; and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Caesar, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how Caesar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: ‘Caesar, read this memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.’ Caesar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him” (p. 99).

144. Line 8: What touches us ourselves shall be last serv’d—Collier’s MS. Corrector reads:
That touches us! Oursel! shall be last serv’d; and Craik adopts the unnecessary change.

145. Line 13: I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “Another Senator, called Popilius Lena, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded [that is, whispered] softly in their ears, and told them: ‘I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but while, dispatch, I desire you, for your enterprise is bewrayed.’ When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out” (p. 117).

146. Line 15: Look, how he makes to Caesar; mark him.—Abbott (Grammar, § 455) here would make mark a disyllable, or rather prolonged in utterance (so as to ma—ark), thereby introducing a most ridiculous and unnecessary vice in elocution. The line is obviously defective of one syllable; but, most probably, this deficiency is intentional; the hiatus being filled up by the gesture of the actor, and the broken nature of the line adding to its dramatic force. Compare Richard II. note 170.

147. Line 21: Cassius or Caesar never shall turn back.—Malone proposed to read: “Cassius on Caesar,” &c.; but, as Kitchin remarks, “Cassius says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Caesar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself.” Craik objects that to turn back cannot mean to return alive, or to return in any way; but Rolfe quotes Richard III. iv. 4. 184:

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
and As You Like It, iii. 1. 6-8:

bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.

148. Line 22: Cassius, be constant, &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “And when Cassius and certain other chopped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Lena, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest sutor, then like an accuser, he said nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius. And immediately after, Lena went from Caesar, and kisset his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk” (p. 118).
149. Line 26: He draws Mark Antony out of the way.—This is also from North (Life of Brutus): "Trebonius on the other side drew Antonius aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without" (p. 115).

150. Line 31: Are we all ready?—The Ff. give these words to Caesar, in whose mouth they are palpably inap- propriate. Ritson proposed to join them to the speech of Cinna, but Collier’s MS. Corrector gives them to Cassia. This is better, and is adopted by Craik, Dyce, and others.

151. Line 33: Most high, most mighty, and most puiss ant Caesar.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "So when he was set, the conspirators shook about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and tooko Caesar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Caesar at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Caesar’s gown over his shoulders, and Cassia that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and strake Caesar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Caesar feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out, in Latin: ‘O traitor Caesar, what dost thou?’ Cimber on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Caesar, he looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Caesar’s hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators throning one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Caesar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midstest of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other Senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another’s neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but Caesar only, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty” (p. 119).

152. Line 36: These couchings.—Elamor substitutes croucings; but, as Singer notes, couching had the same sense. He cites Huelot: "Cowche, like a dogge; precuamba, prosterno." Compare also Genesis, xlii. 14: "Issachar is a strong ass couching down between two burdens.”

153. Line 39: Into the law of children.—The Vf. reading is "the line of children," an obvious misprint, first cor- rected by Johnson. Like most of the palpable errors of the type in the early editions, it has sometimes been de- fended, though very lamely.

154. Line 32: Low-crouched curtseies.—Collier’s MS. Cor- rector reads "low-crouched," but Singer again quotes Hubet, who has "crouche-backed or crouche-lacked." Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has quoted them; but it is more probable, as Collier has suggested, that Jonson was quoting only from memory, which, as he himself says, was "shaken with age now, and sloth." If the passage stood at first as he gives it, the author must have subsequently modified it, and the present text should not be meddled with; but the Amer- ican editor Hudson adopts the reading proposed by Tyrwhitt:

Met. Caesar, thou dost me wrong.
Ces. Know, Caesar dost not wrong, but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

155. Line 51: For the repealing of my banish’d brother.—In the next speech we have the substantive "repeat" used in this same sense of recalling from exile. See also Corio- lanus, v. 5: 5: 

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
and Lucrece, 649:

I sue for exil’d majesty’s repeal.

156. Line 67: And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive.—For this use of apprehensive compare Fal- staff’s eulogy on sack in H. Henry IV. iv. 3. 107: “makes it [the brain] apprehensive, quick, forgetive.”

158. Line 77: Et tu, Brute!—It is curious that no ancient Latin authority has been discovered for this exclamation which Shakespeare has made classical. It is found in the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which was first printed in 1595, and on which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded; and also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled Acolastus his Aftertyme, printed in 1600. In both we find the line,

Et tu Brute! Why dost thou stab Cæsar too?

It may have been taken from the Latin play on the death of Cæsar which we know to have been acted at Oxford in 1582, though no copy has come down to our day. In Suetonius (i. 82) Caesar is made to say to Brutus Kai eis tisias (And thou too, my son?).

159. Line 94: and let no man abide this deed.—We find abide again in this sense (be held responsible for) in iii. 2. 119 of the present play:

If it be found so, some will dear abide it,
or pay dearly for it.

160. Line 101: Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, &c.—Some editors transfer this speech to Cassia, though
the Fl. have the prefix Creek. It is in keeping with what Casca has said in i. 3. 101 above:

So every bondman in his own hand bears, &c.

161. Lines 111-113:

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and states yet unborn!

Of course this is put into the mouth of Cassius for stage effect; but it is not out of keeping with the character, or the circumstances, as some have asserted. That Cassius should think of the great political significance of Cæsar’s downfall is natural enough; and also of the prominent place the event would have in histories and historical dramas to be written in future times and far-off lands. This “prophesying after the event” is no unfamiliar thing in poetry, and is historically justifiable whenever, as here, we have to admit the possibility that the idea might occur to the speaker. In this particular instance it seems naturally suggested, and is impressively carried out in the following speeches.

162. Line 113: In states unborn.—F. 1 has state, and in line 115 the along. Both errors were corrected in F. 2.

163. Line 138: Through the hazards of this untrod state. — The form thorough = through is common enough in old writers. Compare v. 1. 110 of this play: “Thorough the streets of Rome.” But that is an imperfect line; a better instance is in Midsummer Night’s Dream, ii. 1. 106, 107:

And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter.

164. Line 143: I know that we shall have him well to friend. — The guileless confidence of Brutus that Antony will join their faction is characteristic of the man, as the shrewd misgivings of Cassius are of him. Brutus, as we have seen, is inclined to think others as honest and disinterested as he is himself; but Cassius is an experienced politician, who has learned how selfish the great majority of men are.

165. Line 165: The choice and master spirits of this age. — It is curious that Cranik should think that choice may be a substantive. It is beyond all question an adjective in the same construction as master.

166. Line 171: As fire drives out fire, so pity pity. — The old proverbial comparison is a favourite one with Shakespeare. See Romeo and Juliet, i. 2. 46: “one fire burns out another’s burning;” Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 4. 102:

Even as one heat another heat expels;

and Coriolanus, iv. 7. 54: “One fire drives out one fire.”

Some commentators think it necessary to point out here that fire is to be regarded as a disyllable in the first place, and as a monosyllable in the second; but to make such a distinction in pronouncing this word on the stage is practically impossible. Owing to our system of vowels such words as fire, spirit, sire, &c., must be pronounced as if spelled fcr, spcrr, sirr, &c.; but if we pronounced the i as it is pronounced in Italian, we could make such words monosyllables or disyllables at pleasure. In English we have no choice between pronouncing fire as a disyllable &cr, or as fir, if we wish to make a monosyllable of it. But the best plan is to regard the i, in such words as fire, sire, &c., as i., and when we want to make them monosyllables we must treat the diereisis as we treat a portamento in music.—F. A. M.]

167. Line 174: Our arms in strength of malice, &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kind of love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Pope reads “except from malice,” Capell and Dyce, “no strength of malice;” Collier’s MS. Corrector, “in strength of welcome;” and Singer suggests, “in strength of sway.” Knight, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe follow the Folio. Grant White remarks: “The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome, &c.

So (Brutus continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to Cæsar’s tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in.”

168. Lines 177, 178:

Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s,
In the disposing of new dignities.

There spoke the politician Cassius, who assumes that Antony is more likely to be influenced by the promise of a share in the substantial profits of the revolution than by the fine patriotism of Brutus.

169. Line 189: Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.—Has been quoted in support of the Quarto reading in Lear, i. 1. 55:

Although the last not least in our dear love;

but the expression Though last not least was an alterative commonplace at that time, and no argument can be based upon it where the comparative merits of two texts are concerned.

170. Line 196: Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death?—The use of dear in expressions like this (and “dearest foe” in Hamlet, i. 2. 182, &c.) is easily explained. The word simply expresses intensity of feeling or interest, whether in the way of love or hate; or, in other words, it “imports the excess, the utmost, the superlativae, of that to which it is applied.” Compare Richard II. note 78.

171. Line 206: crimenonid in thy lethie.—That is, “in the stream that bears thee to oblivion.” Collier’s MS. Corrector alters lethie to death; but Collier, in his second edition, restores lethie, which is also the reading of Knight, Dyce, Stamton, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe.

172. Lines 207, 208:

O world! thou wast the forest to this Hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the Heart of thee.

Cokeridge would not believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, and endeavoured to show that the conceit was not introduced as conceits generally are in plays, namely, as
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III. Scene 1.

173. Line 228: PRODUCE his body TO THE MARKET-PLACE.
   —It will be seen that produce is here used in its original Latin sense of bear forth; but this does not show, as some
   have supposed, anything more than a schoolboy acquaintance with Latin. The market-place was of course the
   Forum. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 2. 4, 5.

   Being forth the body of old Salisbury
   And here advance it in the marketplace.

174. Line 241: Have all TRUE rites.—Dyce follows Pope in reading "true rites;" but the change is unnecessary and
   prosaic.

175. Line 253: Woe to the hands, &C.—The Ff. have hand; but the plural is in accordance with line 158 above:
   "Now, whilst your purple hands," etc.

176. Line 262: the limbs of men.—The old reading may be corrupt, but the case is not clear enough to justify a
   change. Hamner reads kind for limbs; Warburton, line; Johnson, lives or lyones (that is, bloodhounds); Collier's
   MS. Corrector, loing; Staunton, tomb; and Dyce, nidus. Walker suggests times, and Grant White sons.

177. Line 271: With ATE by his side come hot from hell.—
   Cranke observes that "this Homeric goddess had taken a
   strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination;" as is shown by
   his repeated references to her. Compare Much Ado, ii. 1.
   263: "the infernal Ate!" Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 694:
   "More Ates, more Ates!" and King John, ii. 1. 63:
   An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife.

178. Line 273: the dogs of war.—Steele, in the Tatter
   (No. 137), suggests that by the dogs of war Shakespeare
   probably meant "fire, sword, and famine." He compares
   Henry V. i. Chorus, 5-8:
   Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
   Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
   Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
   Crouch for employment.
   See also I. Henry VI. iv. 2. 10, 11:
   You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
   Looe famine, quartering steed, and climbing fire.

179. Line 283: for mine eyes.—F. 1 has "from mine eyes," which F. 2 corrects. Dyce alters Began in the next
   line to Begin.

180. Line 299: No ROME of safety for Octavius Yet.—
   There is a play on Rome and room, as in i. 2. 156 above.
   See note 54.

ACT III. Scene 2.

181. —For this scene and the next compare North (Life of Brutus): "Now at the first time, when the murderer
   was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people
   that ran up and down the city, the which indeed did the
   more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw
   they slew no man, neither did spoil or make havoc of
   anything, then certain of the Senators, and many of
   the people, emboldening themselves, went to the Capi-
   tol unto them. There, a great number of men being
   assembled together one after another, Brutus made an
   oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and
   to justify that they had done. All those that were by
   said they had done well, and cried unto them that they
   should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon
   Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the
   market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus
   went foremost, very honorably compassed in round about
   with the noblest men of the city, which brought him
   from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pul-
   pit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit,
   although they were a multitude of rake-hells of all sorts,
   and had a good will to make some stir: yet, being ashamed
   to do it, for the reverence they have unto Brutus, they
   kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus
   began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: howbeit,
   immediately after, they showed that they were not all
   contented with the mutter. For when another, called
   Cinna, would have spoken, and began to accuse Caesar,
   they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously
   reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned
   again into the Capitol. There Brutus, being afraid to be
   besieged, went back again the noblemen that came
   thither with him, thinking it no reason that they, which
   were no partakers of the mutter, should be partakers of
   the danger....

   "Then Antonius, thinking good his testament should
   be read openly, and also that his body should be honour-
   ably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, 1 lest the people
   might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they
   did otherwise: Caesius stoutly spake against it. But
   Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein
   it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first
   fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow
   conspirators, that Antonius should be slain: and there-
   fore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved
   and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their
   conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that
   Caesar's funerals should be as Antonius would have
   them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when
   Caesar's testament was openly read among them, whereby
   it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of
   Rome 75 drachmas a man; and that he left his gar-
   dens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this
   side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the
   temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him,
   and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when
   Caesar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius
   making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, accord-
   ing to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that
   his words moved the common people to compassion, he
   framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the

   1 Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 84:
   and we have done but greedily
   In hugger-mugger to inter him.

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more; and taking Caesar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewith the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murtherers:' others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius; and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Caesar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Caesar's chiefest friends: he dreamed, the night before that Caesar had him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Caesar was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvelously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever; and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Caesar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name Cinna: the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Caesar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place" (p. 122).

182. Line 12: Be patient till the last, &c.—Hazlitt says that the speech of Brutus "certainly is not so good as Antony's." To this Knight replies: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was not an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:

'If I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Caesar's death. And he does show the reason. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Caesar—no blame of Caesar's murtherers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak before Antony. He knew not what oratory really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony.'

Warburton remarks that the style of the speech of Brutus is an "imitation of his famed laconic brevity." Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compositions manner of speech of the Lacedaemonians. As when the war was begun, he wrote unto the Pergamians in this sort: 'I understand you have given D odor a ' l e b a l a money: If you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your counells be long your doings be slow, consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareans: 'The Xanthians despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair, and the Patareans that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilst you have liberty, either choose the judgment of the Patareans, or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were Brutus' manner of letters, which were honoured for their brevity" (p. 107).

183. Line 17: Cessure we in your wisdom.—The meaning of cessure, if not clear in itself, is made so by the equivalent judge at the end of the sentence. Compare the use of the substantive in Hamlet, i. 3. 69:

Take each man's cessure, but reserve thy judgment.

184. Line 41: The question of his death.—A statement of the reasons why he was put to death; or the answer to any question that may be asked concerning it.

185. Lines 42-44: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.—Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 125, we have enforce, in the sense of exaggerated, opposed to extenuate:

We will extenuate rather than enforce.

186. Line 57: Shall now be crowned in Brutus.—The now was not in the F1, but was inserted by Pope, and has been generally adopted by the editors.


188. Line 66: Save I alone.—Compare v. 5. 69 of this play: "Save only he." This is one of many illustrations of the loose syntax of the Elizabethan time.

189. Line 70: I am beholding to you.—This word beholding is often used by other writers of the time instead of beholden. Craik has shown that the latter is probably a corruption of gehoolden, the perfect participle of the Anglo-Saxon heolden, to hold, whence its meaning of held, bound, or obliged.

190. Line 75: to bury Caesar.—Compare the reference in Coriolanus (iii. 5. 51) to "the holy churchyard." Would Bacon have been guilty of such anachronisms? [It is true that the Romans usually cremated the bodies of their dead in Caesar's time, but burial was the general practice up to the later period of the Republic, and afterwards in the case of children and of persons struck by lightning. Marins was buried, but Sulla was cremated. The urns containing the ashes and bones of the dead were always placed in a sepulchre. It is worth remarking that in the well-known speech of Hamlet to his father's ghost he uses the word ianuis (i. 4. 48, 49):

The sepulchre

Wherein we saw thee quietly ianuis'd.

But Hamlet's father was buried, not cremated.—P. A. M.]
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III. Scene 2.

191. Lines 58, 59: - The evil that men do lives after them, The good is oft interred with their bones. Compare Henry VIII. iv. 2. 45, 46: - Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water.

192. Line 115: - Has he not, masters? - The F. omit not, which was supplied by Craik and is adopted by Dyce. Walker proposed "Has he, my masters?" but the negative seems to be required by the context.

193. Line 133: - And dip their napkins in his sacred blood. - Napkin, for handkerchief, is common in Shakespeare and contemporary writers, and is said to be still used in this sense in Scotland. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 290: - Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows. In Othello the famous handkerchief is more than once called a napkin; as in iii. 3. 290: - I am glad I have found this napkin."

194. Line 177: - the Nervii. - A warlike Belge tribe, the subjugation of whom (c. 57) was an important event in Caesar's Gallic campaigns.

195. Line 225: - For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth. - F. 1 has wit for wit; corrected in F. 2. Johnson and Malone defend wit, and Knight considers that it "may be explained as a prepared writing."

196. Line 247: - seventy-five drachmas. - The drachma was a Greek coin worth about ninepence. Of course the value of money was then much greater than in our day.

197. Lines 253, 254: - His private arbours, and new-planted orchards, ON THIS SIDE TIBER. These orchards, or gardens, were on the other side of the Tiber, as a Roman would say, or with reference to the city proper, where the Forum, in which Antony is speaking, was situated. The error is copied by Shakespeare from North's Plutarch. See the passage in note 181 above. Compare also Horace, Satires, i. 9. 18: - Trans Tiberinum longus cabat est prope Cesaris hortos Compare Much Ado, note 62.

198. Line 273: - I heard him say. - Capell and Collier's MS. Corrector change him to them, and Dyce to 'em. Knight, the Cambridge editors, and others retain the him of the F. F.

ACT III. Scene 3.

199. Line 2: - And things unlucky change my fantasy. - The F. have "things unlucky. The emendation is due to Warburton, and is generally adopted. Knight, however, retains unlucky, and Collier's MS. Corrector gives unluckily.


201. Line 13: - Ay, and truly, you were best. - The you was originally active (it were, or would) be, best for you), but was subsequently mistaken for the nominative. Compare the similar misconception in regard to if you please, a contraction of if it please you.

202. Line 40: - To Brutus'; to Cassius', &c. - The F. have "to Brutus, to Cassius, burn all. Some to Decius House, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius: Away, go." It is evident that all the names are in the possessive; but Grant White has "To Brutus, to Cassius," and "to Ligarius."

ACT IV. Scene 1.

203. -The heading of the scene in the F. is simply "Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus;" but it is evident that they are supposed to be in Rome. Lepidus is sent to Caesar's house for the will, and is told that, on his return, Antony and Octavius will be "or here or at the Capitol." The triumvirs actually met on a small island in the river Rhenum (now the Reno), near Bononia (the modern Bologna). Compare North (Life of Antony): - "Thereupon all three met together (to wit, Caesar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Caesar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius also forsook Lucius Caesar, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own Brother Paulus. Yet some Writers affirm, that Caesar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueler change then this was. For thus changing murder for murder, they did as well kill these whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them " (p. 109).

204. Line 5: - Your sister's son. - According to Plutarch, the man was Lucius Caesar, and Mark Antony was the son of his sister. Upton suggested that Shakespeare wrote "You are his sister's son;" but it is more probable that he got the relationships confused.

205. Line 22: - To groan and weep under the business. - The triyllable pronunciation of business, which its derivation and orthography require, was not lost in Shakespeare's day, though beginning to disappear. Compare Richard II. ii. 1. 217: - To see this business. To-morrow next, &c.

206. Line 27: - And graze in common. - Craik adopts the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector: "And graze on commons."

207. Line 37: - On objects, arts, and imitations. - The line is not improbably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Theobald and Dyce read:

On object arts and imitations;

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and Staunton has:

On objects, arts, and imitations,

defining objects as "things thrown away as useless." This
reading is adopted by the Cambridge editors. (There seems to
me no necessity for altering the text at all; the passage
describes a man utterly devoid of originality, content with
the objects, arts, and fashions or imitations which others
have pursued or adopted for a long time, and they have
become stale or obsolete to most men. Objects is a
favourite word of Shakespeare, and used by him with a
very wide range of meaning; to change it to such an etymo-
logical abortion as object seems to me a fantastic act
of critical acrobatics. — F. A. 1.)

208. Line 44: Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out. — This is the reading of F. 2; F. I having only
Our best Friends made, our means stretch.

Malone suggested

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

209. Line 7: In his own change, or by ill offices. — Either because of some change on his own part, or from
some fault on the part of his officers. Warburton wished to read charge, and Johnson offices, neither of which is an
improvement on the original text.

210. Line 23: like horses hot at hand. — "That is, ap-
parently, when held by the hand, or led; or rather, per-
haps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Crail). Com-
pare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21-24:

Those that tame wild horses
Face 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

211. Line 28: They fall their crests. — Compare Troilus
and Cressida, i. 3. 379, 390.

make him fall
His crest.

Crail says that this transitive use of fall "is not common
in Shakespeare;" but Rolfe remarks that it occurs sixteen
times.

212. Line 50: Lucius, do you the like; &c. — F. I reads thus:

Lucius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we have done our Conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our doors.

Crail transposed Lucius and Lucilius, which mends the
measure and removes the absurdity of associating a serv-
ant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the
doors. Cassius sends his servant Pandarus with a message
to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant
Lucilius on a similar errand. The Folio itself confirms this
correction, since it makes Lucilius oppose the intrusion of
the Ptolemy, and at the close of the conference Brutus ad-
dresses "Lucilius and Titinius," who had evidently re-
mained on guard together all the while. Knight and the
Cambridge editors nevertheless retain the old reading.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

213. — With this scene compare North (Life of Brutus):
"Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other
matter, they went into a little chamber together, and
bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them.
Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the
other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one an-
other, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends
that were without the chamber, hearing them loud
within and angry between themselves, they were both
amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further
matter: but yet they were commanded that no man
should come to them. Notwithstanding, one Marcus
Phanomius [Pompius], that had been a friend and a fol-
lower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to coun-
terfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion,
but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: he would
needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to
keep him out. But it was no boot to let Phanomius, when
a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a
hot hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared
for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used
this bold manner of speech after the profession of the
Cynic philosophers, (as who would say, Dogs) yet his
boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but
laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phanomius at that
time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the
chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking ges-
ture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed
the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

My Lord, I pray you hearten both to me,
For I have seen no years than such three.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him
out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit
Cynic. Howbeit his coming to brake their strife at that
time, and so they left each other" (pp. 134, 135).

214. Line 2: You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
&c. — On this matter compare North (Life of Brutus): "The
next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians,
did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person,
that had been a Prator of the Romans, and whom Brutus
had given charge unto: for that he was accused and con-
victed of robbery, and pillory in his office. This judg-
much much mishalked Cassius, because he himself had
secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends,
attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly
had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to
employ them in any matter of service as he did before.
And therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he
would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time
as was meeter to bear a little than to take things at the
worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered, that he
should remember the Ideas of March, at which time they
slew Julius Caesar, who neither pill'd nor poll'd the
country, but only was a favourer and subornor of all
them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and au-
thority" (p. 135).

215. Line 4: my letter. — F. I has "my Letter;" cor-
corrected in F. 2. By and some others retain the plural,
and change was in the next line to were; but it is more
likely that a letter should have been added to letter than
that were should have been missprinted was.

216. Line 9: Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself. —
Capell and Dyce read "And let me tell you," &c. [The
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

217. Line 20: *What villiau touched his body* &c. — That is, "who that touched his body was such a villain," &c. Compare v. 4. 2 below: "What bastard dost not!"

218. Line 28: *BAY not me.* —The Ff. have "beate not me," which Theobald corrected.

219. Line 37: *Avery, slight man!* —Compare iv. 1. 12 above:

This is a slight, unmeritable man; and Othello, ii. 3. 27th: "so sight so drunken, and so indisc-re-ct an officer."

220. Line 45: *Must I observe you!*— "Must I be ob-scu-rius to you, or treat you as a superior?" Rolfe com-pares II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 30:

For he is gracious, if he be obser'ved (that is, "treated with deference" or "with due regard to his rank").

221. Line 54: *of noble men.* — Collier’s MS. Corrector changes this early reading to "of abler men," and is followed by Dyce. Wright remarks: "Brutus says noble because it is what he wishes Cassius to be."

[Dyce accepts Collier’s emendation "abler men" without any hesitation. Craik strongly supports it, and Santo-nut, in his note on the passage, calls it "a very plau-sible emendation." Collier, in his Notes and Emendations (p. 401), justifies this emendation by reference to the previous speech of Cassio, iv. 3. 30-32:

*I am a soldier, I,\nOlder in practice, abler than yourself\nTo make conditions.*

He adds afterwards: "Cassius had said nothing about ‘noble men,’ and his reply to the above has reference to what he did actually utter;” but Cassius has said nothing about "abler men" in its general and abstract sense = "more capable," but in a particular sense, with reference to the selection of persons for the offices at his disposal (to make conditions; and see foot-note on conditions). According to Collier’s argument we ought to expect neither noble nor abler, but better, for that is the epithet which Brutus resents so strongly (see above, line 51).

Moreover noble—pronounced, as it should be, emphati-cally—is a very appropriate word here, as it contrasts strongly with slight applied to Cassius by Brutus above (line 57). This emendation seems to me, like so many of those made in Collier’s MS. copy, to be just such a one as a person, going through the plays with his pencil, would make on the spur of the moment, because it was what he thought Shakespeare ought to have written. — F. A. M.]

222. Line 75: *By any indirection.* —By any dishonest course, any methods not "straightforward." Compare the adjective in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 185: "indirect crook’d ways."

223. Line 80: *To lock such rascal counters from his friends.* — *To refuse this vile money to his friends.*

Rascal was originally the hunter’s term for a lean and worthless deer; and was then applied metaphorically to human beings, like so many other names and epithets of inferior animals. Counters were round pieces of metal used in arithmetical computations. Compare Winter’s Tale, iv. 3. 88: "I cannot do without counters." In the present passage the word is used contemptuously.

224. Lines 81, 82: *Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,\nDash him to pieces!*

The Ff. have the comma after thunderbolts; but Collier and one or two others omit it. Craik thinks that dash is the infinitive with to omitted; but Rolfe is clearly right in regarding it as the imperative: "Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts and dash him to pieces."

225. Line 91: *A flatterer’s would not, though they be appear.* — Collier’s MS. Corrector needlessly changes do to did.


227. Line 109: *dishonour shall be humour; i.e. "Even dishonourable conduct (referring either to the bribery or to the behaviour of Cassius in this quarrel) shall be excused as a mere caprice." Craik suggests that humour is a misprint for honour, and Grant White agrees with him. The antithesis would be natural enough, but the text is equally natural and expressive, and quite as likely to be what Shakespeare wrote.

228. Line 110: *you are yoked with a lamb.* — Pope changed lamb to maw. The reference is of course to Brutus himself, though occasionally misunderstood.

[Certainly lamb does not seen a very appropriate word here; for Brutus scarcely resembled that innocent and frisky animal. But the commonplace emendation maw does not mend matters, and, at the best, the imagery here is slightly confused; for the parallel between a lamb and a flint that gives fire when struck, is scarcely a happy one; though flint is certainly descriptive enough of the nature of Brutus. After all, it is most likely that the reading of the Folio is the right one; and that the author may have intended to use a somewhat exaggerated similitude; there being in his mind, as there often was, a double idea. He meant Brutus to say that he had the gentleness of a lamb in his nature, as well as that slowness to anger which comes rather from a firm and resolute disposition than from a gentle one. — F. A. M.]

229. Line 119: *Have not you love enough to bear with me.* — This is the reading of the Ff. Pope, followed by some other editors, reads "Have you not," &c.

230. Line 133: *COMPANION, hence!* — For this contemptuous use of companion, compare II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 33: "Why, rude companion," &c.; and see Midsummer Night’s Dream, note 7. The word is found in this sense as late as the middle of the last century; for instance, in Smollett’s Roderick Random (A.D. 1748): "Servy companion! Sany tarpenlin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

231. Lines 152-155: *Impatient of my absence,\nAnd grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony\nHave made themselves so strong; for with her death\nThat tidings came.*

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NOTES TO JULIUS CEASAR.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Craik remarks: "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state." Some critics have nevertheless wished to correct the syntax by changing Impatience to Impatience.

232. Line 156: And, her attendants about, swallowed fire.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And for Porcia, Brutus Wife, Nicodamus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximianus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself" (p. 151).

233. Line 173: That by prescription and bills of outlawry, &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "After that, these three, Octavius Caesar, Antonius, and Lepidus made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of Rome among themselves, and did set up bills of prescription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one" (p. 125).

234. Line 179: Cicero is dead.—To fill out the measure Steevens reads, "Ay, Cicero is dead." Abbott (Grammar, § 486) regards the preceding one as a dissyllable.

235. Line 194: I have as much of this in art as you.—Malone explains in art as "in theory," but Craik, better, as "acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition." This is, however, only a more exact statement of what Malone probably meant.

236. Line 206: Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged.—For the original reading, "new-added," Dyce and Singer independently suggested "new-sided," which is plausible if any change be called for. Collier’s MS. Corrector has "new-hearted," which Craik adopts.

237. Line 225: Whicli we will NIGGARD with a little rest.—Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of niggard as a verb; but Rolfe points out another in Sonnet I. 12:

And, tender chaff, makest waste in niggarding.

238. Line 231: Farewell, good Messala!—Hannen would read "Vive, farewell," and Walker, Fare you well.

239. Line 250: Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while, &c.—F. 2 musi:fie the passage as follows:

Canst thou hold up thy instrument a strain or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a while.

240. Line 272: Where I left reading.—Compare North

(Life of Brutus): "Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into ELYPIE, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the city of PHILIPPIES.' Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: 'Well, then I shall see thee again.' The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all" (p. 130).

See also the Life of Caesar: "he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill Angell, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPIES.' Then Brutus replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see them.' Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him" (pp. 103, 104).

Concerning the introduction of the Ghost, Uricali (Shakespeare’s Dramatic Art) asks: "What can justify apparitions and spirits in an historical drama? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality; the design is not really pure which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Caesar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy; if his military energies should be paralysed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify

1 That is, full of care. Compare Richard III. i. 3. 84, 84:

By Him that rais’d me to this careful height.

From that contented hap which I enjoy’d.
this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces—Richard III. Both dramas belong to the same historical grade; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others.

ACT V. SCENE I.

241. Line 14: Their bloody sign of battle is hung out.—North (Life of Brutus) says: "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat" (p. 129).

242. Line 20: I do not cross you; but I will do so.—The American editor Hudson explains the line thus: "That is, I will do as I have said, not I will cross you." At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him." Mr. Aldis Wright also believes that the passage is intended "to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield." To this Rolfe replies: "We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that both Hudson and Wright are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying 'I do not cross you, but I will do what you say cross you.' We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon cross: 'I do not cross you (in Antony's sense of the word), but I will cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);' and with the word he does cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall give sign of battle, and when Antony says no he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly.

243. Line 31: But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees.—Hybla in Sicily was proverbial in ancient times for its honey. We have another allusion to it in I. Henry V. i. 2. 47: "the honey of Hybla." 

244. Line 44: O you fatterers!—Some editors drop you for the sake of the metre.

245. Line 53: Cesar's three and thirty wounds.—Theobald changed this to "three and twenty," the number given by Plutarch and Suetonius; but Shakespeare is careless in these numerical matters.

246. Line 60: die more honourably.—The F. have "more honorable;" but this is probably a misprint for "more honourable."

247. Line 61: A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour.—As Dyce (Glossary) remarks: "Peevish appears to have generally signified during Shakespeare's days 'silly, foolish, trifling,' &c. though no doubt the word was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' &c." For a very clear instance of the former sense (which some have been inclined to doubt) see I. Henry VI. v. 3. 186, where, to Suffolk's suggestion that Margaret shall send a kiss to the King as a "loving token," she replies: I will not so presume To send such peevish tokens to a king.

248. Line 90: one former ensign.—Rowe changed former to foremost (as in the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch quoted below), and Collier's M.S. Corractor to foremost; but other examples of this use of former have been cited by Dyce and others.

On the passage, compare North (Life of Brutus): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost Ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat, and fed them, until they came near to the city of PHILIPPIES; and there one day only before the battle, they both flew away" (p. 137).

249. Line 97: Let's reason with the worst that may befall.—See the life of Brutus: "There Cassius began to speak first, and said: 'The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly, or die?' Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, 'I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yield to divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleased them to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if he be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, ... but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune'" (p. 140).

250. Line 101: Even by the rule of that philosophy, &c.—The passage reads thus in F. 1:

Even by the rule of that philosophy, By which I did blame Cato, for the death Which he did give himselfe, I know not how: But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The time of life, arming my wife with patience, To say the providence of some high Powers, That govern vs below.

It has been pointed in various ways by the modern editors. Knight and Dyce make I know not how ... the time of life a parenthesis. Craik connects I know not how, &c. with the preceding words: "I know not how it is, but I do finde it, by the rule of that philosophy, &c., cowardly and vile, &c." The Cambridge editors follow
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT V. Scene 1.

Collier puts a period after himself, as in the text. This seems the simplest arrangement, the meaning being: "I am determined to do, or act, by the rule of that philosophy," etc. Then he adds: "I know not why, but I think it cowardly to commit suicide for fear of what may happen—rather arming myself to endure whatever fate may have in store for me. To stay of course means 'to await.'"

251. Line 106: The time of life.—That is, "the full time." "The normal period of life," but Collier's MS. Corrector, in his meddlesome way, changes time to term, and in the next line he reads those high powers, which is a trifle more plausible.

252. Line 111: No, Cassius, no! &c.—Crack remarks: "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Stevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of Cato. But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony."

ACT V. Scene 2.

253.—With this and the following short scenes, compare the Life of Brutus in North's Plutarch: "Then Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meeter for Cassius; both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it him, and willed that Mæaulus (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with Brutus . . . In the meantime Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private hands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle."

"First of all, he (Cassius) was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beseech, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiancess or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore, perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying; and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together. So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw, and yet with much ado, how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titianus, one of them, that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chieuest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compass them in round about on horseback, with songs of victory, and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titianus was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he glides over tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS, where Cassius was slain, though he notwithstanding escaped from that overthrow; but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time Pindarus was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titianus crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived, through the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chance to his captain Cassius by mistake, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had harbied so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the meantime came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overtaken; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the ROMANS, being impossible that ROMES should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of TRASSON, fearing lest his funerals within the camp should cause great disorder."

"There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly; but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field all the chieuest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life: amongst whom there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucellus, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them

1 Misprinted "Cassius" in the ed. of 1676.
NOTES TO JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT V. Scene 2.

with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Caesar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him up into the night, and sent some before unto Antonius, to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him.

In the meantime Luellius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: 'Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.' . . . Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: 'My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to have him. For I had rather have such men my friends than mine enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.'

'Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither.

Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not tarrying, he said: 'If Statilius be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted into his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus as he sat bowed towards Cidius, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to Voluntius himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Voluntius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, 'We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.' Then took every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: 'It reclencheth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them.' Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, afterwards became Octavius Caesar's friend: so, shortly after, Caesar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend unto him, and weeping said: 'Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus.' Caesar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium' (pp. 140-151).

ACT V. Scene 3.

254. Line 41: Now be a freeman.—We have printed freeman here as one word, as it is no doubt equal to the Latin libertus or libertini, the equivalent of freedman, i.e. a slave who has obtained or been given his freedom. Compare what Findarsus says below (line 47), So I am free; by which he means, apparently, that he has obtained his freedom through the death of Cassius.

In the passage above, iii. 2, 25, "to live all free men," where some editors hyphen free men, as if it were equal to the Latin liberti, we prefer to print the words free men as two words; free having the ordinary sense of one who enjoys liberty but is not, necessarily, a liberated slave.—F. A. M.

255. Line 43: here, take thou the hilts.—Rolle notes that Shakespeare uses hilts with reference to a single weapon five times, hilt three times. For another instance of the plural, see Richard III. i. 4. 169: "with the hilts of thy sword."

256. Line 61: As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night.—Some editors read to-night, but Craik well says that "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking sink to night to be an expression of the same kind as sink to rest." There is no hyphen in the F.

257. Line 55: But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.—Here the analogy of other passages shows that Craik is wrong in making hold thee equivalent to hold, in i. 3. 117 above (see note 81), meaning "but hold" or "but stop;" and that it is rather to be interpreted, as Dyce gives it, as "but have thou, receive thou." Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. i. 17: "hold thee that to-drink;" and Winter's Tale, iv. 6. 551: "yet hold thee, there's some food." In these passages, as in sundry others, thee seems to be colloquially used for "thou."

258. Line 99: The last of all the Romans.—Rowe, whom Dyce follows and defends, reads "Thou last," i.e. North (see extract above) has the expression the last of all the Romans; and though it does not occur in an apostrophe, as here, it is probable that Shakespeare copied it. Rehe-
NOTES TO JULIUS CESAR.

ACT V. Scene 3.

horically the old reading is quite as appropriate as the modern one.

259. Line 104: to Thassos send his body.—The Ff. have Thassus, which is obviously a misprint for Thassos, the form in North, though Thassus, which the Cambridge editors substitute, is the classical form of the name. Thassos was an island in the Egean Sea.

260. Line 105: His funerals.—North uses the plural, which is also found in Titius Andronicus, i. 3, 321. Elsewhere Shakespeare has funeral, except in the Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1, 14:

Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
where it is a true plural. On the other hand, Shakespeare uses nuptial for nuptials several times. See Much Ado, note 268.

ACT V. Scene 4.

261. Line 2: What bastard doth not? i.e. "Who so base, so false to his ancestry, that he doth not?" See note 217 above.

262. Line 17: I'll tell the news.—The Folio reading is "I'll thee newes;" corrected by Pope.

ACT V. Scene 5.

253. Line 19: And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.—Compare North (Life of Caesar): "The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spoke never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain" (p. 104). See also Life of Brutus: "The Romans called the valley between both camps, the Philippians Fields" (p. 137).

264. Line 33: Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, &c.—The Ff. read: "Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen," which was corrected by Theobald.

265. Line 62: Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.—Prefer seems to have been the usual phrase for recommending a servant. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii. 21, 1: "And if it be said, that the curse of man's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true; but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid."

266. Line 68: This was the noblest Roman of them all.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For it was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain Caesar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him" (p. 159).

267. Line 71: He only, in a general honest thought, &c.—Craik follows Collier's MS. Corrector in reading "a general honest thought;" but general is simply an anticipation of "to all."

268. Line 73: His life was gentle, and the elements, &c.—There is a passage resembling this in Drayton's poem, The Barons' Wars, published in 1603; and, before the date of the play was proved to be as early as 1601, it was a question whether Drayton or Shakespeare was the borrower. If either, it must have been the former; but allusions to the well-balanced mingling of the four elements (fire, air, earth, and water) to produce the perfection of humanity, are common in writers of the time. Compare, for instance, Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, ii. 3: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and elements are peaceably met, without emulation of preceendency."

It may be noted that the passage in Drayton, as printed in 1603 and in all the subsequent editions before 1619, reads as follows:

Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace the elements all lay,
So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey;
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man.

In the edition of 1619 it takes the following shape, which, it will be seen, bears a somewhat closer resemblance to the passage in Julius Caesar:

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.

WORDS OCCURING ONLY IN JULIUS CESAR.

Note.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. I.
**WORDS PECULIAR TO JULIUS CAESAR.**

|-------------|----------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------
| iv. 3 221   | i. 1 159 | iv. 3 122   | v. 1 56     |
| iv. 3 221   | i. 1 159 | iv. 3 122   | v. 1 56     |
| i. 2 72     | i. 2 72  | i. 1 33     | i. 2 75     |
| iii. 1 148  | i. 1 148 | ii. 1 65    | iii. 3 33   |
| i. 1 159    | i. 1 159 | i. 1 159    | i. 2 247    |
| i. 2 72     | i. 2 72  | i. 1 2 247  | v. 5 23     |
| i. 5 0      | i. 5 0   | i. 1 43     | v. 206      |
| i. 2 43     | i. 2 43  | i. 2 43     | i. 2 43     |
| i. 1 43     | i. 1 43  | i. 2 43     | i. 2 43     |
| i. 1 16     | i. 1 16  | i. 2 120    | i. 2 120    |
| iv. 3 290   | iv. 3 290| iv. 3 290   | iv. 3 290   |
| ii. 1 33    | ii. 1 33 | ii. 1 33    | ii. 1 33    |
| ii. 1 33    | ii. 1 33 | ii. 1 33    | ii. 1 33    |
| i. 3 37     | i. 3 37  | i. 3 37     | i. 3 37     |
| iv. 3 173   | iv. 3 173| iv. 3 173   | iv. 3 173   |
| i. 2 227    | i. 2 227 | i. 2 227    | i. 2 227    |
| iii. 1 58   | iii. 1 58| iii. 1 58   | iii. 1 58   |
| ii. 1 180   | ii. 1 180| ii. 1 180   | ii. 1 180   |
| i. 2 245    | i. 2 245 | i. 2 245    | i. 2 245    |
| i. 1 28     | i. 1 28  | i. 1 28     | i. 1 28     |
| iii. 2 250  | iii. 2 250| iii. 2 250  | iii. 2 250  |
| ii. 1 219   | ii. 1 219| ii. 1 219   | ii. 1 219   |
| ii. 1 24    | ii. 1 24 | ii. 1 24    | ii. 1 24    |
| i. 2 103    | i. 2 103| i. 2 103    | i. 2 103    |
| v. 5 46     | v. 5 46  | v. 5 46     | v. 5 46     |

1 = fated, destined.
2 = figuratively = to ponder; frequently used in its ordinary sense.
3 = Chimney's top occurs in III. Henry VI. v. 6. 47.
4 = foremost; frequently used in other senses.
5 = see note 244.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

VOL. V. 123
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincenio, Duke of Vienna.
Angelo, the deputy in the Duke's absence.
Escalus, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the government.
Claudio, a young gentleman.
Lucio, a fantastic.
Two other Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, friars.
Peter, friars.
A Justice.
Varrius.
Elbow, a simple constable.
Froth, a foolish gentleman.
Pompey, servant to Mistress Overdone.
Abhorson, an executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute prisoner.

Isabella, sister to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Juliet, beloved of Claudio.
Francisca, a nun.
Mistress Overdone, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

Scene—Vienna.

Historic Period: The historic period is indefinite.

Time of Action.

The time of action consists of four days. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1 may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2: Commences with Act I. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 2.

Day 3: Commences in Act IV. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 4.

Day 4: Includes Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6, and the whole of Act V., which is in one scene only.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623. No external evidence as to its date has been found, and the internal evidence is both slight and doubtful. Tyrwhitt considered that two passages in the early part of the play contain an allusion to the demeanour of James I. on his entry into England at the time of his accession in 1603. In i. 1. 68–73 the Duke says:

I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not love to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Ayes vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

Again, in ii. 4. 24–30 it is observed by Angelo:

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious foudness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

"I cannot help thinking," says Tyrwhitt, "that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation." The Old-Spelling editors quote in their notes the following corroborative passage: "But our King coming through the North (Banquetting, and Feasting by the way) the applause of the people in so obsequious, and submissive a manner (still admiring Change) was checkt by an honest plain Scotsman (unused to such humble aclama-

tions) with a Prophetical expression; This people will spoyle a good King. The King as unused, so tired with multitudes, especially in his Hunting (which he did as he went) caused an inhibition to be published, to restrain the people from Hunting Him. Happily being fearfull of so great a Concourse, as this Novelty produced, the old Hatred betwixt the Borderers not forgotten, might make him apprehend it to be of a greater extent: though it was generally imputed to a desire of enjoying his Recreation without interruption." (Arthur Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653, p. 3). Other passages which have been conjectured to contain historical allusions are i. 2. 5: "Heaven grant us its peace;" and i. 2. 83: "What with the war, what with the sweat;" the last clause having perhaps some reference to the "sweating sickness" or plague, which in 1603 carried off more than 30,000 people in London; and the allusions to "peace" and "war" having perhaps some reference to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604. All this is vague enough, but it may be said to lend a little colour to the theory which places the date of the play in 1603 or early in 1604. At all events, there can be no reasonable doubt that Measure for Measure belongs to a late, but not the latest, period of Shakespeare's work—to the period with which all its characteristics link it, the period of Hamlet, of Othello, of Troilus and Cressida.

The direct sources of the plot are Whetstone's "endless comedy." The Right Excellent and Famous Historye of Promos and Cassandra, 1578, and the prose version of the same story by the same writer in The Hепtameron of Civil Discourses, 1582. Whetstone himself derived his story from the Hecatomithi of Giraldi Cinthio (Parte Seconda, Deca
ottava, novella v.\(^1\) The outline of Whetstone’s comedy may be given in the “Argument of the Whole History” prefixed by the author or his publisher. “In the cyme of Julio (sometimes under the dominion of Corinnoius, Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so ever committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamous: noted. This seere lawe, by the favoure of some merciful full magistrate, became little regarded untill the time of Lord Promos auctoritie; who conviction a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemmed both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beautifull gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enhance her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delightsed with the sweete order of her talke; and doying good, that euill might come thereof, for a time he repreyn’d her brother; but, wicked man, turning his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorrng both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunity of his brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreeed to Promos; first that he should pardon his brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promisse as careless in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his aneuthoritie vnspotted with favoure, and to prevent Cassandraes clamors, he communnded the gayler secretely to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with\(^2\) the outcryes of Andrugio, abhorrng Promos lewdnes, by the prouidence of God proind thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with a felon’s head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother’s, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreed at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be amenged of Promos: and desistyng a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly fawoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marry Cassandra, to repaire her erased\(^3\) honoure; which done, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bonds of affection to her husband, became an earnest suer for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale before her special case, although he fawoured her much,) would not grant her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and cruad pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos.” It will be seen from this summary of the main part of the action that Shakespeare is indebted to Whetstone for the general framework of his plot; it will be seen equally that he has transformed the revolting incoherencies of the original story into a closely-knit, credible, and artistic whole. Shakespeare’s debt to the comedy of his predecessor, beyond the mere framework—the ground-plan of his building—may be set down at practically nothing. Promos and Cassandra is a crude and shapeless cento of ill-digested material; a mere succession of heavy scenes set forth in jolting doggerel; bearing by no means so much relation to the play of Shakespeare as the quarries at Carrara bear to the marbles of Michel-angelo. A quarry, a storehouse, we may call it: that at the very outside; but certainly nothing with any pretence to art or vitality, nothing with any right to exist on its proper merits. No hints towards the characterization of any of the dramatis personae common to Shakespeare and to Whetstone could be found in the lifeless pages of the earlier play.


\(^2\) Probably there is some misprint or omission here.

\(^3\) Crased, i.e. broken, damaged. See Mids. Night’s Dream, note 17.
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wright. Wherever for a moment there is the smallest similarity in thought or word—and this is very seldom indeed, considering the strong similarity of the incidents—such likeness is nothing more or less than inevitable, and exists simply in the most obvious truisms, so to speak, of natural action. In Cinthio's version of the story there are one or two
natural touches, good enough, if he had seen them, to have suggested a thought to Shake
spere. Epithea, for instance, the Isabella of Measure for Measure, is spoken of as one to whom Philosophy had taught how the human soul should meet every hap (“cui la Filosofia haveua insegnato qual debbia essere l'animo humano in ogni foruna”). Could anything truer be said of Isabella? Altogether Cinthio is very much more graphic and effective than Whetstone, either in the prose or poetry of his English imitator. Hazlitt, in his Shakespeare's Library; quotes two similar stories, told briefly and barely by Gouart, in his Admirable and Memorable Histories, 1607. Other such stories are known, some of them on historical evidence, such as the story of the governor of Flushing, in the old French chronicles. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the very story as we find it in Cinthio was based on an actual occurrence in the dark ages of the Italian despots.

STAGE HISTORY.

Of the performance of Measure for Measure we have no record before the Restoration; and when theatres were again licensed, the only form in which this play appeared on the stage was in the sadly-transformed shape of Davenant's jumble of this play and Much Ado, called The Law against Lovers, which has already been alluded to in the Introduction to Much Ado (vol. iv. p. 172). What amazing devil, as the late Charles Dickens would have said, possessed Sir William Davenant to spoil two plays, so different in their nature but each so good of its kind, by jumbling them together, it is difficult to conceive. It is possible, if the tradition that Davenant was Shakespeare's son be true, that he owed his father a grudge for begetting so extremely ill-looking an offspring. If so, it must be owned that, in this
deformation of two of his father's great works, he had his revenge; for he has succeeded to a marvel in destroying all the comedy of Benedick and Beatrice, while at the same time he enfeebled the serious and almost tragical interest of Measure for Measure. It may be as well to give a list of the Dramatis Personae of Davenant's play:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{The Duke of Savoy,} \\
\text{Lord Angelo, his deputy.} \\
\text{Benedick, brother to Angelo.} \\
\text{Lucio,} \\
\text{Balthazar,} \\
\text{Eschatus, a counsellor.} \\
\text{Claudio, in love with Julietta.} \\
\text{Provost.} \\
\text{Friar Thomas.} \\
\text{Bernardine, a prisoner.} \\
\text{Jailor.} \\
\text{Fool.} \\
\text{Hangman.} \\
\text{Beatrice, a great heiress.} \\
\text{Isabella, sister to Claudio.} \\
\text{Julietta, mistress to Claudio.} \\
\text{Viola, sister to Beatrice, very young.} \\
\text{Francisca, a nun.} \\
\end{align*}\]

Scene: Turin.

The first act follows the story of Measure for Measure pretty closely as far as the incidents go. The effect of the introduction of Benedick and Beatrice is that they are both entirely deprived of the wit and vivacity which characterized them in Shakespeare's Much Ado, while nearly all the beautiful poetry of Measure for Measure is ruthlessly deformed into the dreariest prose-verse.

For a specimen of Davenant's work we may take the following lines from the Duke's speech to Angelo in act i. scene 1:

\[\begin{align*}
\text{That victory gives me now free leisure to} \\
\text{Pursue my old design of travelling;} \\
\text{Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,} \\
\text{I may compare the customs, prudent laws,} \\
\text{And managements of foreign states with ours.} \\
\end{align*}\]

The victory alluded to is that which Benedick has just won. The scraps of Shakespeare that are dragged in, whether from Much Ado or Measure for Measure, but especially from the former, seem sadly out of place. Here is a specimen of Davenant's originality. After a scene between Benedick and Beatrice, Viola,
who is the young sister of Beatrice, says to Benedick:

Y’are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought Any pendants and fine fans from the wars?

Benedick. What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a blossom!

Vio. My sister has promised me that I shall be A woman, and that you shall make love to me, When you are old enough to have a wife.

Benedick. This is not a chip of the old block, but will prove A smart twig of the young branch.

This wretched stuff is printed as verse, though it is difficult to believe it was ever intended to be anything but prose. In the second act it is Benedick that pleads for the life of Claudio. Again the scenes between Benedick and Beatrice, that are dragged in, serve merely to enumber the action without lightening the play. Davenant preserves the scene between Isabella and Angelo, carefully injuring if not utterly destroying, wherever he can, the poetry of Shakespeare’s language. The second act concludes with a mutilated version of Angelo’s soliloquy in act ii. scene 4 of Shakespeare’s play, the last four lines of which are thus improved by Davenant:

The numerous subjects to a well-wish King Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

The third act goes straight on with the same scene (from Shakespeare), beginning with the entrance of Isabella. This is followed by a long scene between Benedick and Beatrice, in which Beatrice urges Benedick to steal his brother’s signet, and so seal the pardon of Juliet and Claudio. Then Viola comes in and sings a song, apropos des bottes; after which Lucio and Balthazar persuade Beatrice that Benedick is in love with her. The extraordinary dulness of this scene, compared with the one it is founded on in Much Ado, is decidedly original. Then we go back to Measure for Measure, and have a scene between Claudio and Isabella in prison; next to which comes an original scene, in which Benedick brings Beatrice the signed pardon for Juliet and Claudio, which he has obtained through Escalus. The act ends with a short scene in the

prison between Viola and Juliet, her cousin. In this scene, short as it is, Davenant’s genius will burst out, as witness the following description by the innocent little Viola when speaking of the Jailor:

The fellow looks like a man boil’d In pump-water. Is he married?

The beginning of the next act is apparently original. It appears that the Friar, i.e. the disguised Duke, is thwarting Benedick’s scheme for the release of Juliet and Claudio, so he and Beatrice relieve their feelings by calling in Viola, who dances; the stage-direction being Enter Viola dancing a saraband, aichile with castanets. This is the scene which so much pleased the sapient and tasteful Pepys, who says, under date February 18th, 1661-2: “Saw ‘The Law against Lovers,’ a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl’s (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house.” Then we have a scrap of Pompey in the shape of the Fool, and another scrap from Shakespeare in the shape of a scene between the Duke and Lucio; and then a scene between Juliet and Isabella in prison, quite original, in which the author bursts into poetry and, shaking off the trammels of blank verse, indulges in rhymed couplets. Juliet thinks that Isabella might make the sacrifice asked by Angelo for Claudio’s sake, to which Isabella pointedly answers that she had better make it herself:

The good or ill redemption of his life
Doth less concern his sister than his wife.

Then we have more original elephantine playfulness between Benedick and Beatrice. Then, after a brief return to Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke, Provost, and Barnardine, we have an original scene in which Claudio gives the Fool a thousand pieces of gold as a bribe to help Juliet to escape in a page’s dress. He declines to attempt to escape himself. Juliet, not to be outdone in generosity, sends her Maid with a proposal to Claudio to escape by a window in her room with the connivance of the Provost’s wife, but she is not to escape
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herself. All this is, I suppose, to make the character of Claudio more sympathetic. Then we have a sort of parody in rhymed verse of the great scene between Angelo and Isabella, in which we find such gems of poetry as the following speech of Isabella:

Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;
Can 1, who see the treason, be betray'd?

The effect of this exquisite couplet upon Angelo is to make him completely change his tone, and to become suddenly virtuous, declaring that all that had happened before was only his fun. He never meant that Claudio should die; he never meant to make naughty proposals to Isabella. All that he meant was to propose honourable marriage. But Isabella is not to be taken in with these beautiful sentiments; she remarks:

If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,
Lost you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

Then she goes out, leaving poor Angelo in a very forlorn condition, who comes to the conclusion

Because she doubts my virtue I must die;
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try.

In the fifth act we have more singing, in which Beatrice, Benedick, and Viola all take part, supported by the Chorus; this musical entertainment being, as it appears, for the benefit of Angelo, in order to raise him from his supposed anchoritic existence. Then we begin to get serious again, and three servants come in, one after another, exhorting Angelo to “Arn, arm, my lord!” for his brother is in open revolt and is besieging the prison where Claudio and Juliet are confined. Now we have a great deal of excitement and something like a pantomime rally by all the characters; and the play ultimately ends with the marriage of Angelo and Isabella! They are kept in countenance by two other pairs of betrothed lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Juliet. Lucio, who gets very waggish towards the end, is inclined to marry the Fool’s grandmother, but, finding she is dead, decides on remaining a bachelor.

I have given a full account of Davenant’s play, because few persons are likely to take the trouble to read it for themselves, and, unless one does so, one might be deceived by the praises lavished on this contemptible work by contemporary and other critics.

In 1700 at Lincoln’s Inn Fields the version of this play by Charles Gildon, called Measure for Measure or Beauty the best Advocate was produced with the following cast: Angelo = Betterton, Claudio = Verbruggen, Duke = Arnold, Escalus = Berry, Isabella = Mrs. Bracegirdle, Juliet = Mrs. Bowman. As in Davenant’s version, the scene was laid at Turin, and Balthazar figures among the Dramatis Personae. All the comic characters, including Lucio, are ruthlessly cut out. The title-page announces that the play was “Written originally by Mr. Shakespeare; and now very much altered; With additions of several Entertainments of Musick.” There were no less than four of these Entertainments, with one of which the play concluded. Charles Gildon wrote several plays, but none of them were successful. Genest quotes two lines from the second act, where Angelo tells Isabella to meet him at the opera:

Consider on it, and at ten this evening
If you’ll comply, you’ll meet me at the Opera.

This wretched production does not appear ever to have been revived, though the next mention of the play, under date December 6th, 1720, at Lincoln’s Inn Fields, is “not acted 20 years, Measure for Measure by Shakespeare,” the following members of the cast being given:

Duke = Quin, Angelo = Boheme, Claudio = Ryan, Isabella = Mrs. Seymour. On this occasion it was acted eight times, and revived again on October 10th, 1721, when Genest gives C. Bullock as the representative of Lucio, which proves that it cannot have been Gildon’s version, as in that Lucio is omitted altogether. We may take it, therefore, that the performance in December, 1720, was the first revival of Shakespeare’s play after the Restoration.

Quin was decidedly fond of the part of the Duke, which he played excellently, and he seems to have caused the piece to be revived, pretty nearly every season, at whatever theatre he happened to be; though it never was played more than once or twice during any
one season. On March 10th, 1737, Quin took his benefit as the Duke at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Cibber was Isabella, a part to which she seems to have been very partial. That wretched creature her husband, Theophilus Cibber, played Lucio at least on one occasion, January 26th, 1738, when, for the first time, Elbow is mentioned in the cast, his representative being Harper. Mrs. Cibber took her benefit as Isabella on April 12th of the same year. On January 4th, 1744, Mrs. Pritchard made her first appearance as Isabella at Covent Garden. She ultimately succeeded Mrs. Cibber in this rôle. At Covent Garden, April 11th, 1746, Measure for Measure was represented for the benefit of Havard and Berry, "not acted 6 years," when Mrs. Woffington played Isabella for the first time; and she repeated the part on more than one occasion, though it could not have been a very suitable one to her. Quin seems to have played the Duke for the last time on December 4th, 1750, when no particulars of the cast are given. It was at this theatre, Covent Garden, that he made his last appearance in 1753, the great success of Barry during the last two seasons had perhaps reminded Quin that it was time for him to retire. On February 22nd, 1755, Measure for Measure was played at Drury Lane, with Yates as Pompey, and Mrs. Cibber as Isabella, Woodward as Lucio, the Duke being Mossop. It was played once or twice during the three following seasons; but Garrick never took any part in it himself. It was about this time that a singularly tragical occurrence took place in connection with this play. Joseph Peterson, an actor of considerable ability and great versatility, who had been long attached to the Norwich company, was playing the part of the Duke in this play, one of his best parts, some time in October, 1758; when, in the scene with Claudio, played on that occasion by Moody, in the third act, just as he was speaking the lines iii. 1. 6-8:

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art.

he dropped dead into Moody's arms. Peterson made his first débüt at Goodman's Fields as Lord Foppington, and played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard on his first appearance as Richard III. He was interred at Bury St. Edmund's, with the lines he last spoke on the stage inscribed on his tomb. The next notable performance of Measure for Measure was on February 12th, 1770, for Woodward's benefit at Covent Garden. It was announced as "Not acted 20 years." Bensley was the Duke, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, and the bénéficiaire himself Lucio; Quick played Elbow; Mrs. Bellamy took the part of Isabella, apparently for the first time, and Mrs. Bulkeley was Mariana. The piece was repeated again on the 21st of the same month. At the same theatre in the next season on January 12th, 1771, Yates played Lucio to the Isabella of his wife. During this season it was played three times, and twice in the succeeding one. On March 18th, 1775, this play was revived at Drury Lane, "Not acted 16 years." King was Lucio, Palmer Angelo, Parsons Pompey. It was represented on the 20th April following for Pahner's benefit. It was again acted on January 8th, 1777, "Not acted 5 years," when Lee and Mrs. Jackson appeared for the first time as the Duke and Isabella respectively. Passing over some unimportant performances of the play, we come to October 11th, 1780, when the play was again revived at Covent Garden, with Henderson as the Duke, Lee Lewes Lucio, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, Mrs. Yates again playing Isabella, and Mrs. Inchbald appearing in the small part of Mariana. At Bath, in the season 1779-1780, we find the first record of the performance of Mrs. Siddons as Isabella. She played the part six times during that season, and on November 3rd, 1783, she appeared at Drury Lane for the first time in this character. During this season she acted the part five times; in fact it was the only Shakespearian one she attempted in London. In speaking of Mrs. Siddons' impersonations it must not be forgotten that there was another Isabella, a very favourite part of hers. This was the heroine of South-orne's Isabella or the Fatal Marriage, altered by Garrick; but though many of her contemporaries seem to have considered this Isabella to be one of her most powerful im-
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personations, there is no doubt that the great actress was especially fine as the heroine of Measure for Measure, notably in the great scenes with Angelo, and in the prison scene with Claudio. The part is one which essentially requires an actress to assume moral dignity, if she has it not. The pretty pathos which serves well enough for Ophelia and Desdemona is of no avail here; indeed there is no part in any of Shakespeare’s plays which requires greater elevation both of thought and of style than that of Isabella.

On December 30th, 1794, John Kemble appeared, at Drury Lane, for the first time as the Duke, with a strong cast which included Bannister, jun., as Lucio, Palmer as Angelo, Dicky Suett as Pompey, Parsons as Elbow; Mrs. Siddons, of course, was the Isabella; indeed no one seems to have attempted to rival her in this part for many years. The piece was acted eight times on this occasion. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane during the next eight years, till we come to November 21st, 1803, when the play was revived at Covent Garden, “not acted 20 years.” Kemble and Mrs. Siddons again took their old parts, and Cooke appeared for the first time as Angelo; the Claudio was Charles Kemble, and the two comic parts of Elbow and Pompey were played by Blanchard and Emery respectively. The next memorable performance of this play was on October 30th, 1811, the beginning of Mrs. Siddons’ last season at Covent Garden. The cast was much the same as on the last-mentioned occasion, except that Barrymore was the Angelo, and, according to Genest, was the only one whose part was not well acted. In this revival Liston was the Pompey, and Emery took the small part of Barnardine. George Daniel says, in his preface to the acting edition of Cumberland’s British Theatre: “The few words put into the mouth of this dissolute prisoner were given with astonishing power by Emery, who, in reality, looked the wretch described by the poet, ‘Unfit to live or die.’” The piece was played several times during this season; Mrs. Siddons making her last appearance in the part on June 26th, 1812. It is said that she was then so enfeebled by age that, when she knelt to the Duke, she was unable to rise without assistance. With Mrs. Siddons the popularity of Measure for Measure as an acting play seems to have died, at least for a time. No actress since has succeeded in making her mark in the character of Isabella. On February 8th, 1816, Miss O’Neill made her first appearance in the part at Covent Garden, on which occasion Yates played the Duke. The next revival of any importance was that under Macready’s management, May 1st, 1824, at Drury Lane, when it was only played twice. Liston, singular to say, was cast for Lucio, and was a dire failure. Phelps produced Measure for Measure in his third season at Sadler’s Wells on November 4th, 1846; Miss Addison’s Isabella was said to have been a fine performance, but the play was not often repeated; Phelps played the Duke, though he is said to have preferred the part of Angelo. In recent times the only memorable revival of this play was that at the Haymarket, when the late Miss Adelaide Neilson, whose premature death was so much regretted, played Isabella on Saturday, April 1st, 1876. The best features in the cast on this occasion were the Duke of Mr. Howe and the Lucio of Mr. Conway, the best performance in the Shakespearean drama that the latter has ever given. Charles Warner was an earnest Claudio, and Mr. Buckstone himself raised many a laugh as Pompey. Miss Neilson’s Isabella was a pretty and graceful performance, and considered by many critics to be her best Shakespearean impersonation; but she scarcely fulfilled the highest requirements of the part. The play had not been represented for 25 years in London, and there is no likelihood at present of its revival. Much virtuous indignation was expended on the nature of the plot by those whose moral susceptibilities had been invigorated by a course of playgoing in Paris. The grand lesson on the weakness of human nature, so powerfully taught in Measure for Measure, came as a shock to those delicate minds, which had been refined by a study of that Lais worship and deep pornographical science which serve as substitutes for religion and morality on the Paris stage.—F. A. M.
CRITICAL REMARKS.

Measure for Measure is neither the last of the comedies nor the first of the tragedies. It is tragedy and comedy together, inextricably interfused, coexistent in a mutual contradiction; such a tangled web, past hope of unraveling, as our life is, looked at by the actors in it, on the level of its action; with certain suggestions, open or concealed, of the higher view, the aspect of things from a point of tolerant wisdom. The hidden activity of the duke, working for ends of beneficent justice, in the midst of the ferment and corruption of the seething city; this figure of personified Providence, watchfully cognizant of act and motive, has been conceived by Shakespeare—not yet come to his darkest mood, in which man is a mere straw in the wind of Destiny—to give the sense of security indwelling in even such a maze as this. It is not from Isabella that we get any such sense. Her very courage and purity and intellectual light do but serve to deepen the darkness, when we conceive of her as but one sacrifice the more. Just as Cordelia intensifies the pity and terror of King Lear, so would Isabella's helpless virtues add the keenest ingredient to the cup of bitterness—but for the duke. He is a foretaste of Prospero, a Prospero working greater miracles without magic; and he guides us through the labyrinths of the play by a clue of which he has the secret.

That Measure for Measure is a "painful" play (as Coleridge called it) cannot be denied. There is something base and sordid about the villainy of its actors; a villainy which has nothing of the heroism of sin. In Angelo we have the sharpest lesson that Shakespeare ever read self-righteousness. In Claudio we see a "gilded youth" with the gilding rubbed off; and there is not under heaven a more pitiful sight. From Claudio's refined wantonness we sink deeper and deeper, through Lucio, who is a Claudio by trade, and without even the presence of gilding, to the very lowest depth of a city's sordidness and brutality. The "humours" of bawd and hangman and the customers of both are painted with as angry a hand as Hogarth's; bitten in with the etcher's acid, as if into the very flesh. Even Elbow, "a simple constable," a Dogberry of the lower dregs, struts and maunders before us with a desperate imbecility, in place of the engaging silliness, where silliness seemed a hearty comic virtue, of the "simple constable" of the earlier play. In the astonishing portrait of Barnardine we come to the simply animal man; a portrait which in its savage realism, brutal truth to nature, cynical insight into the workings of the contented beast in man, seems to anticipate some of the achievements of the modern realistic novel. In the midst of this crowd of evildoers walks the duke, hooded body and soul in his friar's habit; Escalus, a solitary figure of broad and sturdy uprightness; Isabella, "a thing enskied and painted," the largest-hearted and clearest-eyed heroine of Shakespeare; and apart, veiled from good and evil in a perpetual solitariness of sorrow, Mariana, at the moated grange.

In the construction of this play Shakespeare seems to have put forth but a part of his strength, throwing his full power only into the great scenes, and leaving, with less than his customary care (in strong contrast to what we note in Twelfth Night), frayed ends and edges of action and of characterization. The conclusion, particularly, seems hurried, and the disposal of Angelo inadequate. I cannot but think that Shakespeare felt the difficulty, nay, impossibility of reconciling the end which his story and the dramatic conventionalities required with the character of Angelo as shown in the course of the play, and that he slurred over the matter as best he could. With space before him he might have convinced us—for what could not Shakespeare do?—of the sincerity of Angelo's repentance and the rightfulness of his remission; but as it is, crowed as all this conviction and penitence and forgiveness necessarily is into a few minutes of supplementary action, one can hardly think that Coleridge expressed the natural feeling too forcibly when he said that "the strong indignant claim of justice" is baffled by the pardon and marriage of Angelo. Of the scenes in which Angelo appears as the prominent actor—the incomparable second and fourth scenes of the second act, the
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first the temptation of Angelo, the second
Angelo’s temptation of Isabella—nothing can
be said but that Shakespeare may have
equalled, but scarcely can have exceeded them
in intensity and depth of natural truth. These,
with that other scene between Claudio and
Isabella, make the play.

It is part of the irony of things that the
worst complication, the deepest tragedy, in all
this tortuous action comes about by the inno-
cent means of the stainless Isabella; who also,
by her steadfast heroism, brings light and
right at last. But for Isabella, Claudio would
simply have died, perhaps meeting his fate,
when it came, with a desperate flash of his
father’s courage; Angelo might have lived se-
curely to his last hour, unconscious of his own
weakness—of the fire that lurked in so impen-
etrable a flint. Shakespeare has sometimes been
praised for the subtlety with which he has
barbed the hook for Angelo, in making Isa-
abella’s very chastity and goodness the keenest
of temptations. The notion is not peculiar to
Shakespeare, but was hinted at, in his scram-
bling and uncertain way, by the writer of the
old play. In truth, I do not see what other course
was open to either, given the facts which were
not original in Shakespeare or in Whetstone.
Angelo, let us remember, is not a hypocrite:
he has no dishonourable intention in his mind;
he conceives himself to be firmly grounded on
a broad basis of rectitude, and in condemning
Claudio he condemns a sin which he sincerely
abhors. His treatment of the betrothed Ma-
riana would probably be in his own eyes an
act of frigid justice; it certainly shows a man
not sensually-minded, but cold, calculating,
likely to err, if he errs at all, rather on the side
of the miserly virtues than of the generous
sins. It is thus the nobility of Isabella that
attracts him: her freedom from the tenderest
signs of frailty, her unbiased intellect, her
regard for justice, her religious sanctity; and
it is on his noblest side first, the side of him
that can respond to these qualities, that he is
tempted. I know of nothing more consum-
mate than the way in which his mind is led
on, step by step towards the trap still hidden
from him, the trap prepared by the merciless
foresight of the chance that tries the profes-
sions and the thoughts of men. Once tainte,
the corruption is over him like leprosy, and
every virtue withers into the corresponding
form of vice. In Claudio it is the same touch-
stone—Isabella’s unconscious and misdirected
Ithuriel-spear—that brings out the basest forms
and revelations of evil. A great living painter
has chosen the moment of most pregnant im-
port in the whole play—the moment when
Claudio, having heard the terms on which
alone life can be purchased, murmurs, “Death
is a fearful thing,” and Isabella, not yet cer-
tain, yet already with the grievous fear astir
in her, of her brother’s weakness, replies,
“And shamed life a hateful”—it is this mo-
ment that Holman Hunt brings before us in
a canvas that, like his scene from the Two
Gentlemen of Verona, throws more revealing
light on Shakespeare than a world of commen-
tators. Against the stained and discoloured
wall of his dungeon, apple-blossoms and blue
sky showing through the grated window be-
hind his delicate dishevelled head, Claudio
stands; a lute tied with red ribbons hangs be-
side him, a spray of apple-blossom has fallen on
the dark garments at his feet, one hand plays
with his fetters—with how significant a ges-
ture!—the other hand pinches, idly affection-
ate, the two intense hands that Isabella has laid
upon his breast; he is thinking—where to de-
bate means shame,—balancing the arguments;
and with pondering eyes, thrusting his tongue
towards the corner of his just-parted lips with
a movement of exquisite naturalness, he halts
in indecision: all his mean thoughts are there,
in that gesture, in those eyes; and in the
warm and gracious youth of his whole aspect,
passionately superficial and world-loving, there
is something of the pathos of things “sweet,
not lasting,” a fragile, an unreasonable, an in-
evitable pathos. Isabella fronts him, an em-
bodyed conscience, all her soul in her eyes.
Her eyes read him, plead with him, they are
suppliant and judge; her intense fearfulness,
the intolerable doubt of her brother’s honour,
the anguish of hope and fear, shine in them
with a light as of tears frozen at the source.
In a moment, with words on his lips whose
far-reaching imagination is stung into him and
from him by the sharpness of the impending
death, he will have stooped below the reach of her contempt, uttering those words, "Sweet sister, let me live!"

After all, the final word of Shakespeare in this play is mercy; but it is a mercy which comes of the consciousness of our own need of it, and it is granted and accepted in humiliation. The lesson of mercy taught in the Merchant of Venice is based on the mutual blessing of its exercise, the graciousness of spirit to which it is sign and seal.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

Here, the claim which our fellow-man has on our commiseration is the sad claim of common guiltiness before an absolute bar of justice.

How would you be
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are?

And is not the "painfulness" which impresses us in this sombre play, due partly to this very moral, and not alone to the circumstances from which it disengages itself? For it is so mournful to think that we are no better than our neighbours.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I

SCENE I. An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Duke, Escalus, and Attendants, discovered.

Duke. [Seated] Escalus!

Escal. My lord?

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.] The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you're as pregnant
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.

[Escalus kneels and receives his commission.

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[Exit an Attendant.

What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character

1 Put, made.
2 Lists, limits.
3 Pregnant in, well acquainted with.
4 Deputation, deputyship.
5 Character, i.e. writing, the primary sense of the word.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. Scene 1.

That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. [Taking the other commission.]
Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our
virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd
But to fine issues; [nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.1 But I do bend my
speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;2
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—

[Tenders his commission.] In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question,3 is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

[Rises and comes down to Angelo.]

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

[Angelo kneels and receives his commission.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to
you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well;
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you4 something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple; your scope is as mine own,
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your
hand: [Angelo gives his hand to the Duke.
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause and Aves5 vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

[Going.]

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. A street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclusest like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the Ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal"? 6

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to

1 Use, interest.
2 Advértise, instruct.
3 Question, consideration.
4 Bring you, accompany you.
5 Ares, acclamations (Latin are = hail).
command the captain and all the rest from
their functions: they put forth to steal.
There’s not a soldier of us all, that, in
the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the
petition well that prays for peace.
Sec. Gent. I never heard any soldier dis-
like it.
Lucio. I believe thee; for I think thou
never wast where grace was said.
[Sec. Gent. No! a dozen times at least.
First Gent. What, in metre?
Lucio. In any proportion or in any language.
First Gent. I think, or in any religion.
Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite
of all controversy: as, for example, thou thy-
self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.
First Gent. Well, there went but a pair of
shears between us.
Lucio. I grant; as there may between the
lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.
First Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art
good velvet; thou’rt a three-pil’d piece, I
warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an
English kersey, as be pil’d, as thou art pil’d,
for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?
Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with
most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out
of thine own confession, learn to begin thy
health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink
after thee.
First Gent. I think I have done myself
wrong, have I not?
Sec. Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou
art tainted or free.
Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam Mitiga-
tion comes! I have purchaser’d as many
diseases under her roof as come to—
Sec. Gent. To what, I pray?
Lucio. Judge.
Sec. Gent. To three thousand dolours1 a year.
First Gent. Ay, and more.
Lucio. A French crown more.
First Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases
in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.
Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy;
but so sound as things that are hollow: thy
bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast
of thee.]

Enter Mistress Overdone, crying.

First Gent. How now! which of your hips
has the most profound sciatica?
Mrs. Or. Well, well; there’s one yonder
arrested and carried to prison was worth five
thousand of you all.
Sec. Gent. Who’s that, I pray thee?
Mrs. Or. Marry, sir, that’s Claudio, Signior
Claudio.
First Gent. Claudio to prison! ’tis not so.
Mrs. Or. Nay, but I know ’tis so: I saw
him arrested; saw him carried away; and,
which is more, within these three days his
head to be chop’d off.
Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would
not have it so. Art thou sure of this?
Mrs. Or. I am too sure of it: and it is for
getting Madam Julietta with child.
Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promis’d
to meet me two hours since, and he was ever
precise in promise-keeping.
Sec. Gent. Besides, you know, it draws
something near to the speech we had to such
a purpose.
First Gent. But, most of all, agreeing with
the proclamation.
Lucio. Away! let’s go learn the truth of it.
[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.
Mrs. Or. Thus, what with the war, what
with the sweat, what with the gallows, and
what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter Pompey.

How now! what’s the news with you?
Pom. Yonder man is carried to prison.
[Mrs. Or. Well; what has he done?
Pom. A woman.
Mrs. Or. But what’s his offence?
Pom. Groping for trouts in a peculiar2
river.]
Mrs. Or. What, is there a maid with child
by him?
Pom. No, but there’s a woman with maid
by him. You have not heard of the procla-
mation, have you?
Mrs. Or. What proclamation, man?

1 Dolours, an obvious pun on dolours and dollars.

2 Peculiar, i.e. belonging to an individual.
ACT 1. Scene 2.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Pom. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.  
Mrs. Or. And what shall become of those in the city?  
Pom. They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Mrs. Or. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?  
Pom. To the ground, mistress.  
Mrs. Or. Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?  
Pom. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place,
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. Scene 2.

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin\(^1\) down their proper\(^2\) haue, A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom as the morality of imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What, is't murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend. Lucio, a word with you. [Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed: You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation\(^3\) lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for propagation\(^4\) of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love Till time had made them for us. But it chances The stealth of our most mutual entertainment With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke— [Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness, Or whether that the body public be A horse whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur; Whether the tyranny be in his place, Or in his eminence that fills it up, I stagger in:—but this new governor] Awakes me all the enrolled penalties Which have, like unsecur'd armour, hung by the wall So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name, Now puts the drowsy and neglected act Freshly on me:—it is surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle\(^5\) on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state; Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him: I have great hope in that; for in her youth There is a prone\(^6\) and speechless dialect, Such as move men; beside, she hath prosper-

ous art

When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-

ack.\(^7\) I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio. [Provost advances.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE III. The entrance to a monastery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought; Believe not that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. T. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you

---

\(^{1}\) Ravin, ravenously devour.

\(^{2}\) Proper, own.

\(^{3}\) Denunciation, formal declaration.

\(^{4}\) Propagation, augmentation.

\(^{5}\) Tickle, ticklish.

\(^{6}\) Prone, appealing.

\(^{7}\) Tick-tack, a sort of backgammon (French, trio-true).
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and wideness bravery
keeps.

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposest me travel'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. T. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes and most
biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong
weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond
fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of
bircb,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod's
More mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,
Dead to induction, to themselves are dead,
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. T. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you
pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gait them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be
done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,
my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office:
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,
And yet my nature never in the fight,
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I
prithee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall wese,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. A nunery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no further privi-
leges?
Fran. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring
more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint
Clare.

Lucio. [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Fran. It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.
When you have vow'd, you must not speak
with men
But in the presence of the priories:
Then, if you speak, you must not show your
face;
Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.
[Lucio calls again within.
He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is't that
calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those
check-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so steady
me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

1 Bravery, finery. 2 Sith, since.
ACT II. Scene 4.

Measure for Measure.

Isab. Why “her unhappy brother”? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.
Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly
greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he’s in prison.

I would not—though ’tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky’d and sainted,
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk’d with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth; ’tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac’d:

1 Your story, i.e. your jest.
2 Fewness and truth, i.e. briefly and truly.

As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison,3 even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth4 and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

3 Foison, plenty.
4 Tith, tillage.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. Scene 4.

Lucio.

This is the point. The duke is very strangely gone from hence; Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, in hand and hope of action: but we do learn By those that know the very nerves of state, His giving out were of an infinite distance From his true-meant design. Upon his place, And with full line of his authority, Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood is very snow-broth; one who never feels The wanton stings and motions of the sense, [But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge With profits of the mind, study and fast.] He—to give fear to use and liberty, Which have for long run by the hideous law, As mice by lions—hath pick’d out an act, Under whose heavy sense your brother’s life Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it; And follows close the rigour of the statute, To make him an example. All hope is gone, Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer To soften Angelo; and that’s my path of business 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isub. Doth he so seek his life?

ACT II.

Scene I. A hall in Angelo’s house.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, and a Justice; Provost, Officers and Attendants in waiting behind.

Ang. We must not make a scarecrow of the law, Setting it up to fear the birds of prey, And let it keep one shape, till custom make it Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet Let us be keen, and rather cut a little, Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman, Whom I would save, had a most noble father! Let but your honour know, Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

Lucio.

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath A warrant for his execution.

Isub. Alas, what poor ability’s in me To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isub. My power! Alas, I doubt—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo, And let him learn to know, when maidens sue, Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs As they themselves would owe them.

Isub. I’ll see what I can do.

Lucio. But speedily.

Isub. I will about it straight;

No longer staying but to give the mother Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you; Command me to my brother: soon at night I’ll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isub. Good sir, adieu.

[Exeunt severally.

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1. Rebate, abate, flatten, make dull.
2. Use, custom.
3. Censur’d, sentenced.
4. Owe, have.
5. The mother, i.e. the prioress.
6. Soon at night, this very night.
7. Fear, afright.
8. Pregnant, evident.

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MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. Scene 1.

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't, Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it.] You may not so extenuate his offence For I have had such faults; but rather tell me, When I, that censure him, do so offend, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die. Escal. Be it as your wisdom will. Ang. Where is the provost? Prov. [Advancing] Here, if it like your honour. Ang. See that Claudio Be executed by nine to-morrow morning: Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd; For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost. Escal. [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all! [Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall; Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none; And some condemned for a fault alone.] Enter Elbow, and Officers with Froth and Pompey. Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a commonwealth that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away. Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter? Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors? Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have. Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer. Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow? Pom. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow. Ang. What are you, sir? Elb. He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too. Escal. How know you that? Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,— 70 Escal. How! thy wife! Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,— Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore? Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it] is a naughty house. 78 Escal. How dost thou know that, constable? Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife: who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there. Escal. By the woman's means? Elb. Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spilt in his face, [pointing to Froth] so he defied him. Pom. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so. Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it. Escal. [To Angelo] Do you hear how he misplaces? 90 Pom. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,— Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir. Pom. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the

1 For, because. 2 A. one.
3 Parcel, part. 4 Hot-house, bagnio.
dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Pom. Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the for-said prunes,—

Froth. Ay, so I did indeed.

Pom. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

Froth. All this is true.

Pom. Why, very well, then,—

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Pom. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Pom. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Pom. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, 1 sir;—it was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit,—have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Pom. Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Pom. Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Pom. I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

Escal. Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

Pom. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Dost your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Pom. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Pom. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Pom. I'll be supposed 2 upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Pom. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Pom. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Inquity? Is this true?

Elb. O thou catiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is 't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked catiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some

1 A lower chair, i.e. an easy-chair.

2 Supposed, i.e. deposed.
of offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

_Elb._ Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 201

_Esc._ [To _Froth_] Where were you born, friend!  

_[ _Pompey_ pushes _Froth forward._

_Froth._ Here in Vienna, sir.  

_Esc._ Are you of fourscore pounds a year?  

_Froth._ Yes, an't please you, sir.  

_Esc._ So. [To _Pompey_] What trade are you of, sir?  

_[ _Froth_ gets behind _Pompey._

_Pom._ A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.  

_Esc._ Your mistress' name?  

_Pom._ Mistress Overdone.  

_Esc._ Hath she had any more than one husband?  

_Pom._ Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.  

_Esc._ Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. [ _Pompey pushes Froth across to _Escalus._

_Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

_Froth._ I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

_Esc._ Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [ _Exit Froth, _Pompey_ pushing him off._

_Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?  

_Pom._ [ _Advancing._

_Esc._ [ _Advancing._

_Pom._ _Bum_, sir.  

_Esc._ _Froth_, and your _bum_ is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are _Pompey the Great_. _Pompey_, you are partly a bawd, _Pompey_, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

_Pom._ Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

_Esc._ How would you live, _Pompey_? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, _Pompey_? is it a lawful trade?

_Pom._ If the law would allow it, sir. 230

_Esc._ But the law will not allow it, _Pompey_; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

_Pom._ Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city?

_Esc._ No, _Pompey_.

_Pom._ Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds. 248

_Esc._ There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

_Pom._ If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say _Pompey_ told you so. 257

_Esc._ Thank you, good _Pompey_; and, in requital of your prophecy, harry you:[_Aside_ I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; [No, not for dwelling where you do:] if I do, _Pompey_, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd _Caesar_ to you; in plain dealing, _Pompey_, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, _Pompey_, fare you well.

_Pom._ I thank your worship for your good counsel: [_Aside_ but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade: The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

_[Exit._

_Esc._ Come hither to me, Master _Elbow_; come hither, master constable. [ _Elbow advancing._

_How long have you been in this place of constable?

_Elb._ Seven year and a half, sir.

_Esc._ I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

_Elb._ And a half, sir. 278

_Esc._ Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

_Elb._ Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

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1 _Splay_, i.e. _spay_, castrate.
2 _After_, at the rate of.
3 See note 67.
Esca. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship’s house, sir?

Esca. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Above.] What’s o’clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Esca. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Esca. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; but there’s no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Esca. It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [Exit.

Scene II. Another room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He’s hearing of a cause; he will come straight:

I’ll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I’ll know

His pleasure; may be he’ll relent. Alas,

He hath but as offended in a dream!

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he

To die for’t!

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what’s the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hast thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lost I might be too rash:

Under your good correction, I have seen,

When, after execution, judgment hath

Repented o’er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:

Do you your office, or give up your place,

And you shall well be spar’d.

Prov. I crave your honour’s pardon.

What shall be done, sir, with the groaning

Juliet?

She’s very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Esca. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship’s house, sir?

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She’s very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her

To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn’d

Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatress be remov’d:

Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;

There shall be order for’t.

Enter Isabella and Lucio.

Prov. Save your honour!

[Offering to retire.

Ang. Stay a little while. [Provost withdraws.]—[To Isabella]

You’re welcome: what’s your will?

Lucio goes to back of stage.

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour;

Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what’s your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that must I do abhor,

And most desire should meet the blow of justice;

For which I would not plead, but that I must;

For which I must not plead, but that I am

At war ‘twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn’d to die;

I do beseech you, let it be his fault,¹

And not my brother.

[Prov. [Aside] Heaven give thee moving graces!]

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor

of it?

Why, every fault’s condemn’d ere it be done:

Mine were the very cipher of a function, ²

To fine ² the faults whose fine stands in record,

And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just but severe law!

I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your

honour! [Retiring. Lucio comes down and meets her.

¹ His fault, i.e. his fault that is condemned.
² Fine, punish.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. Scene 2.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him; Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown: You are too cold; if you should need a pin, You could not with more tame a tongue desire it: To him, I say.

Isab. [Advancing rapidly to Angelo] Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him, And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Isab. To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—(Act ii. 83.)

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong, If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentence'd: 't is too late.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] You are too cold.

Isab. Too late! why, no; I, that do speak a word, May call it back again. Well, believe this, No ceremony that to great ones longs,

1 Remorse, pity. 2 Longs, belongs.

Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword, The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe, Become them with one half so good a grace As mercy does. If he had been as you, and you as he, You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you, Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency, And you were Isabel! should it then be thus? No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge, And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law, And you but waste your words.
And he that suffers. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. [Aside] That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting2 petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitst the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As makes the angels weep; [who, with our;
spleens,3
Would all themselves laugh mortal.]

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] O, to him, to him, wench! he will relent;
He's coming; I perceive't.

[Proc. [Aside] Pray heaven she win him!]

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a choleric word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Art avis'd4 o' that? more on't.]

Aug. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins5 the vice o' the top. Go to your besom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

---

1 Of season, i.e. in its season.
2 Pelting, paltry.
3 Spleens, supposed to be the seat of mirth.
4 Assid, i.e. advised, or conscious.
5 Skins, covers thinly over.
A natural guiltiness such as is his,

Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you well. [Going.

Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me—come again tomorrow. [Going to door.

Ang. [Returning] How! bribe me!

Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold, Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor

As fancy values them; but with true prayers, That shall be up at heaven and enter there Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls, From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate To nothing temporal.

Ang. [After a pause] Well; come to me to-morrow. [Going to door.

Lucio. [Aside to Isabella] Go to; 'tis well; away!

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe! [Retiring.

Ang. [Aside] Amen!

For I am that way going to temptation, Where prayers cross.

Isab. [Returning] At what hour to-morrow Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. 'Save your honour!' [Exit Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.

Ang. From thee, even from thy virtue! What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!

Not she; nor doth she tempt: [but it is I That, lying by the violet in the sun, Do as the carrion does, not as the flower, Corrupt with virtuous season.] Can it be That modesty may more betray our sense Than woman's lightness! Having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary, And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? Dost thou desire her foully for those things That make her good? O, let her brother live: Thieves for their robbery have authority When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her, That I desire to hear her speak again, And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?

O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint, With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  

Act II. Scene 2.

Is that temptation that doth goad us on to sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet, with all her double vigour, art and nature, once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid subdues me quite. Ever till now, when men were fond, I smil’d and wonder’d how. [Exit.]

Scene III. A room in a prison.

Enter, severally, Duke disguised as a friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so I think you are.

Prov. I am the provost. What’s your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity and my best order, I come to visit the afflicted spirits here in the prison. Do me the common right to let me see them, and to make me know the nature of their crimes, that I may minister to them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful. Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, who, falling in the flaws of her own youth, hath blister’d her report: she is with child; and he that got it, sentenced; a young man more fit to do another such offence than die for this.

Enter Juliet.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

[To Juliet] I have provi ded for you: stay awhile, and you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry? Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I’ll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience, and try your penitence, if it be sound, or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I’ll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong’d you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong’d him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offence-ful act was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. ’Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent, as that the sin hath brought you to this shame, which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven, showing we would not spare heaven as we love it, but as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil, and take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow, and I am going with instruction to him. Grace go with you! Benedicite! [Exit. Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love, that respite me a life, whose very comfort is still a dying horror!]

Prov. ’Tis pity of him. [Exit.]

Scene IV. A room in Angelo’s house.

Angelo discovered, seated.

Angelo. When I would pray and think, I think and pray to several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words; whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue, anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth, as if I did but only chew his name; and in my heart the strong and swelling evil of my conception. The state, whereon I studied, is like a good thing, being often read, grown fear’d and tedious; yea, my gravity, wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, could I with boot change for an idle plume.

1 Fond, foolishly fond.
2 O mine, i.e. in my custody.
3 Flaws, gusts of passion.

4 As that, because.
5 Several, separate.
6 Invention, imagination.
Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench aye from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:
Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn,
’Tis not the devil’s crest.

Enter Servant.

How now! who’s there!

Saw. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to
you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [Exit Servant.]

O heavens! 19
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other
Of necessary fitness? [Rises.
[So play the foolish throngs with one that
swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish’d king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-
ness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.]

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid!

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what ’tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I,—yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol’n

A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven’s image
In stamps that are forbid: ’tis all as easy.
Falsely to take away a life true made
As to put mettle in restrained means
To make a false one.

Isab. ’Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother’s life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain’d?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul: our compel’d sins
Stand more for number than for accoempt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I’ll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. ] Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother’s life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother’s life?

Isab. Please you to do’t,
I’ll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas’d you to do’t at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I’ll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you’re ignorant,
Or seem so, craftily; and that’s not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciosly to know I am no better.

1 The general, i.e. the populace.

2 Restrained, forbidden.
Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; [as these black masks
Proclaim an ensheathed beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd.] But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain."  

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,—
As I subscribe to that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,—that you, his
sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great
place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-building law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as
rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 't were the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother died at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were you not then as cruel as the
sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. I know the terms of a man's free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law
a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not
what we mean:
I something do, excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
[If not a fedary, but only he,
Owe and succeed thy weakness.]

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view
themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times
frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,—
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be
bold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none:
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, show it now,
By putting on the destitute livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my
lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you
tell me
That he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!

[Retreating.

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't.

Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the
world abroad
What man thou art.

---

1 Ensheiled, ensheathed, i.e. covered.
2 Pain, penalty
3 Subscribe, admit.

Fedary, vassal.
Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life, My vouch against you, and my place in the state, Will so your accusation overweigh, That you shall stifle in your own report, And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein:

Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother By yielding up thy body to my will; Or else he must not only die the death,

Isab. I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't. [Act II. 4. 151.]

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out Tolingeringsufferance. Answer me to-morrow, Or, by the affection that now guides me most, I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you, Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true. [Exit.]

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, Who would believe me? O perilous mouths, That bear in them one and the self-sametongue, Either of condemnation or approof; Bidding the law make court'ry to their will; Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite, To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother: Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, That, had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stoop To such abhor'd pollution. Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die: More than our brother is our chastity. I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [Exit.

1 Race, natural disposition.  
2 Prolixious, tiresomely prudish.  
3 Affection, impulse.
ACT III.

Scene I. A room in the prison.

Enter Duke disguised as before, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have nothermedicine
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death;¹ either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou
art,
Servile to all the skyey influences, ⁹
That dost this habitation, where thou keepest,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labourest by thy flight to shun
And yet runnest toward him still. Thou art
not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'ret by no means
valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not
thyself; ¹⁹
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not
certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects;²
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. [Friend hast thou
none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins, ³⁰

¹ Be absolute for death, i.e. be certain you will die. ² Effects, expressions.

Do curse the gout, serpigo,³ and the rheum, For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palesd eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid mee thousand deaths;⁴ yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you,
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in; the wish deserves a welcome.

[Enters Duke, provost; Duke is seen from time to time, listening.]

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. [Outside door] My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. [Returns from door, ushering in Isabella] Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd.

[Exit Duke and provost; Duke is seen from time to time, listening.]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;⁵

³ Serpigo, a creeping eruption of the skin.
⁴ Mor thousand deaths, i.e. a thousand more deaths.
⁵ Leiger (or lieger), resident ambassador.
Therefore your best appointment\(^1\) make with speed;\nTo-morrow you set on.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Is there no remedy?\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}None, but such remedy as, to save a head,\nTo cleave a heart in twain.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}But is there any?\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}Yes, brother, you may live:\nThere is a devilish mercy in the judge,\nIf you'll implore it, that will free your life,\nBut fetter you till death.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Perpetual durance?\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}Ay, just; perpetual durance, restraint,\nThough all the world's vastidity you had, \textit{To a determin'd scope.}\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}But in what nature?\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}In such a case as, you consenting to 't,\nWould bark your honour from that trunk you bear,\nAnd leave you naked.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Let me know the point!\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,\nLest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,\nAnd six or seven winters more respect\nThan a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?\n\textit{[A pause. Claudio turns his face away.]}\n
The sense of death is most in apprehension;\nAnd the poor beetle that we tread upon, \textit{In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great}\nAs when a giant dies.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Why give you me this shame?\nThink you I can a resolution fetch\nFrom flowery tenderness? If I must die,\nI will encounter darkness as a bride,\nAnd hug it in mine arms.\n
\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}There speak my brother; there my father's grave\nDid utter forth a voice! \textit{[Embracing him]}\nYes, thou must die:\nThou art too noble to conserve a life\nIn base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,\nWhose settled visage and deliberate word \textit{90}\nNips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew\textit{2}\nAs falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;\n\textit{[His filth within being cast, he would appear A pond as deep as hell.]}\n
\footnotesize{1\hspace{1em}Appointment, equipment.\n2\hspace{1em}Emmew, mew up, inclose; and so, clutch, grip.\nVOL. V.}

\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}The prenzie\textsuperscript{3} Angelo?\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}'t is the cunning livery of hell,\nThe damned'st body to invest and cover\nIn prenzie's guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?\nIf I would yield him my virginity,\nThou mightst be freed.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}O heavens! it cannot be.\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}Yes, he would give 't thee, from this rank offence,\nSo to offend him still. This night's the time\nThat I should do what I abhor to name,\nOr else thou diest to-morrow.\n
\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Thou shalt not do't.\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}O, were it but my life,\nI'd throw it down for your deliverance\nAs frankly as a pin.\n
\textbf{Claud.} \textit{[Embracing her]} Thanks, dear Isabel.\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.\n
\textbf{Claud.} \textit{[Yes. Has he affections in him,}\nThat thus can make him bite the law by the nose,\nWhen he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;\nOr of the deadly seven it is the least. \textit{111}\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}Which is the least?\n\textbf{Claud.} If it were damnable, he being so wise,\nWhy would he for the momentary trick\nBe perdurably fin'd? \textit{[Despairingly]} O, Isabel!\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}What says my brother?\n\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Death is a fearful thing.\n\textbf{Isab.}\hspace{1em}And shamed life a hateful.\n\textbf{Claud.}\hspace{1em}Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;\nTo lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;\nThis sensible warm motion to become \textit{120}\nA kneaded clot; and the delight\textsuperscript{5} spirit\nTo bathe in fiery floods, or to reside\nIn thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;\nTo be imprison'd in the viewless winds,\nAnd blown with restless violence round about\nThe pendent world; or to be worse than worst\nOf those that lawless and uncertain thought\nImagine howling: 't is too horrible!\nThe weariest and most loathed worldly life\nThat age, aChe, penury, and imprisonment\n
\textsuperscript{3} Prenzie, a word of doubtful meaning; perhaps prince.\n4 Perdurably fin'd, everlastingly punished.\n5 Delighted, accustomed to delight.

193 \hspace{1em} 125
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas, alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? [What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!]

Isab. O fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood.] Take my defiance;
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

Claud. O, hear me, Isabella!

Fuente: "Measure for Measure" de William Shakespeare.
had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he
hath made an essay of her virtue to practise
his judgment with the disposition of natures:
she, having the truth of honour in her, hath
made him that gracious denial which he is
most glad to receive. I am confessor to An-
gelo, and I know this to be true; therefore
prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your
resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-
morrow you must die; go to your knees, and
make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. [Crosses to Isabella, kneels, and kisses her hand.] I am so out of love with life, that I will sue
to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell. [Exit
Claudio; Duke comes down.] Provost, a word
with you!

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. What’s your will, father? 173

Duke. That now you are come, you will be
gone. Leave me a while with the maid: my
mind promises with my habit no loss shall
touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.  [Exit.

Duke. The hand that hath made you fair
hath made you good: the goodness that is
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-
ness; but grace, being the soul of your com-
plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.
The assault that Angelo hath made to you, for-
tune hath convey’d to my understanding; and,
but that frailty hath examples for his falling,
I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do
to content this substitute, and to save your
brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve1 him, I
had rather my brother die by the law than
my son should be unlawfully born. But O
how much is the good duke deceiv’d in
Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak
to him, I will open my lips in vain, or dis-
cover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as
the matter now stands, he will avoid your
accusation: “he made trial of you only.”
Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to
the love I have in doing good a remedy pre-
sents itself. I do make myself believe that
you may most uprightly do a poor wounded
lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother
from the angry law; do no stain to your own
gracious person; and much please the absent
duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to
have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further. I
have spirit to do any thing that appears not
foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never
fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana,
the sister of Frederick the great soldier who
miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good
words went with her name.

Duke. She should this Angelo have married;
was affianced to her oath, and the nuptial ap-
pointed: between which time of the contract
and limit of the solemnity, her brother Fred-
erick was wreck’d at sea, having in that
perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But
mark how heavily this befell to the poor gen-
tlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned
brother, in his love toward her ever most kind
and natural; with him, the portion and sinew
of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both,
her combinate2 husband, this well-seeming
Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? did Angelo so leave
her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one
of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows
whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishon-
our: in few, bestow’d her on her own lamenta-
tion, which she yet wears for his sake; and
he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them,
but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take
this poor maid from the world! What cor-
ruption in this life, that it will let this man
live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily
hear: and the cure of it not only saves your
brother, but keeps you from dishonour in do-
ing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father. 247

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1 Resolve, inform.

2 Combinant, contracted.
Duke. This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the monted grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [Exeunt severally.

Scene II. The street before the prison.

Enter, on one side, Duke disguised as before; on the other, Elbow, and Officers with Pompey; the Duke keeps, at first, in the background.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Pom. 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law a furri'd gown to keep him warm; and furri'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing.


Duke. And you, good brother father. What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: [and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.]

Duke. Fie, sirrah! [a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, that is thy means to live. Do thou but think, what 'tis to cram a nay or clothe a back. From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend. Pom. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his.] Take him to prison, officer: Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; [he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoreson master; if he be a whoreson, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, from our faults, as faults from seeming, free! Elb. His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.]

Pom. I spy comfort: I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey! What,
at the wheels of Caesar! art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting clutch'd? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man?

Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus; still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

Pom. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it;

"It must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so."

Art going to prison, Pompey?

Pom. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. [For debt, Pompey? or how?

Pom. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.] Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Pom. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

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1 Husband, i.e. house-band.
2 The wear, i.e. the fashion.
Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?
Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

[Constables ad vance.
Pom. You will not boil me, then, sir?
Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?
Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

[Constables seize Pompey.
Lucio. Go to kennel, Pompey, go. [Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.] What news, friar, of the duke? [Duke turns his face away.

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?
Lucio. Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

Duke. He does well in 't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made, then?

Lucio. Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion\(^1\) generative; that's inassible.\(^2\)

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apiece.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, [for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man!] Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bas-

1. Motion, puppet.
2. Detected, accused.
3. An inward, an intimate.
4. Helmed, i.e. steered through.
Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrusting.] Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here? [He retires.

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Officers [with Mistress Overdone].

Escal. [Go; away with her to prison! Mrs. Or. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Mrs. Or. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

1 Tun-dish, funnel. 2 Forfei, liable to penalty.
with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

_Prov._ [Pointing to _Duke_] So, please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

_Escal._ Good even, good father.

_Duke._ [Advancing] Bliss and goodness on you!

_Escal._ Of whence are you?

_Duke._ Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his holiness.

_Escal._ What news abroad i' the world?

_Duke._ None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowship accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

_Escal._ One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

_Duke._ What pleasure was he given to?

_Escal._ Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

_Duke._ He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

_Escal._ You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath for'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

_Duke._ If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

_Escal._ I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

_Duke._ Peace be with you!

_[Exeunt Escalus and Provost._

He who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply;
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

_[Exit._
ACT IV.


Enter Mariana and a Boy singing.

Song.

Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter Duke disguised as before.
I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promised here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Duke. I do constantly1 believe you. The time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [Exit.

1 Constantly, firmly.

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Take, O, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn.—(Act iv. 1. 1, 2)
Enter Isabella.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome. What is the news from this good deputy? Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick, whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planched gate, That makes his opening with this bigger key: This other doth command a little door Which from the vineyard to the garden leads; There have I made my promise Upon the heavy middle of the night To call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way? Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't: With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept, he did show me The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you greed concerning her observance? Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark; And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief; for I have made him know I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me; whose persuasion is I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this. What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid; She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like. Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you? Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take, then, this your companion by the hand, Who hath a story ready for your ear. I shall attend your leisure: but make haste; The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.]

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report Run with these false and most contrarious quests Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dream, And rack thee in their fancies.

Re-enter Mariana and Isabella.

Welcome! How agreed? Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say When you depart from him, but, soft and low, "Remember now my brother."

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract: To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin, Sith that the justice of your title to him Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go: Our corn's to reap, for yet our tillth's to sow. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. A room in the prison.

Enter Provost and Pompey.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head? Pom. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head. Prov. Come, sir, leave me your sallies, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, [for you have been a notorious bawd.]
Pom. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. [He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.]

Abhor. [A bawd, sir?] fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

[Exit.

Pom. Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Pom. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; [and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery;] but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Pom. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Pom. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Pom. Sir, I will serve him; [for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.] Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. [Come on, bawd:] I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Pom. I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;[1] for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.

The one has my pitty; not a jot the other, Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

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1 Yare, ready.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast look'd up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [Knocking within.]
But, hark, what noise?
Heaven give your spirits comfort! [Exit Claudio.]
By and by!
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter Duke disguised as before, with a letter having a large seal.

Welcome, father.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Pro. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will, then, ere't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
even with the stroke and line of his great justice:
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on in his power
To qualify1 in others: were he meald2 with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. [Knocking within.
Now are they come.

[Exit Provost.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when
The steed's gaoler is the friend of men.

[Knocking within.

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste
That wombs the unsisting3 postern with these strokes.

1 Qualify, temper, abate.
2 Meald, sprinkled, defiled.
3 Unsisting, perhaps = shaking.
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

_Duke._ What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

_Prov._ A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

_Duke._ How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

_Prov._ His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubted proof.

_Duke._ It is now apparent?

_Prov._ Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

_Duke._ Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd? 148

_Prov._ A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

_Duke._ He wants advice.

_Prov._ He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awake'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

_Duke._ More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' spite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

_Prov._ Pray, sir, in what?

1 Fact, deed, crime.

_Duke._ In the delaying death.

_Prov._ Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

_Duke._ By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

_Prov._ Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour. 2

_Duke._ O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so hur'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

_Prov._ Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

_Duke._ Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

_Prov._ To him, and to his substitutes.

_Duke._ You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

_Prov._ But what likelihood is in that?

_Duke._ Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt 3 you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, [showing him the letter] here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

_Prov._ I know them both.

_Duke._ The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the

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2 Discover the favour, recognize the face.
3 Attempt, tempt.

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shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine’s head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. A corridor in the prison; at back door of Barnardine’s cell in the same.

Enter Pompey.

Pom. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone’s own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here’s young Master Rash; he’s in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches two him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now “for the Lord’s sake.”

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Pom. [Calling outside door of cell] Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang’d, Master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

[Goes up and opens door of cell.

Bar. [Within] A pox o’ your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Pom. Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

1 Resolve, convince. 2 Peaches, i.e. impeaches.
Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepare'd, unmeet for death; And to transport him in the mind he is Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There died this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head Just of his colour. What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the deputy with the visage Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides! Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done, And sent according to command; whiles I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die. Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently. But Barnardine must die this afternoon: And how shall we continue Claudio, To save me from the danger that might come If he were known alive? Duke. Let this be done. Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal\(^1\) greeting To the under generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant. Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [Exit Provost. Now will I write letters to Angelo,— The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents Shall witness to him I am near at home, And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

\(^1\) Journal, diurnal.

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To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head in bag.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.
Isab. [Within] Peace, ho, be here! 110
Duke. The tongue of Isabel. She's come to
know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. Ho, by your leave!
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gra-
cious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from
the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo. 120
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other: show your wisdom,
daughter,
In your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.
Isab. Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

[Dancing about agitatedly.

Duke. This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
[Isabel comes down to him.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry
your eyes;
One of our covent, 3 and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: 4 already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace
your wisdom 137
In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom 5 on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and
yours
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined 6 by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this
letter:

Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even. Friar, where's the pro-

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be
patient. I am faint to dine and sup with water
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly;
one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they
say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my
truth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at
home, he had lived. [Exit Isabella.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-
holding to your reports; but the best is, he
lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so
well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou
tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day.
Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee:
I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him

1 Convenient, becoming
2 Shall not, i.e. will not.
3 Covent, convent.
4 Instance, intimation.
5 Bosom, i.e. heart's desire.
6 Combined, pledged.
already; sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: [if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.] Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exit.

SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

Enter Angelo and Escalus, with letters.

Escalus. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Angelo. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and reliver our authorities there?

Escalus. I guess not.

Angelo. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escalus. He shows his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Angelo. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes I the morn I'll call you at your house:

Give notice to such men of sort and suit

As are to meet him.

Escalus. I shall, sir. Fare you well.

Angelo. Good night. [Exit Escalus.

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,3

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforce'd

The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,

How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk,

That no particular scandal once can touch

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,

By so receiving a dishonour'd life;

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,

Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not! [Exit.

1 Reliever, redeliver. 2 Unpregnant, unready.

Footnotes:

3 Tongue me, speak of me. 4 Particular, personal.
[Scene V. Fields without the town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. [Giving letters] These letters at fit time deliver me:
The provost knows our purpose and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift; Though sometimes you do blench 1 from this to that, As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house, And tell him where I stay: give the like notice To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus, And bid them bring the trumpets 2 to the gate; But send me Flavius first.

Fri. P. It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon. my gentle Varrius.

[Exeunt.]

[Scene VI. Street near the city gate.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loth: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so, That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him. Isab. Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physic That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would Friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace! the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter.

Fri. P. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit, Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded; The generous and gravest citizens Have hent 3 the gates, and very near upon The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Scene I. Before the gates of Vienna. Flourish of trumpets and drums.

Enter from one side, Duke, Varrius, Lords, Officers; from the city gates, Soldiers, then Angelo and Escalus, Lucio, Provost, &c. At the back, Friar Peter, Isabella, and Mariana veiled.

[Angelo and Escalus kneel and deliver up their commissions, which the Duke hands to an Officer. Angelo and Escalus rise.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met! Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks, Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud; [and I should wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves, with characters of brass, A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time And razeur of oblivion.] Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,

[ Takes the hands of both of them, placing Angelo on one side of him, Escalus on the other.

1 Blench, start off.  2 Trumpets, trumpeters.  3 Hent, seized, taken possession of.
You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

Friar Peter and Isabella come forward.

Fri. P. Now is your time: speak loud and  
kneel before him. 19

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your  
regard [Kneeling.  
Upon a wrong’d, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what? by  
whom? be brief.  
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believed,  
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear  
me, here! 32

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—  
Isab. By course of justice! [Rising.  
Ang. And she will speak most bitterly and  
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will  
I speak:  
That Angelo’s forsworn; is it not strange?  
That Angelo’s a murderer; is’t not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;  
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.  

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-  
lievest  
There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch’d with madness! Make not  
impossible  
That which but seems unlike: ’t is not impossi-  
bile.

But one, the wicked’st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characters, titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he’s nothing; but he’s more,  
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 69  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As e’er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false, seems true. 4

Duke. Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would  
you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn’d upon the act of fornication  
To lose his head; condemn’d by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—  
Lucio. [Comes down, taking his cap off to the  
Duke] That’s I, an’t like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her  
To try her gracios fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother’s pardon.

Isab. That’s he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;  
Nor wish’d to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant’s for yourself; take heed  
to’t.

1 Vail, lower.

2 Characters, i.e. characters, distinctive marks.

3 As, i.e. that.

4 The false, seems true, i.e. the false that seems true.
Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. [Lucio bows and retires.] Proceed.
Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—
Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.
Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter. 
Duke. Mended again. The matter; proceed.
Isab. In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,—
For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debate,
My sisterly remorse\(^2\) confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
Duke. This is most likely!
Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!
Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice.\(^3\) First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.
Isab. And is this all?
Duke. We did believe no less.

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\(^1\) Refell'd (Latin, refello), rebutted.
\(^2\) Remorse, pity.
\(^3\) Practice, plotting.

In countenance.\(^4\) Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!
[Going.
Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
[The officers advance.
To prison with her! Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spoke against your grace
In your retirement, I had swunged\(^6\) him soundly.
Duke. Words against me! this\(^6\) a good friar, belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.
Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurv'y fellow.
Fri. P. Blessed be your royal grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abuse'd. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, \(^{140}\) Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.
Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
Fri. P. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurv'y, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.
Fri. P. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

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\(^4\) Countenance, false appearance, hypocrisy.
\(^6\) Swinged, whipt.
\(^{140}\) This', i.e., this is.
But at this instant he is sick, my lord, of a strange fever. Upon his mere request, being come to knowledge that there was complaint intended against Lord Angelo, came I hither, to speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know is true and false; and what he with his oath and all probation will make up full clear. Whosoever he’s convented. First, for this woman, to justify this worthy nobleman, so vulgarly and personally accus’d, her shall you hear disproved to her eyes, till she herself confess it.

_Duke._ Good friar, let’s hear it.

[Exit Isabella, guarded.]
Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo? O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools! Give us some seats. [The attendants bring two chairs of state from within the city gates.] Come, cousin Angelo; in this I’ll be impartial; be you judge of your own cause.

[Mariana advances, veiled. Duke and Angelo seat themselves.] Is this the witness, friar? First, let her show her face, and after speak.

_Mari._ Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face until my husband bid me.

_Duke._ What are you married?

_Mari._ No, my lord.

_Duke._ Are you a maid?

_Mari._ No, my lord.

_Duke._ A widow, then?

_Mari._ Neither, my lord.

_Duke._ Why, you are nothing, then; neither maid, widow, nor wife?

_Lucio._ [Behind Duke’s chair.] My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

_Duke._ Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause to prattle for himself.

_Lucio._ Well, my lord.

_Mari._ My lord, I do confess I ne’er was married;

And I confess, besides, I am no maid: I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not that ever he knew me.

_Lucio._ He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

_Duke._ For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too!

_Lucio._ Well, my lord.

_Duke._ This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

_Mari._ Now I come to’t, my lord: she that accuses him [of fornication,] in self-same manner doth accuse my husband; and charges him, my lord, with such a time when I’ll depose I had him in mine arms [With all the effect of love.]

_Ang._ Charges she more than me?

_Mari._ Not that I know.

_Duke._ No! you say your husband.

_Mari._ Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo, who thinks he knows that he ne’er knew my body, but knows he thinks that he knows Isabel’s.]

_Ang._ This is a strange abuse. Let’s see thy face.

_Mari._ My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [Unevils.]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo, which once thou swor’st was worth the looking on; this is the hand which, with a vow’d contract, was fast belock’d in thine; this is the body that took away the match from Isabel, and did supply thee at thy garden-house in her imagin’d person.

_Duke._ Know you this woman?

_Lucio._ [Behind chair] Carnally, she says.

_Duke._ Sirrah, no more!

_Lucio._ Enough, my lord. [Goes to Peter.]

_Ang._ My lord, I must confess I know this woman: and five years since there was some speech of marriage betwixt myself and her; which was broke off, partly for that she promised proportions.

1 Convented, summoned.
2 Vulgarly, publicly.
Come short of composition;¹ but in chief 220
For that her reputation was disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard
from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words
from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man’s wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: [and, my
good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in’s garden-house
He knew me as a wife.] As this is true, 230
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed² here,
A marble monument!

Ang. [Starting up] I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of
justice;
My patience here is touch’d. I do perceive
These poor informal³ women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier mem-
ber
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them to your height of pleasure.

[Re-enter Officer with Isabella.]

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled
her privately, she would sooner confess: per-
chance, publicly, she’ll be ashamed.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That’s the way; for women are light
at midnight.] 281

Re-enter Provost, with the Duke in his friar’s
habit.

Escal. Come, sir; did you set these women

² Confined, fixed.
³ Informal, insane.
⁴ Compact, leagued.
on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

_Duke._ Tis false.

_Escal._ How! know you where you are?

_Duke._ Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne! Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

_Escal._ The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

_Duke._ Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Tins to retort! your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth Which here you come to accuse.

_Lucio._ This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

_Escal._ Why, thou unrevenged and unhallowed friar,
Is't not enough thou hast born'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, To call him villain? and then to glance from him To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; [Officers advance] to the rack with him! We'll torture you joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. What, unjust?

_Duke._ Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial. 

_My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults, But faults so countenance'd, that the strong statutes Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

_Escal._ Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

[Two Officers approach the Duke.]

_Arg._ What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

_Lucio._ Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate: do you know me?

[They advance towards each other.

_Duke._ I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

_Lucio._ O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

_Duke._ Most notedly, sir.

_Lucio._ Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

_Duke._ You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

_Lucio._ O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

_Duke._ I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

_Arg._ Hark, how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses!

_Escal._ Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? [Provost advances.] Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more. Away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion!

[Officers advance to seize Isabella and Marianna. The Provost arrests the Duke.

_Duke._ [To Provost] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

_Arg._ What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

_Lucio._ Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; for, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Angelo and Escalus start up from their seats. Lucio steps back amazed.

_Duke._ Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[Officers release Isabella and Mariana. Lucio is stealing away.

[To Lucio] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

[Officers seize Lucio and bring him back.]

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. [To Escalus] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:
We'll borrow place of him. [To Angelo] Sir, by your leave.

[Takes Angelo's chair. Escalus sits.]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? 1 If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes. 2 Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession:
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.


[Mariana advances.]

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly. [Angelo goes to Mariana.
Do yon the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[Execunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost through the city gates.

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.


[Angelo and Escalus rise.]

Your friar is now your prince: as I was then
Advertising 3 and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attorney'd at your service.]

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1 Do thee office, i.e. do thee service.
2 Passes, proceedings.
3 Advertising, i.e. assisting with counsel.
Isab. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty! Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits on your heart; And you may marvel why I obscure myself, Labouring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So happy is your brother. Isab. I do, my lord.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake: but as he adjug'd your brother,— Being criminal, in double violation Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,— The very mercy of the law cries out [Most audible, even from his proper tongue,] "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!" Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quitt like, and measure still for measure.

[Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.] We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him!

[Officers advance and stand by Angelo's side.

1 Pain'd, put to labour.
2 Remonstrance, demonstration.
3 Salt, lustful.


Mari. O my dear lord, I crave no other, nor no better man. Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle my liege,— Duke. You do but lose your labour. Away with him to death! [To Lucio, Now, sir, to you.]

Mari. O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel, Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me; Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O Isabel, will you not lend a knee? Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. [Kneeling] Most bounteous sir, Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my brother liv'd. I partly think A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till he did look on me: since it is so, Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo, His act did not o'er take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent

4 Confutation, conviction.
5 Definitive, resolved.

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That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no
subjects,
Intents but merely thoughts.

**Mar.** Merely, my lord.

**Duke.** Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say. [**Mariana and Isabella rise.**]
I have bethought me of another fault. 461

**Provost,** how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

**Prov.** It was commanded so.

**Duke.** Had you a special warrant for the deed?

**Prov.** No, my good lord; it was by private
message.

**Duke.** For which I do discharge you of your
office:
Give up your keys.

**Prov.** Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice! 469
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserv'd alive.

**Duke.** What's he?

**Prov.** His name is Barnardine.

**Duke.** I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[**Exit Provost. Duke talks apart**
with **Isabella.**

**Escal.** I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

**Ang.** I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 482

[**Re-enter from the city, Provost, with Barnardine, Claudio muffled, and Juliet.**

**Duke.** Which is that Barnardine?

**Prov.** This, my lord.

**Duke.** There was a friar told me of this man.
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt
condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee take this mercy to provide

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1 Advice, consideration

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For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. [**Enter Barnardine and Friar into the city.**] What muffled fellow's that! 491

**Prov.** This is another prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his
head;
As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[**Begin to unmuffle Claudio.**

**Duke.** [To **Isabella**] If he be like your
brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd,—[Claudio discovers himself to
**Isabella**—she rushes into his arms, and then
kneels to **Angelo,**—] and, for your lovely
sake;
Give me your hand, [raising her] and say you
will be mine,
He is my brother too; [taking Claudio's hand]
but fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;

[**Crossing to Angelo.**

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth
yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[**To Lucio.**] You, sirrah, that knew me for a
fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

**Lucio.** Faith, my lord, I spoke it but accord-
ing to the trick. If you will hang me for
it, you may; but I had rather it would please
you I might be whipt. 512

**Duke.** Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's
one
Whom he begot with child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd. 519

**Lucio.** [Begins to beseech your highness, do not marry
me to a whore.] Your highness said even now, I
made you a duke: good my lord, do not re-
compense me in making me a cuckold.

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2 In place, present.
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
[Officers seize Lucio.
And see our pleasure herein executed.
Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it. 530
[Exeunt Officers with Lucio.
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratulate.1
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:
The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540
[Taking her hand and kissing it.
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.
[Exeunt.

1 Gratulate, gratifying.
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NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 5: Since I am put to know.—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 3. 110: You put me to forget a lady’s manners.

2. Line 6: the lists of all advice; i.e. the limits. Compare 1. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

3. Lines 7-10:
then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work.

This clause in the Duke’s first sentence has proved a more awkward stumbling-block to commentators than almost any passage in Shakespeare. The Cambridge editors chronicle twelve conjectural emendations in their foot-note, and live others in the supplementary notes at the end of the play. It has been proved, however, by the Old-Spelling editors that the lines as they stand are capable of explanation—an explanation, it is true, which leaves the whole passage (lines 3-9) an example of the most contorted and arbitrary syntax. I give their note: “The words ‘my strength’ include (1) the Duke’s science, his knowledge of the properties of government; (2) his ducal authority, which is his sole prerogative. ‘Your own science,’ he says to Escalus, ‘exceeds in that’ (in that province of my strength which embraces my administrative skill) all that my ‘advice’ (counsel) can give you. ‘Then,’ he continues, ‘no more remaines (is needful) but that (my strength per se, which is mine alone) to your sufficiency’ (legal science),—your ‘worth’ (character and rank) making you fit for the post,—and you may henceforth let them’ (your prior sufficiency and my now deputed power) work together.”

[This explanation of the Old-Spelling editors seems to me quite as involved and obscure as the text which it professes to explain. It is evident that the text is corrupt, probably through there having been some interlineation in the MS. from which it was printed; nor can I believe that Shakespeare would have wished such a hideously unrhymed verse as line 8 to be spoken by any actor. If by my strength the Duke means “my power,” or “my authority,” we may imagine that the passage stood something like this:

then no more remains
But that (i.e. my strength) to add to your sufficiency,
And, as your worth is able, let them work.

The rest of line 9, The nature of our people, would then form an imperfect line by itself.—F. A. M.]

4 Line 11: the Terms.—“Terms mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called Les Termes de la Ley (written in Henry the Eighth’s time) was in Shakespeare’s days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law” (Blackstone).

5. Line 18: with special soul.—This metaphorical use of soul (meaning preference or regard) may be compared with a similar use of the word in The Tempest, ii. 1. 42-49:
for several virtues
Have I like several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow’d
And put it to the foil.

6. Line 31: proper; i.e. proprius, peculiar to one’s self. Compare Timon, i. 2. 106, 107: “what better or proper can we call our own than the riches of our friends?” and below, in this play, v. 1. 110: “Faults proper to himself.”

7. Line 41: use.—Use was in Shakespeare’s time a customary word for interest. Compare Venus and Adonis, 768:
But gold that ’s put to use more gold begets.

8. Lines 41, 42: But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.

The Duke has been giving Angelo advice; he now breaks off, intimating gracefully that, after all, he is speaking to one who can instruct him in such matters.

9. Line 43: Hold, therefore, Angelo.—This is generally supposed to be spoken by the Duke as he hands his commission to Angelo. Grant White conjectures that a part of the line is lost, and he restores it thus:
Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power;
basing his guess on i. 3. 11-13 below:
I have deliver’d to Lord Angelo . . .
My absolute power and place here in Vienna.

But this is juggling with the text, not editing. Dyce quotes Gifford, on the words “Hold thee, drunkard” (i.e. take the letter) in Jonson’s Catiline: “There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakespeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In Measure for Measure, the Duke, on producing Angelo’s commission, says: ‘Hold, therefore, Angelo’” (Jonson’s Works, vol. iv. p. 347).

10. Lines 45, 46:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart,

Douce rightly emphasizes the importance of these words—“the privilege of exercising mercy,” conferred by the Duke upon his deputy. See also lines 65-67 below: your scope is as mine own, So to enforce or qualify the laws As to your soul seems good.

The Duke thus renders it impossible for Angelo to make the excuse—such as it would be—that his instructions were precise and without margin of mercy.
ACT I. Scene 1.

NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

11. Line 52: We have with a LEAVEN'd and prepared choice.—A learned choice is explained by Johnson as one “not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind.” The metaphor may not doubt have this meaning, as leaven or yeast does take some hours to ferment; but may it not mean as well, or more primarily, that the choice was based on a thorough and searching scrutiny, as leaven works up through and permeates the whole mass of dough?

12. Lines 68, 69:

I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.

Stage is used again as a verb in two passages of Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29-31:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stage'd to the show
Against a swordman:

and v. 2. 216, 217: the quick comedians

Extemporally will stage us.

ACT I. Scene 2.

13. Line 15: the thanksgiving before meat.—Hammer reads after, and his reading, say the Cambridge editors, “is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of ‘graces’ used in many colleges, and as we are informed, at the Insns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the ‘First Gentleman,’ we have not altered the text.”

14. Line 25: Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.—An expression, which may almost be termed proverbial for, We are both of one piece. Steevens cites Marston, The Malcontent, 1604: “There goes but a pair of sheares betwixt an emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper; onely the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference” (Works, vol. ii. p. 270). Compare, too, Dekker, The Gull’s Hornbook, ch. i.: “there went but a pair of shears between them.”

15. Line 35: as be PIL’d, as thou art PIL’d.—A quibble between piled—peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and piled as applied to velvet, three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest kind of velvet” (Dyce). Compare Chaucer, Prologue, line 627:

With skulled browses Blake, and piled berd.

16. Line 38: forget to drink after thee.—That is, for fear of the contagion.

17. Lines 45, 46, 45.—These lines are given by Pope to the First Gentleman, and there is a good deal of probability in the sunrise still, it is only a probability; and, as the Cambridge editors remark, “It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery.”

18. Line 52: A French crown; i.e. the corona Veneris. Compare Midsummer Night’s Dream, i. 2. 99: “Some of your French crowned have no hair at all.”

19. Line 64: the sweet.—This very likely refers to the plague or “sweating-sickness,” which ravaged London in 1668, carrying off about a fifth of the population. The war, above, may also refer to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604.

20. Lines 99, 100: All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck’d down.—Tyrell, quite unnecessarily, as I take it, would read all barely-houses. There is no doubt that this is meant, but when we remember who the speakers were, and how much a meaning look or an extra accent can convey, we may well suppose that Pompey said merely all houses, and that when he said houses Mrs. Overdone quite understood what he meant. As a matter of fact, houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs. Compare Heywood, The Rape of Lucrece, ii. 3: “To make...” a prelude to Valerius’ rattling song of Molly, Nelly, Betty, Dolly, Nanny, Rachel, and Biddy.

21. Line 116: Thomas tapster.—Douce expresses his surprise that Mrs. Overdone “should have called the clown by this name when it appears by his own showing that his name was Pompey.” But of course it is a mere class-name, no more peculiar to one man than John Barleycorn or Tommy Atkins. For a contemporary instance of the precise alliterative form, compare Fletcher’s Rollo, iii. 1 (end of scene), where a song, expanded from the Three merry men snatch, is sung by a Yeoman or “Page of the Cellar,” a Butler, a Cook, and a Pantler. The last sings:

O man or beast, or you at least
That wear a brow or mantle
Prick up your ears unto the tears
Of me poor Paul the Pantler.

22. Line 119.—The Folio after this line begins a new scene (Scena Tertia) with the entrance of the Provost, &c. The Collier MS. omits Juliet from the persons who enter here, since, if present, she is silent, and, as appears from Claudio’s words to Lucio, out of sight and hearing. Yet Pompey has just said, “There’s Madam Juliet.” The Cambridge editors “suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again,” they add, “as a mute personage at the end of the play.”

(It looks very much here as if the author had originally intended to make some use of Julietta or Juliet in this scene, but in the course of working it out had changed that intention. It is evident, from act ii. scene 3, that Juliet was arrested as well as Claudio, and that, for some time at any rate, she was kept “under observation.” In the acting edition Juliet does not come on with the Provost and Claudio; but there is no reason why she should not be on the stage; for it is quite clear that the dialogue between Lucio and Claudio is spoken aside. Only one would certainly expect, if Juliet were at that time present on the stage, that Claudio would have made some allusion to the fact.—P. A. M.)

23. Lines 124-127:

Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.

The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so, yet still 'tis just.
In the Ff. there is no stop after weight, and this pointing is preserved in the Cambridge Shakespeare. Davenant, in his Law Against Lovers, gives the reading in the text, and he has been generally followed. He omits the next two lines altogether. Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton, conjectured that “The words of heaven” should be “The sword of heaven.” Henley, however, explains the passage as it stands, by an apt reference to the words in Romans ix. 15, 16: “For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;” and “Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will hardeneth.”

24. Line 133: Like rats that ravish down their proper bane.—Compare Macbeth, ii. 4. 28, 29:

Thine own life's means:

and Cymbeline, i. 6. 49: “ravishing first the lamb.”

25. Line 138: the morality of imprisonment.—Ff. have mortality, an obvious misprint, rectified by Davenant, and adopted into the text by Rowe.

26. Line 159: the demeunation.—This word, meaning proclamation or formal declaration (“To denounce or declare,” Minshen, 1617), is only used here by Shakespeare. Dyce quotes from Todd’s Johnson’s Dictionary, s.v. Demunation, “This publick and reiterated demnuation of laws before matrimony” (Hall, Cases of Conscience). Boyer (French Dictionary) has “To Denounce, V. A. (or declare) dénoncer, declarer, signifier, faire savoir,” and “Denunciation, or Denouncing. S. Denonciation, déclaration, Signification, l’Action de dénoncer, &c.”

27. Line 154: Only for propagation of a dower.—F. 1 has propagation, corrected to propagation by F. 2. Various emendations have been proposed, e.g. procreation by Malone, prevarication by Jackson, and preservatives by Grant White. Surely there is no need for any change in the text. Shakespeare does not use the substantive in any other passage; but he uses the verb to propagate three times, in All’s Well, ii. 1. 300; Rom. and Jul. i. 1. 193; Timon, i. 1. 67. In these three passages it certainly seems to have the sense of “to improve” or “to increase.” Only once, in Pericles, i. 2. 73:

From whence an issue I might propagate.

Shakespeare uses the verb in the sense of “to begot.” Stevens, in his note, makes the curious statement, apparently on an article in an article in the Edinburgh Magazine, November, 1786,—that “Propagation being here used to signify payment, must have its root in the Italian word pagare” (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 24). Propagate is derived from the Latin pro, before, forward, and pag, the root of pago, to fix. But surely either “increase,” or “bring to its maturity,” is the sense which best suits this passage: the meaning being that Claudio and Juliet had not declared their marriage because her dowry yet remained in the absolute control of her friends; and, till their approval was gained, the two lovers thought it best to hide their love in case she should lose her dowry.—F. A. M.

28. Line 162: Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness.—Malone explains this by assuming fault and glimpse to be used, by the figure known as hendiadys, for faulty glimpse. But may not the fault of newness mean simply the result of novelty and inexperience?

29. Line 171: like unscour’d armour.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 154, 153:

Quite out of fashion, like a nasty mail
In monumental mockery.

30. Line 172: nineteen zodiacs.—Claudio states here that the law has been in abeyance for nineteen years; in i. 3. 21 the Duke says that he has let it slip for fourteen years. No satisfactory explanation of this disagreement has been found before Dr. Brinsley Nicholson’s acute suggestion, recorded in the Old-Spelling Shakespere, that the law was made nineteen years ago, but that the duke has reigned only fourteen years.

31. Line 177: tickle.—Tickle for ticklish is used again by Shakespeare in H. Henry VI. i. 1. 215, 216:

the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point.

32. Line 183: receive her approbation; i.e. enter upon her probation. Compare The Merry Devil of Edmonton, ii. 2. 70:

And I must take a twelve months’ approbation;

and iii. 1. 17, 18:

Madam, for a twelve months’ approbation
We mean to make this trial of our child.

33. Line 185: in my voice; i.e. in my name. Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 57:

And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

34. Line 188: There is a PRONE and speechless dialect.—Editors are much at variance as to the exact sense of the word prone as here used, some taking it to mean “prompt, ready,” and others (as I think with more likelihood) understanding it as “humble, appealing,” from the analogy of prone = prostrate, as in supplication.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

35. Line 2: DRIBBLING dart.—The sense is evident: a weak and ineffectual missile. But while dribbling may be used figuratively in its modern sense, it is perhaps an allusion to a dribber in archery, i.e., according to Steevens, one who shoots badly.

36. Line 12: stricture; i.e. strictness. Warburton proposes strict ure (ure = use, practice); a word used in Poms and Cassandria, but not anywhere by Shakespeare.

37. Lines 29, 31:

The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip.

This, which is the reading of the Ff., is frequently altered by editors (following Theobald) from weeds to steeds, and from slip to sleep. Mr. W. G. Stone writes me on this passage: “Shakespeare was careless in linking metaphors. I think it possible that he combined the idea of a well-bitted horse (literally equivalent to enforcement of law), and the picture of a rank, noisome growth of weeds, suffered to spring up in a fair garden (literally equivalent to relaxation of law). I do not evade the difficulty by accepting Collins’s suggestion (quoted in Schmidt’s Sh.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT I. Scene 4.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse;
and see note 101 on that play.

45. Line 40: Your brother and his lover.—Lover in Shakespeare’s time was used for a woman as well as a man. Compare As You Like It, iii. 4. 43: “O, that’s a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover.” Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: “A Lover, amatior, amatus, n. amatrix, amasiswa, fem.”

46. Lines 51, 52:
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action.

To bear in hand means, according to Schmidt, “to abuse with false pretences or appearances.” Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 305: “What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation,” &c.

47. Line 60: But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge.—I am indebted to Mr. Stone for the following note on this word: “Cotgrave (ed. 1632) has: Rabatre. To abate, deduct, defaulte, diminish, lessen, extenuate; remit, bate; give or draw backe; also, a horse to rebate his curret . . . Rabatre: m. v. f. Rebated, bated, abated, deducted, defaulted, diminished; given, taken, or draine backe.” Under Rabattre Boyer (col. 1729) has: ‘Cheval qui rabat ses Courbettes de bonne grace, (en Termes de Menage), a Horse that rebates his currets handsomely, or finely.’ Amongst the senses of ‘Rabattre, v. a.’ Bellows (Fr. Dict. ed. 1877) gives, ‘aplatir, to flatten;’ and ‘Rabattu—e, a, flattened; smoothed.’ Bellows’s gloss admits of literal application to this line—for an edge flattened is blunted—but I think that Cotgrave’s renderings—and you will observe that he uses the English rebate—are near enough; for, if an edge be abated, diminished, or lessened, clearly it is blunted. Compare Greene’s Orlando Furioso:

And what I dare, let say the Portingale,
And Spaniard tell, who, manned with mighty fleets,
Came to subdue their islands to my king,
Filling our seas with stately argosies,
Calvans and magars, halks of burden great;
Which Brandimart rebate from his coast,
And sent them home ballast’d with their wealth.

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 92, col. 2.

This is the city of great Babylon,
Which proud Darius was rebate from. —id. p. 101, col. 1.

Collier wanted to read rebutted for rebate in both these passages. Dyce says: ‘Mr. Collier is greatly mistaken:—the old copies are right in both passages. Greene uses rebate in the sense of beat back (which is its proper sense, —Fr. rebatter). So again in the first speech of the next play [a Looking-Glass for London and England, p. 117, col. 1] we find,—

Great Jerry’s God, that bold stout Benhamed,
Could not rebate the strength that Rasni brought.’ &c.

I suspect that Rolfe and Dyce are both wrong in connecting Eng. rebate with ‘rebatter,’ to beat back again. ‘Rebatter’ seems to be nearer the sense required.” Compare Massinger, The Roman Actor, iv. 2:
ACT II. SCENE I.

(The Provest, according to Ff., is not on at the beginning of this scene, but is made to enter at line 32, just before Angelo says, "Where is the Provest?" This is very absurd; and it is much better that he should go on at the beginning of the scene, as marked by Capell and in the stage-directions of the Acting Edition. In the arrangement of the play as acted at Drury Lane, 1824, under Macready's management, this act is thus rearranged for stage purposes. Scene 1 consists of the first part of Scene 1 as far as line 37, after which Escalus goes off; and the rest of the scene includes Scene 2 in the text, commencing with the Provest's speech, line 7, to the end of scene. Scene 2 is the scene in the street, and contains nearly all that part of Scene 1 in the text from line 41 to line 279 inclusive. Elbow enters with his halberd and two constables having hold of Pompey and Froth; Escalus enters with two apparitors immediately after Elbow's speech; and the scene continues much as in the text, with a few omissions, including the part of the Justice, which is of course unnecessary. Scene 3 is omitted altogether; the third scene being identical with Scene 4 of the text. — F. A. M.)

49. Line 2: to fear; i.e. to affright. Used transitorily several times in Shakespeare, e.g. Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 8, 9: I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine Hath, fear'd the valiant.  

50. Line 8: Let but your honour know.—Johnson remarks: "To know is here to examine, to take cognizance. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 67, 68: Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires; Know of your youth, examine well your blood."

51. Line 12: our blood.—So Ff. It is quite possible that this reading may be right, our meaning "our common blood," and so I let it stand; but few emendations seem more reasonable and self-justified than that of Davenant's, adopted by Rowe, and followed by most editors — yours. Mr. Stone suggests that "by exchanging your for our, when using a word which might have a general application to human frailty, Escalus avoided a too personal reference in a supposititious case."

52. Line 22: what knows the law, &c.—Ff. what knows the Lawes.

53. Line 25: 'Tis very pregnant.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 325: "O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!" That is, "it is clearly evident."

54. Line 28: For I have had such faults.—For for that, i.e. because; often used by Shakespeare. Compare As You Like It, ii. 2. 133, 134:

55. Lines 30, 40: Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none; And some condemned for a fault alone.

Ff. read brakes. This, following the Old-Spelling editors, I take to be merely a variant of breaks. The following is their note, given at the end of the play: "The thought uppermost in Escalus's mind is the capricious manner in which punishment is inflicted. He compares this, apparently, to the luck which enables some to clear dangerous ground in the ice, but his metaphor is abruptly abandoned with the words and answer none, &c. The form in Shakespeare's c弥ologue of Marston and Webster's Malcontent, 1604, where breaks evidently means breaks, flaws; not, as Steevens supposed, brake fern which grows on uncultivated ground:

Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
The slighter brakes of our reframed Muse,  
Who could herself of faults detect,  
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,  
Though some men's labour, &c."

(This is one of the most difficult passages in the play, and marked with a dagger by the Globe ed. Steevens has a long and very interesting note, in the first part of which he explains the text thus: "Some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 43), taking breaks to have the same meaning as that given above; but in the subsequent part of his note he produces very strong instances of the use of the word break in the sense of "a machine for torture," and if it has that meaning, we must adopt the emendation first given by Rowe and read: "brakes of ice." This was adopted also by Malone, who followed Rowe chiefly on the ground that the words answer none, i.e. "are not called to account by their conscience," show that the "brakes of ice" evidently here mean "engines of torture." Brake originally meant a kind of severe bit, used for refractory horses, and also a contrivance, used by farriers to confine the legs of horses while they were being shod. I confess that to me the reading of the text is eminently unsatisfactory, though, no doubt, the explanation quoted above makes some sense of it. I cannot see the slightest connection between the idea of running from a dangerous place on ice, and the words answer none; nor does the ice metaphor seem to me to fit in at all with the rest of the passage. It may be that we should regard these two lines as being merely the sketch of some speech which Shakespeare intended to write; but against that theory we must set the fact that the two lines are supposed to form part of a rhyming quatrains, such as we come across occasionally in blank verse scenes (e.g. in Much Ado, iv. 1. 253—256). Such passages generally contain some very sententious expressions. It is worth noting that line 28 is printed in F. 1 in italics, as if it were a quotation, which very possibly it is. In the Quarto of Hamlet, 1603, many of the lines of the speech of Cornelius...
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. Scene 1.

(Polonius) to Laertes in act I. sc. 3 are printed with inverted commas before them; and, in the Quarto of 1604, though none of the lines in the speech of Polonius to Laertes are so marked, three of the lines in the speech to Ophelia are. This rhymed quatrain, spoken by Escalus, was probably meant to embody some well-known apothegms; and therefore the reading "brakes of vice" seems to me more suitable to the context; especially as Rowe's emendation involves such a slight alteration of the text, and the misprint of ice for vice is one very likely to have occurred. I should take brakes to mean here not so much "engines of torture" as "means for restraint of vice," the general sense of the line being, "some escape from all restraints of vice and yet to have anser for none," while some are condemned for a single fault. We might have expected, in line 49, "for one fault alone;" but the author seems to have purposely avoided that because one would have rhymed to none at the end of the preceding line.—F. A. M.)

55. Line 54: precise villian.—Rolfe well remarks on this: "He means of course that they are precisely illiterate villains; but, as Clarke notes, the word gives the impression of 'strict, severely moral,' as in i. 3. 50 above: 'Lord Angelo is precise.'"

56. Line 61: he's out at elbow.—This, as Clarke observes, is "a hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put out by Angelo's peremptory repetition of his name."

58. Line 63: Parcel-brewed.—Parcel for part is again used by Shakespeare in II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 94: "Thou diest swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet." It is met with not unfrequently in the dramatic literature of the period. Compare Bay, Humour out of Breath, i. 1. 58-60:

*Hip.* My sister would make a rare beggar.

*Frau.* True, she's parcel post, parcel fiddler already; and they commonly sing three parts in one.

59. Lines 69 and 75: detect.—The same blundering use of detect for protest or attest is given to Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, i. 1. 160: "but, I detect, an honest maid as ever broke bread."

60. Line 92: steed's proues.—A dish proverbial in Elizabethan literature for its prevalence in broths. It is referred to by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, i. 1. 290; ii. Henry IV. iii. 128; and ii. Henry IV. ii. 4. 150.

61. Line 97: China dishes.—"A China dish, in the age of Shakespeare, must have been such an uncommon thing, that the Clown's excretion of it, as so tensile in use in a common brothel, is a striking circumstance in his absurd and tantamount delineation" (Steevens).

62. Line 133: The Bunch of Grapes.—The practice of giving names to particular rooms in an inn seems to have been common. Compare i. Henry IV. ii. 4. 20: "Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon;" and see the London Frothial, i. 2, where Sir Lancelot, stopping at the George, and entering, says: "This room shall serve;" and having given his order to the drawer for a pint of sack, the drawer recapitulates, "A quart of sack in the Three Tuns" (ed. Taunton, p. 299). According to the Return of a Jury to a Writ of Elegit, 7 May, 43 Eliz., there was, in the Tabard, Southwark, "una alia camera vocata the flower of Luce" (Hall's Society in the Elizabethan Age, 2nd ed. appendix, p. 160).

63. Line 189: Justice or Iniquity!—Escalus is of course referring to Elbow and Pompey. Ritson thinks that by Iniquity is meant the old Vice of the Moralties. Compare Richard III. iii. 82, 83:

Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word; and see note 305 to that play.

64. Line 290: thou art to continue.—Steevens suggests that Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes that the Clown is to continue in confinement.

65. Line 215: they will draw you.—"Draw has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies to drain, to empty; as it is related to hang (they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them'), it means to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle" (Johnson). In Froth's reply, drawn in is probably equivalent to "taken in."

66. Line 228: the greatest thing about you.—An allusion, it is generally supposed, to the "monstrous hote," as an old ballad calls them, or ridiculously large breeches, which were worn in the early part of Elizabeth's reign. See the lengthy note in the Variorum Shakespeare on this passage; and compare Romeo and Juliet, note 89.

67. Line 256: a bay.—Usually taken to mean the architectural term bay; i.e., according to Johnson, "the space between the main beams of the roof;" according to Dyce, a term used "in reference to the frontage." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Bay or empty Place in Masonry for a Door or Window." Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "A bay of building, Mensura viginti quattuor pedum." Fernivall and Stone suggest "a partitioned space, box."

(Pope's most obvious emendation day for bay may be noticed, only because it is so obvious, and because Pompey, castor paribus, would be more likely to talk about "three pence a day" for a house than "three pence a bay," even were it, as Jonson says, a common term in many parts of England. It certainly would be more satisfactory if the commentators could have found any instance of bay being used distinctly as part of a house, and not, as in the only passage quoted by Steevens, as a term of measurement. If one could come across such an expression, for instance, as "a house with many bays in it" in any work of Shakespeare's time; or if we could discover any evidence of such a phrase so used in the vernacular, it would relieve one of the doubt which every editor must now feel that such an extremely common misprint of b for d may be really the only ground for admitting into the text what is a highly characteristic expression, and one which we certainly should not wish to get rid of for the sake of so ordinary a phrase as "three pence a day." Perhaps Pompey here only means by bay a room.—F. A. M.)

68. Line 275: your readiness.—Fl. the readiness: an evident misprint of the common contraction ye (you), which was taken for y (the). The emendation is Pope's.
69 Lines 209, 292:

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Rolfe cites Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 166: "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarily go to dinner at eleven before noone, and to supper at three, or between five and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup solone before twelve at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone as they call it, and sup at seven or eight: but out of the tearme in our universi- ties the scholars dine at ten."

**ACT II. SCENE 2.**

70. Line 4: *He hath but as offended in a dream!*—Grant White reads, *He hath offended but as in a dream!*—that being of course the sense; but why change? The beauty of the line is gone, and I scarcely see that it is even made appreciably clearer.

71. Line 40: To find the faults whose fine stands in record—Fine, both as verb and noun, is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of general, not necessarily of pecuniary, punishment. It is used again in iii. 1. 114, 115: What were those names for the momentary trick Be perjured fine'd? Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 64, 65:

What faults he made before the last, I think

Might have found easy finer.

72. Line 53: *But might you do't.*—Might you may be merely a transposition of you might, perhaps for the sake of euphony. (In the Cambridge Shakespeare the passage is printed with a full stop at the end of the speech; but F. all agree in printing the sentence with a note of interrogation at the end after him.) Walker (Critical Examination, &c., vol. ii. p. 250) suggested the emendation: "But you might do't," which the Cambridge editors should certainly have adopted if they altered the punctuation of the F. If the line is to be spoken as printed in the text it must be spoken as a question, or it would not be intelligible to the audience. I cannot see any reason why the author should not have written "But you might do't," if he did not mean Isabella to ask a question. The fact that this sentence begins, like that above in line 51, with but makes it probable that, like that also, it is intended to be interrogative. On the other hand Dyce, who adopts Walker's emendation and does away with the note of interrogation, points to Isabella's speech above (line 49):

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him.

—F. A. M.]

73 Line 55: *May call it back again.* Well, believe this.

—I read may call it again;—back, which improves alike metre and sense, was added in F. 2.

Well, believe this; the reading of the F., is altered by Theobald to Well believe this (i.e. "be thoroughly assured of this"), and the reading is adopted by some editors. It is a very good reading, but the F. is, to say the least, quite as good, and I think better.

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74 Line 76: *If He, which is the top of Judgment.*—Dyce quotes from Dante, Purgatorio, vi. 37:

Che cama d'ignorar non s'avalla;

precisely the same phrase, *top of judgment*. The word *top* is often used by Shakespeare to express the highest point: compare the Tempest, iii. 1. 35: "the top of admiration;" King John, iv. 3. 45-47:

This is the very top,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms.

75. Line 79: *Like man new made; i.e. in Johnson's common-sense phrase,* "You would be quite another man." I think the references made by some commentators to Adam (as the *man new made*) are rather far-fetched. [Most certainly I cannot see what Adam has to do with it; but may not new made here have the scriptural sense of "generated?" Shakespeare is in a decidedly theological vein of mind in this speech, and it is natural, having just spoken of the effect of the Redemption, he should have in his mind "regeneration," such as our Lord explained to Nicodemus (John iii. 3-5).—F. A. M.]

76. Line 90: The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept. —Bolt: White compares the maxim in law, Dorminut aliquando leges, moritur usquequam.

77. Line 92: *If the first that did the edict infringe.*—Several emendations of this line have been proposed, where none is needed. It is one of those lines, so frequent in Shakespeare, and so ruthlessly handled by his editors, where the first unaccented half of the first foot is wanting. If we remember this—making sufficient pause on the first word to make it accentually equal to two syllables—and lay the accent of edict on the second syllable (as Shakespeare does whenever the measure requires it), we shall see that the line is strictly rhythmical and very expressive in its solemn smoothness. (This is all quite true as far as the study is concerned, but no actor could speak the line, as it stands, with any effect. Of the various emendations suggested, the best perhaps is that of Capell's: "If he the first," and Grant White's: "If but the first." Daventre altered the line to "If he who first." Shakespeare is very foul of the phrase "If that," and it is quite possible that he first wrote "If the first," but, seeing he had too many the's in the sentence, struck out the *that* after *If*. Certainly, for stage purposes, the words *If* and *first* require to be emphasized. The emendation that would transpose the position of the last three words and read "infringe the edict," making the line end with a trochee, are, I think, much less probable. Out of eight passages in verse in which Shakespeare uses the word *edict*, including this one, it is accented five times on the second syllable.—F. A. M.]

78 Lines 94, 95: and, like a prophet,

Looks in a glass.

An allusion to the beryl-stone, in which it was supposed that the future might be seen, and the absent brought before the eyes. This picturesque superstition has been often utilized in romances and poems; the latest and greatest instance being Rossetti's ballad, "Rose Mary."

79. Line 99: *But, ERE they live, to end.*—F. print here,
doubtless a misprint, though the Old-Spelling editors resolutely adhere to it. The correction was introduced by Hamner.

80. Line 112: pelting.—*Pelting,* in the sense of *paltry,* is used several times by Shakespeare (e.g. Lear, ii. 3. 18; *Poor pelting villages*); and Steevens quotes the phrase "a *pelting jade*" from Lyly's Mother Bombie (1594), iv. 2. The passage runs: "If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our fonse bonds for the payment, thou knowest we are townes-borne children, and will not shrinke the citie for a *pelting jade*" (Works, vol. ii, p. 125).

81. Lines 113, 114: Would use his heaven for thunder; Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven! Dyce arranged these lines, perhaps preferably, so as to leave Merciful Heaven! in a line to itself.

82. Line 122: As makes the angels weep.—So Fl., usually altered to the modern grammatical *made.* But such constructions are not uncommon in Shakespeare; comp. Henry V. i. 2. 118, 119. They are apparently a survival of the Northern plural in *es.* In some cases the plural norm may be regarded as equivalent, in thought, to the singular.

83. Line 126: We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.—This is not, as might be supposed at first sight, a reference of Isabella's to her own brother, but a general statement—*our brother meaning* "our fellow-man," whom she says we cannot weigh as we should, impartially, with ourselves, passing on each an equal judgment.

84. Line 132: *Art axis'd o' that?—*Axised is used several times by Shakespeare in the same sense as here (i.e. axised, aware); e.g. Merry Wives, i. 4. 106: "Are you axis'd o' that?"

85. Line 136: That skins the rice.—Shakespeare uses the word *skin* (as a verb) only here and in a very similar passage in Hamlet, iii. 4. 147: "It will but skin and film the ulcersous place." In both places the verb has the meaning of "to cover with a skin;" not that which it usually has in our time, viz. "to take off the skin."

86. Line 139: shekels.—This word appears in the F. as *sicles,* a spelling used in Wyclif's Bible.

87. Line 154: _dedicate._—This form of the participle is also used in II. Henry VI. v. 2. 37, 38:

He that is truly _dedicate_ to war
Hath no self-love.

88. Line 172: evil; _i.e.* privies. Used again in Henry VIII. ii. 1. 67:

_Nor build their evil on the graves of great men._

Henley remarks: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27."

ACT II. SCENE 3.

89. Line 11: _the flames._—Here Warburton (after Dav- nant) reads _flames,* which is certainly a help to the metaphor, and was perhaps in the original text. But, as John- son says of Warburton's emendations: "Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction?"

90. Lines 30-34:

but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

This passage is so broken up by parentheses that it appears more obscure than it really is; and besides, there is an aspersion, for the sentence is not finished; the meaning, however, is tolerably clear. The Duke, in his assumed character of spiritual adviser, wishes to impress upon Juliet that her repentance, to be effective, should be based upon the sorrow that she feels for having offended God, and not on account of the shame which her sin has brought upon herself. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read least instead of lost, which is the correction of F. 4. Steevens calls it "a kind of negative imperative." The meaning is: "In case you only repent as that (i.e. because) the sin has brought you to this shame;" and then he points out that the sorrow is merely selfish sorrow. The only difficulty in the remainder of the passage is the expression "spare heaven," which may mean either, as Malone explains it, "spare to offend heaven," or "spare heaven (i.e. God) the pain that sin causes to Him." Juliet interrupts the Duke at this point without letting him finish his advice in the sense above.—F. A. M.

91. Lines 40-42:

Must die to-morrow! O injuries love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror!

This passage is certainly very difficult to explain; Ham- ner's emendation _law for love_ is a very plausible one, and gets rid of the difficulty in the simplest manner. The meaning then would be plain enough, Juliet explaining on the law which spares her life, but takes that of her lover. Johnson supposes Juliet to refer to the fact that her execution was respite on account of her pregnancy; but it does not appear that the law, so greedily revived by the inamnicate Angelo, inflicted any penalty upon the woman, further than the disgrace involved in exposure. If we refer to scene 2 of this act (lines 16, 17):

_Disperse of her_
To some more fater place; and that with speed;
_and again, lines 23-25:

See you the fornicress be removed;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it;

we find that Angelo does no more than direct that Juliet shall be taken care of till she has given birth to her child; but, if we refer to the story, we find that the penalty for the woman was that she "should ever after be infamous noted by the wearing of some disguised apparell" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. iii. pt. 1, p. 156). It is possible, however, that Juliet may, in this passage, refer to her unborn child, which should be her comfort, but who will now only remind her of the horrid death of her lover.—F. A. M.

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NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. Scene 4.

92. Line 9: Grown FEAR'd and tedious.—So Ff. Many editors read scar'd, after Hamner, and Collier states that such is actually the reading in Lord Lisle's copy of the First Folio. Fear'd means, no doubt, just what it says on the surface, for, as Johnson says, "what we go to with reluctance may be said to be fear'd."

93. Line 11: with boot.—This expression occurs again in Lear, v. 3, 301, and boot, in the same sense, is used several times by Shakespeare. The meaning, according to Schmidt, is "something given over," a difference of sense from boot, meaning "profit, advantage."

94. Line 17: 'Tis not the devil's crest.—This phrase is no doubt used ironically; and there is nothing in the expression so obscure as to give warrant for the two pages of annotation in the Variorum Shakespeare, and the conjectural emendations of Hamner and Johnson.

95. Line 27: The general.—This word, for "the people," occurs twice elsewhere in Shakespeare: Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general;" and Julius Caesar, i. 1. 10-12: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.

96. Line 53: or.—F. and, an obvious error, corrected by Davenant, whose correction is adopted into the text by Rowe.

97. Line 56: I had rather give my body than my soul.—This is perhaps (or intentionally) misunderstood by Angelo; Isabella means, I had rather die (give my body to death) than thus forfeit my soul.

98. Line 75: Or seem so, craftily.—F. crafty; corrected by Rowe, after Davenant.

99. Line 76: Let ME be ignorant.—Me was omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

100. Lines 79, 80: as these black masks
Proclaim an ENSHIELD美丽.
Various conjectures have been made as to the precise meaning of these black masks; but I think we may reasonably take the word these to be equivalent to no more than an emphatic the—as indeed was its original significance. Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 286, 237:
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.
Enshield is simply a contraction of ensheilded. Similar contractions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. See, on the masks, Romeo and Juliet, note 22.

101. Line 90: But in the loss of question.—Schmidt understands this phrase to mean "as no better arguments present themselves to my mind, to make the point clear;" Steevens, however, seems nearer the mark in explaining it to mean "in idle supposition, or conversation that leads to nothing;" as we should say now, "for the sake of argument."

102. Line 94: the ALL-BUILDING law.—So Ff.; best explained in the Old-Spelling editors' alteration of Schmidt's definition: "being the foundation and bond of all." Rowe displaces all-building by all-holding, and Johnson by all-binding.

103. Line 103: That longing have been sick for.—So Ff. Many editors follow Rowe's emendation I' ve; but the ellipsis of have for I have is perhaps intentional. The Cambridge editors (note xi.) say: "The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular, l. 4. 78: 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the Merry Wives of Windsor, sc. xiv. l. 40, p. 285 of our reprint:
He cloath my daughter, and aduerte Stender
To know her by that signe, and steade her thence,
And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her."}

104. Lines 111-113:
Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
This is the arrangement and reading of F. 1, which I have not felt justified in disturbing, though Steevens' rearrangement, as follows, is plausible:
Lawful mercy is
Nothing akin to foul redemption.
Ignomy is, of course, merely another form of ignominy (by which it is replaced in F. 2); but the spelling is preserved in many modern editions. It occurs also in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 100:
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave;
and in Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 33, 34:
ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life;
as well as in the Qq. of Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 115:
I blush to think upon this ignomy.

105. Line 122, 123:
If not a FEDARY, but only he,
Sure and succeed thy weakness.
Fedary (or feodary, as the later Ff. have it) originally meant a vassal; in Cymbeline, ili. 2. 21, it is certainly used in the sense of accomplish: "Art thou a fedary for this act!" Mr. Stone writes me: "I incline to the view that F. fedaric (F. 2. feodary) means a vassal, not an accomplish. If succeed could be supposed to mean follow—in a moral sense—fedary is better understood as meaning accomplish. Accepting the other interpretation of fedary, Isabella may mean: If my brother be not an inheritor of frailty, but frailty begins and ends with him, let him die. As if a man could be heir to himself, and by this title hold his property. With either explanation we must take thy (line 123) to mean you men, since Angelo has not yet revealed himself."

106. Line 130: errudulous to false prints.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31; and see my note on that passage (75).

107. Line 160: And now I give my sensual RACE the rein.—For the use of the word race in the sense here given to it—i.e. "natural disposition" (Schmidt)—compare the only other instance in Shakespeare, The Tempest, i. 2. 358-360:
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. Scene 4.

thy vile race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with.

As Mr. Aldis Wright observes (Clarendon Press ed. of the
Tempest, p. 90), "the word is used in this secondary
sense like 'strain' (A. S. stryn, a stock, from strynan, to
beget) in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 154:"

Can it be

That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?"

108. Line 102: PROLIXIOUS blushes. — Steevens cites
examples of the use of prolixions by Dryton, Gabriel
Harvey, and Nash, but the sense is not precisely that of
the text. The word is here evidently used, by a certain
license of language, for "tiresomely prudish."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

109. Line 5: Be absolute, for death; i.e. be certain you
will die. Compare Shakespeare's use of absolute in Cymbeline,
iv. 2. 106, 107:

I am absolute

T'was very Cletten;

Perricles, ii. 5. 19: "How absolute she's in 't;" &c.

110. Line 10: That post. — Changed by Hamner to do,
leaving skyey influences as the subject, instead of breath.
The sense is quite clear, and would come to much the
same in either case.

111. Lines 11-13:

merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labourn'st by thy flight to shun
And yet runnest toward him still.

This appears to be a reference to a figure in the Dance of
Death, some edition of which may very well have been
seen by Shakespeare. The subject is very thoroughly ex-
plored in a dissertation prefixed by Donne to Pickering's
edition of The Dance of Death, 1633, to which the refer-
ences given below are made. A reprint of it is included
in Bohn's Illustrated Series.

"From a manuscript note by John Stowe, in his copy
of Leland's Itinerary. It appears that there was a Dance
of Death in the church of Stratford upon Avon: and the
conjecture that Shakespeare, in a passage in Measure for
Measure, might have remembered it, will not, perhaps,
be deemed very extravagant. He there alludes to Death
and the fool, a subject always introduced into the paint-
ings in question" (p. 53). "Bishop Warburton and Mr.
Malone have referred to old Moralties, in which the fool
escaping from the pursuit of Death is introduced. Ritsen
denies the existence of any such farces, and he is
perhaps right with respect to printed ones; but vestiges
of such a drama were observed several years ago at the
fair of Bristol by the present writer" (pp. 176, 177). The
Dance of Death, with 41 cuts, attributed to Holbein, was
first published at Lyons in 1538. In 1547 an edition ap-
ppeared containing 12 additional cuts, one of them (the 43rd
of the series) having Death and the fool for its subject.
In this the fool is mocking Death, by putting his finger in
his mouth, and at the same time endeavouring to strike
him with his bladder-bauble. Death smiling, and amused
at his efforts, leads him away in a dancing attitude, play-
ing at the same time on a bagpipe. The following text

(Proverbs, ch. vii. v. 22) is beneath the cut: "Quasi agnus
lascivius, et ignorans, nescit quo ad vincula stultus
trahatur" (see p. 261). Another illustration of the sub-
ject is in an alphabet ornamented with subjects from the
Dance of Death, which was introduced into books printed,
at Basle by Bocchius and Cratander about 1530. In Bohn's
edition of the Dance of Death there is a reprint of this
alphabet. The design for the letter K has for its subject
Death seizing the fool, who strikes at him with his blad-
der-bauble and seems to strive to escape. English readers
would be familiarized with this, since in an edition of
Covardale's Bible printed by James Nicolson in South-
walk, the same design is used for the letter A. It is found
in other English books, and even as late as 1618 in an
edition of Stowe's Survey of London. (See pp. 214-218.)

Besides this, the so-called Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book,
printed by J. Daye in 1609, of which there are other edi-
tions dated 1578, 1581, 1600, has at the end "a Dance of
Death of singular interest, as exhibiting the costume of
its time with respect to all ranks and conditions of life."
Among the characters are both the Fool and the Female
Fool (p. 147). Dance gives also (p. 163) from the Sta-
tioners' Registers, under date January 5th, 1597, the
entry to the Purfautes of "The roll of the Daunce of
Death, with pictures, and verses upon the same." See
also Richard II. note 229.

112. Line 24: For thy complexion shifts to strange
effects. — Johnson would read affects, i.e. "affectations
of mind;" but the word in the text, in its natural meaning
of "natural manifestations, expressions," is very little in
need of improvement.

113. Line 29: sire.—So F. 4. The reading of the earlier
Fr. is fire.

114. Lines 34-36:

for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alias
Of palesid ebd.

This passage has given rise to a great deal of conjecture,
and many unsatisfactory substitutions for aged have been
brought forward. The meaning seems to me to be simply
this. The Duke, with a pessimism worthy of Leopardi, is
going over the catalogue of miseries, cunningly extract-
ing poison from the fairest flowers of life, and finally he
declares that neither in youth nor age is there anything
enjoyable, at least according to man's way of dealing
with the seasons; for even in youth he is deceived with the
enmity and care proper to age, and is as feeble and nerve-
less as a palesid beggar-man, with strength neither of
body nor of will.

115. Line 46: MOE thousand deaths; i.e. a thousand
more deaths. Moe is frequently used in Shakespeare for
more. Compare Henry VIII. ii. 3. 97: "That promises
moe thousands." Compare Julius Cesar, note 101.

116. Line 51: Bring me to hear them speak, where I may
be conceal'd.—F 1 reads Bring them to hear me speak, an
obvious transposition, which, however, was not set right
before the conjecture of Steevens, adopted by Malone.

1 The word neccit is not in the Vulgate.
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT III. Scene i.

117. Lines 57-59: Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven, 
Intends you for his swift ambassador, 
Where you shall be an everlasting Leiger.

Leiger, lieger, or ledger, means "a resident ambassador." Compare Cymbeline, i. 5. 89: "Leigers for her sweet." Steevens cites Look About You, a comedy, 1690, "as leiger to solicit for your absent love;" and Leicester's Commonwealth, "a special man of that hasty king, who was his ledger, or agent, in London." The word is used for "resident" in Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, iv. 2: "Fools are a family over all the world; We do affect one naturally; indeed 
The fool is leiger with us."

118. Lines 65-70: a restraint, 
Though all the world's vastidity you had, 
To a determined scope. 

This magnificent conception of a life fettered and confined within the limits of its remorse may be compared with the feebler, more rhetorical, but still fine image of Byron in The Glauc:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes
Is like the scorpion girl by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows, &c.


Ft. print Through, a misprint which was corrected by Pope.

119. Lines 82, 83: 
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness?

The phrase flowery tenderness appears to be used by Chaucer in mockery or resentment of his sister's stoic counsels, coming, as they do, from her, a mere woman, a creature tender as a flower, to him, a man, supposing himself valiant.

120. Line 88: conserve; i.e. preserve, a word used by Shakespeare only here and in Othello, iii. 4. 75: "Conserv'd of maidens' hearts." Chaucer employs the word in the Knights Tale, 1471:

Syn thou art mayde, and kepere of us alle,
My maydenhode thou kepe and wel conserve,
And whil I live a mayde I wil the serve.

121. Line 93: His fifth within being estate. — "As a hawk is made to cast out her 'casting,' a pelot put down her throat to test the state of her digestion" (Parnivalli and Stone, Old-Spelling Shakspere, note).

122. Line 94: The Frenzie Angelo. — Few words in Shakespeare have given rise to so much controversy as this word frenzie, repeated again in line 97 below. F. 2 has priencie, and various conjunctural emendations have been adopted, of which priencly (Hammer's conjecture) is justly, the most widely accepted. Accepting the word in the text as accurate, many attempts have been made to explain it. The Cambridge editors say: "It may be etymologically connected with prin, in old French, meaning demure; also with princi, a coxcomb, and with the word prender, which occurs more than once in Skelton, e.g.:

This pecshy proud, this prender get,
When he as well, yet can he not rest.

Mr. Bullock mentions, in support of his conjecture, that frenzie is still used in some north-country districts. Prinzie is also found in Burns' poems (as 'prinzie Mallie' in Hallowe'en) with the-signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary." Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests that the word frenzie may stand for the old Italian frenzie, a variant for principe; and his suggestion is given in the note to the word in the Old-Spelling Shakspere, from which I have adopted, at line 97, the reading frenzie's guards, for the frenzie gardes of F. 1; frenzie's guards in this case meaning a prince's guards—the lance on his robe. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 58: 

O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose.

123. Line 115: perdurably fin'd. — This is the only instance of the word perdurably in Shakespeare, but we have perdurably in Henry V. iv. 5. 7: "O perdurably shame!" and in Othello, i. 3. 343: "cables of perdurably toughness."

124. Lines 122-123: To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the voiceless winds;
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and uncertain thought
Imagine howling.

Region, the reading of the ff., was altered by Rowe to regions, and Dyce, who follows him, declares that the plural is "positively required" here, as also in thought, line 127. "We contend," says Dr. Ingleby, "that Region is used in the abstract, and in the radical sense; and that it means restricted place, or confinment; also that thought is used in the abstract, and that it is the objective governed by imagine" (The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 97, 98). With the latter statement I cannot agree. Perhaps we should read thoughts, imagine, or thought, Imagination. With regard to the possible sources of Shakespeare's conception of future punishment, see the numerous interesting quotations from medieval visions of hell and purgatory, given in the notes to the play in the Old-Spelling Shakspere, with special reference to "alternate torments of heat and cold," such as the fiery floods and thick-ribbed ice point to. An extract from Macrobius, whose commentary on Cicero's Dream of Scipio was well known in Shakespeare's time, affords a curious parallel to the sentence "blown with restless violence."

(Perhaps one of the descriptions that Shakespeare had in his mind was that contained in The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham, published in 1482. (See Arber's reprint of this curious work from the unique copy in the British Museum, and compare, especially, chapters 15, 17, 24, in which the Three Places of Pains and Torments of Purgatory are described.) As to the word howling, it is worth while, perhaps, to quote the well-known lines in Hamlet, addressed to the Priest by Laerces over his sister's grave, v. 1. 263-265:

I tell thee, churlish priest.
A ministering angel shall my sister be
When thouliest howling.

With the whole of the passage quoted above we may compare the following lines from Milton's Paradise Lost:
NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT III. Scene 1.

Thither by harpy-footed furies had'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damnd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce.
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, in'd and, frozen round,
Periods of silence hurled back in fire.

—F. A. M.

125. Line 130: penantry.—This is the correction by F. 2 of the misprint *penury* in F. 1.

126. Line 141: Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!—For shield in the sense of forbids, compare All's Well, i. 3. 174: "God shield, you mean it not!" and Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 41:

God shied I should disturb devotion!

127. Line 142: spy of wilderness; i.e. wild slip. Wilderness is used for wildness in Old Fortunatus, 1600, i. 1:

But I'm wilderness totter'd out my youth,
And therefore must turn wild, must be a beast.

Steevens cites another line in which the word wilderness occurs, from Beaumont and Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy, v. 4; but the word may there be used in its modern sense.

128. Line 143: Take my defiance.—Explain by Schmidt as "rejection, declaration that one will have nothing to do with another." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 228:

All studies here I solemnly defy.

I am not sure that this interpretation does not afford, after all, a tamer sense than if we take Isabella's indignant defiance to mean simply—defiance.

129. Line 170: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible.—Hammer conjectures falsely, not a bad conjecture as things go, but unnecessary. Steevens explains the passage: "Do not rest with satisfaction on hopes that are fallible."

130. Line 194: I am now going to resolve him, I had rather, &c.—So most editors; the Cambridge editors follow the pointing of the F. I: "I am now going to resolve him: I had rather," &c.

131. Line 217: Frederick the great soldier who miscarry'd at sea; i.e. was lost. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 29, 30:

there miscarry'd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.

132. Line 221: She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath.—She is of course used, by a grammatical license, for her. See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, par. 111. Very likely the latter clause is merely a misprint for "was affianced to her oath" (as F. 2 corrects it), and so most editors read; the Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of F. 1, and Mr. Stone suggests that here "Mariana's betrothal vow to Angelo may be regarded as a quasi-agent, instead of the person who took the oath."

133. Line 290: the corrupt deputy scaled.—The meaning of this word is very doubtful. The verb is used by Shakespeare in his ordinary sense of "to climb" with a ladder in four passages, and in a peculiar sense in Coriolanus, i. 1. 92-95:

I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But, since it serves my purpo, I will venture. To scale 't a little more,

where many modern editors read stole, an emendation which Halliwell in his Archia Dictionary, under Scale, says is undoubtedly right, and is strongly supported also by Dyce. In another passage in the same play, ii. 3. 257, the word occurs, Salting his present bearing with his past,

where it is undoubtedly used in the sense of "to weigh;" a sense which seems to suit the passage in our text very well.

Johnson says: "To scale is certainly to reach as well as to disperse or spread abroad, and hence its application to a routed army which is scattered over the field." Ritson says: "The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be over-reached, as a town is by the scalede; or, that his true character would be spread or laid open, so that his wickedness would become evident." This latter meaning suggested by Johnson has been adopted by many editors, and also makes very good sense. Richardson in his Dictionary, under Scale, says: "In Meas. for Mean.—The corrupt deputy was scaled, by separating from him, or stripping off his covering of hypocrisy." The tale of Menenius (in Coriolanus) was 'scaled a little more,' by being divided more into particulars and degrees, more circumstantially or at length.—Scaling his present bearing with his past, (also in Coriolanus,) looking separately at each, and, thence, comparing them."

In a passage in Hall, copied by Holinshed, we have this verb used in a very peculiar sense; he is referring to the dispersion of the army of Welshmen collected together at the beginning of Buckingham's insurrection: "the Welshmen lyngerynge yedly and without money, vitalye, or wages sodanely scaled and departed" (Reprint, p. 204). The meaning there seems to be simply "separated." It is difficult to decide authoritatively between the various meanings assigned to the word in the text; but "over-reached" or "exposed" both would suit the context. Grant-White gets out of the difficulty by reading *foiled*; an emendation for which, however, there seems no necessity.—F. A. M.

134. Line 277: the moated grange.—A grange is a solitary house, frequently a farm-house; "some one particular house," says Ritson, "immediately inferior in rank to a hall, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name." Compare Othello, i. 1. 105, 106:

What tellst thou me of robbing? This is Venice;
My house is not a grange.

The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 306:
Or thou goest to the grange or mill,
The "lonely moated grange" of Mariana is equally familiar to the readers of the two most popular English poets, Tennyson as well as Shakespeare.

ACT III. Scene 2.

135. Line 4: brown and white bastard.—Bastard is a sweet Spanish wine. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "a pint of bastard;" line 82: "your brown bastard is your
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against their kindred, are said 'to have detected the dearest of their kindred.'

144. Line 135: clack-dish.—A dish with a cover, clacked to call attention to the beggars who carried it.

145. Line 138: A shy fellow was the duke.—Compare v. 1. 53, 54: the wicked'怕 cautif on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute.

This closely parallel passage (the only other instance of the word in Shakespeare) quite disallows, I think, the emendation shy, adopted in the present passage by Hanmer.

146. Line 160: dearer.—This is Hamner's correction of the reading of F. 1, dearer. F. 2 follows F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 read dear.

147. Lines 191, 192: The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays.—The double entendre (mutton, or laced mutton, being slang for a courtesan) is a common one in plays of the period. It occurs in Shakespeare's original, Promos and Cassandra, pt. I. i. 3:

I heard of one Phalax, A man esteemede, of Promos verye much:
Of whose Nature, I was so holde to axe,
And I smaile, he loved lase mutton well.


148. Line 193: He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would, &c.—This is the reading of the Ft., preserved by the Old Spelling editors, but almost universally abandoned in favour of Hamner's plausible emendation: 'He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would, &c.—plausible, but surely less characteristic of Lucio and his reckless scandal-mongering than the expression in the Folio; an expression explained well enough by Poins' remark concerning Falstaff (II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 253, 254): 'Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?' The parenthetic "and I say to thee" is merely an emphatic pressing home of the point.

149. Line 232: the Sec.—Ft. read Sec, a spelling not uncommon at the time. Furnivall and Stone quote Hall's Chronicles, 1548, ed. 1580, p. 789, l. 3: "the Sea Apostolick;" and Stow's Annals, 1605, p. 1058, l. 14: "the sea of Rome."

150. Line 237: and it is as dangerous . . . as.—This is the correction of F. 3 and F. 4 of the reading of F. 1 and F. 2: and as it is as dangerous.

151. Line 278: Grace to stand, and virtue go; i.e. "to go." "He should have grace to withstand temptation, and virtue to go (walk) uprightly" (Furnivall and Stone, note).

152. Line 287: How may likeness, made in crimes, &c.—Many attempts have been made to amend this passage or to explain it. Mr. W. G. Stone attempts a paraphrase in his notes on Measure for Measure (New Shakspere Society's Transactions, part iii. p. 115): "How may a real affinity of guilt (like that which attaches to Angelo, who mediates the same crime for which he has condemned Claudio), practising upon the world, draw with such gos- somer threads as hypocritical pretences the solid advantages of honour, power," &c. The addition of to in line

ACT III. Scene 2.

only drink." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Bastard wine, vinum poss柰um." Nares quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Tamer Tamed, ii. 1:

I was drunk with bastard,
Whose nature is to form things like itself, Heady and monstrous.

136. Line 28: I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.—Ft. eat weay mseylfe. The reading in the text, an unexceptionable and universally followed emendation, was first adopted into the text by Theobald, after Bishop's conjecture.

137. Lines 40, 41:
That we were all, as some would seem to be, From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! This is the reading of F. 1, followed by the Cambridge and the Old-Spelling editors. F. 2 and F. 3 read "Free from our faults," and F. 4 "Free from all faults." The latter part of the line should be, according to Hanmer, as from faults seeming freely—a widely-accepted emendation which has this among other drawbacks, that it turns a line of blank verse into a regular dactylic canter. Furnivall and Stone give, I think, the plain meaning of the Folio text in their foot-note: "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)."

138. Line 48: Pygmalion's image, newly made woman, —A double allusion to the story of Pygmalion's image coming to life, and to a meaning sometimes given to the word woman, like the primary meaning of the Latin mulier. See Colgrave under Dame du milieu.

139. Line 53: What say'st thou, Trot?—Needlessly altered by some editors to "What say'st thou to 't!" Trot (a contemptuous term for an old woman, used in TAMING of Shrew, i. 2. 80) is no unlikely epithet for the irreverent Lucio to use to his patron. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "an old Trot (or decrep't Woman) Un vieille."

140. Line 60: in the tub.—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 79: "the powdering tub of infamy"—an allusion to the treatment for the French disease; referred to again in Timon, iv. 3. 86.

141. Line 107: extirp.—Used only here and in I. Henry VI. iii. 3. 24: "extirped from our provinces." Extirpate is only used in The Tempest, i. 2. 125, 129:

extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom.

142. Line 119: a motion generative.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 100: "O excellent motion! 0 exceeding puppet!"—which explains the word by giving a synonym for it. Theobald reads "a motion ungenerative," but the change seems unnecessary—indeed, I think the force of the expression is weakened rather than heightened by the alteration.

143. Line 128: I never heard the absent duke much detested for women.—Detected is usually explained as meaning "suspected," but Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors, collected by the commentators, shows that its old meaning was (not suspected, as some of them say, but) chared, arraigned, accused. Thus, in Greenway's Tacitus (1622), the Roman senators, who informed

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289 is not without confirmation in the usage of Shakespeare's time.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

153. Line 1: Take, O, take these lips away.—This song appears again in Fletcher's Bloody Brother, v. 2, with the addition of the following stanza:

Hide, O hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy keys by thee.

The two stanzas are also found in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's Poems, 1640; and it has been supposed by some that the same hand wrote the whole poem. It seems equally certain that Shakespeare did write the first stanza, and that he did not write the second. In the first place, the added stanza is of obviously poorer stuff than the original one—as inferior as Fletcher is to Shakespeare. In the second place, the original stanza is so written as to afford a very beautiful refrain in the last two lines:

But my kisses bring again,
Bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

The added stanza is written with no such intention; and a refrain is impossible, without a perfect dislocation of sense, thus: “poor heart free,” and “chains by thee.” I do not think there is anything very surprising in Fletcher's using and continuing a song of Shakespeare's. Literary property was not then very strictly guarded; and both before and since there have been instances of apparently unfinished poems completed by other hands.

154. Line 13: much upon this time have I promised here to meet.—Meet is used intrasententially in Merry Wives, ii. 3. 5: “‘Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet,” and in As You Like It, v. 2. 129: “as you love Thebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I’ll meet.”

155. Line 21: I do constantly believe you.—Constantly here means firmly; the word is used in the same sense in Trolin's and Cressida, iv. 1. 40-42;

I constantly do think—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—
My brother Trolis lodges there to-night.

In the other sense of firmly, i.e. with firmness of mind, it is used in Julius Caesar, v. 1. 92:

To meet all perils very constantly.

156. Line 30: a planched gate.—Steevens cites Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan's Pharsalia, 1614, p. 18 (bk. 1): Like a proud Cousar bred in Thrace, Accustom'd to the running race, Who when he hears the Trumpets noisy, The shrouds and cries of men and boyes, (Though in the stable close vp-pon) Yet, with his hooves, doit beat and rent The planched hoore, the barres and chains, Vastill he have got loose the raines.

157. Lines 34-36:

There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

The Ft. arrange these lines thus:

There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

The arrangement adopted in the text was proposed to Dyce by Lord Tennyson in 1844. It is adopted by Dyce, the Cambridge, and the Old-Spelling editors, &c., and seems unquestionably right.

158. Line 40: In action all of precept.—“Showing the several turnings of the way with his hand” (Warburton).

159. Line 62: contrarious.—Used only here and in i. Henry IV. v. 1. 52:

And the contrarious winds that held the king.

160. Line 64: make thee the father of their idle dream.—So Ft. and Old-Spelling editors; Pope's emendation dreams is almost universally followed. It seems to me more probable than not, but not certain, and I have allowed the original reading to stand.

161. Lines 74, 75:

Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit.

This is the only instance of flourish used as a verb in the sense obviously intended here. But flourish is often used as a noun with somewhat the same significance; e.g. Sonnet ix. 9:

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth;

i.e. the "varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment" (Schmidt).
where it seems to mean "ground to be tilled." Fawkes appears to have published his translation in 1761.—F. A. M.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

163. Line 30: mystery.—The word mystery is used by Shakespeare several times for trade or profession; three times in the present scene; once in Othello, iv. 2. 30; and twice in Timon, iv. 1. 15; iv. 3. 458. [It is well to remember that the word mystery in the sense of a trade, occupation, or art, is quite a different word from mystery in its ordinary sense—"anything kept concealed, a secret rite;" the latter being derived through the Latin mysterium, from the Greek μυστήριον; while mystery, or mister, as it should be spelt, is from the Middle English mistere, a word used by Chaucer, and is no doubt adapted from the old French mestier, which Cocgrave translates "a trade, occupation, mistery." As Skelh says, the two words have been sadly confused. Spenser uses misterie = "the soldier's occupation" in Prosopopoeia or Mother Hubberds Tale:

Shame light on him that through so false illusion,
Doth turne the name ofSoldiers to abuson,
And that which is the noblest mysterie,
Brings to reproach and common infamie.

—F. A. M.

164. Lines 46-50:

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.
Tom. If it be too little, &c.

The distribution of speakers in the text is that of the F. Almost all the editors since Capell, including even the Old-Spelling editors, have given the whole passage, from Every true man's apparel to so every true man's apparel fits your thief, to Abhorson. But I consider the admissibility of the original reading to have been quite proved by Cowden Clarke in the following passage, quoted by Boile: "Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying, 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief,' and the Clown, taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying, so (in this way, or thus) every true man's apparel fits your thief. Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the Clown's slip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

165. Line 54: he doth ofter ask forgivenes.—This is an allusion to the practice, common among executioners, of asking the pardon of those whom they were about to send out of the world. Compare As You Like It, iii. 5. 3-6:

The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustome'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon.

166. Line 59: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me take.—The word, which occurs several times in Shakespeare, is from A. N. geiero, really. There is a curious parallel to the use of this word in its present connection, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 129, 130:

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank
For being gare about him.

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167. Line 86: meat'd.—Johnson's explanation, "sprinkled, defiled," seems preferable to Blackstone's derivation from Mr. measler, mingled, compounded.

168. Line 89: seldom when; i.e. 'tis seldom when. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 79, 80:

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

169. Line 92: the unsisting postern.—This is an expression never satisfactorily explained, unless the guess of the Old-Spelling editors can be said to solve the difficulty. They suggest that the word may be derived from sisto, which is sometimes intransitive, and that unsisting may thus mean "shaking."

170. Line 103: This is his lordship's man.—F. Lords. The correction was made by Pope. "In the MS. plays of our author's time they often wrote Lo, for Lord, and Lord. for Lordship; and these corrections were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies" ( Malone).

171. Lines 103, 104:

Duke. This is his lordship's man.
Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

This is the reading of the F., and I do not see any certain reason why it should be altered, as most editors, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, have altered it, by the transposition of the speakers' names. Tyrwhitt bases his change on the seeming inconsistency of the Provost's words. "He has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded; and yet, upon the first entrance of the messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon." I cannot see any real inconsistency in this. The Provost, judging from what he knows of Angelo's character, has said that he has no expectation of a remand. At that moment Angelo's servant enters. "This is his lordship's man," says the Duke significantly. "And here comes Claudio's pardon!" cries the Provost, now at last convinced. Is not all this very natural? The Provost, despite the opinion he holds to the contrary, has just confessed that "happily" the pretended friar may be in the secret, and "something know." Would not the unexpected entrance of Angelo's servant—at so very unusual an hour ("almost day," as he says in leaving)—force a strong probability on the Provost's mind that after all the friar is right? Another imaginary inconsistency is brought forward by Knight in support of the charge: that of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and then, "I told you (that he had no chance of a pardon)." Here again the process of mind is quite natural. Having read the letter, and found out what it really is, the provost is of course in the same mind as before as to Angelo's character, and the improbability of his pardoning Claudio. Thus, when the Duke questions him, "What news?" he replies (ignoring his momentary change of front), "I told you;" that is, "I told you before that Claudio must die."

172. Line 135: one that is a prisoner nine years old.—Compare Hamlet, iv. 6. 15: "Ere we were two days old at sea."

173. Lines 157-159: Share the head, and tie the beard; and
say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared.—So Ff., and there seems no reason to suppose there is any error, though Dyce reads trina, and Simpson conjectures dyce. Bared, immediately following, has reference chiefly, no doubt, to the shaving of the head (probably receiving the tonsure, in order to die in the odour of sanctity); but it may also refer to the tying back of the beard; for, as Dyce notes, we have in All’s Well, iv. 1. 54, the expression, “the baring of my beard.”

174. Line 205: attempt; i.e. tempt, as in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 421:
Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

175. Line 5: he’s in for a commodity of brown paper.
—Steevens cites Middleton, Michaelmas Term, 1607, ii. 2: “I know some gentlemen in town has been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks hoods and brown paper” (Works, vol. i. p. 451); and R. Davenport, A New Trick to Cheat the Divell, 1638, i. 2, fol. B: Vauuer, . . . What newes in Holborne, Fleet-street, and the Strand?
In th’ Ordinaries among Gallants, no young Heires
There to be snapp’d?

Streetner. Th’ have bin so bit already
With taking up Commodities of browne paper,
Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Satins,
Babies and childrens Fiddles, with like trash
Toke up at a deare rate, and sold for triles.

Malone quotes the following passage relating to the practices of the money-lenders from Nash, Christ’s Teares over Jerusalem, 1593, fol. 46: “He falls acquainted with Gentlemen, frequent Ordinaries and Dicing-houses dayly, where when some of them (in play) have lost all they’re money, he is very diligent at hand, on their Claynes, or Bracelets, or Jewells, to lend them halfe the value: Now this is the nature of young Gentlemen that where they have broke the 1se, and borrowed once, they will come againe at the seconde time, and that these young foxes knowe, as well as the Begger knows his dish. But at the second time of their comming, it is doubtful whether they shall haue money or no. The worldes grows haerde, and wee all are mortal, let them make him any assurance before a Judge, and they shall have some hundred poundes (per consequence) in Silks & Velnets. The third time if they come, they shall have lasuer commodities; the foureth time Lute strings and gray Paper.”

176. Line 23: “for the Lord’s sake.”—Malone compares Nash (Apoloogy for Fierce Punnisses, 1603): “At that time that thy joys were in the fleeting, and thus crying for the Lord’s sake out at an iron window;” and Papers Complaint, in The Scourge of Folly, 1611, p. 241, by John Davies (of Hereford):

Good gentle Writers, for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake,
Like Ludgate Priester, lo, I begging make my mone to you.
Compare Heywood, A Woman Killed with Kindness, iii. 1:
Agen to prison? Malby, hast thou scene
A poore slave better tortur’d? Shall we hear
The musicke of his voice cry from the grate,

177. Line 43: I would desire you to clap into your prayers.—The phrase to clap into is used again by Shakespeare inMuch ADO, iii. 4. 44: “Clap’s into Light o’ Love;” and As You Like It, v. 3. 11: “Shall we clap into it roundly?”

178. Lines 92, 95:
Ere twice the sun hath made his Journal greeting
To the under generation.
The word journal for d’journal is used again in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 10: “Stick to your journal course.” The Ff. read, in the next line, To youl generation. The emendation adopted in the text is that of Hamner, who suggested that the youl of the Ff. was due to a misreading of ye oul, a contraction for the under.

Pope reads vouder. Steevens takes the under generation to mean the Antipodes, and cites Richard II. iii. 2. 38. Dyce, understanding by the term “the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general,” cites Lear, ii. 2. 170:
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe;
and Tempest, iii. 3. 33-55:
You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in, l” &c.

179. Line 104: By cold gradation and well-balanced form.—F. 1. F. 2. F. 3 read well-balanced; F. 4 well balanced, probably by a mere misprint; though some editors take well-balanced to mean “adhered to for the public weal.” The correction was made by Rowe.

180. Line 139: covent.—An alternative form of convent, used again in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 19. Some editors read convert, but as the Cambridge editors remark, “Shakespeare’s ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line:
One of our convent and his confessor.”
Coles (Latin Dictionary) has:

Covent carnarium, conventus monachorum.

181. Lines 137, 138:
If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go.

The comma after can was inserted by Rowe; the Ff. read: “If you can pace your wisdom.” The reading in the text is that usually followed. Rolfe adopts the conjecture of the Cambridge editors (not adopted by them):

If you can pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would have it go.

182. Line 139: And you shall have your bosom on this wretch.—A somewhat similar example of this use of the word bosom is found in Winter’s Tale, iv. 4. 573-575:

he shall not perceive
But that you have your father’s bosom there
And speak his very heart.

183. Line 171: he’s a better woodman than thou takst him for.—Reed compares Beaumont and Fletcher, The Chances, i. 8:

Well, well, well John,
I see you are a woodman, and can choose
Your deer tho’ it be i’ the dark.

184. Line 154: the rotten medlar.—Compare As You Like It, ii. 2. 129: “you’ll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that’s the right virtue of the medlar.”

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ACT IV. SCENE 4.

185. Line 6: DELIVER our authorities there!—So F. 1; the later Ft. deliver; modern editors read redeliver, which is, in any case, the meaning of the word. Mr. Stone, in his notes on Measure for Measure (New Sh. Soc. Trans. part iii. p. 110), observes that Cotgrave has "Reliever, to redeliver;" and that Reliever, to redeliver, appears in Kelham's Old French Dictionary. Ducange gives Redeliberare, explaining it as "Herrum liberare, seu tradere," which he confirms by a quotation from a charter of 1502 (apud Rymer, tom. 15, pag. 53, col. 1). The uncompounded Low Latin verbs liberare, libere, and literare, were all used in the sense of the French livrer.

186. Lines 19, 20:

Give notice to such men of SORT AND SUIT
As are to meet him.

This means men of rank (sort: compare Much Ado, i. 1, 7, and note 3), and such as owed attendance to the prince as their liege lord (compare the term of feudal law: suit and service).

187. Line 28: How might she TONGUE me!—Compare Cymbeline, v. 4. 148, 147:

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen Tongue and brain not.

188. Line 29: For my authority bears a credent bulk.

—So the first three Ff; F. 4, changes of to off. Schmidt explains the phrase of a credent bulk, as "weight of credit."

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

189. Line 5: Though sometimes you do BLENCH from this to that.—Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 333: "Could man so blench?" and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2, 67, 68:

there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.

190. Line 6: Flavius' house — Ft. have Flavia's. The emendation is Rowe's.

191. Line 8: To VALENTIUS, Roundland, and to CRASSUS. — Ft. Valenccia. The reading in the text is adopted by the Cambridge editors, though in the Globe edition they read, with Capell, Valentius.

192. Line 9: the trumpets; i.e. the trumpeters, as in Henry V, iv. 2, 61:

I will the banner from a trumpet take.

Shakespeare uses the form trumpeter as well, but four times only against five.

ACT IV. SCENE 6.

193. Line 13: The generous and gravest citizens. — The elipses here is a common one in Elizabethan English. Ben Jonson has "The soft and sweetest music;" and see the other quotations in Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, par. 39s.

194. Line 14: hent. — This word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133:

And merrily hent the silly-ea;

and, as a noun, in Hamlet, iii. 5. 88:

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.

See note on the latter passage.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

195. Line 26: VAIL your regard.—Compare Venus and Adonis, 966: "She vail'd her eyelids." Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To vail one's Bonnet, (to pull off one's Hat) Se découvrire, lecer son Chanpeau à quelqu'un."

196. Lines 73, 74:

One Luolo

AS THEN the messenger.

As is frequently joined to expressions of time in Shakespeare. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 70: "as at that time;" and Romeo and JULIET, v. 3. 247:

That he should hither come at this dark night.

197. Line 153: Whenever he's CONVENTED.—Convent, for summon, is used also in Coriolanus, ii. 2. 55, 59:

We are convented

Upon a pleasing treaty;

and in Henry VIII. v. 1. 50-52:

hath commanded . . .

He be convented.

It is used in a somewhat different sense in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 391.

198. Line 168: First, let her show her face.—This is the correction found in F. 2 of the evident error in F. 1. "your face."

199. Line 205: This is a strange ABUSE.—Abuse here means deception, as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 51:

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

and Macbeth, iii. 4. 142, 143:

My strange and selfabuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.

200. Line 212: garden-house.—Malone compares The London Prodigal, 1605, v. 1: "If you have any friend, or garden-house where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service" (Taudnitz ed. p. 268). Reed refers to, but does not quote the following passage from Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses, 1597: "In the Felidels and Suburbs of the Cities the haine gardens, either palled, or walled round about very high, with their Harbers and Rovers fit for the purpose" [i.e. for assignations].—New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 88.

201. Line 219: her promised PROPORTIONS.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 3. 3: "I have receiv'd my proportion, i.e. my portion or allotment. The word is also used in the same sense in the prose part of Pericles, iv. 2. 20.

202. Line 226: These poor INFORMAL women. — This is Shakespeare's only use of the word informal; but he uses formal in the sense of sane, in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 105:

To make of him a formal man again.

i.e. to bring him back to his senses; and in much the same sense in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 128: "this is evident to any formal capacity."

203. Line 242: COMPACT with her that's gone; i.e. league in conspiracy. The only other instance of this sense of the word in Shakespeare is in a doubtful passage in Lear, ii. 2. 125, 126, where the Ft. read:
The Qu. reading is conjunct, which is perhaps preferable.

204. Line 263: Cucullus non facit monachum.—This proverb seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare. He has quoted it in the Latin twice (here and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62), and given three translations of it; literally, in Henry VIII. iii. 32: “All hoods make not monks;” and freely here (“honest in nothing but in his clothes”) and in Twelfth Night (“that’s as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain”). The proverb is quoted in Promos and Cassandra, pt. I. iii. 6:

A hole Hoode makes not a Frier devote.

205. Line 281: women are light at midnight.—The obvious quibble on light is one of Shakespeare’s favourite puns. Compare Merchant of Venice, v. I. 129, 130:

Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband.

206. Lines 292, 293:

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o’er-run the stew.

Steevens compares Macbeth, iv. I. 19:
Like a hell-hoof boil and bubble.

Stew may mean here a stew-pan, or its contents. The metaphor is taken of course from the kitchen, with an afterthought perhaps of the steves.

207. Lines 322–324:

the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber’s shop,
As much in mock as mark.

“These shops,” says Nares, “were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific forfeitures. It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed.”

[In my copy of F. 4, which has some annotations in MS., I find the following note on this passage: “It is a custom in the shops of all mechanics to make it a forfeit for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a barber’s shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis’d the under parts of surgery their Instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of idle people” [a written list was displayed] “shewing what particular forfeit was required for meddlin’.” This note is much to the same purpose as Warburton’s in the Var. Ed. ad locum.—F. A. M.]

208. Line 346: Hark, how the villain would close now.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 5. 13: “after they close’d in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest;” and Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 51: “an’t were dark, you’d close sooner;” where close is used, as here, in the sense of coming to an agreement. It is oftener followed by with; e.g. Winter’s Tale, iv. 4. 530: “close with him, give him gold.”

209. Line 353: Away with those giglots too.—Giglot

4 There is a hiatus here in the MS.

(espelt giglet in Fl.) is used as an adjective (meaning, as here, wanton) in I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 41: “a giglot wench;” and Cymbeline, iii. iii. 31: “O giglot fortune!”

210. Line 358: Show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour!—On sheep-biting, see note on sheep-biter in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 6 (note 123). “Be hanged an hour” seems to have been something of a colloquialism. An hour appears to mean nothing in particular, but to be intended to emphasize the expression in which it occurs. Gifford has a long note on the subject in his edition of Ben Jonson (vol. iv. pp. 421, 422), suggested by a passage in The Alchemist, v. I:

That had been stranglet an hour and could not speak.


... Strangled an hour, &c. (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his informant) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in Measure for Measure: “Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour!”

Gifford then refers to the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, ii. I:—

Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst awhile!

In his note on that passage he refers to the passage in As You Like It, i. 1. 38:

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile

and then continues as follows:

“It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarity; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Steevens is pleased to call ‘far-fetched’) is as correct as it is obvious, may be proved by ‘witnesses more than my pack will hold.’ It will be sufficient to call two or three: “The first shall be our poet:

Peace and be naught! I think the woman’s frantic.

—Tale of a Tub.

More manly would become him.

Lady. You would have him

Do worse then, would you, and be naught, you owlet!

—New Academy.

“Again:

Come away, and be naught a whyle.

—Storie of Kyng Darius.

“Again:

Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, and be naught!

—Green’s Tu Queque.

“Again:

What, piper, hol be hanged awhile!

—Old Madagascar.

“And, lastly:

Get you both in, and be naught awhile!

—Swetnam.

... 

... It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words ‘an hour,’ ‘a while,’ are pure expletives; but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, ‘be naught, hanged, curst,’ &c. with or without an hour, a while, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, pithy and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the
ACT

V. Scene

words

NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

1.

Warburton

ol

—a

(Jonson's Works, vol.

iv.

plague, or a mischief on you!"
pp. 421, 422).

—

Consummate isused
211. Line 383: which consummate.
again as a participle ( being consummated) in Much Ado,
2

iii

2.

<

To

one that

.

an

my

part

in

him

to

your

business.

ad~e'rtisc.

That

0, give me pardon,
your vassal, have employ'd and PAIN'D

I,

Your unknown sovereignty

tively, the past participles confutatos

cur, the context

meaning

is

Who fainfntty

with much expedient march
Have brought a countercheck.

—

Your sonne

make remonstrance

Of

all

fundere,

218.

Line 406
ii.

:

244:

1.

Women,
i

— Compare

cites the

and

—[Claudio discovers

himself to Isa-

and then kneels

to

will be

mine,

my

lie is

fitter

In

F. 1

brother too: [taking Claudio's hand] but

time for that.

the last three lines stand thus (without any stage-

direction):
he pardon'd and for your louelie sake
me your hand, and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.

— Mcasu re

same phrase from

A Warning

for

1599 (lines 898, 899):
triall

now rcmaines,

Giue

F. 4

has a

comma

after pardon'd

and a semicolon after

The editors

of the Old-Spelling Shakexplain the meaning of the
word confutation, and to restore it to its place in the
text
give the substance of their note, as it appears,
first to

I

in a Blightly

condensed form,

the

New

Shakspere Sot\'s Transactions, 1880-86, part iii. pp. 118M17": "Although the sb. conftttatio, conviction, was unknown, there
were examples of the post classical use of the vb. coni>

238

in

me your hand, say>o« 7/ be mine, and he's
brother too.

Give

My

p. 304.

Line 428: Although by confutation they are ours.
1; K. 2 reads confiscation, which has been followed

the editors.

The awkwardness of the rhythm of line 496 is very
manifest; and various emendations have been attempted,
ilanmer reads He 's pardoned and rearranges the next two
lines thus:

as shall conclude,

ture/or measure, and lost blond for bloud.
School of Shakspere, vol. ii.

spere have been the

.

your brother, for his sake

Is

FOR MEASURE

still

—

all

like

uk pardon'd,

mine.

Then

by

Lines 495-498:

Angelo,— and, for your lovely sake;
Give me your hand, [raising her] and say you

2:

Measure for measttre must be answered;

217

145, 146:

1.

bella -she rushes into his arms,

54:

— SoK.

mean-

flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it.

hidden loose affection."

and Steevens
lair

of the

The

Is

for measure, in the sense of "like for like," seems to
have been a common phrase. It is used in III. Henry VI.
6.

The addition

Line 456: His act did not o'ertake his bad intent.

Jf he be

" the better
compassing of his salt

Line 416: MEASI HE

Now

compares the very closely parallel passage in

remonstrances

Whose SALT imagination.

Ouer come;

iv.

"manipart
Taylor, Sermons, 1653,
fested in such visible remonstrances;" Smith, Posthumous
"
Sermons, 1744: to make remonstrance and declaration of
"
what he thinks (vol. ix. p. 78, serm. 3).

Othello,

to

confutare, debellare,' Ac.

Macbeth,

of his valour;

1G2, senn. 13,

for confutation.
'

— Malone

love, &C.J
iv. p.

Com-

trial by battle, by duel of accuser and accused, which was
frequent in early days, forget that overcoming your adversary was in fact convicting him of the crime of which

1639, p. 4:

with

ii.

oc-

apply this definition metaphorically to Angelo's circumstances, and it might be said that he had been vanquished
in single combat with his accuser Isabel. We, having no

219.

shall

W. Barclay, The Lost Lady,

-t

and confutatus

both cases they bear the

387, ed. 1873).

iv.

confundere,

4, sig. B, 3:

i.

216.

in

of convicted.

Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 28, the following quotations: Baruabe Barnes, The Divil's Charter,

in

1.

ing 'convict' to confutare, overcome, would follow as a
matter of course."

214. Line 397: Make rash REMONSTRANCE of my hidden
power. This is the only example of the word remonstrance in Shakespeare; here it evidently means demonstration, manifestation.
Dyce cites from Arrowsmith's

215.

Scene

Moreover, as Angelo's crime was murder, not treason,
conviction would be the proper English term for express'Lands are
ing the antecedent cause of his forfeiture.
forfeited upon attainder, and not before; goods and

you accused him, or he you.

223, 224:

1G07,

showing that

"There was another possible meaning
The Catholicon Anglicum, p. 263, has:

!

meaning of laborious, as in Tempest, iii. 1. 1: "some
sports are painful;" ami painfully is twice used in the
sense of laboriously: in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1.74:
"painfully to pore upon a book;" and in King John,
ii. 1.

V

cap. 3, and the Theodosian Code, lib. xi. tit. viii. respec-

mentaries,

the only instance in Shakespeare of the verb to
jKiin being used in the sense of putting to trouble or
lainiur; but painful is not infrequently used with the

This

I

chattels are forfeited by conviction' (Blackstone's

Lines 390-392:

213.

l

"

Line 3S7: Advertising and holy
lompare i- 1. 42 above:

212.

—

A

All the difficulty as to rhythm would be got over if we
could accentuate pardon'd on the second syllable; but I
can find no instance of pardon, either verb or substantive,

being so accentuated There is, however, no reason why
should not be, for it was originally spelt pardoun;

it

and condone, the only other similar verb derived from the
Latin dono, is always accentuated on the last syllable;
the reason being because, in that case, the e mute is re" Is
tained at the end of the word. Capell proposed:
he
too

pardon d?"

to

which Dyce very justly objects because


of the too in the next line; and prints, apparently on his own responsibility, "Then is he pardon'd." It is easy to supply an extra syllable to make the line more rhythmical; I would suggest So rather than Then, but I should prefer to read "He is pardon'd," letting the pause supply the place of the next syllable, but that the author seems to have wished to avoid the recurrence of He is at the beginning of two lines so close together. The dramatic force of the passage requires that the his in line 496 and the your in line 496 should be slightly accentuated.

The first important point to be considered is when does Isabella recognize Claudio? As the text stands, without any stage-direction, it would appear that Isabella took no notice whatever of her brother when she finds he is alive; but, as has been pointed out by other commentators, Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and this recognition of Claudio could easily take place in action without any spoken words. In the acting version it takes place after the words Is he pardon'd, and Isabella is made to say O, my dear brother! The next two and a half lines of the Duke's speech are omitted, and he resumes.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.

This, of course, gets rid of all difficulty, but to take such liberties with the text here is scarcely necessary. As the passage is arranged in our text, we imagine that Claudio—who is on the right side of the stage by the side of the Provost—having thrown off his disguise, turns round to Isabella at the word pardon'd; she interrupts the Duke by rushing across him to embrace his brother; and then, remembering herself, kneels to express her respectful gratitude. The Duke continues his interrupted sentence, and raises her from her knees, placing her on the left side of him. He then speaks the next line (497) holding her hand in his; and, at the words He is my brother too, turns to Claudio, giving him his hand as a confirmation of his pardon. The arrangement of the punctuation, adopted in our text, slightly alters the sense of the passage as printed by most modern editors; the words and for your lovely sake meaning that Claudio has been pardoned—as undoubtedly he was—chiefly for Isabella's sake. But, as the passage is usually punctuated, these words would mean that for Isabella's lovely sake, if she gave the Duke her hand, then he would consider Claudio his brother; but surely, in that case, the words for your lovely sake are redundant; for what the Duke means to say is that, if Isabella will marry him, he will look upon Claudio as his brother. In any case the last sentence must be elliptical in its construction, being equivalent to "If you will give me your hand [in marriage], then he is my brother too."—F. A. M.

220. Line 507: Wherein have I so desert'd of you?—So the Fr., which Pope took upon himself to "correct" as follows:

Wherein have I deserved so of you;

a reading which Dyce says "at least restores the metre." I cannot conceive how any one (except Pope) could think the change an improvement metrically.

221. Line 510: I spoke it but according to the trick.

—Compare Lucio's jaunty words to Pompey, iii. 2. 53: "Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?"

222. Line 515: If any woman's wrong'd by this level fellow.—Fr. read woman. The correction is due to Hamer, and is generally adopted. The Cambridge editors read Is any woman.

223. Line 523: Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.—There is a reference here to that extraordinary freak of British law, the statute fortis et dure, alluded to in Much Ado, iii. 1. 75, 76: "she would . . . press me to death with wit," Richard II. iii. 4. 72: O, I am pressed to death through want of speaking! and Troilus, iii. 2. 218: "press it to death." On this punishment see note 178 on Much Ado. It is suggested in a letter in the Athenaeum of Feb. 28, 1854, signed H. C. Coote, that Shakespeare had also in mind an Italian law, in force during his lifetime in the States of the Church, by which a criminal could be released from the penalty of his crime on marrying a courtesan. In Prof. Fabio Gori's Archivio Storico, Artistico, Archeologico, e Lettarario (Spoleto, Tip. Bassani), vol. iii. pp. 229, 221, is given, says Mr. Coote, "the petition of a Senese courtesan named Caterina de Geronime, living at Rome, to the governor of the city. It has been extracted from the public records of Rome, and may therefore he fully relied upon for truth and authenticity. This petition (applicata), which is dated the 9th of February, 1611, sets forth that the lady has followed her profession for these twenty years ('sono 20 anni che sta in peccato') and now wishes to reform ('Hora si trova in volonta et [sic] fermo proposito di levarsi di peccato, et [sic] viver da donna da bene et [sic] christianamente'). She then goes on to state that Nicolò de Rabetai (i.e. de Rossi) di Assisi, alias Gattarello, who has been accused, though quite unjustly, of being a cheat at cards ('falso giocatore'), he never having had such things as cards or dice in his possession, has been, through the persecution of his enemies, condemned to exile from Rome and the States of the Church. The poor petitioner ('povera oratrice') has put up the banns between herself and the said Nicolò in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, and she implores his excellency the governor to remit to Nicolò his said exile, inasmuch as he wishes to relieve her from sin, which besides, she adds, will be a pious work. The governor has noted upon the memorial 'Concedatur.' Whatever may have been the value of the poor woman's opinion of her friend Nicolò, there can be no doubt that she has represented the criminal law of the States of the Church with perfect accuracy, and that law was probably not confined to the Papal dominions. Some wandering Englishman had doubtless heard of it, and told the poet, who, as we know, thirsted after all sorts of knowledge, and he afterwards applied it, as we have seen, to heighten the local colour of his play."

224. Line 545: What's yet behind, that's I meet you all should know.—Fr. I read that, by an obvious misprint; corrected in F. 2.

225. Line 533.—In the acting edition the following passage (marked as a quotation) is substituted for the remaining eight lines of the Duke's speech, and the play concludes:

For thee, sweet saint—if for a brother said,
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to, 239
Thou deign to spare some portion toh, e y fy fo
Thy Duke, thy fair, tempers thee from thy vow;
[Isabel is falling on her knees; the Duke prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.
In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,
Blessing both prince and people—thus we'll reign,
Rich in the possession of their hearts, and, warn'd
By the abuse of delegated trust,
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,
To rule ourselves before we role mankind.

Whence these lines come from I cannot discover. They
certainly do not come from Gildon's version, which ends
with a speech after "The last Music," the concluding
couplet of the Duke being:

Impartial Justice, Kings should mind alone
For that 'tis still perpetuates a throne.

On referring to Bell's edition, 1774, which is printed from

the Prompt Books, I find the speech concludes with the
following lines:

Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good,
Shake not, sweet saint, those graces with a veil,
Nor in a Nunnery hide thee; say thou'rt mine;
Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempers thee from thy vows
Let thy clear spirit shine in public life;
No cloister'd sister, but thy Prince's Wife.

The last five are printed in italics by Bell; and, in a note,
the editor adds "the five distinguished lines which con-continue,
are an addition, by whom we know not; however,
they afford a better finishing than that supplied by Shake-peare." Certainly none of the lines in either acting ver-sion are taken from Davenant's play, which indeed does
not contain anything original so nearly approaching to poetry.—F. A. M.
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1. Applied to an abscess or process.
2. Month with, i.e., exchange kisses on the mouth with; the verb is used in other senses elsewhere.
3. = permission.
4. = proceedings. Used in Sonn. ciii. 11 in singular, perhaps in some sense.

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5. In the sense of to pummel; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.
6. Belonging to an ecclesiastical province as epithet, derived from Provins in France, in Hamlet, iii. 2238.
7. = to hold by lease; = to lend, used frequently elsewhere.
8. The sub. is repeatedly used throughout Shakespeare's plays.
9. = probability; = likeness, occurs in Winter's Tale, v. 221; Rich. III. iii. 711.
10. = a seat; used in other senses elsewhere.
11. = to supply; = to benefit, used frequently elsewhere.
12. See note 26. Used three times = a brothel.
13. Used transitively; used transitively elsewhere.
14. Of fruit.
15. Of a penn; used elsewhere in many senses.
16. = to speak of; in Cymb. v. 4.
17. = to speak.

17 Lucrece, 100.
18 Sonn. lvii. 10.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

BY

A. WILSON VERITY.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector, his sons.
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Margarelon, a bastard son of Priam.
Æneas,
Antenor,
Calchas, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Pandarus, uncle to Cressida.
Agamemnon, the Grecian general.
Menelaus, his brother.
Achilles,
Ajax,
Ulysses,
Nestor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Alexander, servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

Helen, wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, wife to Hector.
Cassandra, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.
Cressida, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

Scene—Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.

Historic Period: the Trojan war.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis—four days:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval: the truce.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. and Act III.
Day 3: Act IV., Act V. Scene 1, and part of Scene 2.
Day 4: Act V., latter part of Scene 2, and the rest of the play.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"This," says Dr. Furnivall, "is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with." I think we may accept Dr. Furnivall's statement of the case. The history of Troilus and Cressida is perplexed and confusing to an extraordinary degree; it has long been the crux of commentators, the sphinx-like problem to which the wise man will modestly say, "Davus sum, non Oedipus." The date of the composition of the play; its relation to previous works upon the same subject; the circumstances attendant on its publication, both in the Quarto form of 1609 and later in the First Folio; the metrical peculiarities; the clear traces of irregular and composite workmanship; the purpose of the piece, satiric, didactic, ironical, or what not, the idea, that is, that should run throughout, informing the parts with something of the continuity of an organic whole; all these are points upon which much has been conjectured and more written, and which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the efforts of successive generations of commentators, remain as dark and bewildering as ever. Hence a complete theory which shall unite all the hard knots, must not be looked for. I shall content myself for the moment with a close statement of the facts, and later on there will be something to say as to the conclusions which may be drawn from the conflicting evidence. First, then, as to Shakespeare's choice of a subject.

The Troy legend was the favourite theme, the tale par excellence, of medieval romance writers; no other cycle of stories could in any way compete with it in point of widespread diffusion and popularity. Almost every European country had its version of the fall of Troy, and not a few countries claimed for themselves a Trojan origin. Thus the Welsh could trace their descent to Aeneas with unimpeachable certainty, and London was regularly described as Troyvovant. Of these early romances that of Benoît de Sainte-More, the so-called Roman de Troyes, is the first; it dates from somewhere between 1175 and 1185. A century later a translation of it into Latin was made by Guido de Colonna of Messina, whose Historia Destructionis Trojae was, according to his own account, completed in 1287. This version of Guido's was made the basis of various other versions, in Italian, Spanish, High and Low German, Dutch, &c., and amongst these the earliest that English literature can show is the long alliterative romance entitled The Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy; it was printed some years ago (1869 and 1874) for the Early English Text Society, and should probably be assigned to the fourteenth century. After the anonymous author of the Gest Hystoriale came Chaucer, whose Troylus and Chryseide is based very largely on Boccaccio's Filostrate. Chaucer indeed expressed his obligations to a certain Lollins, who seems to have been decidedly mythical; in fact, critics generally agree that a misunderstanding of Horace's lines—

Troiani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romae Prænestæ relegi—
—Ep. i. 2. 1.

was the sole basis of the poet's reference to this shadowy authority. Besides Boccaccio, Chaucer probably used Benoît and other writers, possibly Guido, while much no doubt was due to his own invention. About 1460 Lydgate followed with his well-known Troy-Boke, and almost simultaneously appeared the Recueil des Histoires de Troyes by Raoul Le Fèvre; the latter

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speedily passed into England under the title of the Recuyell of the histories of Troye, translated and drawn out of frenshe into English by W Caxton, 1471. This brings us to the end of the fifteenth century. From this bare résumé we see that the story of the siege and fall of Troy had penetrated into England as into almost every other European country. The dramatist, therefore, who wanted a subject had plenty of material at hand, and in this mass of material there was one episode—the story of Troilus and Cressida (for which Homer and the classical writers have no counterpart, the legend being one of the embellishments added to the original by Benoît)—that appealed to writers with a special fascination. Chaucer, as we have seen, had made it the theme of his story, and Chaucer's poem seems to have been extremely popular. So Peele in his Tale of Troy writes:

But leave I here of Troyus to say,
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida,
Read as fair England's Chaucer doth unfold,
Would tear exhalè from eyes of iron mould.

Now at the beginning of the sixteenth century (1515), amongst the Christmas entertainments presented before Henry VIII. at Eltham, was a "Komedy" upon "the story of Troylus and Pandor." Unfortunately no account of the entertainment survives—it may have been merely a pageant (Ward, vol. i. p. 433); but the reference is interesting as serving to show that the Troilus and Cressida tale was getting more and more differentiated from the general mass of incidents associated with the Trojan war. Possibly there were other interludes and crude dramatic treatments of the subject, though none such survive; in the same way song writers may have made use of it. Nothing definite, however, can be said of the interval from 1515 to 1565; but in the latter year a "ballett intituled the history of Troylus, whose throte (Warton queried troth) hath well bene tryed" was entered upon the register of the Stationers' Company.¹ Again, in 1581 we find notice of another "proper ballad, dialogue-wise, betwene Troylus and Cressida;"² and in the Marriage of Wit and

Wisdom³ Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gives yet one more poem (from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum) dealing with the same theme. The story, therefore, was becoming popular with writers of the period, and it seemed natural that some dramatist should essay to represent on the stage this old-world tale of man's love and woman's faithlessness; and, as a matter of fact, if we turn to that storehouse of information upon things dramatic, Henslowe's Diary, we find that "Mr. Dickers and harey Cheattell" had been commissioned by the manager to write a play on "Troyeles and cresseday." "Dickers and harey Cheattell" stand in Henslowe's somewhat fanciful orthography for Dekker and Henry Chettle; the date under which the entry occurs is April 7, 1599. Nine days later the play is again referred to in the Diary, and then in the next month we have the following: "Lent unto Mr. Dickers and Mr. Chettell, the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earneste of a Booke called the tragedie of Agamennone, the some (=sum) of . . ." This title, according to Collier, is interlined over the words "Troylus and cressesa;" i.e. the name of the drama upon which Dekker and his friend were collaborating had been changed, why, we know not. The point should be noted. Still keeping to our dry-as-dust catalogue we must chronicle two more entries. Under date February 7th, 1603, the register of the Stationers' Company has this notice: "Entred for his (Master Robertes') copie in full court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient authority for yt, The booke of 'Troylus and Cresseda,' as yt is actedy by my Lord Chamberlon's men."⁴ Six years later there is a fresh entry: on January 28, 1609, Richard Bonion and Henry Walleys registered "a booke called the history of Troylus and Cressida."⁵ This last, we may be quite sure, was Shakespeare's play. In the same year it was published, two editions being printed; one edition—and I think Mr. Stokes⁶ has satisfactorily shown, chiefly upon technical grounds of pagination and so forth,

¹ Edited by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society, vol. i. p. 121.
³ Old Shakespeare Society Publications.
⁴ Taken from Arber's Transcript of the Registers, vol. iii. p. 91 b.
⁵ Ibid. p. 115 b.
⁶ Introduction to Quarto-Facsimile.
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that it was the second issue—appeared with
the following remarkable and almost unique
preface:—

"A never Writer to an ever Reader.
Newes.

"Eternal reader, you have heere a new play,
ever stald with the stage, never clapper-
claw'd with the palymes of the vulger, and yet
passing full of the palme conicall; for it is a
birth of your braine, that never undertooke
any thing conmicall, vainely; and were but the
vaine names of comedies chande for the
titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas;
you should see all those grand censors, that
now stile them such vanities, flock to them
for the maine grace of their gravities; espe-
cially this authors comedies, that are so
fran'd to the life, that they serve for the most
common commentaries of all the actions of
our lives, shewing such a dexteritic and power
of witte, that the most displeased with playes,
are pleased with his comedies. And all such
dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were
never capable of the witte of a comedie,
commin by report of them to his represen-
tations, have found that witte there, that they
never found in them-selves, and have parted
better-witted then they came: feeling an edge
of witte set upon them, more then ever they
dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So
much and such savord salt of witte is in his
comedies, that they seeme (for their height
of pleasure) to be borne in the sea that brought
forth Venus. Amongst all there is none mor
witty than this: and had I time I would com-
ment upon it, though I know it needs not,
(for so much as will make you thinke your
testernel well bestowd) but for so much worth,
as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It
deserves such a labour, as well as the best
comedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleev
this, that when lee is gone, and his comedies
out of sale, you will scramble for them, and
set up a new English inquisition. Take this
for a warning, and at the perill of your plea-
sures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor
like this the lesse, for not being sullied with
the smoky breath of the multitude; but thanke
fortune for the scape it hath made amongst
you: since by the grand possessors wills I
believe you should have prayd for them (fit)
rather then bee prayd. And so I leave all
such to bee prayd for (for the state of their
wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale."

I shall return to this preface again. There
is one more point in the history of the pub-
lication of the play to be noticed before we can
gather up the threads and give the general
impression derived from study of the evidence.
The First Folio of 1623 had, as all students
know, a list of the plays at the beginning,
arranged under the different heads of Com-
dies, Histories, and Tragedies. Troilus and
Cressida is omitted from this list. It is printed
in the middle of the volume, between Henry
VIII. and Coriolamns, i.e. between the last of
the Histories and the first of the Tragedies;
and practically it is unpaged. From these
facts it has been conjectured that the inser-
tion of the play in the Folio was an after-
thought upon the part of the editors, Heninge
and Condell. Collier thinks that the printing
of the drama had been intrusted to some other
publisher: hence the mistake. Really it seems
most probable that the editors did not know
how to class the play, and eventually compro-
mised the matter by leaving it altogether out
of the list, while a niche was found for it in
the body of the work, between the Histories
and Tragedies, as having something of the
character of both.

Roughly summarized, then, these are the
main facts with which we have to deal; they
must, of course, be supplemented by such in-
ternal evidence as metrical and aesthetic criti-
cism can extract from the play. Let us look
at some of these points in detail. In the first
place, why did Dekker and Chettle change
the title of their work? Perhaps, as Mr.
Stokes suggests, because it was an infringe-
ment upon the name of some other play upon
the same subject which already existed; per-
haps because the "Tragedy of Agammenon"
sounded more telling and impressive. And,
whatever the reason for the alteration, should
their tragedy be identified with "the booke of
Troilus and Cresseda?" that was entered in
the Stationers' Register in 1603?

Some critics are inclined to answer in the
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affirmative. But it can scarcely be so; for several reasons, one of which seems quite fatal to the hypothesis—viz., the fact that the 1603 play was "acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and the Chamberlain's Company was long the rival of that directed by Henslowe. The theory, therefore, that the 1603 entry refers to Dekker and Chettle's play can be dismissed, and the entry, so far as Shakespeare's predecessors are concerned, may allude to the real Troilus and Cressida. I definitely think that it does. I believe that we must assign two dates to the play. Troilus and Cressida, as entered upon the Register in 1609, was, I think, the drama that lies before us: Troilus and Cressida, as entered at the earlier date, 1603, represented the first draft or version. One is always loth to introduce this much-used and, perhaps, much-abused theory of revisions, but in the present case I can see no other way out of the difficulties which beset us, whether we would believe the writers of the above-quoted preface and allow that Troilus and Cressida was "a new play" in 1609, or, disregarding their statement as a mere publisher's artifice, would fix on the earlier date suggested by the 1603 entry. In favour of 1609, or thereabouts, there are two things that must be allowed to carry some weight: the statement that the piece had "never been stalled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palmer of the vulgar," if absolutely untrue, would have been equally unhappy and pointless, because few people could have been deceived by it; hence the preface cannot be altogether ignored. Again, there is the palpable fact that a considerable portion of the drama is strongly penetrated by the tendency to bitter cynicism which we note in the parallel comedy of disillusions; I mean, of course, Timon of Athens. It is impossible to read the latter without feeling how close an affinity of thought and emotional undercurrent unites it with the scenes in Troilus and Cressida, where worldliness and the wisdom of those who are wise in their generation are held up to admiration, while the moral is pointed with exceeding keenness against the enthusiasm and buoyant idealism that begin in froth and end in failure. Taken together these two points of external

and internal evidence might lead us to assign Troilus and Cressida to the group which includes Timon of Athens and Antony and Cleopatra; but, unfortunately, the metrical critics here step in and assure us that the verse-structure of the play is radically different from that which is usually associated with Shakespeare's later manner. According to Hertzig (quoted by Professor Dowden), Troilus and Cressida does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, whereas these verse-peculiarities appear with increasing frequency in all plays written after Macbeth. Verse-tests cannot be ignored, and this is precisely one of the cases where conclusions reached on other grounds must, if possible, be readjusted and brought into harmony with their testimony.

I think that the difficulties will be met to some extent if we suppose that Troilus and Cressida is a composite work, the main part of which dates from 1602–3, while some of the scenes—those, for instance, in which Ulysses appears—were subsequently expanded, with the addition, perhaps, of fresh characters. In this way the statements of the piratical printers would be partially explained and accounted for, while aesthetically the tone of brooding irony that is only too traceable throughout would harmonize with the general gloom and despair of a period that, pretty certainly, produced Hamlet, Measure for Measure, and many of the later sonnets. Mr. Fleay, I should say, carries the theory of revision and subsequent additions still further. He traces three distinct stories in the play, stories that were written at different periods and that overlap only very slightly. They are the Troylus and Cressida episode—approximate date, 1594–6; "the story"—I give Mr. Fleay's words—"of the challenge of Hector to Ajax, their combat, and the slaying of Hector by Achilles, on the basis of Caxton's Three Destructions of Troy; and finally, the story of Ulysses' stratagem to induce Achilles to return to the battlefield by setting up Ajax as his rival, which was written after the publication of Chapman's Homer, from whom Thersites, a chief character in this part, was taken."

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Myself, I do not quite understand the idea of a poet writing odd scenes at different periods of his life and afterwards patching them together. A play that can be subdivided and split up in this way must be strangely inorganic, and Troilus and Cressida does not seem to me to be of this nature; there are parts, no doubt, where the work is unequal, notably in the fifth act, where not improbably we have the débris of some old play, perhaps of Dekker's tragedy, but the scheme of the drama is, to my mind, symmetrical and nicely thought out. How, for instance, can we separate Troilus from Ulysses? Dramatically they are complementary: they serve, and are meant to serve, as foils, antitheses. Troilus, in Dr. Furnivall's graceful phrase, is "a young fool," full of hopes and beliefs, buoyed up by noble ideals and ambitions: Ulysses is the man of gray worldly wisdom, who has seen Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments.

Once, no doubt, he too had his dreams, but time has taught its bitter lesson, and his idols have been long since broken, the temple long since turned into a counting-house. It is grotesque to separate these characters. They developed side by side in the dramatist's brain, and we can no more divide them than we can divide Troilus and Cressida themselves. Again, can we believe that the love scenes in this play date from the period which gave the world Romeo and Juliet? It seems to me that Romeo and Juliet is to Troilus and Cressida very much what Troilus is to Ulysses. The love-note in the one play is wholly lyric, in the other quasi-satiric. It is the difference between a spring day and an autumn day. In Romeo and Juliet we might think of the poet as partially identifying himself with his characters: in Troilus and Cressida we cannot help feeling that he is rather laughing at them, exaggerating the passionate, somewhat senescent effects solely for the purpose of making the dénouement more bitterly telling and effective.

Upon this point, then, of the date of the play I can only repeat my belief that it was in the main written and acted before 1603, and subsequently revised about 1609. As to the authorities used by Shakespeare, enough has already been said; moreover, his debts are pointed out in some detail in the notes. He had Chaucer's poem to draw upon, Caxton's Destruction of Troy, Lydgate's Troy-Booke, and Chapman's translation. He availed himself of them all very considerably.

STAGE HISTORY.

The materials for the stage history of this play are very scanty. In fact there does not appear to be a single record in Genest of any performance of Shakespeare's play itself, but only of Dryden's adaptation. Unfortunately the old play on this subject by Dekker and Chettle has been lost. The allusions to it in Henslowe's Diary are five, and all relate to payments on account of the book; the first being on April 7th, 1599, of iiij (£3); the next on the 16th of the same month of xxv (20); the next is probably some time after April 23rd, 1600, and is simply an entry "Troyes and creasseday" (pp. 147-149); the fourth is on the 26th of May, 1599, when a payment was made to the authors of 30 shillings on account of the book (p. 153); and it is there called "the tragedie of Agamemnnon." The fifth entry, on May 30th in the same year, is for "iiij vs" (£3, 5s), being "in full paymante of the Booke" (p. 153), and the very next item is for the payment "unto the M° of the Revelles man, for lycensyne of a Booke called the tragedie of agamennon," on June 3rd of the same year. There is no record of the absolute production of the piece, but we may suppose that it was played shortly after it was licensed.

Whether Shakespeare made use of this version of the story for his play, or whether he himself had any hand in "the tragedie of Agamemnon" we do not know. It would appear from an entry which I found in one of the domestic papers of the reign of Henry VIII. that in the early part of his reign an interlude called Troilus and Cressida was played before the court; so that Dekker and

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1 See above, in the Literary History, p. 246, column 2.
2 Unfortunately the reference to this entry has been mislaid.

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Chettles' play may have been founded on a yet earlier dramatic version of the story.

As to Shakespeare's play itself, the only record we have of its performance is an entry in the Stationers' Register on February 7th, 1603, from which it would appear that the play was then being played "by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and also a statement on one of the title-pages of the Quarto of 1609 that it was "acted by the Kings Maiesties servants at the Globe." This title-page appears to have been withdrawn, and in the extraordinary preface appended to the Quarto, as published in 1609, it is stated that it was "neuer stald with the Stage, neuer clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulgur." That the above statement was a deliberate falsehood there can be little doubt. It is a short step from stealing to lying, either backward or forward; and the enterprising publishers, who sought to deprive Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of their acting rights in a play by publishing it, and so enabling other companies to play it with impunity, would not have stuck at such a trifle as a lie of this sort. We can learn nothing decisive from these allusions to the acting of the play; but we may fairly deduce that it was not a very popular one, or Roberts would not have abandoned his idea of publishing it; and indeed the title-page as it stands in the Quarto of 1609 would lead one to believe that the play was more likely to be read than to be acted. In fact, what popularity it did enjoy was, as the stock phrase goes, in the closet and not on the stage. Nor can this be wondered at, for there are at most only two plays of Shakespeare which can dispute with Troilus and Cressida the palm of being eminently undramatic; unless it be as a vehicle for spectacular display there is absolutely nothing in this play to interest an audience. The love story, such as it is, is but feebly handled; it has no exact ending, either happy or otherwise; the character of the heroine is decidedly unsympathetic, while the admiration one feels for the hero is rather lukewarm and tinged with pity if not with contempt. Hector is the only character in the play who really bids fair to win our sympathy; but the treatment adopted by Shakespeare, or by the older dramatists from whom he may have taken his play, rendered it impossible to bring out Hector's character strongly, or that of Andromache, who might have made a noble heroine. In fact, as Mr. Verity has pointed out in note 311, the parting of Hector and Andromache is not nearly as pathetic in this play as it is in Homer; but Hector stands out amongst the men, almost more than Troilus, as at once a brave man and a gentleman. He is not a clumsy lout like Ajax, or a sensual bully like Achilles, or a complacent cuckold like Menelaus, or a conceited and insolent fop like Diomedes. Ulysses and Nestor are admirable in the abstract, and the former has some telling speeches from an eloquentary point of view; but neither of them has anything to do with any dramatic situation whatever, and by a general audience there is little doubt that both of them would be ranked as bores. The long discussions that take place in the Grecian camp are great blots upon the play; in fact, when regarded from a dramatic point of view, they are inexcusable. Whatever the faults of Dryden's alteration, from a poetic point of view, may be, there is no doubt that his version of Troilus and Cressida serves its purpose better, as an acting drama, than Shakespeare's tragi-comedy, as I suppose we should call it.

The theatre, known as Dorset Gardens, was opened in the year 1671 by the Duke of York's company. Genest says it "was perhaps built on the site of the old one which stood there before the civil wars" (vol. i. p.121). It would appear that the situation of this theatre was on the south side of the Strand, opposite Shoe Lane, and close to the ancient Bridewell Palace; in fact, very near to what is known now as Salisbury Square. It was here that Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare's play Troilus and Cressida or Truth Found Out Too Late was produced in 1679. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 14th of that year. The exact date of the production of the play is not given by Genest. The cast was as follows:—"Agamemnon = Gillow: Achilles = David Williams; Ulysses = Harris; Ajax = Bright; Nestor = Norris; Diomedes = Crosby; Patroclus = Bowman; Menelaus = Richards: Thersites = Underhill:"
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Trojans — Hector = Smith: Troilus = Betterton: Æneas = Joseph Williams: Priam and Calchas = Peveril: Pandaruns = Leigh: Cressida = Mrs. Mary Lee: Andromache = Mrs. Betterton: — the Prologue was spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shakspeare” (Genest, vol. i. p. 266).

There are many plays of Shakespeare on which the adapter’s hand cannot be laid without committing an act of sacrilege; but Troilus and Cressida is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a play that could be altered with advantage from beginning to end, this is certainly one; that is to say, if a play is to be made of it at all. While one resents most strongly the wretched stuff introduced into the version of The Tempest by Dryden and Davenant, one cannot but admit that what “great and glorious John” has done for this unsatisfactory play is, in the main, done well. Most of his additions are, from a dramatic point of view, improvements; indeed one feels rather inclined to blame him that he did not do more, and did not get rid of some of the superfluous characters altogether, concentrating the interest more on those which are the best drawn in the original play. Dryden’s arrangement of the first act was undoubtedly a judicious one, and, as will be seen hereafter, was followed by John Kemble when he prepared Shakespeare’s play for the stage. In Act II. Dryden commences with what is the second scene in Shakespeare, and he has introduced Andromache with some effect, omitting Helen altogether; and the scene ends with the incident of Hector sending a challenge to the Grecian camp by Æneas. The next scene is between Pandaruns and Cressida and Pandaruns and Troilus. He concludes the act with a scene, nearly entirely his own, in which Thersites plays a very prominent part. Act III. is chiefly remarkable for the concluding scene between Troilus and Hector, which is certainly a great improvement, as far as the dramatic interest of the play is concerned. It is said that he was indebted to Betterton for the hint of this scene, which, according to Genest, is partly an imitation of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Menelaus in the Iphigenia in Aulis by Euripides. It is certainly an effective acting scene, though the dialogue between the two is somewhat too prolonged. Dryden saw that some attempt must be made to render the character of Cressida more sympathetic. He therefore makes Calchas recommend her to make pretended love to Diomed, which she consents to do with the object of being able to return to Troy. Troilus is witness to the scene between them, as in Shakespeare, and believes Cressida to be false; though Dryden makes it clear to the audience that she never is so either in intention or fact. The act concludes with a quarrel between Troilus and Diomed, at which both Æneas and Thersites are present. In the last act considerable liberty is taken with the story. The scene between Andromache and Hector is retained very much as in Shakespeare, and Troilus persuades Hector to fight in spite of his wife’s remonstrances. Cressida enters with her father in search of Troilus, in order to justify herself with him; and then Diomed and Troilus come in fighting. Cressida appeals to Troilus, and asserts her innocence; but Diomed implies indirectly that she has been false with him. Troilus is reproaching her in a violent speech, when she interrupts him and stabs herself, but does not die before Troilus has forgiven her. After that there is, as Genest remarks, a great deal of fighting. Troilus kills Diomed, and is, in his turn, killed by Ulysses. The piece ends with a speech of Ulysses; the death of Hector being only related by Achilles and not shown on the stage. No doubt all this, from a strictly poetic point of view, is very indefensible; but the end of Shakespeare’s play is so confused and so wretchedly abortive, that some such violent change in the story was necessary if it was to be effective on the stage. To alter the catastrophe of such a play as Romeo and Juliet, or Hamlet, or Othello, is a crime; but to alter such a play as Troilus and Cressida is a meritorious work, and can scarcely be considered disrespectful to Shakespeare, even if he were, as I very much doubt, the sole author of the work. Certain it is that it cannot have been a favourite play with him; for he does not seem to have expended on it much of that dramatic ability which is so
remarkable in all his best work. It can scarcely be a matter of reproach to an audience of the seventeenth century that they should have preferred Dryden's version, though it certainly leaves very much to be desired; nor can we blame Betterton if he insisted that the part of Troilus (which he played) should be made of more dramatic importance.

The next production of this piece (Dryden's version) appears to have been in June 2nd, 1700, at Drury Lane. On this occasion Betterton surrendered the part of Troilus to Wilks and played Thersites, as will be seen from the following cast: Troilus = Wilks; Hector = Powell; Achilles = Booth; Agamemnon = Mills; Ajax = Keen; Ulysses = Thurmund; Thersites = Betterton; Pandarus = Estcourt; Cressida = Mrs. Bradshaw; Andromache = Mrs. Rogers (Genest, vol. ii. p. 420).

This play was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields—"Not acted 12 years"—on November 10th, 1720. On this occasion Ryan played Troilus, and Quin took the part of Hector; the other chief characters were thus cast: Ulysses = Boheme; Troilus = Bullock; Pandarus = Spiller; Cressida = Mrs. Seymour; Andromache = Mrs. Bullock (Genest, vol. iii. p. 54). At the same theatre about two years afterwards, on May 3rd, 1723, Hippisley selected this play for his benefit; on which occasion Quin took the part of Thersites, which would be more suitable to him than that of Troilus. Hippisley himself took Pandarus, Boheme Hector, Ryan again playing Troilus. In the following season, on November 21st, 1723, the piece was again played at the same theatre. The details of the cast are wanting, except that the Cressida was Mrs. Sterling. Ten years appear to have passed before any attempt was made to revive this play, which never seems to have proved attractive, or to have been performed more than once at a time. At Covent Garden, on December 20th, 1733, Troilus and Cressida was represented with much the same cast as when it was given in 1723. Davies mentions this performance, and praises Walker as Hector, Quin as Thersites, and Hippisley as Pandarus. Davies says: "Mrs. Buchanan, a very fine woman and a pleasing actress, who died soon after in childbirth, was the Cressida." He continues: "Mr. Lacy, late manager of Drury-lane, acted Agamemnon; and Tom Chapman¹ pleased himself with the obstreperous and discordant utterance of Diomed's passion for Cressida" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Davies says that the scene between Troilus and Hector in Act III. was "written in emulation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cesar" (vol. iii. p. 163). It is probable that this scene was in Dryden's mind more than the one from the Greek play mentioned above. With this performance, as far as I can discover, the stage history of Troilus and Cressida ceases. In none of the numerous theatrical memoirs which I have searched, nor in any of the many books and pamphlets concerning the English stage, can I find any mention of the performance of Shakespeare's play, or even of Dryden's adaptation, after this date.

The revival of Shakespeare's play never seems to have been contemplated by any of our great actors except one, and that was John Kemble, who prepared Shakespeare's play² for the stage, and went so far as to cast it, and I believe to distribute the parts. At any rate they were copied out, but the piece was never represented. The alterations, which are confined to transpositions of portions of the dialogue, are made in that very neat handwriting which was characteristic both of John Kemble and his brother Charles. Not a single line appears to have been added from Dryden's play; the alterations in the text are confined to one or two slight verbal ones and a few unimportant transpositions. Some of the characters are omitted altogether; among them Menelaus, Helen, Deiphobus, Helenus, and Antenor. The cast would have been a strong one; it was to include Kemble as Troilus, Dicky Suett as Pandarus, Bensley as Agamemnon, Barrymore as Ajax, Bannister, jun., as Thersites, and John Kemble himself

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¹ For some account of this actor see Introduction to All's Well That End's Well, p. 7.

² I am indebted to Mrs. Creswick, the widow of the late well-known actor (one of the last of those who was associated with Mr. Phelps in the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells), for the original copy, as marked by John Kemble himself, which appears to have been sold at Heath's sale in 1821.
INTRODUCTION.

as Ulysses. The female characters were apparently not cast. I do not think that this arrangement, though it does credit to Kemble and shows a greater reverence for Shakespeare's text than he had shown in some of the acting editions prepared by him, could possibly have been successful. No amount of condensation can make a good acting play of Troilus and Cressida. There is no dramatic backbone in it, and it may be doubted whether it would ever repay a manager the cost of reviving it.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of the characters of this play two—Troilus and Ulysses—stand out with special prominence, and about each it has already been necessary to say something. They are placed, as we have seen, in the sharpest contrast: Troilus, the perfect lover and knight, passionate and pathetic in his boyish, buoyant idealism and fidelity, thinking no ill of others and expecting none; Ulysses, the man of gray experience, who has studied the foibles and frailties of weak humanity, and attained, not indeed to the splendid serenity of Prospero, rather to the coldly calculating prudence and insight of the critic and cynic. Artistically the antithesis is perfect: Ulysses stands at the point where Troilus, under the sting of bitter disillusion, will possibly end. Nowhere do their characters touch; the one typifies hopeful, trustful youth; the other, incredulous age; combined they give us, as it were, an epitome of human experience. And if Troilus stands for loyalty, Cressida, assuredly, is the type of all disloyalty. Quick and clever of tongue, she is utterly shallow, a mere surface nature incapable of receiving, still more of keeping, any deep impression. For such characters environment is everything: they must change with their surroundings. With Troilus she is truth itself; we believe in her as does her lover; may, more, as she believes in herself. And then she passes into the Greek camp, and straightway all is forgotten; vows are vows no more; her heart is the prize of the first comer. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet reversed. The other side of the picture is turned to us. The poet had given the stage a study of woman's love steadfast to the bitter end; he now lays bare the weakness of a heart that forgets and falls at the first trial. What more is there to say? Of the remaining dramatic persons Thersites alone interests us much. What is he? A fore-taste, a suggestion of Caliban, only Caliban without the saving, sovereign grace and favour of animal dulness? Perhaps; and something more. He seems to represent the democratic spirit on its most hateful side of babbling, blustering irreverence. A shrill-tongued shrill, ever miling and rancorous, he spares nobody, nothing. "We live by admiration!" To Thersites "admiration" would convey no meaning; he is nothing if not critical in the worst sense of the word. Hector, Agamemnon, Troilus, Ulysses— all present some aspect of greatness; and Thersites has a bitter word for all. Their greatness is non-existent for him: better far to find out a man's weakness, and gird and scoff at that. Thersites at his best is clever with cleverness contemptible: at his worst, he might fairly be disowned by Caliban.

The rest of the characters—except perhaps Pandar, on whom would care to dwell?—are sketches rather than finished works of art; the poet has just filled in the outlines so far as they are necessary to the development of the piece, and it is to be noticed that all through there is little which we can regard as classical in form or spirit. Change the name, and we might believe ourselves to be moving in some purely medieval scene.

And now a word as to the purpose of the play. What is the idée of Troilus and Cressida? The question has been answered in a dozen different ways. For example: Ulrici finds in this drama an attempt to degrade and debase the heroes of antiquity in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries, an attempt, in fact, to spoil the classics of their prestige. Chapman had given the world Homer: through the roll of his golden rhetoric men had lived the long years of the weary war round Troy; spell-bound they had the far-off "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." And here was the counterblast: Shakespeare was jealous of the classics. Thus far Ulrici. Hertzberg seems
to look upon Troilus and Cressida as an unconscious parody of mediaeval chivalry, a kind of unintentional Don Quixote. Mr. Fleay, again, is certain, quite certain, that the whole play is nothing more nor less than a satire on rival dramatists, Hector representing Shakespeare; Thersites, Dekker; Ajax, Ben Jonson. And so on.

Everyone remembers Edgar Poe's story of the man who, having an important paper to conceal, put it in an old vase on his mantelshelf, arguing that no one would ever look in so obvious a place. This old-vase idea is not inapplicable sometimes in matters of criticism. Critics in their efforts to find out a recondite interpretation are occasionally apt to overlook the obvious one; they forget the old vase. Perhaps it is so here. The name of the play may be the vase. The ordinary mortal, seeing the title of the play—Troilus and Cressida—would expect to find in the piece a love-story. And is it anything more than a love-story? a love-story coloured by the peculiar phase of feeling and emotion through which the poet was passing at the time of its composition? Romeo and Juliet was written by a young man. It is natural for youth to believe strongly in the existence of such things as loyalty and love and truth. Time brings disillusionments. The poet does not become a cynic and cease to believe in good; only he perceives that there is evil too in the world: fickleness and disloyalty as well as fidelity. And so, as a dramatist should, he shows the other side of the shield. Romeo and Juliet is a study of love from one stand-point; Troilus and Cressida is a study of love from exactly the opposite stand-point; et voilà tout.
In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous,\(^1\) their high blood chaf’d,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th’ Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
The ravish’d Helen, Menelaus’ queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that’s the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave\(^2\) pavilions: Priam’s six-gated city,

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\(^1\) Orgulous = proud; Fr. orgueilleux.
\(^2\) Brave, making a great show.

Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,\(^3\)
And corresponsive and fulfilling\(^4\) bolts,
Sperr up\(^5\) the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: — and hither am I come
A prologue arm’d,—but not in confidence
Of author’s pen or actor’s voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o’er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.

Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now good or bad, ’tis but the chance of war.]

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\(^3\) Staples, loops of iron through which the bolts are slid.
\(^4\) Fulfilling, i.e. filling full the staples; well-fitting.
\(^5\) Sperr up = inclose.
ACT I.

Scene I. Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

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

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to
their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness
validant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less validant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractis'd infancy.

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

Tro. Have I not married?

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

Tro. Have I not married?

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

Tro. Still have I married.

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

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess o'er
she be,
Doth lesser blest? at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my
thoughts,—
So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she
thence?

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

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my
heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
[But sorrow, that is couched in seeming glad-
ness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sad-
ness.]

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

Tro. O Pandarus! [I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drownd,'
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd.] [I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love; thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her
voice;
Handest in thy discourse, [O, that her hand,]
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft
seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou
tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;]
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given
me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be
as she is; if she be fair, 'tis the better for her;
an she be not, she has the mends in her own
hands.
[If Tro. Good Pandarus,—hownow, Pandarus!]

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail;
ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of

1 Gear, business. 2 Blech—Blinch.
ACT I. Scene 1.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me!

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

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

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

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pand. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pand. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. 

[Exit Pandarus. Alarum.

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

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

[ I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword. ]

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar; And he's as tetchy to be woo'd as woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

[ Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love, What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we? Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl; Between our Ilium and where she resides, Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood; Oursel'f the merchant; and this sailing Pandar, Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.]

Alarum. Enter Aeneas.

Aene. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a field?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,' For womanish it is to be from thence. What news, Aeneas, from the field to-day?

\[ Scar to scorn = scar to be scorned, i.e. a trilling scar. \]

1 Sorts, i.e. suits, fits.
there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not
a glimpse of; nor any man an attainth but he
carries some stain of it: he is melancholy
without cause, and merry against the hair: he
hath the joints of every thing; but every thing
so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus,
all eyes and no sight.

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

Alex. They say he yesterday cop'd¹ Hector
in the battle, and struck him down; the dis-
dain and shame whereof hath ever since kept
Hector fasting and wakind.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

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

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

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

Cres. This morning, uncle.

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

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

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

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

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

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

Cres. What, is he angry too?

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

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

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

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and
knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

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

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

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is him-
self.

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

[ Cress. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had² gone barefoot to
India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

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

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to 't; [you shall
tell me another tale, when th' other's come
to 't. ] Hector shall not have his wit this
year,—

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

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him,—his own's
better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen
herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for
a brown favour³—for so 'tis, I must confess,
—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

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

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

[ Pan. She prais'd his complexion above
Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much;
if she prais'd him above, his complexion is

¹ Cop'd, encountered.
² Condition, I had = even on condition that I had.
³ Favour, face.
higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

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

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

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

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars\(^1\) therein to a total.

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

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

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

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

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

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

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

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

Pan. Troy! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

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

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think.

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\(^1\) Particulars = items.
how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.—

Cres. Without the rack.

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

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer. Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran over,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,—

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

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

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

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

Cres. This is her question.

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

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

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

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an' t were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an' t were a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.

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

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

AENEAS passes.

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

ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that?

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

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.]

HECTOR passes.

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

Cres. O, a brave man!

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

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an' the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris:

PARIS passes.

look ye yonder, niece; is' t not a gallant man 2

1 Marvell's, abbreviation of marvellous.

2 Hacks, marks of blows, dints.
too, is’t not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he’s not hurt: why, this will do Helen’s heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

[HELENUS passes.

Cres. Who’s that?

Pan. That’s Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that’s Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that’s Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

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

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes.

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

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector’s; and how he looks, and how he goes:—O admirable youth! [he ne’er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!.]—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, she should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Cres. Here comes more.

Forces pass.

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

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles,—a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very canel.

Cres. Well, well.

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

Cres. Ay, a minced man: [and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man’s date’s out.]

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

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

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

Pan. You are such another!]

Enter TROILUS’ Boy.

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

Pan. Where?

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

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.]

I doubt he be hurt. —Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

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

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. [By the same token—you are a bawd.]

[Exit Pandarus.

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

1 Discretion, i.e. in its literal sense (discerno), “power of seeing.”
ACT I. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. Agamemnon's tent in the Grecian camp.

Flourish of trumpets. AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others discovered.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jamdice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition\(^1\) that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promis'd largeness: [checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Inflect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.]
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls stand;

[ Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodyed figure of the thought
That gave't surmised shape.] Why, then,
[you princes,]
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames, which are, indeed, naught else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men?
[The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Pulling at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.\(^2\)]

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof\(^3\) of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-rib'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: [for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze\(^4\)
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing
of courage,
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in self-same key
Retorts to chiding fortune.]

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.
[ Besides the applause and approbation
The which—[to Agamemnon] most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To Nestor] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life—
I give to both your speeches,—which were such

\(^1\) Proposition = what hope sets before itself to achieve.
\(^2\) Unmingled, pronounced as a quadrilylabile.
\(^3\) Reproof; an obvious quibble is intended.
\(^4\) Breese, the gad-fly.
ACT I. Scene 3.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece should hold up high in brass; and such again As venerable Nestor, hatch’d in silver, Should with a bond of air — strong as the axletree On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish ears To his experienc’d tongue,—yet let it please both, Though great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.  

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be’t of less expect  

That matter needless, of importless burden, Divide thy lips, than we are confident, When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws, We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.  

Ulys. Troy, yet upon his basis, had lack’d a master, But for these instances.  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected: And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.  

When that the general is not like the hive, To whom the foragers shall all repair, What honey is expected? Degrees being vizarded, Th’ unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre, Observe degree, priority, and place,  

In noble eminence enthron’d and splendor’d Amidst the other; whose med’cinable eye Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil, And posts, like the commandment of a king, Sans check, to good and bad: but when the planets, In evil mixture, to disorder wander, What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny, What raging of the sea, shaking of earth, Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors, Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  

Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shak’d, Which is the ladder to all high designs, Then enterprise is sick! How could communities,  

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities, Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenity and due of birth, Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree, stand in authentic place? Take but degree away, untune that string, And, hark, what discord follows! Each thing meets  

In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores, And make a sop of all this solid globe: Strength should be lord of imbecility, And the rude son should strike his father dead:  

Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong— Between whose endless jar justice resides— Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  

Then every thing includes itself in power, Power into will, will into appetite;  

And appetite, an universal wolf, So doubly seconded with will and power, Must make perforce an universal prey, And last eat up himself.  

Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking. And this neglect of degree it is, That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose  

It hath to climb. The general’s disdain’d: By him one step below; he, by the next;  

That next, by him beneath: so every step, Examined by the first pace that is sick Of his superior, grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation: And ’tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews.  

To end a tale of length, Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.  

1 Expect = expectation.  

2 Instances, causes, reasons.  

3 In evil mixture, perhaps an astrological term.

4 Deracinate = uproot.  

5 Mere, absolute.  

6 Bloodless, because malignant and sluggish.  

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Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.
Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses, What is the remedy?
Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest heareth out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,

[As he being drest to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels;—as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; [to cough and spit.
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,²

¹ Topless, i.e. which nothing overtops.
² Gorget, piece of armour protecting the throat; c.f. gorge.
Shake in and out the rivet:—and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Several generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitement to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice—many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a pace
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factional feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded-in with danger.

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

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.
Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

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

Agam. Even this.

Æne. Mayone, that is a herald and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

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

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

Agam. How! Æne. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phoebus;
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

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

Æne. Courtiers as free, as bonmair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the prais'd himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

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

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

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

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

Agam. He hears naught privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

1 Like a mint = as fast as a mint coins money.
2 Exposure, defenceless condition.
3 Mappery, i.e. mere theory, bookish scheming.
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear; 231
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

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

_Ene._ Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy

tents;

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call’d Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu’d truce
Is rusty grown: [he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!] 375
If there be one among the fairest of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
[That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his
fear;]
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 340
If none, he’ll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. [Even so much.]

_Agam._ This shall be told our lovers, Lord

_Aenes;_

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: [but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 379
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am lie.

_Nest._ Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector’s grandsire suck’d: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I’ll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither’d brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandson, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth! in flood,
I’ll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood.

_Ene._ Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

_Ulyss._ Amen.

_Agam._ Fair Lord _Aeneas_, let me touch your
hand;]

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

[Exeunt all except _Ulysses_ and _Nest_.

_Ulyss._ _Nest_,—

_Nest._ What says _Ulysses_?

_Ulyss._ I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

_Nest._ What is ’t?

_Ulyss._ This ’tis:—
Blunt wedges drive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp’d,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk 2 us all.

_Nest._ Well, and how?

_Ulyss._ This challenge that the gallant _Hec-

tor_ sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

_Nest._ The purpose is perspicuous 3 even as

substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, 4 make no strain, 3
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
’Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of
judgment.

Ay, with celerity, find Hector’s purpose

Pointing on him.

---

1 _His youth, i.e. though his youth’s.
2 _Overtow._
3 _Make no strain, i.e. do not doubt that._
4 _Make no strain._
ACT I. Scene 3.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. Scene 3.

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

Nest. Yes 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dearst repite
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,
Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly¹ pois'd
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

¹ Oddly, i.e. not evenly.

In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—

[TTherefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.] Do not, [then,]
consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.
Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

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ACT II.

Scene I. A part of the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites,—

[Ther. [Taking no notice of Ajax] Agamemnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over, generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—

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

Ajax.] Dog,—

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

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf’s son,] canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [Beating him.

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewedst 1 leave, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

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

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

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

1 Opinion, reputation 2 Sort, lot. 
3 Tarre = set. 
4 Vinewedst = mouldiest.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends. If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381 We’ll dress him up in voices: if he fail, Yet go we under our opinion still That we have better men. [ But, hit or miss, Our project’s life this shape of sense assumes,— Ajax employ’d plucks down Achilles’ plumes.]

Vest. Ulysses, Now I begin to relish thy advice; And I will give a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390 Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone Must tarre 3 the mastiffs on, as 4 were their bone. [Exeunt.

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art prochain’d a fool, I think. 

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, 5 do not: [ my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsom’st scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strik’st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation! 6 ]

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

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 49 

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.


Ther. Do, do. ]

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; [an assinego 7 may tutor thee!] thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and

5 Porpentine, i.e. porcupine.
6 The proclamation !—go and find out what the proclamation is.
7 Assinego, Portuguese word = ass.
sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. [If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!]

Aij. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!


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

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

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

Aij. You cur!—[Act ii. 1. 57.]

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

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

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Aij. Therefore I beat thee.

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

1 Bought and sold, i.e. fooled; a proverbial phrase.
2 Bobbed, thumped.
3 Set your wit to = match your wit against.
ACT II. Scene 1.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.
Achil. What's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandees had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.
Achil. What, what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles' to Ajax, to!
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach 1 bids me, shall I?
Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles, 2 ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.
Patr. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.
Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?
Achil. I know not,—'tis put to lottery; otherwise

1 Brach = hound. 2 Clotpoles = blockheads.

He knew his man.
[Exit Achilles and Patroclus.
Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exit.

SCENE II. Troy. A room in Priam's palace.
Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—
"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd
In hot digestion of this cormorant war—
Shall be struck off."—Hector, what say you to 't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent 3 that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes, 4

Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,—
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?
Tro. Fie, fie, my brother! Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless

3 Tent, probing; metaphor from surgery.
4 Diemes, tenths (of the army).
With spans and inches so diminutive 31
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

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

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is pernicious, 40
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels, then, when Helcums beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cram'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lusthoo'd deject. 50

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

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis is valu'd?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
[And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.] 60

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blemish from this, and to stand firm by honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full.] It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
These saucy winds, old wranglers, took a truce, 3
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desir'd;
And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, 51
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,—
As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,—

[But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,]
That in their country did them that disgrace
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

[Tro. 'Tis our mad sister; I do know her voice.]

Cas. [Within] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders, 5
  a Take a truce, made peace.
  b Issue, result.
  c Eld, old age.

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ACT II. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, 105
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?]

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once defect the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engag'd.
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done among us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen.
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity 
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
[For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will, 140
Paris should never retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

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

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? [or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II. Scene 2.

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unwant'd,
Where Helen is the subject: [then, I say, 199
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.]  

Hect. Paris and Troilus, [you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have gloz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy; ]
The reasons you allege do more conclude
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination 179
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
[And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same.] There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. [Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For't is a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.]

Tro. [Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

And fame in time to come canonize us: 292
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.]

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertis'd their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept: 212
This, I presume, will wake him. [Execute.


Enter Thersites.

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

Enter Patroclus.

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

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1 Revenue and revenue both occur in Shakespeare.  
2 Roisting, blustering.  
3 Advertised, informed.  
4 Emulation = envy.  
5 Placket, petticoat
Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen.—Where's Achilles?

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

Ther. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?—[Act ii. 3, 47, 48.]

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

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

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

1 Thy blood—thy passions.
2 Lazars, lepers, or outcasts.
3 My digestion, i.e. my after-dinner amusement.

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

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

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.
Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

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

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the creator. It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [Exit into tent.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! [all the argument is a cuck- old and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon.

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

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

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

[He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appurtenances, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.]

Patr. I shall say so to him. [Exit.

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

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

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, Thersites?

1 Patchery, roguery: generally patch = a fool.
2 Serpigo = a kind of leprosy.
3 Shent, reviled, abused.

Ulyss. He.

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

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

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The anity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter Patroclus.

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

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.6 [Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted.] Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest; in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorons predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide.] Go tell him this; and add,

4 Composure = union, alliance.
5 State, noble attendants; abstract for concrete.
6 Apprehensions, powers of understanding.
7 Underwrite = obey, subscribe to. 8 Lunes, caprices.
That if he over hold his price so much, he'll
not let him, like a engine
Not portable, lie under this report,—
Bringing action hither, this cannot go to war:]
A stirring dwarf do assurance give
Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[Exit into tent.

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

[Exit Ulysses into tent.

Ajax. What is he more than another?
Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.
Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think
he thinks himself a better man than I am?
Agam. No question.
Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and
say he is?
Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong,
as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160
Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.
Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and
your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats
up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
praises itself but in the deed, devours the
deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
gendering of toads. 170

Nest. [Aside] Yet he loves himself: is't not
strange?

Re-enter Ulysses from tent.

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

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission. 2

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

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
sake only;
He makes important: possess'd he is with
greatness;
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swarm and hot dis-
course,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself: [what should I
say?
He is so plaguey proud, that the death-tokens of't
Cry "No recovery."]

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
At your request, a little from himself. 191

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles: [shall the proud
lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam, 3
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve
And ruminate himself,]—shall he be wor-
ship'ld
Of that we hold an idol more than he? 199
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, assuage his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
[That were t'enhard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cane when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.]
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [Aside] O, this is well; he rubs the
vein of 4 him.

Dio. [Aside] And how his silence drinks up
this applause!

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

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze
his pride:
Let me go to him.

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

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [Aside] How he describes himself!

1 This, its 2 Self-admission, i.e. self-satisfied.

2 Seam, grease. 4 Rubs the vein of = flatters, humours.
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?  
Ajax. I'll let his humour's blood.
Agam. [Aside] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. [Aside] Wit would be out of fashion.
[ Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?]
Nest. [Aside] And 'twould, you'd carry half.
Ulyss. [Aside] A' would have ten shares.]
Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. [Aside] He's not yet through warm:  
force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [To Agam.] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face; I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?  
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!  

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

Ajax. Shall I call you father?  
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; thehart
Achilles keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war;
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must withall our main of power stand fast:
And here's a lord,—come knights from east
to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks
draw deep.  

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

[Scene I. Troy. A room in Priam's palace.  
Enter a Servant and Pandarus.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman;  
I must needs praise him.
Serv. The lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.  
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.

1 Composure, disposition.
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and
lordship are my titles. [Music within.]—What
music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music
in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?
Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another:
I am too courteously, and thou art too cunning. At
whose request do these men play?
Serv. That's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at
the request of Paris my lord, who's there
in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the
heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir; Helen: could you not find
out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast
not seen the Lady Cressida! I come to speak
with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will
make a complimetal assault upon him, for
my business seethes.
Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

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

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

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

Pan. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my
life, you shall make it whole again; you shall
piece it out with a piece of your performance.

—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Helen. You shall not bobs us out of our
melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your
head!

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

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a
sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn;
that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care
not for such words; no, no. And, my lord,
he desires you, that if the king call for him
at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very
very sweet queen?

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

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My
cousin will fall out with you. You must not
know where he sups.

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

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide;* comne, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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

Par. I spy.

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

* Fits, the divisions of a song.
* Rob, cheat
* You are wide, i.e. wide of the mark.

1 That's to 't, that's to the point.
2 Complimental, courteous.
3 Stewed, fit for a stew; a quibbling expression.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III. Scene 1.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 105
Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.
Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.
Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.
Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.
Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.
Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.
Pan. Ay, you may, you may.
Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120
Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, 'tis faith.
Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.
Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [Sings.
Love, love, nothing but love, still more! 1
Love, love, nothing but love, still more! 1
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe;
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! ha!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!
Helen. In love, 'tis faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Pan. Is this the generation 2 of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?
—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?
Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance 3 my brother Troilus went not?

1 Still more = evermore, always.
2 Generation, the way love is generated.
3 How chance = how comes it that.

ACT III. Scene 2.

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus.
Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?
Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Command me to your niece. 150
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.

[A retreat sounded.
Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.
Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshineth ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. 171
[Exeunt.]

Scene II. The same. Pandarus' orchard.
Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.
Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Boy.
Pan. Have you seen my cousin? 8
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. [O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Propos'd for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid! 270
ACT III. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [Exit. Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchant my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repure'd nectar? death? I fear me;
Swooning destruction: or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
[ I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.]

Re-enter Pandarus.
Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, [and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite: ] I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [Exit. Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encout'reng
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.
Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. — Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.
— What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you?
Come your ways, come your ways; [an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.]
Why do you not speak to her? — Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! [ build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.]

1 Repur'd = purified. 2 Death, i.e. it will be death 3 Bedoating, self-control 4 Fills, shafts. 5 Fee-farm, metaphorically = in perpetuity.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady. Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds:
[ but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. ] What, billing again? Here's — "In witness whereof the parties interchangeably." — Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [Exit.
Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?
Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!
Cres. Wish'd, my lord! — The gods grant — O my lord!
Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abrupton? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?
Cres. More drugs than water, if my fears have eyes.
[ Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.
Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads,
finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst. ]
Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.
Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?
Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruous in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, [and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, ] and the act a slave to limit.
Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?
Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, [ and we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in pre-
ACT III. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III. Scene 2.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get

c sent: we will not name desert before his birth;
and, being born, his addition shall be humble.]  
Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

[Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?—(Act iii. 2. 108, 109.)

a boy of you, you’ll give him me. Be true to
my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your
uncle’s word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I’ll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they’ll stick where they are thrown.]

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings
me heart:—
Prince Troilus, I have lov’d you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard
to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won,
my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown
Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we
fools!
Why have I blabb’d? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov’d you well, I woold you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish’d myself a man,
Or that we women had men’s privilege

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?—(Act iii. 2. 108, 109.)
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel.—stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

[Pan. Pretty, i' faith.] [Kisses her.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

[Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning,—

Cres. Pray you, content you.]

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,¹
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show'd more craft than love;
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,—

That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

⁰ Troil's in that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd² with iteration,—
[As true as steel, as plantage³ to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—]
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
[As truth's authentic author to be cited,]
"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the verse,

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
[And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing;] yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said
"as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
[As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,]—
"Yea," let them say, to stick⁴ the heart of falsehood,
"As false as Cressid."

[Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand;
here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all Pandars;⁵ let all inconstant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you
a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it

¹ Leave = cease.
² Tir'd = being tired: an awkward construction.
³ See note 188.
⁴ Stick, stab, pierce.
⁵ Pandars, a correct piece of philology.
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ACT III. Scene 3.

shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!  
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear:]

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

CAL. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,  
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompense: [Appear it to your mind  
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love] I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions, Incur'd a traitor's name; [expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,] To doubtful fortunes; sequester'd from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:  
I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit, Out of those many register'd in promise, Which, you say, live to come in my behalf. 

AGAM. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CAL. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,  
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.  
Oft have you—often have you thanks thereof—  
Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slack, Wanting his manage; and they will almost Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam, In change of him: let him be sent, great princes, And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence

Shall quite strike off all service I have done, In most accepted pain.—

1 Conveniences, comforts.  
2 Into = unto.  
3 Wrest, an instrument for tightening the strings of a harp.

AGAM. Let Diomedes bear him, 
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange:  
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.  

DIO. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.  

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, from their tent.

ULYS. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his tent:— 
Please it our general to pass strangely by him, As if he were forgot; and, princes all, Lay negligent and loose regard upon him: I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me Why such unplansive eyes are bent on him: If so, I have derision med'cuable, 
To use between your strangeness and his pride, Which his own will shall have desire to drink: [It may do good: pride hath no other glass To show itself but pride; for supple knees Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.]  

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

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

AGAM. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?  

NEST. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?  

ACHIL. No.  

NEST. Nothing, my lord.  

AGAM. The better.  

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

ACHIL. Good day, good day.  

MEN. [Jauntily] How do you? how do you?  

[Exit.  

ACHIL. What, does the cuckold scorn me?  

AJAX. How now, Patroclus!

4 Unplansive, i.e. giving no salutation.

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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha!
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exit.
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely; they were us'd to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they use to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the de-
clin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; [for men, like butter-
flies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man, 80
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour; 2
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery
standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

1 Declin'd, fallen
2 Favour, used passively =being in favour.

Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.] But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
find out
Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—
How now, Ulysses!
Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!
Achil. What are you reading?
Ulyss. A strange fellow here
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.  ACT III. Scene 3.

Writes me, "That man—how dearly ever parted!"

How much in having, or without or in—

Cannot make beast to have that which he hath, Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;

As when his virtues shining upon others, Heat them, and they retort that heat again To the first giver."

**Achil.** This is not strange, Ulysses. The beauty that is borne here in the face The bearer knows not, but commends itself To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself, That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself, Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd Salutes each other with each other's form: For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

**Ulyss.** I do not strain at the position,— It is familiar,—but at the author's drift; Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves That no man is the lord of any thing, Though in and of him there be much consisting,

Till he communicate his parts to others; Nor doth he of himself know them for aught Till he behold them formed in th' applause Where they're extended; [who, like an arch, reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel Fronting the sun, receives and renders back His figure and his heat.] I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately The unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse; That has he knows not what. [Nature, what things there are, Most abject in regard, and dear in use! What things again most dear in the esteem, And poor in worth!] Now shall we see to-morrow—

An act that very chanced to throw upon him— Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do, While some men leave to do!

[ How some men creep in skittish Fortune's hall, While others play the idiots in her eyes; How one man eats into another's pride, While pride is fasting in his wantonness!]

To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder, As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast, And great Troy shrieking.

**Achil.** I do believe it; for they pass'd by me As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

**Ulyss.** Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, Wherein he puts alms for oblivion, A great-siz'd monster of ingratiations: Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon As they are done: perseverance, dear my lord, Keeps honour bright: [to have done, is to hang Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail In monumental mockery.] Take th' instant way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow, Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons, That one by one pursue: if you give way, Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right, Like to an enter'd tile, they all rush by, And leave you hindmost;

[Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank, Lie there for pavement to the abject rear, O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present, Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;]

For time is like a fashionable host, That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand, And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly, Grasps in the corner: [welcome ever smiles, And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek Remuneration for the thing it was;]

For beauty, wit,

---

1 Printed, having good parts or qualities.
2 Having, substance, property.
3 Owe, owns.
4 Circumstance, i.e. details of his argument.
5 Use, utility, opposed to reputation.
6 Forth-right—the path that leads straight on.
7 As, as though.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT III. Scene 3.

As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord; [And better would it fit Achilles much] To throw down Hector than Polyxena; But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home, When fame shall in our islands sound her trump, And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing, “Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win; But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.” Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak; The fool slides o’er the ice that you should break. [Exit.

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov’d you: A woman impudent and mannish grown Is not more loath’d than an effeminate man In time of action. [I stand condemn’d for this; They think my little stomach to the war, And your great love to me, restrains you thus:] Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold, And, like a dewdrop from the lion’s mane, Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector? Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him. Achil. I see my reputation is at stake; My fame is shrewdlygor’d.

Patr. O, then, beware; Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves: [Omission to do what is necessary Seals a commission to a blank of danger; And danger, like an ague, subtly taints Even then when we sit idly in the sun.] Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus: I’ll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him To invite the Trojan lords after the combat To see us here unarm’d: I have a woman’s longing, An appetite that I am sick withal, To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;

1 Complete, usually accented so by Elizabethan writers.
2 Uncomprehensible, unfathomable.
3 Relation, i.e. history.
4 Commerce, secret intercourse.

5 Weeds, used of dress in general.
To talk with him, and to behold his visage, 

Even to my full of view.

Enter Thersites.

A labour say’d!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say “There were wit in this head, an’t would out;” and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man’s undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i’ the combat, he’ll break’t himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, “Good morrow, Ajax;” and he replies, “Thanks, Agamemnon.” What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? [He’s grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.]

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he’ll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in’s arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to you, me shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valiant Hector to come unarm’d to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honour’d captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon!

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to’t?

Ther. God b’ wi’ you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o’clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he’s out o’ tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock’d out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that’s the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stir’d;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.]

1 Politic, shrewd, sly. 2 Of = upon.

2 Catlings, catgut. 4 Capable, intelligent.
ACT IV.

SCENE I. A Street in Troy.

Enter, from one side, Aeneas, and Servant with a torch; from the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Die. 'Tis the Lord Aeneas.

Aene. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diò. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Aeneas,—take his hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,^1
Did haunt you in the field.

Aene. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce; 11

But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Diò. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Aene. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. — In humane gentleness,]

Welcome to Troy! [now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed!] By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Diò. We sympathize:—Jove, let Aeneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!

But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Aene. We know each other well.

Diò. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Aene. I was sent for to the king; but why,
I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the unreliev'd Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company: or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—

Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality and wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Aene. That I assure you: Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Aene. Good morrow, all. [Exit with servant.

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith, I tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menellass?

Diò. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her sojourn;^2
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,^3

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends: [He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tame'd piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whom is no juice
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, each heavier for a whore.]

1 By days, i.e. seven days, but not consecutive. 2 Quality = tenor of it. 3 Soiture = defilement. 4 Flat, metaphor from wine.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: [hear me, Paris:—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight
A Trojan hath been slain]; since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Court of Pandaruss' house in Troy.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;—

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment1 to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath roused th' ribald2 crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrow the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary - swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—

[O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off;

And then you would have tarried.]—Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [Within] What, is all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!3

Enter Pandarus.

[Pan. How now, how now! how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio!4 hast not slept to-night? would he not—a naughty man—let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were knock'd i' th' head!—] [Knocking within.

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see,—
My lord, come you again into my chamber:

[You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [Knocking within.

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. [Going to the door] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not; what news with you so early?

---

1 Attachment, arrest.
2 Ribald, perhaps with the idea of "noisiness."

3 Such a life; in the modern cant phrase "such a time of it."
4 Capocchio, a fool; used coarsely.
ACT IV. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Aene. Is not Prince Troilus here? 30
Pan. Here! what should he do here? 50
Aene. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import<sup>1</sup> him much to speak with me.
Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my part, I came in late. What should he do here?
Aene. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus is going out, re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter? 60
Aene. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?<sup>2</sup>
Aene. By Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it. 70
Tro. How my achievements mock me!—
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not not find me here. Aene. Good, good, my lord; the secrets<sup>3</sup> of nature Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exit Troilus and Aeneas.

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck! 80

Enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ah!
Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?
Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?
Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go. Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father; I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to 't.—I'll go and naind weep,— 110
Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy. [Exit.

SCENE III. Street in Troy near Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

<sup>1</sup> Both import, i.e. is of importance.
<sup>2</sup> Concluded, arranged.
<sup>3</sup> Secrets, a trisyllable.

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ACT IV. Scene 3.

A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love; And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—Please you walk in, my lords. [Exit.

Par. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

ACT IV. Scene 4.

Scene IV. A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste, And violenteth in a sense as strong As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it? If I could temporize with my affection, Or brew it to a weak and colder palate, The like allayment could I give my grief: My love admits no qualifying dross; No more my grief, in such a precious loss. Pan. Here, here, here he comes. 11

Enter Troilus.

Ah, sweet ducks!


Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"— O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking."

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strait'd a purity,

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy, More bright in zeal than the devotion which

1 Precious, i.e. which touches me so closely.
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; [wherein by our words.

Puts back leave-taking, justless roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindurc, forcibly prevents

Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath; we

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievish up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

[With distinct breadth and consign'd kisses to them,]

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears

Æne. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,

Or my heart will be blown up by the root.

[Exit.

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see again?¹

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem² is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us;

[1 Inury of chance, unkindness of fate.

2 Embrasures, embraces. ³ Cousign'd, sealed.

¹ See again, t. e. see each other.

⁴ Deem, surmise; obsolete word.

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation³ in thy heart;

But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation;] be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll go friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! —"be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,

And flowing o'er with arts and exercise; ³

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of guilty jealousy—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;⁴

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil

That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

[When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency.]

Æne. [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part. ¹⁰

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

¹ Maculation, flaw, spot (macula).

² Lavolt, a kind of dance.

³ Pregnant, ready.
ACT IV. Scene 4.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?  
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

[Enter Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.
Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity.
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.  

[Exeunt.

Scene V. A plain between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles,
Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor,
and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spherical bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puffed Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector.  

[Trumpet sounds.

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.
Again. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular; there were better she were kiss’d in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I’ll begin.

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I’ll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that’s no argument for kissing now;

For thus popp’d Paris in his hardiment, And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus’ kiss;—this, mine:

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I’ll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Men. Both take and give.

Cres. I’ll make my match to live, The kiss you take is better than you give; Therefore no kiss.

Men. I’ll give you boot, I’ll give you three for one.

Cres. You’re an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know ’tis true That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o’ the head.

Cres. No, I’ll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire’t.

1 Particular, individual, not shared by all.
2 Fillip properly means to strike with the finger-nail; another form of flip.
AEne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er,  
know this:—  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,  
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;  
[Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to see.  
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.]  
Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.

Hec. Why, then will I no more:—  
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.—  
(Act iv. 5. 119, 120.)

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord AEneas  
Consent upon the order of their fight,  
So be it; either to the uttermost,  
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin  
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.  
[Ajax and Hector prepare to fight.  
Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.  
Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks  
so heavy?  
Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;  
Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;  
Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon  
calm'd:  
His heart and hand both open and both free;  
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;  
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,  
Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:  
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;  
For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes  
To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,  
Is more vindicative than jealous love:  
They call him Troilus; and on him erect  
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.  
[Thus says AEneas; one that knows the youth;  
Even to his inches, 2 and with private soul  
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.  
[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.  
Agam. They are in action.

1 Vindicative, original form of vindictive.  
2 Even to his inches, i.e. minutely, thoroughly.  

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ACT IV. Scene 5.

Troilus and Cressida.

Neu. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleepest;
Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well disposed:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [Trumpets cease.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more:—Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

[Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all, And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood Runs on the dexter1 check, and this sinister2 Bounds in my father's;"] by Jove multipotent, Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member

Wherein my sword had not imprese made Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay That any dropthon borrow'dst from thy mother, My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drained: Let me embrace thee, Ajax: By him that thunder's, thou hast lusty arms; Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector: Thou art too gentle and too free a man: I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence A great addition earned in thy death. 141

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable— On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st eyes Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector:]

Aene. There is expectation here from both the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;4 The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success— As said I have the chance— I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. 151

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarmed the valiant Hector.

Hect. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me: And signify this loving interview To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home. [Aeneas goes to Troilus and other Trojans at back]—Give me thy hand, my cousin [to Ajax];

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such an enemy;

[But that's no welcome; understand more clear, What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant6 moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,7 Bids thee, with most divine integrity, 170 From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-

memon. [Aeneas and Troilus advance.

Agen. [To Troilus] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Aene. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not, that I affect th' untraded8 oath;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

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

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.]

Neu. [To Hector] I have, thou gallant Troi-

jan, seen thee oft,
ACT IV. Scene 5.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
[As hot as Perseus, spur the Phrygian steed, Despising many forfeits and subduements,]
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by, "Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"
[And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel, I never saw till now.
] I knew thy grandsire, And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all, Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee; And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome! - I have seen the time.

Ulyss. [Interrupting] I wonder now how yonder city stands
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that perily front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

[Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. [I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!—]

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
[ I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector, And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou hast too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. [O, like a book of sport thou 'st read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.]

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?

[That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew:] answer me, heavens!

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

6 Is but, has travelled but.
7 Buss, kiss.
8 Quoted, observed.
9 Prenominate, say beforehand.
ACT V. Scene 5.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied, Mars his hehn,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—
Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't: You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars, since you refuse'd
The Grecians' cause.
Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.
Hect. Thy hand upon that match.
Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to
my tent;
There in the full convive: we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.
Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?
Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely
Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you
so much,
After we part from Agamemmon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their
sears
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[Exeunt.

ACT V.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch' of nature, what's the news?

1 Stithied, forged.
2 Pelting = paltry.
3 In the full, i.e. all together.
4 Convive, feast.
5 Entreat, entreat.
6 As gentle = as kindly tell me.
7 Batch = baked bread.

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.
[Give letter.
Achil. From whence, fragment? 9
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?
Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?
Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: [thou art thought to be Achilles']
male varlet.
Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?
Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the

7 Tent: Thersites quibbles upon its surgical meaning.
rotten diseases of the south, the guts-gripping, rupures, catarrhs, leads o' grave l' the back, lethargies, cold pulsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciatics, limekills i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the reviled\(^1\) fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!\(^2\)

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

**Ther.** Do I curse thee?\(^30\)

**Patr.** Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

**Ther.** No! why art thou, then, exasperate,\(\) thou idle immaterial\(^3\) skein of slave-silk, thou green sacrenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such waterflies,—diminutives of nature!

**Patr.** Out, gall!\(^40\)

**Ther.** Finch-egg!

**Achil.** My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing\(^4\) me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banquetting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus!\(^52\)

*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*

**Ther.** With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter these, his brother, the bull,—\(\)—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckold; a thrifty shoeing-horn\(^5\) in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced\(^6\) with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew;\(^7\) a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care;\(^8\) but to be Menelaus—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar,\(^9\) so I were not Menelaus.—Hoy-day!—spirits and fires!

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

**Agam.** We go wrong, we go wrong.

**Ajax.** No, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.

**Hect.** I trouble you.

**Ajax.** No, not a whit.

**Ulyss.** Here comes himself to guide you.

*Re-enter Achilles from tent.*

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

**Agam.** So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

**Hect.** Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

**Men.** Good night, my lord.

**Hect.** Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

**Ther.** Sweet draught! sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.\(\)

**Achil.** Good night and welcome, both at once, to those That go or tarry.

**Agam.** Good night.

*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*

**Achil.** Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

**Di.** I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

**Hect.** Give me your hand.

---

\(^1\) Reviled, wrinkled.  \(^2\) Discoveries, monstrosities.  \(^3\) Immaterial, slight, worthless.  \(^4\) Taxing, blaming.  \(^5\) Shoeing-horn, one subservient as a tool or instrument to another.

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**Forbidden, stuffed (Latin, farciro).**  
**Fitchew, polecat.**  
**Would not care, i.e. would not mind being.**  
**Lazar, a leper, outcast.**

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ACT V. Scene 1.

**Troilus and Cressida.**

**Ulyss.** [Aside to Troilus] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent: I'll keep you company.

**Tro.** [Aside to Ulysses] Sweet sir, you honour me.

**Hec.** And so, good night.

**[Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.**

**Achil.** Come, come, enter my tent.

**[Exit Achilles; Hector, Ajax, and Nestor into tent.**

**Ther.** That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his month, and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—[Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!]

**[Exit.**

---

**Scene II.** The same. Before Calchas' tent.

**Enter Diomedes.**

**Dio.** What, are you up here, ho? speak.

**Cal.** [Within] Who calls?

**Dio.** Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?

**Cal.** [Within] She comes to you.

**Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at some distance; after them Thersites.**

**Ulyss.** Stand where the torch may not discover us.

**Enter Cressida from tent.**

**Tro.** Cressid comes forth to him.

**Dio.** How now, my charge! Cressid, my sweet guardian!—Hark, a word with you. [Whispers.]

**Tro.** Yea, so familiar!

**Ulyss.** She will sing any man at first sight. [Aside. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.]

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1. Cliff, i.e. cleft; a term in music = key.

2. Thy better, meaning himself. 3. Enlarge, vent itself.
ACT V. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. Scene 2.

Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.  

Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?  

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

[Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!]

Fry, lechery, fry!]

Dio. But will you, then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

---

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

Cres. I'll fetch you one.  

[Exit into tent.

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord; not be myself, nor have cognition Of what I feel: I am all patience.

---

Re-enter Cressida from tent.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.  

[Giving him the sleeve given her by Troilus.

Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again.

---

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.—(Act v. 2. 19.)  

Dio. Whose was't?  

Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. Oall you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.  

[Kissing the sleeve; Diomed snatches it from her] Nay, do not snatch it from me;

He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

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1 Palter, trifle.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. Scene 2.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women¹ yond,²
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wert'st it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; — and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes
not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.

[Exit Diomedes.

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex!³ this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind: ¹¹⁰

[What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Mind sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.]

[Exit.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd where." [²]

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

¹ Diana's waiting-women, i.e. the stars.
² Yond, yonder.
³ Poor our sex, i.e. our poor sex.

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Ulyss. Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But [if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith] yet there is a credence in my heart, ¹²⁰

[An esperance so obstinately strong,]
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;

[As if those organs had deceptions functions,
Created only to calumniate.]

[Pauses, overcome by emotion.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

[ Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste⁴ of
madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now. ]

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,
For deprivation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers?

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

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own
eyes?£

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. [ O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: ] this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

[And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex⁶ for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter. ]

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

⁴ Taste, suggestion in it.
£ Swagger himself, &c. = persuade himself he never saw.
⁶ Orifex, orifice.
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bounds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and 
loos'd; 156
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, ors of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

_Ulyss._ May worthy Troilus be but half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
_Tro._ Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy 2
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is wine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful
spout,
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

_[Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupiscent._] 1
_Tro._ O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

_Ulyss._ O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither. 181

_Enter Æneas._

Æneas. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.
_Tro._ Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—
Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

_Ulyss._ I'll bring you to the gates.
_Tro._ Accept distracted thanks. 189

_[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses._

 Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode. [Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this where: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab.] Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion; a burning devil take them! 191

_SCENE III. Troy. Priam’s palace._

_Enter Hector and Andromache._

_Hec._ When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment? Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

_And._ You train'd me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I’ll go!

_Hec._ No more, I say.

_Enter Cassandra._

_Cas._ Where is my brother Hector?

_And._ Here, sister; arm’d, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue him on knees; for I have dream’d
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter. 12

_Cas._ O, it is true.

_Hec._ Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

_Cas._ No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

_Hec._ Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

_Cas._ The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr’d
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

_And._ O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,

For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

_Cas._ It is the purpose that makes strong
the vow;

---

1 Orts, droppings
2 Fancy, love.
3 Constring'd = compressed; an obvious Latinism.
4 Concupy, concupiscence.
5 Stand by, be compared with.
6 Train, lead.
7 Ominous, fatal.
8 For = because.
9 Use, practice.
ACT V. Scene 3.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

But vows to every purpose must not hold: Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say; Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate: Life every man holds dear; but the brave man Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day? And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[Exit Cassandra.

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth; I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry: Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong, And tempt not yet the brushes of the war. Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy, I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy. Tro. Brother, you have a voice of mercy in you, Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall, Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword, You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods, Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers; And when we have our armours buckled on, The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords, Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fic!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

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

Tro. Who should withhold me? Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars Beckoning with fiery truncheon on my retire; Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees, Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears; Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn, Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way, But by my ruin.

\[1 \text{ Recourse, i.e. that come and go.}\]

Re-enter Cassandra and Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay, Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee, Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back: Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions; Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt, To tell thee that this day is ominous: Therefore, come back.

Hect. Aeneas is a-field; And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks, Even in the faith of valour, to appear This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go. Hect. I must not break my faith. You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir, Let me not shame respect; but give me leave To take that course by your consent and voice, Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam. Cas. O Priam, yield not to him! And. Do not, dear father. Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you: Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[Exit Andromache.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale! Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents! Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out! How poor Andromache shrills her dolefulsforth! Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement, Like witless antics, one another meet, And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O Hector! Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell,—yet, soft!—Hector, I take my leave: Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [Exit.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:

\[2 \text{ Engag'd, pledged.}\]
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight; Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.  

Pri. Farewell; the gods with safety stand about thee! [Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. 

Alarums. 

Tro. They're at it, hark!—proud Diomed, believe,  
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve. 

As Troilus is going out, enter from the other side Pandarus. 

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

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; Th' effect doth operate another way.—(Act v. 3. 107, 108.)

Tro. What now?  

Tro. Let me read.  
Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were curs'd, 1 I cannot tell what to think on 't.—  
What says she there?  

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart; Th' effect doth operate another way.— [Tearing the letter.  

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

1 Curs'd, by a witch, or some evil agency.
My love with words and errors still she feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.  

[Exeunt severally.]

**Scene IV. Plains between Troy and the Grecian camp.**

**Alarums: excursions. Enter Thersites.**

**Thers.** Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I’ll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave’s sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish [whoremasterly] villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O the ‘t’other side, the policy of those crafty swarming rascals—that staid old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax pronder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and ‘t’other.

**Enter Diomedes, Troilus following.**

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

**Dio.** Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!  

[Thers. Hold thy where, Grecian!—now for thy where, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!]  

[Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.

**Enter Hector.**

**Hect.** What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector’s match?  
Art thou of blood and honour?  

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

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1 Barbarism, mere strength, force, opposed to policy.

---

**ACT V. Scene 5.**

**Hect.** I do believe thee;—live.  

**Thers.** God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!—What’s become of the wenching rogues! I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—[yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.] I’ll seek them. [Exit.

**Scene V. Another part of the plains.**

**Enter Diomedes and a Servant.**

**Dio.** Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus’ horse;  
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:  
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty:  
Tell her I have chastis’d the amorous Trojan,  
And am her knight by proof.

**Serv.** I go, my lord. [Exit.

**Enter Agamemnon.**

**Agam.** Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas  
Hath beat down Menon; [bastard Margarelon  
Hath Doreus prisoner,  
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,  
Upon the pashed corse of the kings  
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;  
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;  
Patroclus ta’en or slain; and Palamedes  
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary  
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,  
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

**Enter Nestor.**

**Nest.** Go, bear Patroclus’ body to Achilles;  
And bid the snail-pac’d Ajax arm for shame.—  
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,  
And there lacks work; anon he’s there afoot,  
[And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls]  
Before the belching whale; then is he, yonder,]  
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,  
Fall down before him, like the mower’s swath;  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;  
Dexterity so obeying appetite,  
That what he will he does; and does so much,  
That proof is called impossibility.

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2 The dreadful Sagittary. See note 330.

3 Sculls = shoals (of fish).

4 Swath, grass cut by the scythe.
ACT V. Scene 5.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Isarming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
come to him,

Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that lack, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.


Ay, there, there. Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?—
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.]

[Exeunt.

Scene VI. Another part of the plains.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head! Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse! Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come, both you cogging Greeks; have at you both!

[Exeunt, fighting.

[Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriended thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [Exit. Hect.

Fare thee well:—I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother! 21

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Aeneas: shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [Exit.

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No! wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
I'll flush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. Another part of the plains.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:

1 Redeeming, &c., i.e. rescuing himself from the foe.

2 Cogging, cheating.

3 Frush, batter.
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [Exeunt.]

[Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting; then Tersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.]

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?


Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempteth judgment: farewell, bastard. [Exit.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [Exit.

Scene VIII. Another part of the plains.

Enter Hector.

Hect. [Most putrefied core, so fair without, Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.] Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath: Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death. [Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.}
Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set; How ugly night comes breathing at his heels; Even with the vail1 and darkening of the sun, To close the day up, Hector’s life is done. Hector. I am unarmed; forego this vantage, Greek. Achilles. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek. [Hector falls. So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down! Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.— On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain, "Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.” [A retreat sounded. Hark! a retire2 upon our Grecian part. Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord. Achilles. The dragon wing of night o’erspreads the earth, And, stickler-like,3 the armies separates. [My half-supp’d sword, that frankly4 would have fed, Pleas’d with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed. [Sheaths his sword.] Come, tie his body to my horse’s tail; Along the field I will the Trojan trail. [Exeunt. Scene IX. Another part of the plains. Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within. Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that? Nest. Peace, drums! [Within] Achilles! Achilles! Hector’s slain! Achilles! Dio. The blunt is, Hector’s slain, and by Achilles. Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be; Great Hector was a man as good as he. Agam. March patiently along;—let one be sent To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended, Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [Exeunt, marching.

Scene X. Another part of the plains. Enter Aeneas and Trojans. Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field: Never go home; here starve we out the night. Enter Troilus. Tro. Hector is slain. All. Hector!—the gods forbid! Tro. He’s dead; and at the murderer’s horse’s tail, In beastly sort, dragg’d through the shameful field.— Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed! Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy! I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy, And linger5 not our sure destructions on! Aene. My lord, you do discomfit all the host. Tro. You understand me not that tell me so: I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death; But dare all imminence that gods and men Address their dangers in. Hector is gone: Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba? Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call’d, Go into Troy, and say there “Hector’s dead:” [There is a word will Priam turn to stone; Make wells and Nibes of the maids and wives, Cold statuses of the youth; and, in a word, Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away: Hector is dead; there is no more to stay. Stay yet.—] You vile abominable tents, Thus proudly pight6 upon our Phrygian plains, Let Titan rise as early as he dare, I’ll through and through you!—and, thou great-siz’d coward, No space of earth shall sunder our two hates: I’ll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still, That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.— Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:

1 Vail, descent.  
2 A retire, i.e. the sound for retiring.  
3 Stickler-like, umpire-like.  
4 Frankly, to the full.  
5 Linger on = protract.  
6 Pight, pitched.
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.

[As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandar’s.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!
Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[Exit.

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

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Fully merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail,—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander’s hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar’s fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I’ll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]
NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

1. Lines 1-31.—This prologue is not given in the Quarto; it is only found in the Folio. Ritson and Steevens condemn it as not genuine, and amongst modern critics Mr. Fleay finds in the lines "much work that is unlike Shakespeare’s" (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 228). Grant White attributed the authorship to Chapman.

2. Line 1: In Troy, there lies the scene.—Not an unusual beginning; so the prologue to the Broken Heart (Ford) commences, "Our scene is Sparta."

3. Line 8: whose strong immures.—We have the verb several times in Shakespeare; e.g. Venus and Adonis, 1191:
"Means to immure herself and not be seen;"
Richard III. iv. 1. 100; Sonnet lxxxiv. 3. More, substantive, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 110; Eresumunere in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 28.

4. Line 15: Priam’s six-gated city.—So the Folio. Theobald, to suit the plural verb, sperr upp, below (line 19), needlessly changed to "six gates i’ the city," and was followed by Hanmer.

5. Line 17: Antenorides.—Pf. have Antenonidus; the change (Theobald’s), adopted by most editors, appears necessary. Shakespeare is obviously following the account in Caxton’s Destruction of Troy, where, in the third book, a description of Troy is given: "In this city were six gates; the one was named Dardane, the second Timbria, the third Helias, the fourth Chetas, the fifth Troyen, and the sixth Antenorides." (Destruction, bk. 3, p. 4, ed. 1708). Dyce, too, quotes Lydgate, The historye, Sege and dystrukcyon of TROY:

The fourth gate hyghte also Chetas;
The fyfte Troye, the sixth Anthonyde,
where the edition of 1655 alters Anthonydes to the nearly right reading Antinorides.

6. Line 18: Fulfilling bolts; i.e. which fill the aperture so closely that no room is left; for this, the etymological sense of the word, we may compare Lucrce, 1258.

7. Line 19: sperr up the sons of Troy.—V. 1 has stirre, out of which no meaning can be got. Theobald made the admirable suggestion sperr; Collier’s MS. Corrector had sparr in the same sense. The use of the word is well supported. Thus Spenser, in the Faerie Queene, writes:
The other which was entered laboured fast
To sperr the gate. —Bk. v. c. x. st. xxxvii.

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NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT 1. SCENE 1.

11. Line 7: and skiff'd to their strength.—For Shakespeare's use of "to" as "in addition to," see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 121, 122. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 51-53:

"Is much he dares; And, to that d uncertainty of his mind, He hath a wisdom; and same play, i. 6. 19.

12. Line 14: I'll not meddle nor make.—Evidently a proverbial phrase, equivalent to "I will keep clear of it." Cf. line 85. So in Much Ado, iii. 3. 56: "And, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty."

13. Lines 30, 31:

And when fair Cressida comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—When is she thence?

We have here an excellent correction of the text. Q. and F. 1 and F. 2 gave:

then she comes, when she is thence.

The change is unimpeachable; the credit is due to Rowe, second edn.

14. Line 41: An her hair were not somewhat darker.—This is one of the many allusions that might be quoted to the distaste felt by our ancestors for dark hair and eyes. Walker (A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 190) aptly refers to Massinger's Parliament of Love, where, in act ii. scene 3, Beaupré says:

Like me, sir,
One of my dark complexion?


Still more to the point, however, is Sonnet cxxvii, the first of the second great series of sonnets:

In the old age black was not counted fair.
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black;
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Shandering creation with a false esteem.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 198, 199, and the note (197) on Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 257. Red hair was regarded by the Puritans as a decided blemish; cf. Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, ii. 2 (Dyce's ed.), vol. iv. p. 47.

15. Line 55: HABDEST in thy discourse, O, that her hand.—For a similar word-play compare Titus Andronicus, ii. 2. 99. Malbone well remarks upon the curious reverence which Shakespeare seems to have felt for the beauty of a woman's hand. Note, for instance, the delicacy and suggestiveness of the epithets and imagery in the following passages: Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 35, 36, where we have the splendid lines:

they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand;

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 372-376: this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopians' tooth, or the fam'd snow, that's bolted
By the northern blasts thrice o'er;
and Lucrece, 338-335, a perfect picture:
Without the bed she other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass.

[In the Q, the punctuation is thus:]
Handlist in thy discourse: O that her hand.

The Ff. have:
Handlist in thy discourse. O that her Hand.

Some editors, having regard to the punctuation of the old copies, make the verb handlist govern some of the nouns in the line above. Capell, for instance, puts a semicolon after goit in line 54, making her voice governed by handlist. Malone was the first to punctuate line 55 as it is in our text. Other conjectures have been made by various editors in order to make the passage intelligible. With regard to the punctuation of the old copies, certainly O that her hand seems more like an exclamation than the object of the sentence; but if we take that her hand to be the accusative case, and explain it as we have in our footnote, then we must suppose O to be strictly a mere interjection, a parenthetical expression of rapture. For that her hand—"that hand of hers" compare the following passages—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 10: "Thy demon that thy spirit;" and in the same play, iv. 14. 79: "Draw that thy honest sword;" and also Macbeth, i. 7. 53: "that their fitness."—F. A. M.

16. Line 57: to whose soft seizure. —Seizure is used passively; touch would be more natural.

17. Lines 58, 59:
The cygnets down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman.

These lines are not easy. What are we to make of spirit of sense? Warburton, of course, emended, proposing sole of sense; upon which Johnson bluntly remarked: "it is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in spite of sense; for though he often does it in spite of the sense of others, his own senses are subdu'd to his desires." I see no necessity for any alteration. I think the sense is: "spirit, i.e. sensitiveness personified, is not so delicate, so impalpable, as Cressida's hand." I believe the words can bear this interpretation, and it seems to me to carry on the line of thought. To make spirit of sense a mere variant on whose soft seizers is surely wrong; the lines contain two distinct conceptions. Also we must not press hard as the palm, etc. too closely; the poet merely wishes to suggest something rough and coarse in contrast to that which, next to Cressida's hand, is the most ethereal thing we can conceive, viz. sensitiveness itself. Compare iii. 3. 106, and Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 74.

18. Line 65: she has the Mend's in her own hands.—This, as Steevens satisfactorily shows, was a cant phrase meaning "to make the best of a bad bargain; do the best one can." In this sense is it used by Field in his Woman is A Weathercock, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then I have the mends in my own hands" (Dodgson, Old Plays, ed. Carew Hazlitt (1875), vol. xi. p. 25). Johnson's interpretation of the passage is characteristic: "She may mend her complexion with the assistance of cosmetics," on the principle apparently advocated in Randolph's Jealous Lovers, iv. 3:

"Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaster fair,
But when the house is fallen, 'tis past repair."—Works (Hazlett's ed.), vol. i. p. 144.

19. Lines 78, 79: as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday.—Friday being a fast day when the "suit of humiliation" would be worn, while Sunday is a signal for donning smart attire. It is hardly necessary to point out the glaring anachronism; the play is full of such errors.

20. Line 90: And he's as Tetchy as to be woe'd; i.e. fretful; a corruption, perhaps, of "touche." So Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 32:

To see it touche, and fail out.

21. Line 105: Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood.—A finely alliterative effect that comes in the last verse of the introductory stanzas to In Memoriam. Later on in the same poem Tennyson beautifully applies the epithet wandering to the sea:

O Mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock shrou'd
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.—Canto vi.

22. Line 108: How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?—Troilus is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare; so Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, pp. 164-166. Thus in Lucrece, 1486, we have:

Here handy Hector finds, here Troilus wounds.

Again in the Merchant of Venice, in the almost incomparable first scene of the fifth act, lines 3, 4:

in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Troyan walls.

The only possible exception occurs in the present play, v. 2. 161, where the common reading is:

May worthy Troilus be half attach'd?

Probably Shakespeare thought the name was derived from Troy. Peele, we may note, treats the word rightly as a triyllable; e.g. Tale of Troy:

So hardy was the true knight Troilus.

—Peele's Works, p. 555.

23. Line 109: this woman's answer sorts.—Troilus means that the logic of his reply—"not there because not there"—is the logic, or rather no-logic, in which women indulge; and then he proceeds to play upon woman, womanish.

24. Line 115: Paris is god' with Menelaus' horn.—Alluding to the idea of which our old dramatists make perpetual mention, that the husband of an unfaithful wife was a cuckold, or as Mirabel says in The Wild Goose Chase, i. 3: "a gentleman of antler." Perhaps the most elaborate treatment of the subject comes in Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, where we hardly know whether most to ridicule or to despise the complacent Allwit. Similar references occur later on in this play.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

25. Line 8: he was harness'd light.—Light may refer to the weight of their armour; more probably, however, it means "nimbly," "quickly." Theobald needlessly
altered to "harness-dight," a reading, he remarked, which "gives us the poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginably." He was followed by Hamner.

26 Lines 9, 10: where EVERY FLOWER 

_Did, as a prophet, WEEP.

So in Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 204: 

Drink every little flower. 

Dew on the ground naturally suggests tears.

27. Line 15: a very man per se.—Gray refers to the Testament of Cresside:

Of faire Cresside, the faire and a per se 

Of Troi and Greece.

28. Line 20: their particular additions.—Here, as often, in the sense of "titles," "denominations." Malone says it was a law term, and in Cowell's Interpreter (ed. 1637) _Addition_ is thus explained, "a title given to a man over and above his Christian and surname, shewing his estate, degree, occupation, trade, age, place of dwelling, &c." Compare _Coriolanus_, i. 3. 66; and for an instance outside Shakespeare, Busby D'Ambels, iv. 3:

Addition is a name of honour for a king; 

Additions take away from each thing. 

—Chapman's Works, p. 163.

29. Line 25: merry AGAINST THE HAIR.—Compare a contre-point: as we should say, "against the grain." The idea came from stroking the fur of animals the reverse way. Justice Shallow uses the expression in _Wives_, ii. 3. 41:

if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.

30. Line 46: When were you at Ilium?—Shakespeare, as Hamner and the other editors point out, applies the name _Ilium_ only to Priam's palace, and not to the city at large. In this he was following Caxton's Destruction of Troy, where the palace is thus described: "In this open space of the city, upon a rock, King Priamus did build his rich palace named _Ilium_, that was one of the richest and strongest in all the world. It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, so high, as it seemed to them that saw from far, they reared Heaven. And in this palace King Priamus did make the richest Hall that was at that time in all the world: within which was his throne; and the table whereupon he did eat, and held his estate among his nobles, princes, lords, and barons, was of gold and silver, precious stones, and of ivory" (bk. iii. p. 5, ed. 1703).

31. Line 58: He'll lay about him to-day.—We have a similar expression in Henry V. v. 2. 147: "I could lay on like a butcher;" and compare Macheth's, "Lay on, Macduff," v. 8. 33.

32. Line 80: gone bare-foot to India.—A like exploit is suggested in Othello, iv. 3. 36-39: "I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot toPalestine for a touch of his mother lip." We are reminded somewhat of the veracious Chronicles of Sir John Maundeville.

33. Line 92: Hector shall not have his wit; i.e. Trolus' wit. For recit Q. and F. read tell. Rowe made the change.

34. Line 118: Then she's a MERRY GREEK.—Compare iv. 4. 53. It is a classical touch. See Horace, Satires, ii. 2. 2, where the hard life of a Roman soldier is contrasted with the easier, somewhat effeminate ways of the Greek:

_Si Romana fatigat_ 

Minla assauniu Graecir.

So in Plutarch, Mostellaria, i. 1. 21, _pergyenar quasi totum noctem potare (orell)._ The idea passed into classical English; _e.g._ Ben Jonson, Volpone, iii. 5:

Let's die like Romans 

Since we have lived like Greeks.

—Works, iii. p. 261, and Gifford's note.

Minshew (1617) gives (under Greek) "a merie Greeke, hilaire Graevus, a Jester," and in Roister Doister one of the dramatis personae is Mathew _Merrygroves_ who throughout acts up to his name; cf. i. 1, Arbër's Reprint, p. 13.

Nares (Halliwell's ed.) has a vague generalism: "the _Greeks_ were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations."

35. Line 120: into the compass'd window.—For _compass'd_ "rounded," compare Venus and Adonis, 272: "compass'd crest;" also "compass'd cape" (Tuning of the Shrew, iv. 3. 140). "Bow window" would be more intelligible to us. _Compassed_, according to Malone, was also applied to a particular kind of ceiling.

36. Line 129: so old a LIFTER.—A word that has only survived in the special phrases, shoplifter and cattle-lifter. Though not found elsewhere in Shakespeare it occurs with tolerable frequency in the Elizabethan dramatists. So in Ben Jonson's _Cynthia's Revels_, i. 1, we have "one other peculiar virtue you possess, is lifting" (Works, vol. ii. 231). In _Middleton's Roaring Girl_, "cheaters, lifters and foists" are mentioned in the same sentence (Works, vol. ii. 546). Etymologically the word is best seen in the Gothic _hifan_ = to steal; cognate with Latin _legeo_ (Skeat).

37. Line 158: With mill-stones.—A proverbial phrase = not to weep at all, to be hard-hearted. Cf. Richard III. i. 3. 364:

_Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall tears;_ 

and see notes 160 and 204 of that play.

38. Line 171: There's but one and fifty hairs.—Curiously enough Q. and F. unanimitously give _two and fifty_. The correction (_Theobald's_) ought, I think, to be adopted, though the Cambridge editors keep to the copies. _Fifty_ was the traditional number of Priam's sons. Shakespeare, however, may have made the mistake.

39. Line 175: _The forlorn one._—See note 24; and compare Othello, iii. 3. 376:

Even then this forlorn plague is fated to us.

So, too, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 160, spoken appropriately enough by Leontes.

40. Line 182: that it passed.—The meaning is clear: "it was excessive, beggarly description." So in _Merry Wives of Windsor_ we have (i. 1. 310) "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd;" and later in the same play the verb occurs twice in the present tense, with the same meaning: "Why, this _pass'd_! Master Ford," iv. 2. 127, and line 143. See Timon of Athens, i. 1. 12, and com-
pare the ordinary adjectival use of the participle, pass-
ing. For instances outside Shakespeare note Greene, Works, p. 100, and Peele, Works, p. 510.

41. Line 206: That’s Antenor: he has a shrewd wit.—Shakespeare, as Steevens points out, is thinking of Lyd-
gate’s description of Antenor:

COPEUS in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, whereas he was in company,
So drollly, that no man could it espy:
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content.
To hear him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For tho’ that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

Antenor was one of the Trojan leaders who escaped; see Virgil’s Æneid, i. 242-249.

42. Line 212: Will he give you the nod?—Steevens says that to give the nod was a card term. There certainly was a game called noddy, to which references are not in-
quent. Compare, for instance, Westward Ho, iv. 1:
Bird. Come, shall’s go to noddy! Honey. Ay, an thou wilt, for half an hour.

—Webster’s Works, p. 229.

In any case, Cressida is simply playing on the slang meaning of noddy, which then, as now, signified “a simpleton;” hence she hints that if Pandarus gets another nod he will be more of a noddy than ever. I find very much the same sort of quibile in Northward Ho, i. 1:

‘Sfoot, what tricks at noddy are these? —Webster, p. 258.

Minshen, I may add, has a very characteristic explanation of the word: “A Noddy; because he nods when he should speak—A fool” (Dictionary, 1617).

43. Line 225: by God’s lid.—A curious oath, which seems, however, to have been proverbial. So in Field’s A Woman is a Weathercock, v. 2, we have:

Why then, by God’s lid, thou art a base rogue. I knew I should live to tell thee so.


For lid = eyelid, cf. Hamlet, i. 2, 70, 71:

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

44. Line 245: Helenus is a priest.—So in Caxton’s De-
struction of Troy, bk. iii. 3, he is “a man that knew all the arts liberal.” After the fall of Troy Helenus re-
appears in the third book of the Æneid, lines 295-505.

45. Line 250: talked with no date in the pie.—Pies with dates in them appear to have been almost as inevitable in Elizabethan cookery as the “green sauce” with which the dramatists garnished their dishes, or as those plates of prunes to which continual reference is made. Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2: 4.

They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.
So, too, All’s Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 172.

46. Line 253: at what ward you lie.—The poet has bor-
rowed a term from fencing. So in L. Henry IV. i. 4. 215, 216:

Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point.

47. Lines 394-396:

Pan. I’ll be with you, niece, by and by.
Cres. To bring, uncle?
Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

This very obscure and doubtful expression to bring occurs in Peele’s Sir Clymene and Sir Clamydes:

And I’ll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then I’ll be with him to bring.

—Peele’s Works, p. 593.

Commenting on the passage just quoted, Lyce gives several other places where the phrase is found: Kyl’s Spanish Tragedy, i. 2; Beaumont and Fletcher’s Scornful Lady, v. 4; and Harington’s Orlando Furioso, bk. xxxix.

48. In addition to these Grant White quotes from Tusser’s Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:

For carman and colier harps both on a string,
In winter they cast to be with thee to bring.

See also Lyce’s Middleton, ii. 147, with his glossary to Shakespeare, p. 52. The meaning of the phrase cannot be determined; it was a piece of contemporary slang, the key to which has been lost. To bring, uncle? should certainly be printed as a query.

49. Lines 313-321:

Achievement is command; unequal’d, be awed:
Then, through my heart’s content from love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

If line 319 is to be altered, we should, I think, adopt (with Singer) Mr. Harness’s very ingenious suggestion—

“Achieved, men us command.” Collier’s “Achieved men still command,” seems to me far less satisfactory. I be-
lieve, however, that the text of the copies should be retained. The difficulty comes from the poet’s charac-
teristic compression of thought, and in such maxims the sense generally gains in concentration at the expense of the clearness of expression. Summarized, the lines mean:

“When men have won us they are our rulers; before they win us they are our suppliants.” For achievement com-
pare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 205:

Achieve the elder, set the younger free.

In the next line (320) Warburton took heart’s content to signify “heart’s capacity.” Perhaps, however, Cressida simply means that love is the basis of her happiness.

ACT I. Scene 3.

50. Lines 14, 15:

Bisas and thwart, not answering the aim.

These are bowling terms, best illustrated perhaps by a passage in King John, ii. 574-579:

Commodity, the bisas of the world,
The world, who of itself is prized well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bisas,

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NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. Scene 3.

This way of motion, this commodity, makes it take head . . .
The original meaning of bias is seen in its derivation: F. bias, a slant, slope; hence, an inclination to one side.
51. Lines 17-19:

Why, then, you princes, do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works, and call them shame? . . .

Them must clearly refer back to works, which Walker condemns as “palpably wrong” (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 192). Works, though not impossible, is certainly weak.

We want a more definite word, implying “disgrace,” “defeat,” and it is tempting to adopt (as does Dyce) the correction of Collier’s MS. Corrector reedeks. Singer less happily proposed moocks.

52. Line 32: Nestor shall apply.—Perhaps in the sense of “attend to.”

53. Line 45: Or made a toast for Neptune.—Referring to the custom of toasting wine in soire. In the Merry Wives, iii. 5, Falstaff, admiring Bardolph to fetch a quart of sack, adds: “put a toast in’t.” In the passage before us the “sancy boat” is to be the dainty morsel for Neptune to swallow.

54. Line 48: The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze.—F. 1 has brize here, and in the passage from Anthony and Cleopatra, quoted below, breeze. The word is also written brize, and in Minshew brie; a species of stinging gnat, often used metaphorically to signify something “stinging,” “annoying.” Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 14:

The breeze, upon her, like a cow in June.

So in Ben Jonson’s The Poetaster, iii. i.: I can hold no longer, this breeze has prick’d my patience.


It is, as Grey in his notes points out, the word used by Dryden in translating Georgics, iii. 225:

This flying plague, to mark its quality,

Sordid the Greeks call, Alyssar we;

A fierce, loud sounding breeze, their stings draw blood,

And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.

55. Line 54: And flies fled under shade.—That is to say, “are fled.” Theobald and Hamner needlessly changed to “get under shade.” Walker’s “flee under” is preferable.

56. Line 54: Retorts to ceding fortune.—F. 1 and F. 2 have retiges; F. 3 and F. 4, and Quarto, retires. Some change is necessary. Hamner and Collier’s MS. Corrector propose retigies; Tope, retusus; Stanton, retiches; Dyce—and this is certainly the best—retorts. So the Cambridge editors and Globe Edn.

57. Line 64: Should hold up high in brass.—The editors are doubtless right in tracing here an allusion to the custom of engraving laws and public records on brass, and hanging them up on the walls of temples and other buildings of general resort. It is the reference, perhaps, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 11, 12.

58. Line 65: As venerable Nestor, hatch’d in silver.—A technical engraver’s term. The word has survived in hatchment and “cross hatchting,” a process, I believe, of shading familiar to all artists. Cotgrave has “hatch royalle;” also “hache d’armes.” The verb hatcher he translates “to hacke, shedd, slice; also, to hatch a hilt.”

Similarly hatch’d is the allusion to enamel work or carving of some sort on the handle. In any case, it enables us to explain satisfactorily the rather curious phrase “hatch’d in blood,” which Beaumont and Fletcher occasionally use (e.g. in the Humorous Lieutenant, i. 1), the fact simply being that the blood dripping from the blade was regarded as a kind of ornament. In Twelfth Night, iii. 4, 257, Sir Andrew is described as a “knight, dubb’d with unhatch’d rapier and on carpet consideration,” though some editors there read unhack’d. Taking the present passage we must refer silver, not, as did Johnson, to Nestor’s voice, but to his white hair.

Compare line 236, and iv. 5. 200. Tyrwhitt conjectured thatched; but he must have forgotten, or did not know of, Shirley’s exact reproduction of Shakespeare’s line:

Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch’d with silver.

—Love in a Maze, ii. 2. Shirley’s Works, Gifford’s ed. ii. p. 30r.

The following lines (66-68) need no explanation, much less correction: bond of air is thoroughly Shakespearian. The whole passage is evidently a reminiscence of a stanza in Lurecro, 1403-1407:

These pleasing might you see grave Nestor stand,
Ars we’re encouraging the Greeks to fight;

Making such sober action with his hand,

That it beguiled attention, charm’d the sight;

In speech, it seem’d, his beard, all silver white,

Wagged up and down, and from his lips did fly

Then winding breath, which pur’d up to the sky.

The suggested comparison is not, I think, without point.

59. Line 73: When rank Thebites opes his mastic jaws.—Apparent mastic is a corrupt form of mastigis, which in Terence means “a rascal,” literally “one that always wants whipping.” In late Latin the word came to signify “a whip,” “scourge,” and that must be the sense here. Many editors, however, read mastix. This line, it should be noted, is considered by Mr. Fleay to lend very strong support to his theory that the character of Thebites is a satirical portrait of Dekker. Why? Because Dekker in the Poetaster is called rank, an astonishing coincidence with the first half of our verse, while mastic is the clearest of allusions to Dekker’s Satiro-Mastix. It is ingenious, mais ce n’est pas la critique.

60. Line 81. When that the general is not like the hive.—The general should be to an army what the hive is to the bees, viz. the central rallying point to which each member may resort. The sense is excellent. Yet the frenzy of emulatio has not spared the line. Not likes; is not liked o’? is not the life of, have all been suggested.

61. Line 85: the planets, and this centre.—Referring obviously to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, in which the earth was the centre. So Hamlet, ii. 2. 157-160:

I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

“Fix like the centre” was not an unusual expression.

NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I. Scene 3.

62. Line 87: Insisture, course, proportion, &c.—Insisture seems to designate constancy, persistence. According to Nares the word does not occur elsewhere. We may note here that this fine speech, where the perfect clearness of thought and expression leaves little scope for the annotator, has been mercilessly mangled in Dryden’s version. Indeed the whole of the scene (with which Dryden opens his play) has been unaparantly retrenched.

63. Line 100: Married calm of states.—Married here simply means “closely united,” as in Milton’s:

Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse.

Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 43.

64. Line 113: And make a sop of all this solid globe.—So in Lear, ii. 2. 35: “Draw, you rogue, . . . I’ll make a sop o’ the moonshine of you.” Compare, too, Richard III. i. 4. 162; see also note 53.

65. Line 127: And this neglect of degree it is.—Neglection occurs again in Pericles, iii. 2. 29, where, however, Fl. read neglect. The general idea brought out in this passage is, that each man desires to aggrandize himself, and, in order to do so, slight his immediate superior.

66. Line 137: Troy in our weakness stands.—Stands(Q.) is more graphic than lives (F’r). At least it seems to remind us of Virgil’s “Troyaque munere staret.”

67. Line 153: And, like a strutting player.—It is curious to note with what almost invariable contempt Shakespeare speaks of the stage and of the actor’s calling, which, for a time at least, was his own. Compare the famous lines in Macbeth, v. 5. 24-26:

Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

Above all, in the Sonnets, where alone we can trace the personality of the poet, where—to adopt Matthew Arnold’s line—Shakespeare “abides our question”—he gives full vent to his loathing of the actor’s life:

Alas, it’s true I have gone here and there
And made myself a money to the view,
Gored mine own thought, sold cheap what was most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.

This (ex.) and the following sonnet are purely autobiographical; they let us know how Shakespeare estimated the art of the actor.

For he who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce protrack his fame thro’ half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
Both art and artist have one common grave.

The lines were written by Garrick. [I cannot agree with the views here expressed by Mr. Verity, although they are doubtless shared by many. In this passage, and in the one taken from Macbeth, Shakespeare is merely putting into the mouths of his characters the conventional estimate of the actor’s profession which was held by Society in his time. The dignified and noble-won’d defence of acting and actors by Hamlet is worth a hundred such commonplace sneers, and for Sonnet ex. (not ex., which latter has little to do with his profession of actor), the less said about that the better. Its unhealthy and morbid tone does Shakespeare little credit. If once we lose sight of the intense artificiality of the greater portion of the Sonnets, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare’s character.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 157: o’er-vested seeming.—Q. and Fl. read “ore-rested;” the correction (made by Pope) seems certain. For the metaphor compare iii. 3. 23, and note 194. Delius’ o’er-jested is ingenious.

69. Line 171: Arming to answer in a night-alarm.—So in Henry V. ii. 4. 2, 3:

And more than carefully it concerns
To answer royalty in our defences.

In each case the idea is “repeating an attack.”

70. Line 180: Several and generals of grace exact.—This seems to mean “our individual and collective qualities of perfection,” or as Johnson phrases it, of “excellence irreprehensible;” but I cannot help suspecting some corruption in the line. Stanหนอง’s suggestion “of grace and act” would make fair sense. Collier’s MS. Corrector gave “all grace extract,” i.e. deprived of all the grace which really belonged to them.

71. Line 184: As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.—The force of paradox is not very clear. Johnson wished that the copies had given parodies.

72. Line 195: To weaken and discredit our exposure; i.e. he minimizes the dangers to which we are exposed. In the following speech Ulysses develops the idea that in war policy and forethought should count for more than brute strength and bravery.

73. Line 205: They call this bed-work, mappery, close-war.—Theobald punctuated “bed-work mapp’ry, closet war,” i.e. treating bed-work as an adjective.

74. Lines 211, 212:

Achilles’ horse
Makes many Thetis’ sons;
I.e. at this rate Achilles’ horse is as good as Achilles himself. It is superfluous to say that Achilles was the son of “sea-born” Thetis.

75. Line 224: A stranger to those most imperial looks.—And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Perhaps, as Steevens explains, Shakespeare thought that the leaders on either side fought with beavers to their helmets after the manner of the medieval knights. So in act iv. 5. 195, 196, Nestor says to Hector:—

This thy countenance, still lock’d in steel,
I never saw till now.

76. Line 235: Courtiers as free, as demonair.—The word demonair only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Milton’s line in L’Allegro (24) It would be superfluous to quote, but it may be worth while to note that Milton was plagiarizing from Thomas Randolph, in whose Aristippus we have:

A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer.
To make one blithe, baxam and demonair.

Perhaps Randolph in turn had remembered Pericles, i. Prod. 23.

77. Lines 238, 239:

Joye’s accord,
Nothing so full of heart.

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I think we must take this (with Theobald) as an ablative absolute—*Jove probatns.* The interpretation, of course, is awkward, if not impossible, but the corrections have little to say for themselves. Stevens proposed "*Jove's a lord;*" Malone, most confidently, "*Jove's a God;*" Mason, most grotesquely, "*Jove's own bird."

78. Line 244: *that praise, sole peer, transcends.*—Collier's MS. Corrector gave *solnparent,* an expression, said Collier, of "great force and beauty;" but to Dyce it conveyed "no meaning at all."

79. Line 262: *this dull and long-continued true.*—This is inconsistent with what has preceded; if, for instance, the second scene, line 34. It is one of the contradictions that point to the composite nature of the play.

80. Lines 260, 270:

    **Confession.**

    With tramunt vows to her own lips he loves.

    i.e. confession (or profession, which Hamner reads) made with Idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.

81. Line 272: *to him this challenge.*—The single combat between Hector and Ajax occurs in the seventh Iliad, 215-300. Such incidents abound in the old romances.

82. Line 282: *The Grecian lanes are sunburnt.*—Compare theatrims complaint: "This goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331-332; and see note 132 of that play). In the Tempest, iv. 1. 134 the word does not bear any unpleasant associations.

83. Line 296: *I'll hide my silver beard in a golden beaver.*—Properly *beaver* signified the visor of the helmet, its sense in the present passage; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 230, with Mr. Aldis Wright's note. Often used for the helmet itself; so I. Henry IV, iv. 1. 104. Skeat derives from *baviere,* a bib; another derivation is *boire,* because the beaver had to be raised if the wearer wanted to drink. Compare III. Henry VI, note 39.

84. Line 297: *And in my vastbrace.—Q. has vnsbrace;* a species of armour for the arm—*vns bras.* Compare "Vastbrace and greaves and gauntlet" (Samson Agonistes, 1121).

85. Line 315: *Be you my time;* i.e. "Time brings all schemes to maturity; in the present case do you fulfill the office of Time."

86. Lines 324, 325:

    **The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,**
    
    If *how grossness little charactes sun up.*

Warburton has a recondite note on these lines, the meaning of which seems to me fairly simple. *Substance* = estate, property; *grossness* = gross sum, value; *characters* = emblems; and the whole idea is parallel to the thought expressed in Henry V. prologue to act i. 15, 16:

    *a crooked figure may\n    Attest in little place a million.*

Compare, too, the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 6, 7:

    *like a cipher,\n    Ye standing in rich place.*

87. Line 341: *shall give a scantling, &c.—Scantling here signsifies, not so much "a sample" (Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon), as "a measure," "proportion." Properly it means "a cut piece of timber;" then, apparently, "a small piece of anything." So Malone quotes from Florio's translation (1603) of Montaigne's Essays: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a scantling of the fox's." For derivation, cf. French *casserillon.* The general—the community, as in Julius Cesar, ii. 1. 12, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "I was caviare to the general."

88. Line 343, 344:

    **And in such indexes, although small pricks**
    **To their subsequent volumes.**

Several passages illustrate Shakespeare's use of the word *index;* e.g. Hamlet, iii. 4. 51, 52:

    *Ay me, what act\n    That roars so loud, and thunders in the index.*

Compare, too, Othello, ii. 1. 363: "an index and obscure prologue," and Richard III. ii. 2. 145: "as index to the story we late talk'd of." It is not enough in explaining these lines to say that the *index* was usually prefixed to a volume; it should be remembered that the word did not bear quite its modern sense, but signified what we should now call the "table of contents." So Minshen defines it: "Table in a book." *Pric* was used for a small mark or point; so in expression "prick of noon."

89. Lines 361, 362:

    **The lustre of the better yet to show,**
    **Shall show the better.**

So the Folio, a great improvement on the reading of Q.: The lustre of the better shall exceed, By shewing the worse first.

Grant White's

    Shall show the better thus. Do not consent

gives an easier rhythm.

90. Lines 375, 376: *let blockish Ajax draw The sort.*

As applied to Telamonian Ajax the epithet *blockish* (and in line 381, *dull brainless*) is not very appropriate. In the Iliad he is the type of strenth, but not of dulness; and *blockish* could scarcely be said of the subject of Sophocles' drama. Probably, as the editors explain, Shakespeare has confounded the Telamonian Ajax with Ajax Oileus.

91. Line 392: *Must bare the mastiffs on.*—This was a sportsman's term—a horse on dogs to fight; cf. King John, iv. 1. 117, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 370: "and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy."

ACT II. Scene 1.

92. Line 6: *a botchy core.*—Grant White has an interesting note on this disputed expression. "The old copies," he says, "have 'a botchy core;" which reading has been hitherto retained, although its meaning is past conjecture. But core is a more phonographic spelling of corpse. See Bacon's Life of Henry VII. p. 17: 'For he was in a core of people whose affections he suspected.' Therites makes a pun, and uses *general* to refer to Agamemnon and to
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the general body or corps of soldiers as in act iv. scene 5 of this play." Grant White prints corps; Collier's MS. Corrector had the obvious sore. Throughout this first part of the scene we have persistent quibbling and word-play.

It has always been a source of wonder to me how commentators could have missed the obvious meaning of the word care here, and have wanted to make utterly unnecessary encumbrances. Even Staunton, who is generally so careful to abstain from taunting with the text, suggests "botchely care." If we read the whole speech—it is not a delicate or pleasant one—we shall at once see the meaning of the word care. Care, from the Latin car, means, as is well known, "a kernel" or "seed-vessel of any fruit," and it also means in medicine "The slough which forms at the central part of boils" (see Hoblyn's Dict. of Medical Terms, sub ecos); and Johnson (ed. 1756) defines the word as "The matter contained in a boil or sore," and appends a quotation from Bryden.

Launce the sore.
And cut the head; far, 'till the core be found.
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground.

There very probably is a pun intended on care and corps (= "body of men," or simply "body"); but there can be little doubt that the meaning of the word care in this passage is the one given above. [H. A. M.]

93. Lines 13, 14: The Plague of Greece upon thee, thou Mongrel bête-vitée lord!—Referring, probably, to the plague sent by Apollo upon the army of the Greeks, mentioned in the first book of the Iliad. Mongrel, because Ajax's father, Telamon, was a Greek, his mother, Hestione, a Trojan; cf. iv. 5. 120. For bête-vitée grey (Notes) very badly conjectured half-witted; he must have forgotten Sir Andrew's memorable "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit" (Twelfth Night, i. 3. 80-91). Shakespeare suggests a similar antithesis in Henry V, iii. 7. 161, and in Marlowe's Edward II. ii. 2, the brilliant court favourite, Gaweston, scornfully bids the English nobles "go sit at home and eat their tenants' beef" (Marlowe's Works, Bellam. ed. i. 156).

94. Line 15: thou vineusted leaven. —Q. has unsted; F. chienéed; the latter is probably a corruption of vineusted. Why should the reading of Q. have been changed? "Because," says Johnson, "want of salt was no fault in leaven;" to which Malone replies that "Leaven without the addition of salt does not make good bread." This is specializing too deeply; the poet was not a baker, and only a professional instinct could appreciate these editorial subtleties. The fact, I imagine, is, that of the two epithets vineusted is far the more graphic, the more offensive and therefore the more appropriate; hence its substitution. As to the proposed alternatives, Hamner suggested schinéd; which he explained to mean "crooked;" Theobald, unminnéd; Warburton, windysed. Collier's MS. Corrector agreed with the Folio. For vineuse, or finese = "mondy," L. nastesus, Nares quotes from the Mirror for Magistrates, p. 417:

A soldier's hands must oft be died with gauze.
Last, starke with rest, they furnéed wax or hoare.

Compare, too, Beaumont's Letter prefixed to Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1605, and subsequently reprinted: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vineered and hoarie with over long lying." The substantive is given, and rightly explained, by Minshu. As to etymology, Skeat connects with A.S. finian = to become moldy, the same root being seen in A.S. fen = mire, whence modern fen.

95. Lines 39-43:

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would put thee into shivers with his fat, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

There are one or two points here. "Why Mistress Thersites?" says Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 193); and Nares echoed the query. Surely the application of the word to Thersites is not so inappropriate or strange. He is a scold, quick of tongue and coward of heart, and in Hamlet's phrase, "must fall a cursing, like a very drah." He stings and buzzes about the unwieldy Ajax, and the latter expresses his contempt for mere cleverness, by retorting, You are not a man at all, you are only a shrill-tongued shrew. More formidable is the Cobloaf crux, chiefly because of the disagreement of Q. and F. i. F. i gives the text printed above; Q. assigns the speeches as follows:

Ajax. Mistress Thersites.
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. Ajax, Cobloaf,
Hec would punce thee into shivers with his fat.

Obviously the question resolves itself into this: to whom is Cobloaf as a term of contempt most applicable? To Ajax, as spoken by Thersites, or vice verâ? The accounts of the word vary. Nares gives the following: "Cobloaf. A large loaf. Cob is used in composition to express large, as cob-nut, cob-swan." Similarly Gifford in a note on Every Man in his Humour, i. 5, says: "our old writers used the word as a distinctive mark of bulk" (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 28). From this it would seem that the quarto is right. But Minshu in his Dictionary speaks of a cob as "a banne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as cob-irons which support the fire." He translates it by the French briquet, and briquet again in Cotgrave = "little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meal, ... bannes, lenten loaves." Minshu, therefore, and Cotgrave favour the Folio; "little round lumps" would nicely fit one's conception of Thersites. But the point cannot be definitely settled; the meanings of cob are too various; the Imperial Dictionary enumerates no less than eleven. Of these a very curious one occurs in Nash's The Unfortunate Traveller, where he speaks of a "lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring cobs" (Nash's Prosse Works, ed. Grosart, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 14); cf. too, his tract, A Prognostication, vol. ii. p. 163, and Greene's looking Glass for London and England, p. 144. Doron's elegy in Menaphon begins: "Sit down Carmela, here are cobs for kings," where, however, the reference may be to apples (Greene's Works, p. 291). I have known the expression cob applied by Lancashire people to small hens; perhaps its survival is a mere localism. Etymologically pun = pound, the d in the latter being excescent; from A.S. punian.

96. Line 46: Thou stood for a witch!—Alluding, as Grey points out, to one of the many kinds of witch-torture.

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There is a reference to the custom in Brand's chapter on "Witches" (Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. iii. p. 23).

97. Line 48: *an assinego may tutor thee.*—Q. and Ff. have assinego, from which Singer conjectured that the true reading was assinisco, from Spanish assinico = a young or little ass. Pope proposed Assinigo, a Portuguese word for ass; probably this is right, as the word being found in Beaumont and Fletcher (see Dyce's ed. iii. 107) and elsewhere.

98. Line 75: *his evasions have ears thus long; i.e. donkey's ears.*—By evasions he means the artifices which a man employs in an argument. The whole expression is an admirably humorous way of representing the clumsiness of Ajax in discussion.

99. Line 57: *and his pia mater is not worth.*—Properly the pia mater is one of the membranous coverings of the brain; often, however, used as here to signify the brain itself. So in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 123, the clown is afraid that Sir Toby "has a most weak pia mater;" compare, too, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 71. In Randolph's Aristippus the quaint physician after his beating is in a parlous case: "By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt. His pia mater, I perceive, is clean out of joint; of the twenty bones of the cranium there is but one left" (Randolph's Works, p. 32). The converse, *dura mater*, Shakespeare does not use.

100. Line 95: *Will you set your wit to a fool's task? i.e. match your wit against.*—The term is taken from tennis, to which allusions are frequent. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 137. So in the Witch of Edmonton, ii. 1:

A ball well bandied, now the set's half won.


101. Line 107: *and you as under an impress.*—Enforced service. So in Hamlet, i. 1. 75: Why such impress of shipwrights.

102. Line 129: *to Achilles!* to.—Thersites keeps up the previous metaphor of yoking, imitating what he supposes Nestor to say to Achilles.

103. Line 126.—*Achilles' Brach.*—Q. and Ff. read brooch. The almost certain emendation was made by Rowe. Johnson, with forensic subtlety, suggested that a brooch being "an appendant ornament," the phrase might here signify "one of Achilles' hangers on!" Malone hazards brock = top; compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 114: "Marry, hang thee, brock!" The objection to brooch is that Shakespeare uses the word at least once in a complementary sense:

the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation;

Hamlet, iv. 7. 94.

compare, too, Richard II. v. 5. 66. *Brach* is explained by v. 1. 18, 19.

ACT II. Scene 2.

104. Lines 14, 15: *the wound of peace is surety, Secure.*

An obvious Latinism. Compare Henry V. iv. Prolog. 17:

Proud of their numbers, and serene in soul.

So in the present play, iv. 5. 73. We may remember too the couplet in L'Allegro:

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite.

105. Line 19: *amongst many thousand desimes.*—Minshew has a long account of the word: 'made,' he says, "of the French Decimes and signifieth tenth, or the tenth part of all the fruits, either of the earth, or beasts, or our labour due unto God, and so consequently to him that is of the Lord's lot, and hath his share, viz. our Paster. It signifieth also the tenths of all spiritual livings, yearly given to the Prince—which in ancient times were paid to the Popes, until Pope Urban gave them to Richard the Second, to aid him against Charles, the French King. Lastly it signifieth a tribute levied of the Temporaltie." (Dictionary, p. 234). In the present passage, of course, the word merely means "tenths of the army."

106. Line 22. *The past-proportion of his infinite!*—*That greatness,* says Johnson, "to which no measure bears any proportion," a fine expression needlessly changed by some last-century editors to "past proportion." *Past proportion* is a curiously injudicious proposal. The words should, I think, be hyphenated.

107. Line 33: *you bite so sharp at reasons.*—Perhaps, as Malone thinks, a quibble is intended such as Dogberry is guilty of in Much Ado, v. 1. 212.

108. Lines 49, 50: *reason and respect Make lives pale.*

So in Lucrece, 274, 275:

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!

Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age.

In each case respect means caution, fear of consequences Falstaff, it will be remembered, branded a pale livers as "the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice" (II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 113).

109. Line 52: *What is aught, but as this val'ud.*—Grey quotes Butler's couplet:

For what's the worth of anything
But so much money as it will bring?

110. Lines 58-60:

And the will dates, that is attributive
To what infection itself affects,

Without some image of the affected merit.

The meaning is fairly simple: "the man is foolish who invests an object with excellence, and excessively admires that excellence, when all the time it has no foundation in fact, but is simply the creation of his fancy."

111. Line 64.—*Two traded pilots; i.e. professional, experienced.* See note 272, and compare King John, iv. 3. 109.

112. Line 71. *In unrespective sieve.*—Q. has sieve, F. 1, same, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, place. Sieve, the reading in effect of Q., makes excellent sense, the limitation of the word to utensils with which to strain or riddle things being comparatively modern: indeed in some country districts it is still applied to a certain kind of fruit-basket. So Browning in his poem, A Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, has:
When he gathers his greenengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in.

Probably the *sieves* in which witches were floated to sea were wicker vessels of some kind. Originally they may have been made of rushes, which would explain the origin of the word, *sieve*, and the cognate forms in Icelandic and Swedish, signifying a *rush*.

113. Line 79: *and makes stale the morning.*—This, the Folio reading, has perhaps more force than the *pale* of the Quarto, which Malone retains. Shakespeare is fond of *stale* both adjective and verb; compare Winter's *Tale*, iv. 1. 12-14:

*so shall I do*

To the freshest things now reigning, and make *stale*.

The glistering of this present.

But the word occurs too frequently to need illustration.

114. Line 82.—*Whose price hath Launch'd a thousand ships.*—Shakespeare is reproducing the opening lines of the great passage in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, scene xiv. lines 82, 84:

*Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships*

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?


It may be worth while to note that Christopher Marlowe was the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare definitely alludes in terms of admiration; it is pleasant to think that it should be so. Modern criticism abundantly recognizes the fact that Marlowe rendered English literature the most signal and sovereign services, at once by freeing blank verse from the fetters imposed upon it by the authors of the dreary Gorboduc, by elevating, and to a certain extent fixing the form and style of the romantic drama, and by driving off the stage the "juggling veins of rhyming mother wits" that are satirized in the prologue to Tamburlaine. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was great, and passages in his plays show that he was familiar with the works of his brother poet. Thus in *As You Like It* we have (iii. 5. 82) the direct apostrophe to the "Dead shepherd," followed by the quotation of the line from *Heroid and Leander*, which soon became a proverb:

*Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?*

—*Hero and Leander*, First Sestid, line 176.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 17-20, a stanza is introduced from the immortal lyric, "Come live with me and be my love." For similar Marlowe touches compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 20-27 (a less complimentary allusion), All's Well That Ends Well, i. 3. 74, 75, and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 8, where Romeo's "breath'd such life with kisses in my lips" is an obvious reminiscence of *Hero and Leander*, Second Sestid, line 3.

115. Lines 87, 88:

*for you all clapp'd your hands,*

*And cried, 'Inestimable!'*

The account in Caxton's *Troybook* of the carrying-off of Helen is very quaint and picturesque; this is the description of *Paris*' return: "There came forth of the Town *Priamuss* with a great company of noblemen, and received his children and his friends with great joy, who came to *Helen*, and bowed courteously to her, and welcomed her honourably. And when they came nigh the city, they found great store of people glad of their coming, with instruments of musick: and in such joy came into the palace of King *Priamuss*: he himself lighted down and helped Helen from her palfrey, and led her by the hand into the hall, and made great joy all the night, throughout all the city for these tidings. And the next morning, *Paris* by consent of his father, wedded Helen in the temple of *Pallus*, and the feasts were lengthened throughout all the city, for space of eight days" (Destruction of Troy, book iii. p. 19).

116. Line 90: *And do a deed that fortune never did.*—I think the meaning is: "you are more fickle than *fortune* herself. One day you rate Helen above all price; the next, when you have won her, she is of no account in your eyes. *Fortune*’s wheel is not so variable."

117. Line 100.—*It is Cassandra.*—In Caxton's *Troybook* Cassandra, "a noble virgin; learned with sciences, and knew things that were to come," foretells, as here, the destruction of Troy, until "King Priamus hearing it interceded her to cease, but she would not. And then he commanded her to be cast into prison, where she was kept many days" (book iii. p. 19). It is a point to be noticed that Shakespeare does not make more out of Cassandra. In *Troilus and Cressida* she is only, to echo *Heine*’s criticism, "an ordinary prophetess of evil," whereas it would have been an easy task to invest her figure with a mysterious impressive awe.

118. Line 104: *mid-age and wrinkled Eld.*—Q. has *elders*; Fl. *old*. Perhaps with Walker we should emend still further to "*mid* age and wrinkled *eld*;" the gain in symmetry is obvious.

119. Lines 110, 111:

*Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.*

_Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woé!_

The language and the allusions here are quite classical. "Firebrand brother" refers to Hector's dream, in which she supposed herself to be pregnant of a burning torch. It is a detail unknown to Homer: compare, however, *Iliad*, vii. 330:

*nece face tantum*

*Cissellis pregnans ignes enixa jugales.*

So also in *Iliad*, x. 704, 705:

*et face pregnans*

*Cissellis regina Paris creavit.*

Parallel references might be quoted from English classics—Thus Plee, in the Tale of Troy, has:

*behold, at length, she dreams, and gives her lord to understand that she should soon bring forth a firebrand.*

—Works, p. 551.

*A Helen and a woé reminds us of the famous line in the Agamemnon (689), which Browning vividly reproduced in:

Ship's hell, Man's hell, City's hell.*

120. Line 116: *no discourse of reason.*—The same phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 150:

*O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason.*

Compare same play, iv. 4. 36:

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse;

and *Othello*, iv. 2. 153:

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed.
In each case *discourse* bears the once common, but now obsolete, sense of reasoning; it points to the working of the mind, to the logical processes through which the latter must pass in arguing.

121. Line 153: *my profession*; i.e. inclination. Cf. line 190: "I propend to you."


123. Line 150: the *ransack'd queen.*—*Ransack'd here is the Latin *rapta*; it means simply "taken away by force," that force being employed not against the person taken away, but against the persons from whom she was taken. Schmidt explains the word as *ravished* in this play; but this might be misleading, unless it were explained that *ravishment* in legal phraseology, meant, originally, what we now call "abduction;" and therefore *ravished* would mean simply "abducted," and not, as it would imply generally nowadays, the crime of rape. It will be noticed that just above, in line 148, *Paris uses rape in the sense in which it was used in Shakespeare's time, for mere "abduction."* According to Cowell *rape was used only in this sense in civil law, never in criminal.* Spenser uses the word *ransack'd in the sense of "violent" (bk. i. c. i. st. 5) in the well-known passage where Archimago tries to ravish Arianne:

*And win rich spoils of ransackt chastice.*

Of course the queen is Helen, not, as Hunter says, Hesione.

124. Line 162: *The world's large spaces cannot parallel;* i.e. cannot produce her equal.

125. Line 165: *Have gloze'd.*—A *glaze* or a *glass* is a commentary; the word generally bears the idea of "deceit," cf. Milton's "well plac'd words of glazing courtesy" (Comus, 161). It is not hard to see how the meaning arose. The *glass* (= *gaza*) was the word which needed explanation; then it came to signify the explanation itself; and finally, by an easy transition, a false explanation. A good instance of its use occurs in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck,* i. 2:

*You constrain my griefs to so hard a sense,*
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your glass corrupts it.
—Ford's Works, ii. 17.

126. Line 166: *whom ARISTOTLE thought.*—To avoid the rather absurd anachronism Rowe and Pope read (with splendid courage) "whom *graver sages think!"* For the sentiment we are referred to Bacon, *Advancement of Learning,* bk. ii. xxi.

127. Line 172: *Have ears more deaf than adders.*—An old superstition, often alluded to; thus, in Randolph's *The Muse's Looking Glass* the Anchorite remarks:

*How happy are the moles that have no eyes!*
*How blessed the adder that they have no ears.*
— Works, vol. i. p. 207.

Compare H. Henry VI. iii. 2. 76:

*What art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?* and see note 118 of that play.

128. Line 189: in *way of truth;* i.e. "judging the matter solely on the ground of what is just and right." This speech is a fine piece of characterization.

129. Line 202: *canzone us.*—This is Shakespeare's invariable accentuation of the word. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 47:

*Why thy conduct'd bones, hearsed in death;* and King John, iii. 1. 177:

*Conduct'd, and worship'd as a saint.*

See, too, H. Henry VI. i. 3. 63. Similarly in Marlowe's *Faustus,* i. 1. 119, we find: shall make all nations to *canzone us.*

Whereas Chapman, in *Byron's Conspiracy,* ii. 1, writes:

*Should make your highness canonize a saint.* (Works, edn. 1574, p. 229).

ACT II. Scene 3.

130. Line 7: *a rare engraver.*—All such words as *engraver,* "sonneteer," "mutineer," &c., were formerly spelt with a final *er* instead of *cer.* So in Chapman's *Monsieur D'Olive,* iii. 1, we have: "by the brains of some great *engraver*" (Works, edn. 1574, p. 129). For an exhaustive discussion of the question see Walker, Shakespeare's *Version,* pp. 217-227.

131. Line 10: *lose all the SERPENTINE craft of thy calicetus.*—A classical touch, as Steevens notes; cf. Martial, Epigrams, bk. vii. 74:

*Cyllenes colique decus, facunde minister,*
Aurea cui forte vinga draconis viret.*

132. Line 27: *a gift counterfeit.*—Hammer, following Rowe, read *counter.* In a note on As You Like It, ii. 7. 63 ("What, for a *counter,* would I do but good?") Knight says that these counters or *jettons* were made of various metals, for the most part at Nuremberg. They were used to count with, and are alluded to in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 80 (where see Clarendon Press note), and Winter's *Tale,* iv. 3. 38; also in this play, ii. 2. 28. In the present passage *slipp'd* is used quibblingly in allusion to the spurious coins known as *slips*—a word-play of which the dramatists were very fond. So in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 50, 51, when Romeo asks "What counterfeit did I give you?" Mercutio replies, "The *slip,* sir, the *slip;*" so also Venus and Adonis, 515. Ben Jonson, too, in *Every Man in His Humour,* ii. 3, has: "Let the world think me a *bad counterfeit* if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

133. Line 57: *never shrome any but LAKARS.*—Generally applied to people afflicted with leprosy; cf. "most *lazar-like,"* Hamlet, i. 5. 72. It is perhaps superfluous to note the derivation; from *Lazarus,* Luke xvi. 20.


135. Line 80: *He sent our messengers.*—Q. has *satp;* F. *sent.* The absolutely certain emendation in the text is due to Theobald. Hammer printed "he sent us messengers" (very poor); while Collier followed his MS. Corrector in reading "we sent our messengers," objecting to Theobald's conjecture on the ground that the fact of
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Achilles rejoining the messenger had not been stated in the play. Shent, it may be noted, entirely agrees with someiii. of the first act, where Achilles is said to have taken pleasure in seeing Patroclus' pagony (i.e. mimic and burlesque) Arganemnon and the other leaders; also if, as Dyce ingeniously suggests, the scene of the Quartos is a corruption of nerves, we have a fresh argument in favour of shent, a word which Shakespeare uses several times, e.g. Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; Hamlet, iii. 2. 416.

136. Line 103: if he have lost his argument.—Here in the sense of theme, subject; cf. argumentum. The word is too frequent occurrence in Shakespeare to require illustration. We may remember, however, Milton's famous invocation:

what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.
—Paradise Lost, i. 20-26.

137. Line 113: The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.—Cf. iii. 3. 48, 49. That the elephant's legs had no joints was a current superstition.

138. Line 121: An after-dinner's breath.—So in Hamlet, v. 2. 182: "it is the breathing time of day with me." In each case the idea suggested is "light exercise," "relaxation."

139. Line 134: Than in the note of judgment.—Note of judgment seems to be equivalent to judgment simply; so we now speak of a person as "having no judgment;" but possibly "judged by other people" may be the idea. The text of this passage has been needlessly emended in various details.

140. Line 138: His humorous predominance.—Shakespeare is referring to the astrological term; it occurs in Lear, i. 2. 134: "knives, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance."

141. Line 139: His pettish lunes, his ebb, his flow.—Ff. have "p Pettish liness" Q. "his course and time, his ebb and flowe;" Pope read his course and times. The emendation in the text is due to Hammer. A similar confusion, lines for lunes, occurs in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 22, where the correction was made by Theobald. For lines (= whins, freaks), cf. Winter's Tale, ii. 2. 30.

142. Line 149: In second voice we'll not be satisfied; i.e. "a substitute will not be sufficient, he must come himself."

143. Line 169: I do hate a proud man, &c.—For the thought cf. i. 3. 241, 242.

144. Line 157: the death-tokens of t.—A reference to the small dark spots which appeared on the skins of people infected with the plague; they were supposed to portend certain death. Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 9, 10:

like the toke'se's pestilence,
Where death is sure.

145. Line 195: with his own smear.—Seam=tallow, fat; cf. ensnared, Hamlet, iii. 4. 92.

146. Line 213: I'll push him.—In Shakespeare only occurs here (where, however, Q. has push) and in Act v. 5. 10. It is found in Greene (Works, p. 94) and Marlowe (Bullen's ed. vol. i. p. 59); also in Massinger (Works, p. 19); Virgin Martyr, ii. 2; and in The White Devil of Webster (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 8). The word is of Scandinavian origin (Skeat). Browning has it in "Child Roland to the Dark Tower came," stanza xii.

147. Line 215: I'll peep his pride.—We have Pheazar in Merry Wives, i. 3. 9; while the Taming of the Shrew begins: "I'll pece you, in faith" (see note 1 of that play). The etymology of the word is not clear, nor its exact meaning. I take, however, the following from the Imperial Dictionary, sub voce Peaze. "[Perhaps connected with Swiss fliessen, fassen, D. vlassen, Fr. fesser, to whip] To whip with rods; to tease; to worry. Written also Fize, Feize, and Pheese." The same authority gives a substantive Peaze = "State of being anxious or excited; worry; vexation." The eighteenth-century commentators seem to have misunderstood the word. Hamner, for instance, explains it: "to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken as tease;" and this is the account offered by Steevens, Johnson, and others. But peaze in this sense looks like a derivative from the A.S. faess = thread; cf. G. Fasern. According to Gildford it was in his days still in common use in the west of England, and meant "to beat," "to chastise;" this is obviously its sense in the present passage, and as a localism the word may still survive. Wedgwood has a long article on the subject, discriminating between the two meanings.

148. Line 221: The raven chides blackness.—Obviouly another version of the proverb, "the keel calls the pot black." See Bohn's Proverbs, p. 168.

149. Line 222: I'll let his humour blood.—Malone points out that a collection of epigrams, satires, &c., was printed in 1600 with the title, The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine.

150. Line 227: Should eat swords first.—It is not necessary to change the reading; but Grey's ingenious proposal deserves mention: "a should eat's words first." In the next two lines there is an obvious word-play.

151. Line 233: his ambition is dry.—Dry =thirsty. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 50:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

152. Line 241: A whorsen dog, that shall palter thus with us.—Here palter is used in the sense of trifling; in Macbeth, v. 8. 20, and Julius Caesar, ii. 1. 136 = "equivocating." Skeat derives it from paller, rags, and says that it originally meant "to deal in rags," and so "to haggle about parlty things."

153. Line 253: Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck: i.e. Teleamon and Eriboe though later in this play (iv. 5. 83) Heiione is represented as having been the mother of Ajax.


155. Line 290: like a bourn, a pale, a shore.—For
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ACT III. Scene 1.

156. Line 233: *He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.*—Such brachylogy is characteristic. Compare i. 3. 259.

157. Line 14: *You are in the state of grace.*—Referring obviously to the previous quibble, "know your honour better," i.e. a better man. Throughout this scene the servant persistently plays on words and misunderstands his interlocutor. Q. and Ff. print the line as a query.

158. Lines 33, 34: *the mortal Venus, . . . love's invisible soul.*—That is to say, Helen, the representative of Venus on earth. Invisible has been changed by some editors to visible, and I think there is a good deal to be said for the correction.

159. Line 52: *good broken music.*—This was the name technically applied to the *music* of stringed instruments. Its use here is one more instance of Shakespeare's perfect familiarity with the terminology of arts other than his own. For music in particular the poet seems to have felt a special sympathy. So Caesar, in describing Cassius, says: he loves no plays, As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music. —Julius Caesar, i. 2. 203, 204.

And still more decisive is a passage in The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 83-85:
The man that hath no music in himself, Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Goethe had exactly the same feeling. He speaks of himself as having been inspired during the composition of his Iphigenia by listening to Gluck's cantata; and apropos of the same play, we find him writing to the Frau Von Stein: "My soul by the delicious tones is gradually freed from the shackles of deeds and protocols. A quartette in the green room. I am sitting here, calling the distant forms gently to me. One scene must be floated off to-day."—Feb. 22nd, 1779. Reverting to Shakespeare, we must remember that "unmusical" was not always an appropriate epithet to apply to the English. The mass of ballads and songs scattered throughout the plays and lyrical miscellaneous of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods points to a widely-diffused and, using the word in its best sense, popular love of music; and modern research has established the fact that, next to the Italian composers, English musicians enjoyed the highest continental renown. Probably the death of Purcell and the advent of Handel decided the eclipse of national music.

160. Line 61: *you say so in fits.*—A *fit* was a division in a poem, or a measure in dancing, or a verse of a song. Thus in the ballad of King Eastmore we have:

What wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd, If I did sell it yee? To playe my wife and me a *fit,* When abed together wee bee.

—Percy's Reliques, King Eastmore, lines 241-244.

So in Ralph Roister Dolster, ii. 3, Truecpany says: "Shall we sing a *fit* to welcome our friends, Arnoft?" (Arber's Reprint, p. 36). Not elsewhere in Shakespeare: the word is familiar to Chaucer students, being the A.S. *fit* a song. In the present passage there appears to be some quibble, though one does not quite see how.

161. Line 74: *You shall not bob us out of our melody.*—Properly *bob* = to jerk, but by some undefined means the word gradually got the idea of cheating, obtaining by fraud. Compare Othello, v. 1. 16: *gold and jewels that I bob'd from him*.

Again, in the Witch of Edmonton, iii. 2, a father looking upon the dead body of his child says: I'll not own her now. She's none of mine: Bob me off with a dumb show! Here the sense obviously is: "to trick me with a show!" I find a curious phrase in Glapthorne’s The Lady Mother, printed in Bullen’s Old Plays, ii. p. 140, where a man remarks that another character is "like a bobbed hawk," i.e. like a hawk which has *missed* its prey, has struck, that is, at some small bird, and struck unsuccessfully. Very possibly it is from some such metaphor that the word came eventually to signify any cheating, tricking operation. The Imperial Dictionary has an excellent account *sub voce.*

162. Line 95: with my *disposer Cressida.*—A well-known crux. Indeed the whole passage from What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen? down to Cressida (56), is difficult, the arrangement of the lines, in which I have followed Lyce and the Cambridge editors, being somewhat confused. There are two points to be noticed, points upon which many editors have gone hopelessly wrong. Q. and Ff. assign the words, *You must not know where he says,* to Helen; they certainly should form part of Pandarus' speech; the change was made by Hamner, and simplifies the dialogue very considerably. That is he first point: the other is "my disposer Cressida." How can Paris speak of Cressida as his disposer? The editors could not answer the question, and took refuge in rearrangements of the lines, in emendations of disposer, and other expedients which it could serve no purpose to enumerate at length. Enough to say that Collier (still assigning the speech to Paris) would read *dispraiser,* i.e. as not allowing the merits of Paris; while many editors substituted Helen for Paris and changed to *disposer* (Steevens, Ritson) or *disposer* (Warburton), the meaning in either case being that Cressida had supplanted Helen in the affections of Paris. See the very elaborate notes in Malone's Var. Ed. vol. viii. pp. 318-320. Disposer will be equivalent to "She who disposes or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk." So Lyce.

163. Line 102: i spy.—Probably alluding to the well-known game.

164. Line 118: Ay, you may, you may.—Evidently a current piece of slang. So Coriolanus, ii. 3. 39. In the present case it is a humorous way of saying "I see you are flattering and fooling me."

165. Line 119: *this love will undo us all.*—That this remark should be placed in the mouth of Helen—that she *causa nulli tanti*—should instinctively feel how fatal
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her amours was bound to prove, is a fine touch, and is noted by Holme in his Shakespeare’s Frauen und Madchen. The editors have not remarked what it is, believe, the case, viz., that the expression is some catch from a song; compare Field’s A Woman is a Weathercock, iii. 3 (Douglas, xi. 54).

166. Line 131:—the wound to kill, i.e. the killing wound. This, like the other ballad-snatches in the play, seems to be inapplicable.

167. Line 140: He eats nothing but doves.—In The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 144, Gobbo has a “dish of doves” that he would fain bestow on Launcelot. In Italy they are a very common article of food.

168. Line 144: Why, they are Vipers.—Referring, as Hunter says, to Acts xxviii. 3: “there came a viper out of the heat.”

169. Line 167: Than all the island kings.—The leaders that is, who came from “the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece.”

ACT III. Scene 2.

170. Line 1: Pandar’s orchard.—Here, as often, orchard is synonymous with garden. So in Hamlet, i. 5. 50: “Sleeping within my orchard;” and in many other passages. See Much Ado, note 62. Compare Chapman’s Widow’s Tears, ii. 2:


We repeatedly come across the expression “orchard of the Hesperides,” e.g. in Marlowe’s Hero and Leander, Second ii. line 286; Middleton’s The Changeling, iii. 3 (Works, vol. iv. p. 250); and Massinger’s Emperor of the East, iv. 1, and Virgin Martyr, iv. 3 (Works, pp. 340 and 27). There is no reason why the word should be limited to places where fruit is grown; etymologically it simply means herb yard, coming from A. S. vegs = a root.

171. Line 22: Love’s thistle-repared nectar.—Pl. have repeated; so too (according to Dyce) some copies of the Quarto; but see Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 265. Collier’s MS. Corrector read repaired; there can be no question which is preferable. For an instance of the verb repaire see Shirley’s Lady of Pleasure, act v. sc. 1:

The winds shall play soft descent to our feet
And breathe rich odours to repair the air.

172. Line 29: As doth a battle, when they charge.—Battle often signifies a battle. So in Caxton’s Description of Troy we read: “In the night passed, Hector having the charge of them in the city, ordered early his battles in a plain that was in the city, and put in the first battle two thousand knights” (bk. iii. p. 49). Milton, too, has:

So under fiery cope together rushed

173. Line 54: as if she were fray’d with a sprite.—Fray is short for a fray, which comes from a low Latin word exspectare to break the king’s peace. The same root is clearly seen in G. friole. For use of fray Steevens quotes from Chapman’s twenty-first Idyl:

all the massacres
Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
Than now fray’d life,

174. Line 45: you must be watch’d ere you be made tame!—Referring obviously to the custom of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. So in Othello, iii. 3, 23, “I’ll watch him tame;” and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 196-198:

Another way I have to man my baggard,
To make my hawk a true lover.
That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites.

For Shakespeare’s use of such technical terms see note 178.

175. Line 48: we’ll put you to the fills.—Q. has fills; F. 1, fills; and F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4, files. Hammer reads files, and in a note remarks, “alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle place.” There can be no doubt, however, that fills is the right reading, and that the editors of the Second Folio made the correction from not understanding the word. Fill, or full, is simply the shaft of a dart; the word is cognate with the German diele = plank. Fill-horse occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 101; see note 130 of that play.

176. Line 52: rub on, and kiss the mistress.—All these terms are taken from the game of bowls. The mistress was the “small ball . . . now called the jack, at which the players aim” (Nares). A bowl that kissed the mistress (i.e. remained touching the jack) was in the most favourable position; cf. Cymbeline, i. 2. Rub on is not so easily explained. Mr. Aldis Wright in his note on Richard II. iii. 4. 4, quotes from Fuller’s Holy State, book I. chap. ii.: “But as a rubbe to an overthrown bowl proves an helpe by hinderinge it; so afflications bring the souls of God’s Saints to the mark.” (Johnson gives as one of the special meanings of rub, “inequality of ground, that hinders the motion of a ball;” a definition which the Imperial Dict. follows, quoting the passage from Fuller, given above.

But in British Rural Sports, by Stonehouse (J. H. Walsh), 1831 (15th edn.), rub is thus defined: “Rub or Set.—When a jack or a bowl, in its transit, strikes or touches any object or thing on the green which alters or impedes its motion;” and afterwards in Rule 17: “If a running bowl before it has reached the parallel of the jack do rub or set on any person (not of the playing party), or on a bowl or jack belonging to another party, it can be played again;” and in the next rule 18: “if the jack do rub or set on a bowl or person not belonging to the party,” &c.

From these extracts it would appear that to rub (in the game of bowls) meant “to come into contact with” any obstacle animate or “inanimate.”—F. A. N. For rub (subst.) = obstacle, see King John, iii. 4. 128. The origin of the expression “there’s the rub” is clear.

177. Line 54: a kiss in FEE-FARM!—Fee, from A. S. feoh, properly meant cattle, as the natural form of property in an early civilization; then property in general, but more especially land. Compare, in part, the use of pecus, pecuni. Fee-farm signifies, I suppose, fee-simple, the most advantageous and lasting system of tenure. We have a “fee grief” in Macbeth, iv. 3. 196, and “sold in fee,” Hamlet, iv. 4. 22.

178. Lines 55, 56: The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks & the river.—The falcon was the female hawk; the tercel, the male; the former was the larger and stronger. So Cotgrave, sub voce Tierelet, has “The tassell, or male of any kind of hawk; so termed because he is commonly

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a third part less than the female.” See Skeat upon "terred. Pandar" means that he will match his niece against Troilus. Rowe misunderstood the passage and read “the falcon has the terred;” so Pope. Tyrwhitt ingeniously conjectured “of the terred.” In the second half of the quotation we have an allusion to what appears to have been a favourite amusement, i.e. hawking along river banks. So in Ben Jonson’s The Forest (III.) one of the country pursuits mentioned is:

Or hawking at the river.

So, too, Chaucer’s Sir Topas:

Coche hath at wild deer,
And ride on hawking for river.
With gray goshawk on hounde.
—Chaucer, Works, Bohn’s ed. ii. p. 118.

Cunningham, in his edition of Gifford’s Massinger, p. 460, remarks upon the close familiarity with country customs that our old dramatists display: they seem, he says, “to have been, in the language of the present-day, keen sportsmen.” This is perfectly true: the works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and others, abound with terms drawn from the technicalities of hunting, hawking, and kindred pursuits. In the case of Shakespeare, however, it was only one aspect of the poet’s immense range of knowledge. With new (right): he draws his metaphors and similes from every possible subject; and he invariably writes with a minute accuracy which at one moment convinces us that he must have been a painter, at another that he must have been a musician, at a third a lawyer, and so on through a dozen other professions.

179. Line 62: “In witness whereof,” &c.—Alluding, says Gray, to the usual conclusion of indentures: “to which the parties to these presents have interchangeably set their hands and seals.” Shakespeare was fond of this metaphor of sealing a compact. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1, the boy’s song; Venus and Adonis, 511 and 516.

180. Line 80: in all Cupid’s pageant there is presented no monster.—From this passage, says Steevens, “a Fear appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities.” To this circumstance Aspasia alludes in The Maids Tragedy:

And then a Fear:
Do that Fear bravely, wench.

Perhaps in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2, 196-218, in the great passage describing the first meeting of the Queen and Antony, Shakespeare had in his mind’s eye the details of some such Pageant of Love as is here hinted at.

181. Line 104: shall be a mock for his truth.—Malone explains this, “Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word envy) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy.” This may be right; I should have thought, however, that the meaning was rather, “the worst that malice can say against him will be but a mock, a trifle which his constancy can afford to despise, i.e. his loyalty will be raised above and superior to the assaults of jealousy.”

182. Line 119: they are BURS, I can tell you.—Properly “burs” mean the unopened flowers of the Burdock (Arctium Lappa) (Ellacombe, p. 32); a plant common on waste places by roadsides. The bracts of the involucres which inclose the young flowers are furnished with hooked tips, which cling persistently to one’s clothes or to a dog’s coat, or to any other object. Several British wild plants are called Burs; e.g. the Bur-marigold, the Bar-parsey, the Bar-reed; but none deserve the name better than the Burdock. It is cognate, no doubt, with the French bourse, applied to the hair of animals or the fluffy pollen shed by some plants. Milton speaks of “rule burs and thistles” (Comus, 353), and Shakespeare has the word several times. “Nay, friar, I am a kind of burs; I shall stick” ( Measure for Measure, iv. 3, 189).

183. Line 140. CUNNING in dumbness.—Pope’s correction of the coming of Q. and F. The change seems entirely necessary. In the next line soul of counsel—the very essence of my design. Soul was used in this sense in act i. 2, 313.

184. Line 155: KIND of SELF resides with you.—Collier’s MS. Corrector gave a kind self; at the best an unnecessary change. The idea is the same as in Sonnet cxxiii. 15, 16:

for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

185. Lines 163, 164: Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man’s might; that dwells with gods above.

First, as to the origin of the expression to be wise and love; it is a literal reproduction of the maxim of Publius Syrus: “amare et sapere vix deo conceditur.” Curiously enough, the proverb is to be frequently found in Elizabethan and Jacobean writers. Bacon, for instance, in his Essay on Love, has: “for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise” (Works, ed. Spedding, vol. vi. p. 308). The occurrence, by the way, of the saying in the Essays and in Troilus and Cressida must be as meat and drink to the supporters of the “Bacon wrote Shakespeare” theory. Still Shakespeare is not the only poet who used it. Tyrwhitt quotes from The Shepherd’s Calendar, March:

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

For a partial application of the idea we may compare Middleton’s Women Beware Women, i. 2 (early). But the real difficulty, the rock over which the editorial barques of Hamner and others have hopelessly been shattered, is the unlucky for in line 163. “Why for,” said Malone, finding the unfortunate for “inconsequential.” No doubt Cressida’s reasoning is a trifle irregular. Such arguments would not pass muster in Mill’s Logic; but the editors might have remembered that, in the first place, the speaker is a woman; and, in the second place, being in love, she cannot, according to her own showing, “be wise.” Really it is perfectly easy to trace the line of thought. “I anglied,” she says, “for your thoughts, but got nothing out of you, either because you are not in love, or because you are too wise;” and then the words wise and love remind her of the proverb, and she whimsically rounds off her sentence with, “for you know, you can’t both love and be wise.” It is an admirable non
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ACT III. Scene 2.

sequitur, a triumph of feminine reasoning power, and ten
times as true to life as the logical proprieties suggested
by the commentators, amongst whom Hamner barbaro-
ously printed, "a sign you love not" (163).

186. Line 169: Outliving beauty's outward.—The sub-
stantial use of adjectives is very common in Elizabethan
English. Thus in Shakespeare we have patric-paleness,
Venus and Adonis, 589; Lucrece, 132; fair—fairness,
Sonnet liviii. 3; vast—vastness, Hamlet, 1. 2. 188; and
many others. See Abbott, A Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 20, 21.

187. Line 173: Might be affronted . . . For affront =confront cf. Hamlet, iii. 1. 31. So in the well-known
line from Paradise Lost, l. 301:

And with their darkness durst afford this light.

188. Line 184: as plantage to the moon.—This line is
best illustrated by a passage which Farmer quotes from
Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore
husbandman perswadeth that the increase of the moone
maketh plants fruitful: so as in the full moon they are in
the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the con-
junction do utterlie wither and fade." Pope misunder-
stood the allusion and altered to planets. So Theobald.

189. Line 186: As iron to adamant.—Adaman here, as
often, signifies the magnet, or lodestone. So, to take an
instance outside Shakespeare, in the Return from Par-
nassus, ii. 1 we have:

I am her needle: she is my adamant.


Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 105, note 115.

190. Line 193: When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy.—We may remember the familiar line:

Gutta cavit lapidem, non vis sed sepe cadendo.

So Lucretius, bk. iv. 1250, 1251:

Nomen vidit elast gottas in saxa cadentes
Humoris longo in spatio pertundere saxa.

So also Shakespeare himself in Lucrece, 599. Grey, too,
in his notes refers to Spenser, sonnet xviii.

191. Line 201: or stephame to her son.—Quite a classical
touch. The Latin poetic delights to lavish abuse on the
"injusta nocere" (Virgil, Eclogues, iii. 39). On the En-
glish stage she is not such a familiar figure. In the next
line (202) stick = stat: cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1.
105. This speech is a finely-developed piece of character-
drawing. Cressida’s florid asseverations of loyalty are a
fit prelude to her final faithlessness.

192. Line 217: press it to death.—See Much Ado, note
173. A description of the punishment will be found in
the successive editions of Chamberlaynes’ Anglie Notitfa.

ACT III. Scene 3.

193. Lines 3-5.

Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things, to LOVE
I have abandon’d Troy.

This is a passage of considerable difficulty. According to
the Cambridge editors things to love is the reading of the
Quarto and the first three Folios. Johnson, however, says "the word is so printed that nothing but the sense
can determine whether it be love or Jove." He himself
printed Jove, which, combined with the next line, cer-
tainly gives a possible sense. Myself I think that we ought
to retain what is almost conclusively the reading of the
old copies, viz. to love; placing, then, the comma after
things, and taking to love with what follows, we may
interpret the passage with Steevens: "I have left Troy
to the dominion of love, to the consequences of the
amour of Paris and Helen." Obviously this is not a little
fine-drawn and suggestive of special pleading; but, unless
we adopt one of the sweeping emendations proposed, I do
not see what else can be made of the lines. Grant White’s
explanation, "Through my peculiar knowledge as to
where it is well to place affection or regard I have
abandon’d Troy," seems to me—and I am glad to ob-
serve that Dyce was of the same opinion—extraordinari-
ly weak. Rowe, and after him Theobald, followed F. 4
in reading "in things to come." Collier’s MS. Corrector
gave "things above;" and in the previous line quite need-
lessly altered appear to appeal. Dyce prints to Jove,
and puts the comma at the end of the line. In Caxton’s
Destruction of Troy a dialogue takes place between Cress-
sida and Calchas on the arrival of the former in the
Greek camp. She reproaches her father with having been
a traitor to his country, to which he replies: "Ha
ha, my daughter, thinkest thou it is a fit thing to despise
the answer of the gods, and especially in that which
touches my health. I know certainly by their answers
this war shall not endure long, this city shall be destroyed,
and the nobles also, and the burgesses, and therefore it
is better for us to be here safe, than to be slain with
them" (book iii. pp. 55, 56). Similarly Lydgate repre-
sents Calchas as warned by his "sight in things to come,"
(1) to desert the cause of the Trojans. The seer enters
Apollo’s temple and consults the god, and suddenly comes
the answer:

Be right well ware thou ne tourne agayne
To Troy town, for that were but in vayne.
For finally lerne this thyngye of me,
In shorte time it shalbe destroyed be.

194. Lines 22-24:

this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack.

Theobald conjectured rest, which Hamner printed. Ma-
alone, too, was inclined to adopt the same reading. "An-
tenor," he says (Var. Ed. vol. viii. p. 341), "is such a stay
or support of their affairs. All the ancient English mus-
kets had rests by which they were supported. The sub-
sequent words, ‘Wanting his manage,’ appear to me to
confirm the emendation." If we are to read rest we may
remember that then, as now, it was applied to a part of
the violin, from which in the present passage the metap-
hor might possibly be drawn. Compare Return from
Parnassus, Arber’s Reprint, p. 65:

1. How can he play whose heartstrings broken are?
2. How can he keep his rest that never found rest?

Really, however, there is not the slightest necessity for
 meddling with the text. Wrest makes excellent sense.
We have already had the same idea in "over-wrested," i. 3.

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157. The 

159. Line 96: how dearly ever parted.—That is to say, 
to have, and 

199. Line 119: mistaken.—It is mistaken to think, 

200. Lines 105, 106: 

202. Line 119: mirror'd.—Q. and Ff. have 

203. Line 120: who, like an arch, reverberates.—Q. 

204. Lines 123-128: I was much rapt in this, &c.—These 

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they approached Shakespeare; not assuredly that "spirit of reverence" which Coleridge described as the first essential of an editor. Pope, then, followed the Folio down to Ajax; afterwards he read:

Heavens what a man is there? A very horse,
He knows not his own nature: what things are
Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

Hammer, who in his preface declared that his guiding principle had been never "to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism," printed the following rearrangement of the lines:

I was much rapt
In this I read, and apprehended here
Immediately the unknown Ajax; heavens!
What a man's there? A very horse, that has
He knows not what; in nature what things there are
Most abject in regard, and dear in use.

The third line is surely a rhythmical curiosity. Unknown seems to mean, as Johnson explains it, "who has abilities which are not brought into use."

205. Line 141: And great Troy shrieking.—So the Quarto. F. I has the far less graphic shrieking.

206. Line 145: Tune hath, my lord, a vallet at his back. Shakespeare may have been thinking of Spenser's Faerie Queene, bk. vi. e. viii. stanza xxiv.:

"Here in this bottle" said the sorry maid,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defray'd;
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.
Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn
That all which I put in falls out anon,
And is behind me trodden down of score,
Who mockest all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn."

207. Line 150: Perseverance, dear my lord.—Perseverance only occurs in one other passage in Shakespeare, where it has the same accent as here, viz. in Macbeth, iv. 3. 93:

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, bowiness.

Shakespeare never uses our modern verb persevere at all, but always persevered. In one passage in Lear (iii. 5. 23) the Qu. read persevered, but F. rightly print persevered.

208. Line 162: to the AbjeCt rear.—Hammer's excellent correction of the Folio reading, "abject, neere." This simile does not occur in the Quarto. Throughout this speech (which a recent critic, Mr. W. S. Lilly, has singled out as one of the very finest in all literature) the readings are in small points confused and, so to speak, fluctuating.

209. Line 168: Grasps in the corner: welcome ever smiles. —I have ventured here to adopt (with Drye) Pope's correction. Q. and F. read "the welcome;" but omitting the we gain a far more pointed antithesis. Hammer's suggestion, "grasps the incomer," deserves to be mentioned.

210. Lines 175, 179:

And give to dust, that is a little gilt;
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

Given: the old copies have go; the correction (due to Thirlby) was first adopted by Theobald. For gilt (= "to gilt") in the second line Theobald and others, e.g. Staunton, would substitute gold; needlessly, however, because gilt may well bear the sense of gold. Cf. Richard II. ii. 1. 233–295:

Reckon from breaking pawn the heathen'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,
And make high majesty look like itself. The thought embodied is quite clear. "That which is solid and good, but a little antiquated, will always be put on one side in favour of that which is new and attractive, though shorn and unlasting."

211. Line 189: Made envious missions 'mongst the gods themselves.—Referring obviously to the fact that the deities of Olympus took part in the struggle, some fighting for the Greeks, some for the Trojans. Shakespeare may have borrowed the idea from Chapman's translation.

212. Line 197: Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold.—The Folio has "'every graine of Plutus' gold;" so again in Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 101: "dearer than Pluto's mine." It seems best to alter to Plutus, although the confusion of the two deities is a very common occurrence in Elizabethan literature. Thus in Hero and Leander, second sextet, we find:

Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dir, on heaps of gold fixing his look.

A still clearer instance comes in the Duchess of Malfi, ii. 2:

Pluto, the god of riches,
When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
He goes leaping.

—Webster's Works. p. 79.

Compare, too, the following from Haunibal and Scipio, reprinted among Dullen's Old Plays, New Series, vol. i. p. 187:

Borrow of Plutus; he will not deny it
Upon your bond. Stay! here's a great misreading;
His state and riches were of poet's making.

In Timon of Athens, i. 1. 257, the Folio gives Plutus, which inclines us to attribute the error in the present line and in the Julius Caesar passage to the copyist rather than to Shakespeare himself. For the classical side of the question see Aristotle, Plutus, 727.

213. Line 199: Keeps place with thought; i.e. "there is," says the sonorous Warburton, "in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity." He rightly condemns the obvious and prosaic suggestion, "Keeps pace." In the next line a syllable is wanting, which has led to various proposals, amongst which Collier's "dumb cudgels," i.e. before they become thoughts seems to me best. But to my ear dumb cradles in its emphatic position, forming the cadence of the verses, is equivalent to two feet.

214. Lines 222, 233:

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose.

Collier adopted the Swift of his MS. Corrector. Perhaps wanton should be treated as a substantive, and line 222 pointed, the weak wanton, Cupid. So Walker.

215. Line 225: Be shook to air.—Q. has air simply; F. 1 and F. 2 agrie arge. Collier read with his MS. Corrector very air.

216. Line 228: My fame is shrivelled GOD D.—Metaphor from bull-baiting. So in Hanlet, v. 2. 260, 261:

I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name unger'd.

The editors compare Sonnet cx.

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217. Line 231: Seals a commission to a blank of danger.
—Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) quotes this amongst the passages, e.g. Hamlet, iv. 1. 42; Othello, iii. 4. 128, in which a blank signifies "the white mark in the centre of a target." How he applies the metaphor here I cannot see. The word surely bears the same sense as in Richard II. i. 1. 245, 256:

And daily new executions are devised,
As blanks, benevolences,—I wot not what.

Compare, too, in the same play, i. 4. 48, and note 101; in the Clarendon Press ed. of Richard II. Mr. Aldis Wright gives two interesting quotations from Holinshed that perfectly illustrate the use of the word: "many blanke charters were devised..." when they were so sealed the king's officers wrote in the same word they liked them. Holinshed p. 1102, col. 1; and again: "moreover they were compelled to put their hands and seals to certaine blanks..." in the whiche, when it pleased hym hee might write, what hee thought good." (p. 1103, col. 1).

So in the Revenger's Tragedy we have:

Yet words are but great men's blanks.


Briefly, it is our idea of "a blank cheque," as explained in note 101, Richard II.; and the metaphor exactly suits the present passage. Hunter repeats Schmidt's mistake.

218. Lines 232, 233: like an hostess that hath no arithmetic.—Compare the scornful reference in i. 2. 123 to a tapster's arithmetick.


220. Line 306; to make catlings on; i.e. cutcuts. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 132, one of the musicians bears the expressive name "Simon Cutting."

ACT IV. Scene 1.

221. Line 5: Witness the process of your speech.—Process here has almost the legal official sense seen in the French procéd verbal.

222. Line 11: During all question of the gentle truce.—Apparently question is equivalent, in some rather vague undelineated way, to intercourse; but Johnson was inclined to read quiet.

223. Line 20: In humane gentleness.—Pope, absurdly enough, retained the old pointing of the lines, which made exquisite nonsense;

And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward in humane gentleness.

Theobald naturally seized upon such an opening for labored sarcasm at the expense of his arch foe. Walker, comparing Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 2. 57-60, would read "in humana gentleness" (A Critical Examination, iii. 190); a needless change.

224. Line 30: His purpose meets you; i.e. "I bring you his orders;" "I am his messenger."

225. Line 44: The bitter disposition of the time.—Disposition circumstances of, i.e. the way affairs are disposed, arranged; not a very common meaning.

226. Line 66: But he as he, each heavier for a whore.—Q. has "'the heavier;" F. "which heavier," the latter certainly looks like an intended correction of each, a correction, however, frustrated by a compositor's blunder. The reading in our text is Johnson's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

227. Line 75: you do as chapmen do.—Properly chapmen meant the man who sold; it was used, however, indifferently of buyer and seller; compare the legal phrase "dealer and chapmen." The forms of the word vary: we have chapmen, chapman, and cupeman. The etymology is obvious: modern cheap, A. S. cloep, and German kauf, kaufen, are all from the root seen in Latin cameo, Greek καταίνας. The slang word chop is merely short for chapman. Evidently these chapmen were not held in the highest repute. In the statute 14 Elizabeth, 1571, against "common players," and "for the punishment of vagabonds," "juglars, peddlars, tykers, and petye chapmen" are to be treated as "robes, vagabonds and sturdy beggers," unless they can show a formal license to trade. See English Drama, Documents and Treatises, pp. 21-23, Roxburgh Library.

228. Line 78: We'll not commend what we intend to sell.—This is the reading of the Quarto and of the Folio; it is doubtful whether any satisfactory meaning can be got out of the passage as it stands. Johnson, however, explains it thus: though you practise the buyer's art, we will not praise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her; i.e. if ever the Greeks win Helen—which we do not intend that they shall do—they will pay very dearly for her; hence it would be superfluous for us to praise her in advance. This is certainly poor, but I can offer no better suggestion. If we are to admit any alteration into the text, we ought, I think, to adopt Warburton's "What we intend not sell;" Collier's MS. Corrector had the same proposal. It is very harsh, perhaps, as Walker says (A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 197), too harsh, though the rhyme would be some excuse, and it fails to give a proper antithesis to line 76; on the other hand, it is favoured somewhat by a curiously similar couplet in Sonnet xxi. 13, 14:

Let them say more that like of hearst ye well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

Other readings are "not to sell" (Hamnet); "that not intend to sell" (Walker); "not conditum what we intend to sell" (very bad); and "but commend what we intend to sell;" the last has been accepted by Dyce and the Globe-Edin. The Cambridge Shakespeare keeps to the reading of the copies. For a parallel idea compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 16:

Beauty is bought by judgement of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

I wish that many passages in this play were as easy to understand as this one which has appeared, to so many of the commentators, to present insuperable difficulties. It is necessary to give the whole speech of Paris in order to understand it:

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
ACT IV. Scene 1.

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It seems to me that the key to the meaning of the whole passage lies in line 77:

But we in silence hold this virtue well.—

Paris here answers, with the courtesy and dignity of a gentleman, the vulgar abuse which Diomede, with such excusable bad taste, heaps upon Helen in the presence of the man who might have wronged her husband, but was all the more bound to defend her. He has already rebuked Diomede above in line 67:

You are too bitter to your countrywoman; but Diomede, far from taking any notice of this rebuke, merely becomes more abusive. The reply of Paris may be awkwardly worded, but the meaning is quite clear; and the dignified sarcasm of it could hardly fail to have penetrated even Diomede's panoply of self-conceit. "You," Paris says, "practice the common trick of a petty dealer;"—chapman is evidently used here in a contemptuous sense (see the last note) — "you run down the article you want to buy, but we decline to compete with you on your own ground; we despise such tricks, and in silence hold fast to this virtue, not to 'puff' (as we should say) 'what we have to sell, but to let its value speak for itself.'" Of course he means that they will part with Helen only as the prize of victory, and not for money; but the great point is that he excuses himself for not defending her from Diomede's vulgar abuse by pointing out that, in such a case, a noble nature thinks silence the best answer. The fancied necessity of having a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene may, perhaps, account for the somewhat obscure wording of the passage in the last two lines.—P. A. M.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

229. Lines 4-6: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought.

Kill, a very strong and effective word, was changed by Pope to seal. Attachment—arrestment, a sense that the verb very frequently bears; e.g. II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 109:

Of capital treason I attach you both.

With line 6 compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 56:

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy

230. Line 12: VENOMOUS nights; i.e., says Stevens, "venefici, those who practise nocturnal sorcery," the explanation does not seem to me entirely satisfactory.

231. Line 13: As TEOUSLY as hell.—The Folios have a curious variant: hidiously.

232. Line 33: A poor capocchio.—The word was too many for the printers; it appears in Q. and Ff. as chipochio. Theobald suggested capocchio = the thick head of a club, and then, by a natural transition, "a thick-headed man," I.e. a simpleton. A = Ah, very probably; and Dyce prints the latter.

233. Line 58: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him; i.e. "in pretending that he is not here, and thus (as you think) serving his interest, you are really doing him harm."

234. Line 62: My matter is so rash; i.e. requiring such haste. For a somewhat similar, though not precisely parallel use, compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 118:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden.

235. Line 73: We met by chance.—Troilus means to enjoin secrecy upon Aeneas.

236. Line 74: the secrets of nature.—So the Folios; Q. has "secrets of neighbour Pandar." The editors have displayed considerable ingenuity in correcting what needs no correction. Secrets is here a trissyllable: scanned so the line runs with perfect smoothness. Walker (Shakespeare's versification, p. 10) quotes several verses where secret has a trisyllable force; e.g. Edward I., v. 4. 28:

Well do it bravely, and be secret;

and same play, v. 6. 5:

Whether thou wilt be secret in this.


Bitson was alone, I believe, among the last-century critics in retaining the Folio reading. The proposed emendations would cover a page.

237. Line 103: I know no touch of consanguinity.—For touch = feeling, compare Macbeth, iv. 2. 9.

238. Line 106: the very crown of falsehood.—Compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 4:

My supreme crown of grief.

A natural metaphor to signify the culminating point in anything. So Tennyson's "sorrow's crown of sorrow." In the next line (107) Hamner greatly weakened the vigour of the verse by omitting (with F. 2 and F. 3) force.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

239. Line 1: It is great morning.—Rather an awkward Gallicism, grand-jour; repeated in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 61.

ACT IV. Scene 4.

240. Line 4: And violets in a sense as strong.—So Q.; the Folios give:

And no less in a sense as strong;

which Pope changed to:

And in its sense is no less strong.

Q., no doubt, is right. Ben Jonson in The Devil is an Ass, ii. 2, has:

Not nature violets in both these.


Farmer also refers (rather vaguely) to a passage in Fuller's Worthies: "his former adversaries violated—against him;" it will be found in Nuttall's ed. of the Worthies, vol. iii. p. 510.

241. Line 15: as the goodly saying is.—I have not been able to trace this song; it is not given in Chappell, from which, perhaps, we may conclude that its origin is not known.

242. Line 21: By FRIENDSHIP nor by speaking.—This is not very far short of being sheer nonsense; perhaps we should read with Collier's MS. Corrector "by silence."

243. Line 25: is so STRAIN'd a purity.—An obvious and effective metaphor. Ff. are far less graphic: "strange a purity."

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244. Line 36: *justes roughly by.*—It is worth while to notice that Shakespeare always uses the now obsolete form *juste.* So in Byron’s Conspiracy (1805), i. 1, Chapman has:

> And juste with the ocean for a room.

Milton translates the *concurrentia saxa* of Juvenal (Satire xv. 19) by “*justling rocks*” (Paradise Lost, ii. 1917). When, or why, *justle* drove out its brother form I do not know.

245. Lines 52, 53: *some say the Genius go*

Cries “*Come!*”

The editors naturally refer to Pope’s lines in The Dying Christian to his Soul:

> Hark! they whisper; angels say
>  "*Sister spirit, come away.*"

Pope, we may remember, repeats the thought in Eloisa to Abelard:

> “*Come, sister, come,*” it said, or seemed to say,
>  "*Thy place is here, sad sister come away.*"

246. Line 55: *rain, to lay this wind.*—Referring to the current idea that *rain* falling stopped a *wind.* Compare Lucrece, 1790:

> At last it *rains,* and busy winds *give over.*

So Macbeth, i. 7. 25.

247. Line 58: *the merry GREEKS.*—See note (34) on i. 2. 118.

248. Lines 78–80.—A full discussion of the difficulties of this passage is not possible in the space at our disposal. It must be sufficient if I say that line 79 is omitted in the Quartos; that line 80 reads as follows in the Folio:

> *Flaming and swirling over* with Arts and exercise;

and that in my text I have followed the Cambridge editors. Line 80, as given by the Folio, is surely wrong; *flaming* (=flowing—a misprint) and *swirling* cannot very well be anything but *versio lectiones;* it is a question, therefore, which speltist we should adopt, and *swirling* seems to be the most likely to be correct. It was probably a *marginaal-scription of swirling,* the latter being added by the printer through some misunderstanding.

249. Line 98: *Presuming on their changeful poten’t.*—Why this line should be omitted I know not, except indeed that there will always be some one ready to alter a verse of Shakespeare. *Presuming* simply means “testing,” “testing;” in other words, “seeing how far we can go;” and taken in this way the words admirably round off the preceding thought. Collier adopted *chainful,* the proposal of his MS. Corrector, and found it excellent, whereas to Dryer’s thinking starker nonsense was never put on paper. *Quot homines, etc.*

250. Line 106: *catch mere simplicity.*—Not a very lucid phrase. Apparently Troilus means that while others win high praise he has to content with “a plain simple approbation;” so Johnson.

251. Line 124: *To shine the zeal of my petition.*—Q. and F. all read *zeal,* which Delius retains, with what sense it is hard to see. The emendation, due to Warburton, gives fair sense. According to Walker the converse error, *zeal for zeal,* occurs in ii. Henry IV. iv. 2. 27.

252. Line 134: *I’ll answer to my lest.*—Not an easy line. *Lust* is difficult, and the editors have been very ingenious in emending it away. Of the proposed corrections Walker’s “to my list” is decidedly good, the sense being “answer to my name; when I am elsewhere I will be Diomede; here I am the Greek ambassador.” Myself I would suggest—and I observe the idea has occurred to Mr. Lettsom—“*thst lust,*” i.e. will answer you in any way you please. The change is slight and the sense given fairly adequate. Perhaps, however, we should keep to the copies and explain, “When I am hence I shall be ready to answer for what I have done here—been pleased to do.” *Lust* repeatedly = pleasure, its original meaning in O.E.

253. Line 138: *Come, to the port.*—The parallel scene in Chaucer—Troilus and Criseyde, bk. v.—should be compared with Shakespeare’s work. I do not think Chaucer suffers in the comparison. Dryden in his “*respectful perversion*” of the play abridges and entirely transforms the episode.

254. Lines 146–150: *Let us make ready . . . and single chivray.*—Five lines omitted in Q. Malone thinks they were added by the actors for the sake of concluding with a rhymed couplet. But without them the scene would end very abruptly, for which reason we may fairly attribute them to Shakespeare. The Folios give the speech “Let us make ready” to Diomede—an obvious mistake noted by Ritson and others; Diomede has made his *exit* with Troilus and Cressida.

ACT IV. Scene 5.

[In the old copies we have, at the beginning of this scene, the stage-direction, *Liste not out.* This is absurd, and introduces unnecessarily the customs of medieval chivalry in the Greek camp,—F. A. M.]

255. Line 8: *til th* *hiered BLAS cheek.*—We have repeated allusions in the dramatists to bowls, a game at which churchwaraens seem to have been peculiarly proficient. An exact parallel to the present line occurs in Webster’s *Vittoria Combonina,* i.:

> That nobleman Corbi! faith his cheek hath a most excellent blush. it would *fair* *join* with my mistress.*

—Works, p. 57.

Steevess says, with what authority I know not, “the idea is taken from the fluffy cheeks of the winds as represented in old prints and maps.” The *bias* of a bowl is the weight of lead inserted in one side of it, causing the bowl to twist in its course towards that side. If the bowl is held with the bias on the outer side, it will run with an outward curve; if on the inside, it will “twist in.” Cf. note on iii. 2. 52, and King John, ii. 1. 574–581.

256. Lines 20–23.—These lines are given as prose in Q. and F.; first arranged in verse-form by Pope.

257. Line 23: *that WINTER from your lip.*—i.e. Nestor. A natural metaphor. So in Randolph’s Hey for Honesty:

> Can any man endure to spend his youth
>  In kissing Winter’s frozen lips!*

—Works, p. 45.

258. Line 37: *I’ll make my match to live;* i.e. “I will make such bargains as I may live by,” says Johnson, and
NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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his explanation is probably right; but the phrase is very clumsy.

259. Line 55: There's language in her eye.—Stevens quotes a curiously parallel thought from St. Chrysostom: "non locuta es lingua, sed locutus es spiritu; non locuta es voce, sed unus locutus es clarius quam voce."

260. Line 56: Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out.—For "spirit" pronounced as a monosyllable, cf. Tempest, i. 2. 486; Julius Caesar, i. 2. 29. A scansion very common in Milton; e.g. A Vacation Exercise:

Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire. —22.

261. Line 59: That give accosting welcome.—Q. and Ff. have "a coating welcome," which Stevens interprets "a sidelong glance of invitation;" but what point there is in saying that a welcome is sidelong before it comes, or how it can be sidelong, Steevens does not make clear. Mason's accosting seems to me certain: it has been adopted by Grant White, Dyce, and other editors; cf. Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 199. For the exact force of the word see Sir Toby Belch's commentary, Twelfth Night, i. 3. 60. The only passage that at all makes in favour of the reading of the copies is Venus and Adonis, 870:

And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

Collier's MS. Corrector gave occasion.

262. Line 60: And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts.—So "our heart's table" (=tablet), All's Well That Ends Well, i. 1. 106. Hamlet speaks of "the table of my memory" (i. 5. 98).

263. Lines 73-75.—This speech is given to Agamemnon in Q. and Ff. Theobald restored it to Achilles, and rightly; Æneas' reply sufficiently shows who the last speaker must have been.

264. Line 91: either to the utmost.—We have just had the phrase to the edge of all extremity (68). Cotgrave translates combatre à outrance by "to fight at sharpes, to fight it out, or to the uttermost." Shakespeare uses to the utterance in Macbeth, i. 1. 71.

265. Line 103: Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath.—Q. has impure, Ff. impaire. If retained, this would mean "a thought unworthy of his character," i.e. "not equal to him;" but for the use of the adjective no authority is given; in the passage (quoted by Steevens) in the Preface to Chapman's Shield of Achilles (1598) the word, as Dyce has conclusively shown, is a substantive. I think, therefore, that we should adopt the correction impaire—it only differs from the Quarto by a single letter—suggested by Johnson, and accepted amongst modern editors by Dyce and Grant White. See, however, the note (xii.) in Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. 288.

266. Line 112: Translate him to me; i.e. "explain his character." For translate = interpret, cf. Hamlet, iv. 1. 2.

267. Line 130: my father's sister's son.—See ii. 1. 14, with note.

268. Line 142: Not Neoptolemus so mirable.—Of course Achilles himself is meant. Shakespeare had no Lemprière to consult, and may have thought that Neoptolemus was the nomen gentilium: Warburton's "Neoptolemus sire irascible" was amazing, even for Warburton.

269. Line 143: Fame with her loudst oves.—This was (and is) the regular proclamation of a crier, a summons in fact to people to be silent and lend attention. So in The Sun's Darling we have (ii. 1): "No more of this; awake the music! Oyer and terminer!" (Ford's Works, vol. ii. p. 299). Cf. also Dekker: "And, like a Dutch crier, make proclamation with thy drum; the effect of thy O-yes being, That if any man, woman, or child . . ." (Prose Works, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 294). Though, obviously enough, the French imperative (from an obsolete word oiter, upon which see Littre), it seems by some process of popular abbreviation to have been pronounced monosyllabically, the last syllable almost disappearing. Compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 45:

Mistress Quickly. Crier Holgerkin, make the fairy Oyer.

Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you silly toyes.

There is a still more curious form-variant in Gabriel Harvey's Foure Letters: "As they will needs notoriously pro-claime themselves: as it were with a public oh-is" (Harvey's Prose Works, in Hutton Library, vol. i. p. 234). I have noticed a strange seventeenth-century use of the word which seems to show that from meaning the call of the crier, it came eventually to signify the crier himself; the instance occurs in the prologue to Lee's Theodosius:

Your lawyer too, that like an Oyer bawls,

That draws the market higher in the stalls.

Perhaps, however, this was merely a fragment of contemporary slang. We must not forget the legal phrase oyer et terminer, on which see the Imperial Dictionary, s.v.

270. Lines 165-170.—Six lines wanting in the Quarto.

271. Line 172: most imperious Agamemnon.—For imperious = imperial, cf. Venus and Adonis, 985, 996:

She enlighten him of king of graves and grave for kings,

Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

272. Line 178: th' untraded oath.—That is to say, the unfamiliar, unusual oath. Etymologically trade and tread are the same word. Hence the old meaning of trade was a path; from which it came to signify "a beaten track," and then, by a natural metaphor, "a business." Its original sense is seen in Richard II. iii. 3. 155-157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,

Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet

May hourly tramp

where Theobald needlessly substituted tred. "Trade wind" is simply "the wind that keeps a beaten track," i.e. blows always in the same direction. Compare use of traded in act ii. 2. 64. For oath Q. has the not unnatural variant earth; for "that I" it gives "thy.

273. Line 202: good old chronicle.—So Hamlet speaks of the players as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time" (ii. 2. 543).

274. Line 220: Yond towers, whose wonton tops do riss the clouds.—Compare Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bone heads so high they kiss't the clouds.

275. Line 224: the end crowns all.—We have the same proverb (finis coronat opus) in All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 4. 35.

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ACT IV. Scene 5.

276. Line 239: I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou! Why thou? The repetition, says Stevens, was intended as an insult. So in Tempest, i. 2 313, 314:

What, hot slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

But why should Achilles wish to insult Ulysses? Tyrwhitt saw the difficulty and proposed though, of which Ritson approved. Walker, condemning thou as "certainly wrong," suggested there, i.e. "in that matter." (A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 201). I have not ventured to introduce into the text either of these corrections. [One would expect Achilles to address any insult he had to spare to Hector, whom he treats much as a beer-sodden bargeman would treat a first-rate amateur boxer with whom he was about to fight. Certainly Shakespeare does not favour the Greeks in this play; and such an ill-mannered brute, as Achilles is here represented, would have been likely enough to insult Ulysses or any one else, as long as he could do so with impunity.—F. A. M.]

277. Line 233: And quoted joint by joint.—For quote = to observe, compare Hamlet, i. i. 112: "I had not quoted him;" and Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth quote deformities!

From the French odat, i.e. the margin of a book where notes and observations could be written.

278. Line 243: Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there,—An awkward verse, in which one is tempted (with Pope) to omit the last or there; but line 254 favours the text as it stands. For whether as a monosyllable (whether), cf. Tempest, v. 1. 111. See Abbott, Shakespearean Grammar, p. 348.

279. Line 250: in sick conjecture.—The adjective here suggests the idea of "fastidious minuteness," "precision." Etymologically the word comes from Latin sesuus, through the O.F. nite; hence its original meaning was foolish, ignorant, in which sense Chaucer uses both substantive and adjective. Cotgrave gives nicely as an equivalent for minefournement, which exactly fits the present passage.

280. Line 255: that stithed Mars his helm.—Theobald would read amidst; he made the same change in Hamlet, iii. 2. 89, where the substantive occurs. The stithy was the place where the anvil stood. Malone says that the word was still used in his time by North's Flutarch.

281. Line 267: We have had pelting wars.—So "petling river," Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 91: "Poor pelting villages," Lear, ii. 3. 18; often in North's Flutarch.

282. Line 275: Beat loud the tabourines.—For these words Q. has to taste your banities, i.e. "entreat him to taste," the stop at the end of line 274 being removed; the reading of the Folios is far preferable.

ACT V. Scene 1.

283. Line 4: Cork of envy.—Compare ii. 1. 7, with note.

284. Line 5: Thou crusty batch of nature.—Minshew (Dictionary, p 64) defines batch "as much bread as an oven will hold at one baking." Why it should be used as a term of contempt one does not quite see. Theobald changed to batch. It must be remembered, however, that Thersites had previously been called a cob-loaf. The dramatists often used the word, by a natural metaphor, to signify "of the same description, kind."

285. Line 18: Achilles' mate varlet.—Q. and F. 1. F. 2, and F. 3 have varlet; Theobald conjectured harlot. Whether or no varlet ever bore the same sense as harlot (which is extremely doubtful; cf. however, the passage quoted by the commentators from Middleton and Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 10) there can be no possible reason for altering the text. The expression is sufficiently explained by ii. 1. 126.

286. Line 28: such properous discoveries.—Various alternative readings have been proposed. Hamner substituted dabanters; Collier's Mis. Corrector discrimen; Singer—and this I believe to be right—discoverers, i.e. in the sense which the word bears in Isaiah iv. 8. Discoveries, if retained, must mean that Thersites regards Patroclus as something abnormal, as, in fact, a male varlet. See last note.

287. Line 55: skein of sliave-silk.—Q. gives silce; Ft. sleyd. We have the word in Macbeth, ii. 2. 37: "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care;" where the Clarendon Press note quotes from Florio: "Banella, any kind of sleeve or raw silke." Sket connects with slip, German schöffen, the general idea of the word being looseness, slackness; hence it would naturally serve as a term of contempt.

288. Line 55: pester'd with such waterflies.—Compare Hamlet's "Dost know this waterfly?" (v. 2. 83). A waterfly flitting idly about the surface of a stream is "the proper emblem of a busy trifler." So Johnson.

289. Line 41: Fishe-egg I.—So in Macbeth, iv. 2. 83, 84:

What, you egg!
Young fry of treaschry.

Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 78: "pigeon-egg of discretion."

290. Line 45: her daughter, my fair love; i.e. Polixena. This was one of the details borrowed from Caxton.

291. Line 57: one that loves quails; i.e. in an offensive sense; quail signifying, in contemporary argot, a wanton woman. The origin of the expression may be seen in the French proverb, "Chaud comme une eaille ..." So in Cotgrave, eaille colifie; cf. Littre, sub voce Caille.

292. Line 59: transformation of Jupiter.—Warburton's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. "He calls Menenius the transformation of Jupiter, that is, as himself explains it, the bull, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the primitive statue of cuckold; i.e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character." The epithet oblique, if retained, must be a continuation of the idea just developed. Hamner printed antique; Warburton oblique.

293. Line 67: a pitchew, a load, &c.—Thersites' repertory of abuse is extensive, and more than explains why earlier in the play he was addressed as "Mistress Ther-
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ACT V. SCENE 1.

sites" (ll. 1. 29). A *fitchew was a polecat; as an appellation the word was not complimentary; see Lear, iv. 6. 124. This word was very variously spelt, *fitch, *fitchele, *fitcher, *fitchet, *fitche, *fitchow, *fitkole, *fitchub, and is from the old Dutch fasse, and old French *fiasse, meaning a polecat, which latter word Cotgrave explains as "a *fitch or fulmart," the latter being the old spelling of foulmart; which, in the form *foumart, is the only name by which the polecat is known in the northern counties, where no form of the word *fitch or *fitchew seems to have been preserved. The name *foumart was given to the polecat to distinguish it from the sweetmart or common marten, which is still not uncommon among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Grose gives (Provincial Glossary) *fitchet as the form used in Warwickshire, and *fitchole as that used in Essexmore; while in Devonshire the form is *fit or *fitchet. There is a proverb in Somersetshire, "As cross as a *fitchet." Of the two words the Promptorium Parvulorum gives apparently no form of *fitch or *fitchew; but it gives *foulware as a form of *foumart. Baret gives *fitchew and *foulner. Palgrave gives *foulnarde. There has been some doubt as to whether *fitchew really meant a polecat, or some other form of weasel, perhaps a stoat. Bailey gives *fitcher, *fitchow, "a polecat, or strong-scented ferret." Bell in his British Quadrupeds gives the polecat under *fitchet weasel, and gives as other English names only *fitchew, Polecat, *Foulmart, *Furvulorum. According to his classification the common marten, or beech marten, or stone-marten, is of a different genus to the polecat or *fitchet weasel, which belongs to the genus Mustelidae, while the sweetmart belongs, in common with the pine marten, to the genus Martes. It is difficult to say why Shakespeare uses the word *fitchew in the sense which it evidently bears in the passage from Lear referred to above; for however much the favourite prey of the polecat, the rabbit, may deserve the character which Lear there assigns to the *fitchew, it cannot be said that this member of the weasel tribe is particularly lindinous. The female contains herself with one family in the year, varying from four to six. "Cross as a *fitchet" is a natural proverb enough, for there are few fiercer animals than the polecat, considering its size, and I have known one successfully to fight a dog which had often tackled even the most formidable half-wild cats. — F. A. M. J.

A *puttock—a kite, a worthless species of hawk; so Cymbeline, i. 1. 139, 140:—I chose an eagle, And did avoid a *puttock.

A *hearing without a row was evidently a proverbial expression; we have it in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 29.

294. Line 53: *sweet sink, *sweet sewer.—Q and Fl. have *sure; the obvious correction was made by Rowe.

295. Line 59: *brabbler the hound.—This is the name technically applied to hounds (chiefly young hounds) that give tongue, or in sportsman's phrase "open," when they have not properly struck upon the haunt of game; the idea comes out clearly in a passage in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 266-269:—"Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again." As to etymology, Minshen rightly connects with Dutch *brabberlen—to stammer, and French babiller—to use too many words (Cotgrave). *Brabling he defines as "a brawlie, contention, strife." Compare King John, v. 2. 161, 162:—

We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a *brabbler.

i.e. a noisy fellow. So "This petty *brabble" (= brol, quarrel), in Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 62. For the same sense of the word cf. Greene (Works, p. 125), and Peele, Edward I. (Works, p. 290). Perhaps the generic idea underlying and connecting these seemingly different meanings is, "to make foolish, blustering noise, without end or aim."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

296. Line 11: If he can take her *cliff.—A term borrowed from music. So in The Lovers Melancholy, i. 1, in the beautiful passage describing the meeting of Menaphon and Eroden:

The young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger that a bird,
Whose art had never taught *cleft, moods, or notes . . .


Steevens, too, refers to The Chances:

Will none but my C Cliff serve your turn?


We may remember the music-lesson in the Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 72-70, and Bianca's reading of "the gamut of Hortensio." Cotgrave, s. v. *cliff, gives "a *cliff in musicke." In the present passage there is doubtless some offensive innuendo.

297. Line 41: You *douse to great distraction.—So Ff., while Q. has destruction. So again in scene 3, line 85.

298. Lines 55, 56: *How the devil *luxury, with his . . . *potato-jinger.—An elaborate note on this passage by Collins is printed at the end of vol. viii. of Malone, Var. Ed. It will be sufficient to say that *luxury in Shakespeare always, and in the other contemporary dramatists very frequently, bears, like the French *luxure, the sense of "lust," "lasciviousness." See Much Ado, note 262, to which I may add that *luxurious is never used in its modern sense by Shakespeare, but always, like *luxurios in canonical writings, in its worst sense of "insult," "wanton."

299. Line 66: Here, *Dionel, keep this *sleeve.—Shakespear was thinking of Chaucer's account, in whose Troilus and Chryseide (ib. v.) we have:

And after this, the storye telleth us
That she him yat the faire hay steele,
The whiche she oncs was of Troylus;
And eke a brooch (and that was litter nedle) That Troylus' was, she yat this Dionelde;
And eke the bet from sowr hym to relive,
She made hym were a pensel of hire *sleeve.

—Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed., iii. 272.

*Pensel (penaceal)—a small streamer. Commenting on the lines just quoted Bell remarks that for a knight to wear on his armour some badge or token of his mistress' love, was a common if not invariable custom. It would be easy to quote parallels without end, from the Morte D'Arthur down to Scott's novels. The editors all note the burlesque of this scene that occurs in the Histrio-Mastix, 1610:

O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreen, wear it for grace;
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Within thy helmet put the same.
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

300. Lines 81. 82: Nay, do not snatch it from me, &c.—In Q. and F. this and the next line are given to Diomed. They clearly are a continuation of Cressida's speech. The alteration was first adopted by Theobald.

301. Line 108: But with my heart the other eye doth see.—Johnson and Hammer preferred the more obvious: But my heart with the other eye doth see. Practically the meaning will be the same; but I think the text of the copies gives a better antithetical effect. This, it will be noticed, is the last speech that Cressida makes; henceforth she passes out of the play, and, but for a scornful reference, is forgotten. This did not suit Dryden's taste; a guilty heroine unpunished in the fifth act was an anomaly in Restoration tragedy, and accordingly the abatement in his version is contrived on more orthodox lines. Troilus overcomes Diomed, and is on the point of killing him, when Cressida enters and interposes. She pleads for Diomed's life, protests innocence, is reproached and repelled by Troilus, and then to clear herself of guilt produces the inevitable dagger:

[She stabs herself.

A slight dialogue follows; the heroine blesses her lover "with her latest breath," and dies; and afterwards "the dragnet of death," to employ a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's, gathers in its meshes most of the remaining characters. Dramatically, such a catastrophe is effective enough; a heroine dying, after the manner of Otway's Monimia, with innocence and love on her lips, can never fail of pathos; but, after all, it is but a stage-artifice, and inappropriate here, because nothing could win our sympathies for Cressida. Scott rightly censures Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's design (Dryden's Works, vol. vi. p. 228). [On this point see the Stage History, Introduction, p. 251.]

302. Line 122: That doth invert th'attest of eyes and ears.—So the Quarto. F. I gives that test; F. 2 that rest.

303. Line 131: To stubborn critics.—Probable, as Malone says, critic is here almost synonymous with cynic; so in the familiar line, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 170:

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys.

304. Lines 132, 133: to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule
i.e. to measure by, adjust to. For a similar use of this verb, compare Comus, 329, 330:

Eye me, bless Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength.

305. Line 141: rule in unity; i.e. one is not two. "This Cressida is false: my Cressida was true; they cannot be the same."

306. Line 144: Hi-fold authority.—The Folios have a pointless variant, by foul. In line 147 conduce is highly doubtful. Rowe read commence.

ACT V. Scene 3.

307. Line 158: The fractions of her faith, orts of her love.—Orts=leavings, fragments. Cf. Lucrece, 105:

Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave.

As to derivative of orts, Mr. Ahliss Wright has the following note upon the line just quoted: "Ort is probably the A. S. ord, which means first, the beginning, and then, the point of anything; so that 'ords and ents' is only another form of 'orts and ends,' the Teutonic orde, a point, being the same as the A. S. ord." Professor Skeat has a different explanation. He says: "orts, remnants, leavings (E). M. E. ordes. From A. S. or, out (what is left); eton, to eat. Proved by O. D. or-ate, a piece left after eating... same prefix occurs in or-deat" (Etymological Dictionary, s.v. eart). Wedgwood, we may note, says that the verb to ort is applied in Scotland to cattle that waste their food.

In line 100 őr-eaten must bear the same sense of surfeited.

308. Line 172: Which shou'den do the hurricane call.—We find the same form of the word in Lear, iii. 2. 2.

You catarracts and hurricanes, spout.

309. Line 187: wear a castle on thy head!—Stevens quotes an exact parallel to this passage from The Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, ed. 1634, chap. civii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore be thee fast that thou wert gone and list thou well we shall soon come after, and brake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." Probably, therefore, to wear a castle on one's head was a proverbial expression, meaning "to be on one's guard," and not impossibly may point to the devices upon helms. I can suggest no other explanation, and the editors do not lend us any aid.

310. Line 185: the parrot will not do more for an almond.—A proverbial expression, the bonus classicus upon which is Skelton's poem, "Spoke, Parrot," where we have in stanza i.:

And see me to create ladies of estate;
Then Parrot must have an almon or a date.

So later in same poem:

An Almon now for Parrot dearly drest.


Compare, too, Webster's Westward Ho, v. 4; Works, p. 242.

ACT V. Scene 3.

311. Line 1: When was my lord so much urgently temer.—The introduction of Andromache is a curious deviation from the classical story. It is early in the Iliad, in book vi., that we have the beautiful scene in which his "dear-won wife" bids Hector refrain from the fight: "nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." In the twenty-first book, where Hector goes out to the battle and is slain, only Pramis and his "lady mother," before the city gates, pray him return.

Shakespeare, therefore, is following the account given in Caxton's Troy-Book, where we read: "King Pramis sent to Hector, that he keep him that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry and reproached his
wife, as he that knew well that this commandment came by her. Notwithstanding he armed him: and when Andromache saw him armed she took her little children, and fell down at the feet of her husband, and humbly prayed him that he would unwarm him, but he would not do it. Then she said if not for my sake yet have pity on your little children, that I and they die not a bitter death, or that we be not led into bondage into strange countries.” Compared with the wonderful pathos of Homer’s story, compared even with the simple unwrought narrative of the Troy-Book, there is to my mind something very tame and ineffective in all this scene. “Andromache, I am offended with you.” Contrast Homer’s: “And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name—Dear one, I pray thee be not of over sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurt me to Hades; only destroy, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks . . . for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Hlias.” The quotations are from the translation of the Iliad by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

312. Line 6: omnious to the day.—As in Hamlet, ii. 2. 476, ominious=fatal. Pope, following Rowe, read “ominous to-day.” Dreams have almost always been a source of superstition. Compare Shakespeare’s use of them in Julius Caesar.

313. Lines 20-22:
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

These three lines are not in the Quarto. The compositor’s eye, says Malone, passed over them and gave the following speech of Cassandra to Andromache. Of line 21 F. makes nonsense; it reads:

For we would count give much to as violent thefts.

Tyrwhitt saw that count had crept in from line 19; he expunged the word, and proposed use for as in the second half of the verse. His correction is adopted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, and I agree with Dyce’s remark that the other attempts to mend the passage are for the most part “not worth considering.” Indeed what exception can be taken to Tyrwhitt’s version I am at a loss to see.

314. Line 26: keeps the weather of my fate.—The phrase seems to = take the wind of, i.e. have superiority over; so Boswell. We may compare the French être au-dessus du vent. In the next line Pope needlessly substituted brace for dear. The repetition of the latter in 28 is conclusive against any alteration.

315. Lines 40, 41:
When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

We are reminded of the passage from the old play, in “Enca’s tale to Dido,” recited by the First Player in Hamlet, ii. 2. 494-496:

Pyrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the wind and wind of his felt sword
The unserved father falls.

In each case Shakespeare was probably thinking of the extravagant lines in Marlowe’s Dido, ii. 1. 254, 255:

Which he disdaining, which’d his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the King fell down.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was written by Marlowe and Nash, and both names appeared on the title-page; it is pretty certain, however, that Nash was responsible for the greater part of the play. Cf. Introduction to Bullen’s Marlowe, pp. xxviii. xix.

316. Line 55: Their eyes are al. —Shakespeare uses the word elsewhere to express the effect of sorrow in the eyes produced by weeping; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155:

Ere yet the salt of most unreasonable tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes.

So, too, in Richard III. iv. 4. 55:

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls.

317. Line 73: shame respect; i.e. “I must go in any case; do not therefore force me into disobedience by forbidding me to go.”

318. Line 91: You are amazed. —Not merely astonished; the word often signifies complete bewilderment, confusion, as in Cymbeline, iv. 3. 23; Richard II. v. 3. 85.

319. Line 112: But exiles another with her deeds.—After this verse the Folio gives these three lines:

Passed, Why, but hence you?

Troy, Hence brother lurking; ignoble and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

These, it will be seen, are almost identical with lines 32-34 in the last scene of this act, where they are also found in F. 1, and to which place they evidently belong. We cannot insert them in both places; there is clearly some corruption of the text. See note 349.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

320. Line 1: Now they are clapper-clawing one another.—Doctor Cains, it will be remembered, asks, “Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?” (Merry Wives, ii. 3. 69). The meaning may be guessed from the not too frequent passages where the word occurs. Thus, in the remarkable prefix to the second issue of the Quarto of this drama, the publishers claim that it is “a new play, never staid in the stage, never clapper-claw’d with the palates of the vulgar” (see Introduction, p. 24.). Ford, too, employs it graphically enough in the Lovers Melancholy, v. 1: “this she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments” (Works, vol. i. p. 105). The word is obviously onomatopoeic.

321. Line 9: luxurious drab.—For luxurious see note 298.

322. Line 9: sleeveless errand. —The epithet appears to have got a stereotyped meaning of “unprofitable,” “unsuccessful.” So in Nash’s Leuten Stuffe we have: “rather than hee woulde go home with a sleevless answer” (Nash’s Prosse Works, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 287). The editors do not explain how the metaphor arose; perhaps it points to some custom of mediaval knight-errantry.

and Ulysses, swearing is not very appropriate. One is tempted to accept Theobald's sneering.

324. Line 13: not proved worth a blackberry.—Blackberries were evidently at a discount in Shakespeare's time. Cf. Falstaff's immortal "Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as picuity as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 264-266).

325. Line 19: here comes sleeve, and t'other.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave: "here comes sleeve and sleeveless;" an improvement, I think.

326. Line 29: art thou of blood and honour?—Every now and then we light on touches the most curiously non-classical in sentiment. Here, for instance, the idea is taken from the old romances, in which it is a point of etiquette that only knights of equal birth and rank should engage in combat. We might be reading the history of such heroes as Amadis de Gaul, The Knight of the Sun, or Palmier of England. Everyone will remember parables in Don Quixote.

327. Line 32: that thou wilt believe me.—This is an exquisite touch; self-criticism from the "demagogy Caliban" (Coleridge's phrase) is the most effective of criticisms.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

328. Line 2: Present the fair stock to my lady Cressid.——Chapter xxvi. of Caxton's Troy Book (ii.) describes how "Dyomedes smote down Troylus off his horse, and sent it to Briseid her love that received it gladly." Also in Lydgate, the various chiefs, it will be noticed, are represented throughout as fighting, like the medieval knights, from horseback; in Homer, of course, they are always on foot, or riding in chariots.

329. Line 9: waving his beam.—So in Samson Agonistes, 1121, 1122:

Add thy spear,
A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield; where Milton probably had in his mind's eye the description of Goliath's armour in 1 Sam. xvii. 5-7.

330. Line 14: the dreadful Sagittary.—Of this Centaur, which in the Destruction of Troy Okt. iii. chap. xiv.) is killed by Diomedes, Homer, we are glad to think, has nothing to say. Curiously enough, Shakespeare introduces a Sagittary in Othello (i. 1. 150); there, however, it is a less formidable monster, being, perhaps, part of the Arsenal of Venice.

331. Line 17: Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles.——In Iliad, xvi., Patroclus does Achilles' armour and drives the Trojans back from the ships, but at last meets Hector and is slain. Antilochus brings the news to Achilles (Iliad, xvii. 17-29).

332. Lines 22, 23:

And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the beaking whale.

Etymologically scull and shool are identical; Speenser uses the form shool. In The Shepherd's Calendar, May, 19, 29:

Sicker this morn, no longer ago,
I saw a shool of shepherd's cargo.

The M.E. scule, from meaning "school," came to signify "a troop, crowd" (skewt). I find the expression "scule of fishes" translated in Minshew (1617) by "examen or agmen piscium." According to Ritson the word was used especially on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, and "a school of fish" is still a phrase current among sailors. Scull, however, in this sense, is not unknown to English classical writers. Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, vii. 399, and Todd's note thereon (Works, vol. iii. p. 43):

Each bay
With fry innumerable swarms, and shools
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea.

Steevens, too, quotes Drayton's Polyolbion, the 26th song:

My silver-scaled sculls about my streams do sweep.

Hamner, of course, read shools in the present passage. By scaled (for which Q has scaling) Malone understands dispersed. It is doubtful, however, whether the word can have any such sense. The dictionaries indeed recognize a verb to scale, which, they say, to spread, and then, to scatter; but I know no case of it occurring in classical English, and in Malone's passage from Coriolanus, i. 9. 95, Theobald's stale—one of his many admirable corrections—has been adopted by the Cambridge editors and the Globe ed. I think, therefore, that the epithet bears its ordinary, and, as applied to fish, perfectly appropriate, meaning; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 95: "A cistern for scaled snakes!"

The simile, of course, is a natural one. So in Iliad, xxi. 22-25, we have: "As before a dolphin of huge manfly other fish and fill the nooks of some fair-havened bay, in terror, for he devoureth anamid whatsoever of them he may catch; so among the channels of that dread stream the Trojans crowded beneath the precipitous sides." Perhaps Shakespeare's lines are a reminiscence of Chapman's translation.

333. Line 21: the strauly Greeks.——For strauly (so Q.) Flint. have straying; the metaphor, however, running through the two lines is decisive on the point. The epithet is thoroughly Homeric.

334. Line 44: So, so, we draw together.—Steevens thinks that the idea is of horses drawing, or as we might say in current phrase, pulling together; the words would then refer to Ajax, in allusion to the fact that lately he had not co-operated well with the Greeks. It seems to me not impossible that the metaphor suggested is that of a pack of hounds drawing a covert; Ajax, Diomedes, and Nestor all trying to track down Troylus.

335. Line 45: then boy-queeller, show thy face; i.e. because Hector had killed Patroclus.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

336. Line 10: I will not look upon; i.e. be a looker on. Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 237:

Nay, all of you that stand and look upon;
where the Folios changed the reading of Q1 to "look upon me."

337. Line 29: I'll flush it.—Flush is the French froiz-
ACT V. Scene 6.

NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ser—to bruise, dash to pieces; a very strong word, only here in Shakespeare.

ACT V. Scene 7.

338. Line 6: In jelled manner execute your AIMs.—Aims is Capell's indispensable correction of the copies, which all read arms. Singer, retaining arms, explains execute to mean employ, but even so the line is little better than a piece of pointless tautology.

339. Line 19: One bear will not bite another.—So Juvenal: Savis inter se convenit ursis (Satire xv. 164).

ACT V. Scene 8.

340. Line 7: Vail and darkening of the sun.—Vail = “setting;” only here as a substantive in Shakespeare. The verb (Old French aveler, i.e. avel = ad enlent) occurs very frequently.

341. Line 9: I am unarm'd; forego this vantoge, Greek.—This account of Hector's death is in strict accord with the accepted traditions of the medieval romance writers. Here, for instance, is the story in Caxton's Destruction of Troy:—“Among all these things, Hector had taken a noble baron of Greece that was richly armed, and to lead him out of the host at his ease he cast his shield behind him, and left his breast uncovered, and as he was departing, minding not Achilles he came privily unto him and thrust his spear in his body, and Hector fell dead to the ground. When King Menon saw Hector dead, he assailed Achilles by great force, and beat him to the ground and hurst him grievously, but his men carried him into his tent upon his shield. Then for the death of Hector were all the Trojans discomfited and re-entered into their city, bearing the body of Hector with great sorrow and lamentation.”

342. Line 18: And, stickler-like, the armies separates.—A stickler was a non-combatant, or, as we should say, second, who stood by to see fair-play in fencing matches; one of his duties was to stop the duel when he thought fit. Minshew gives the word in his Dictionary: “a stickler betweene two, so called as putting a stike or stiffe betweene two fighting or fencing together.” This naive piece of philology was endorsed by Hamner and others until Ritson in his Remarks (1783) hinted that “the nature of the English language does not allow the derivation of stickler from stick.” According to Skeat, the word is a corruption of the Middle English siteilen, siteilen = to dispose, order, arrange; it is cognate with the German stichten, stift. For use of word compare Cynthia's Revels, iv. 2: “So he may have fair play shown him and the liberty to choose his stickler” (Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 336, where see note).

343. Lines 19, 20:

My half-supp'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Plead'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

Pope placed these lines in the margin, and most of the editors condemn the turgid diction of Achilles' speech. It is too much in the Cambyses' vein to pass unchallenged.

344. Line 22: Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

ACT V. Scene 10.

—A strictly classical touch. The episode is given at length in Iliad xxii., which the ringing rhetoric of Pope reproduced as follows:

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Undeserving, and of the dead)
The nervous angles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fast'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain;
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smiles the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native band,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

It was one of the scenes sculptured (or frescoed) in the temple of Juno, described in the first Ennius, 483, 484:

Ter cernit liacas raptaverat Hectora muros,
Examinunquam auro corpus vendebat Achilles.

Also in Lydgate, chap. xxxi. Caxton, as we have seen, represents the Trojans as bearing Hector's body back into the city, rather a remarkable deviation from classical tradition.

ACT V. Scene 9.

345. Line 4: The brut is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles; i.e. the rumour, report. The verb generally implies "announcing with noise." So Macbeth, v. 7. 21, 22:

By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruised.

Taken from the French; probably of Celtic origin.

ACT V. Scene 10.

346. Lines 6, 7:

Frown on, you heave'n, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

A vexed passage. Q. and Ff. read:

Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once.

This reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation, I have retained. I cannot see with Mr. W. N. Lettsom that smile "no doubt, is nonsense;" on the contrary, the line appears to me to make excellent sense. The difficulty, I think, comes in the next verse, which certainly is very abrupt. But I doubt whether mere abruptness should justify us in altering the undisputed text of both Quarto and Folio. If, however, any change is to be adopted—and apparently the Cambridge editors recognize no such necessity—it is tempting to combine the proposals of Hamner and Lettsom, and print:

smite all Troy;

Ay, stay at once—

347. Line 13: There is a word will Priam turn to stone.


348. Line 19: Make wells and Niobes.—Compare the Widow's Tears, iv. 2:

My sister may turn Niobe for love.


Hamner naturally changed to "wells and rivers."
349. Lines 30, 31.—Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 203) contends that these are the concluding lines of the piece: "the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obstruction." Verses 32-34 he would place at the end of scene 3, where see note; and the rest of Pandar’s epilogue he regards as an interpolation. I think there is much to be said for this view; at any rate, one would believe that the ribald rubbish with which the play ends was not written by Shakespeare. Trollois here survives. In Caxton’s destruction of Troy he is killed by Achilles, and the event is narrated with considerable circumstantiality. Curiously enough, this detail is unknown to Homer. He merely mentions (in Iliad xxiv. 257) that Trollos (τρόλλος) had been slain in battle before the time of the Iliad. Probably Vergil was the authority for the later accounts. Compare the beautiful lines in Schmid, i. 474-47s, beginning:

Parte alia fagiens amissis Trollos armis,
Infelix paer atque imperatus Achillei—

350. Line 47: painted clothes.—This refers to the custom of hanging up texts, mottoes, verses, and what not, upon the walls of rooms. They were painted on canvas or cloth. So in As You Like It, iii. 2, 287-293, when Jaques says to Orlando, "You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths’ wives, and com’d them out of rings?" the latter replies, "Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions." This, I imagine, is the allusion in the following passage from Eastward Ho! (by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Shirley), iv. 1: "I hope to see thee one of the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthy to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posses for hospita!" (Chapman’s Works, p. 474). Malone has an interesting quotation from a tract published in 1601:

Read what is written on the painted cloth.
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor.

WORDS OCCurring ONLY IN TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Note.—The addition of subj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited. The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

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*See note 97.

1 = acceptable.

340

Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye into the door.

Dyce in his Middlesex, vol. iii. p. 95, has an interesting note on Dekker’s Honest Whore, v. 1. Rather more elaborate than these canvas inscriptions, though pointing the same elementary morals, must have been the tapestry scenes from the Bible with which rooms were adorned. Amongst these a favourite and appropriate subject was the story of the Prodigal, and that of Lazarus. Compare I. Henry IV, iv. 2, 27-29, and note 266 of that play. See also Merry Wives, iv. 5, 9, where the host has got ready for Falstaff a chamber "painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new."

Sometimes the designs were classical; of these the story of Acteon seems to have been popular. Compare:

he stands
Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.


351. Line 55: Some gallit goose of Winchester would kiss.—Probably this was a proverbial phrase. So in Randolph’s comedy, Hey for Honesty; Down with Knavery, iii. 3, we have "The woman, receiving me, put forth her hand; then I fell a-kissing like a Winchester goose, or St. George’s dragon" (Randolph’s Works, p. 442). Unfortunately, however, many of Pandar’s remarks contain some offensive double entendre, and the present line is an instance in point. It will be sufficient to say that one displeasure quarter of London was long under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, a fact to which there are many indirect and indelicate allusions in the dramatists. This explains a passage in Chapman’s Monsieur D’Olive, iv. 1: "Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester, famous I mean for the goose, where scholars wear Petticoats so long; all these, I say, are but bellies to the body or school of the Court." (Works, p. 131). Compare, too, the editors on I. Henry VI, i. 3, 53. Also Dyce’s note on Webster’s Care for a Cuckold, iv. 1 (Works, p. 307), and Halliwell’s Nules, sub voce Winchester. Curiously enough, a goose was also an emblem of "meere modestie" (See Brand, Popular Antiquities, i. 370).
WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act Sc. Line
*Bias-drawing. iv. 5 169
Bias-fold. v. 2 144
Bitch-wolf. ii. 1 11
Black-amour. i. 1 79
Blockish. i. 3 375
Bone-ache. ii. 3 21
Bookish. v. 2 15
Botchey. ii. 1 7
Boy-queen. v. 5 45
Brabeller. i. v. 1 99
Bragless. v. 9 9
Brainless. i. 3 351
Breath. i. 3 121
Broad. v. 4 92
Brokers-between. ii. 9 212
Baggear. iv. 2 34
Bull-bearing. iii. i. 2 258

Catenniate. iii. 2 174
Captain-general. iii. 3 279
Catastrophe. v. 2 21
Cattlings. iv. 3 307
Changeful. iv. 4 29
Characterless. i. ii. 2 195
Cheats. ii. 3 163
Clear adj. iv. 5 19
Closet-war. iii. 2 263
Cock. i. 2 118
Colloof. ii. 1 41
Cognition. v. 2 103
Colossus-wise. v. 5 9
Commodious. v. 2 105
Communities. iii. i. 103
Complimental. iii. 1 42
Composure. iii. i. 308
Concupisc. v. 2 177
Conflouix. i. 3 7
Consanguiuity. iv. 2 105
Constraining. v. 2 173
Convinced. ii. 2 120
Convive verb. iv. 5 272
Core of a boil. ii. 1 7

1 Name of a dog; a noisy fellow in John, v. 2 162.
2 A gentle exercise. Used frequently in other senses.
3 Was puffed with pride used frequently in other senses.
4 Extract.
5 = the thorax. Also Lucrece, 781.
6 = sounding distinctly.
8 = union, alliance; qualities of disposition, in Troilus, ii. 3 214; Act and Cleo, I. 4 22.
9 Word coined by Thersites for conceitance.
10 To convict. Used elsewhere in various other senses.
11 See note 92.
12 To surrender.
13 To deduce: frequently used in its ordinary sense.
14 This word is not in F. I.
15 Lucrece, 49.
16 To displace water (said of a ship).
17 = distinctly. Lucrece, 1297.
18 = swaying fan.
19 = incredible. Used elsewhere in other senses.

Act Sc. Line
Co-revilled. i. 3 44
Corresponsible. Pro. 18
Courtesiously. iv. 4 123
=Cousin-ginger. iv. 5 121
Crusty. i. 1 5
Death-tokens. ii. 3 157
Debomair. i. 3 235
Decepcion. v. 2 123
Deadless. iv. 5 38
Decem (sub.). iv. 4 61
Deep-drawing. Pr. 12
Deliveries. ii. 3 2
Dependence. ii. 2 192
Depravation. v. 2 212
Derm. ii. 3 65
Dexter. iv. 5 128
Directive. i. 3 356
Drunk-onion. i. 2 4
Dissolved. i. 2 46
Disposer. iii. 1 98, 101
Distaile (trans.) ii. 2 123
Dismite. ii. 3 108
Dividable. i. 3 105
Dog-fax. iv. 4 13
Double-hemed. ii. 7 11
Dragnet-exon. ii. 1 116
Draw. ii. 3 277
Dumb-discursive. iv. 4 92
Ear-wax. iv. 1 50
Earth-bower. iv. 3 2
Encounters. iv. 5 58
Enfaced. i. 1 38
Enlard. ii. 3 265
Enrupt. v. 3 65
Erand. ii. 3 9
Erron. ii. 3 254
Expect (sub.). i. 3 79
Expectance. iv. 5 149
Exploitation. iv. 5 156
Expostulation. iv. 4 62
Expressly. iii. i. 314
False-hearted. v. 1 95
Fan. ii. 3 27
Fanatical. ii. 3 41
Fat-already. ii. 3 265
Fathomless. ii. 2 30
Fees-farm. iii. 2 54
Feul. v. 5 132

15 = the shafts of a carriage.
16 = divisions of a song or tune.
17 Used figuratively = an embrace; of the coils of a snake.
18 = Venus and Adonis, 874; of cloth doubled, Lear, i. i. 221.
19 = Venus and Adonis, 152.
20 = bough, bough.
21 = forlorn; used elsewhere in various other senses.
22 = envious.
23 = that which is com to all; exposed to severals.
24 Used figuratively = decked; covered with blood, Romco, v. 2.
25 = ground. This word is used by Shakespeare in various senses.
26 = boils. Used elsewhere in other senses.
27 = engraved.
WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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<td>i. 3 111</td>
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<td>iv. 5 61</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rear?</td>
<td>iii. 3 162</td>
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1 lines in the same direction; Som. im. 19. Used figuratively = equal, in three other passages.
2 = gifted, endowed.
3 = what may be carried; = what may be endured, Macbeth, iv. 3. 89; Lear, iii. 6. 115.
4 = precautions; used frequently = hindrance.
5 = small words; the word is used elsewhere in various other senses.
6 Quo: Q. If have primogenites.
7 Used pinnably=broad womrn; = the bird of that name, in Ant. and Cleon, ii. 3. 37.
8 Induced by force; the verb is used in several passages = to pillage.
9 Of an army. = tech:in, Hamlet, 1. 3. 34; Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 99.

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39 = frequent flowing; = access, in three other passages.
40 = having reference.
41 = shads of fish.
42 = grease.
43 = Lucrece, 609.
44 = Pass, Pilgrims, 175.
45 = scattering; the verb is used very frequently in the sense of "to pour out, " &c.
46 = Verb intra: = to flag; the transitive verb is used in several passages in a similar sense.
47 = a lot; this sub. is used very frequently by Shakespeare in various senses.
48 = nature; used in plural = articles of agreement, Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 165; Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 127.
49 = placed in a sphere.
50 = round.
51 = done in jest.

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23 = a waterspout; used three times = a pipe.
24 = Of a bolt; = thread, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 19.
25 = to filter; Lucrece, 1131.
26 = the state of being done; = agreement, used by Shakespeare in many uses.
27 = the state of being done; = agreement, used by Shakespeare in many uses.
28 = to bring out of a tent; = to reveal, in Timon, i. 2. 51.
29 = to subscribe to; = to write underneath, Macbeth, v. 8. 26.
30 = = first beginning; = a feast, in H. Henry IV, iii. 1. 50.
31 = = a waterspout; used three times = a pipe.
32 = as a water; = as a water.
33 = Used figuratively = masses (of gold), Rich. II. i. 4. 26.
MACBETH.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duncan, King of Scotland.
Malcolm, his sons.
Donalbain, his sons.
Macbeth, generals of the King's army.
Banquo, noblemen of Scotland.
Macduff,
Lennox,
Ross,
Menteith,
Angus,
Caithness,
Fleance, son to Banquo.
Siward, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young Siward, his son.
Seyton, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

Hecate.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Scene—Scotland; England.

Historic Period: A.D. 1041-1057.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of the play (according to Daniel) represents nine days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.
Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4-7.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1-4.—Interval of a week or two.
Day 4: Act III. Scenes 1-5. (Act III. Scene 6 "an impossible time.")

Day 5: Act IV. Scene 1.
Day 6: Act IV. Scene 2.—Interval of a week or two.
Day 7: Act IV. Scene 3; Act V. Scene 1.—Interval of a few weeks.
Day 8: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.
Day 9: Act V. Scenes 4-8.
MACBETH.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Macbeth was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and the printing seems to have been done with singular carelessness, or from a singularly imperfect MS., probably a hastily-made transcript. All that we know with certainty of the date when the play was written, is, that it was some time before 1610. In Collier's New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakespeare, 1836, there is an account of a MS. discovered in the Ashmolean Museum, containing the "Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof" of Dr. Simon Forman, the notorious astrologer, who died in 1611. The entry for April 20, 1610, is given by Collier as follows:

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women Fairies, or Nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, King of Caledon, for thou shalt be a King, but shalt beget no Kings, &c. Then, said Banquo, What all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs; thou shalt beget Kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland to Duncan King of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bad them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forthwith Prince of Northumberland; and sent him to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so.

"And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the King, in his own Castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the King, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted.

"The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves; they being fled, were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being at supper with his noblemen whom he had bid to a feast, (to the which also Banquo should have come,) he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunston Anyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after in the battle Macduff slew Macbeth.

"Observe, also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."
MACBETH.

The minuteness of this analysis, as well as its mistakes of memory, shows that the play was new to Dr. Furness, but this does not prove that the play itself was new. The characteristics of the versification would be quite inconsistent with so late a date. Much more probable, on this ground, is the date of 1606 or thereabouts, assigned by Malone and others chiefly on account of some allusions to contemporary events, which do not, however, carry with them any great amount of certainty. While there is undoubtedly an allusion to the union of the two kingdoms under James I, in iv. 1, 120, 121:

some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry—

it does not necessarily follow that the king's accession had but just taken place; nor is it certain that there is any allusion in the fifth and ninth lines of the Porter's soliloquy (the "farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty," and the equivocator "who committed treason enough for God's sake") to the remarkably low price of corn in the summer and autumn of 1606, and to the equivocation and perjury of Garnet the Jesuit on the occasion of his trial in March of the same year. But while these references, if references they be, are too slight and too uncertain to afford by themselves any definite ground of opinion, they may be taken, certainly, as in some sort confirmatory of the metrical indications of the earlier date. The first printed reference to the play occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1611, where a passage in the fifth act is undoubtedly meant as a good-natured burlesque of the ghost of Banquo.

Shakespeare found his materials for Macbeth, as for all his historical plays dealing with England and Scotland, in Holinshed's Chronicles. Holinshed took his narrative from the twelfth book of the Scotorum Historiae of Hector Boece, printed at Paris in 1526, and translated into the Scotch dialect by John Bellenden, archdeacon of Moray, in 1541. Boece's narrative follows Fordun. The legendary foundation on which Shakespeare worked has very little in common with the real facts of history. I take from the Clarendon Press edition (p. xliii) the following résumé of the points in which Shakespeare and Holinshed are at variance with history, condensed from Chalmers' Caledonia, bk. iii. ch. vii. "The rebellion of Macdonwald and the invasion of Sueno during the reign of Duncan are fables; Banquo and Fleance, the ancestors of the Stuarts, are the inventions of the chronicler. Lady Macbeth, whose name was Gruoch, was the grand-daughter of Kenneth I., who was slain at the battle of Monivairld by Malcolm II. Her first husband, Gilcomgain, the maormor of Moray, was burnt in his castle with fifty of his friends. Her only brother was slain by Malcolm's orders. There were reasons therefore why she should cherish vengeance against Duncan, the grandson of Malcolm. She took as her second husband Macbeth, the maormor of Ross, who, during the minority of her son Lulach, became maormor of Moray. The rebellion of Torrin, Earl of Caithness, another grandson of Malcolm's, appears to have been the original of the revolt of Maedonwald, and Duncan was on his way to punish it when he fell a victim to treachery at Bothgowman, near Elgin, in the territory of Gruoch and Macbeth. Macbeth on his side had motives for revenge. His father Finleigh, or Finley, maormor of Ross, had been slain in a conflict with Malcolm II. in 1020. In Wintown's Cronykil of Scotland an entirely different version is given. Duncan is there the uncle of Macbeth, who is thane of Cromarty; and Gruoch is Duncan's wife, who after the murder of her husband marries Macbeth. Malcolm is the illegitimate son of Duncan by a miller's daughter, and a supernatural parentage is invented for Macbeth himself. It is in Wintown that we first meet with the weird sisters, who, however, only manifest themselves to Macbeth and spur his ambition in a dream. According to the same chronicler, the absence of Macduff from the feast was one of the causes which provoked Macbeth against him. It is worth observing that there is nothing of this kind in the narrative of Holinshed. The battle of Dunsinane did not decide the fate of Macbeth. He was de-
feated there in the year 1054, but it was not till two years afterwards that he met with his death at Lumphullan by the hands of Macduff, December 5, 1056." I may add, from Scott's History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 18 (Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia), a further detail in regard to the Macbeth of history: "Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan [the name is variously spelt Bothgowan, Bothgownan, and Bothgowānan] or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince."

In the construction of his play Shakespeare follows Holinshed on the whole closely, but he transfers a number of the details in connection with the murder of Duncan from the account of the murder of King Duffe (the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth) by Donwald, "captain of the castle" of Forres, "being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife." Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking, her fate hinted at by Shakespeare, the appearance of Banquo's ghost, and some points in the character of Banquo, are the only noticeable additions or variations from the narrative of Holinshed.

A few words must here be said on the debated question of the indebtedness of Macbeth to Middleton's Witch, or of The Witch to Macbeth. When, in 1778 or 1779, the MS. of the Witch was discovered, it was at once seen that there were certain resemblances, at least in the witchcraft scenes, between the two plays, and that the words of the songs referred to in the stage-directions to Macbeth, iii. 5. 33 and iv. 1. 43,—found, indeed, in Davenant's version, and consequently supposed to be his,—were taken from the play of Middleton. Steevens, with the pardonable enthusiasm of the discoverer, at once concluded that Shakespeare must have imitated Middleton. Others asserted that Middleton must have imitated Shakespeare. As the date of neither play is known with even an approach to certainty, it is impossible to decide the question by a simple appeal to precedence. The probability, however, of Shakespeare, at the height of his tragic power, falling back on plagiarism or imitation of a writer so much inferior to himself as Middleton, does not seem very strong. That Middleton should have imitated Shakespeare would be nothing at all remarkable. But, as it has been seen by the really critical critics, from Lamb onward and downward, the difference between the witches of Shakespeare and of Middleton is one, not of degree, but of kind. The witches of Middleton are among the most really imaginative creations of a singularly fine but singularly unequal writer—creations full of a fantastic horror and a grotesque ghastliness. But the witches of Shakespeare pass out of the region of the grotesque into that of sublimity. The witches of Middleton, as Lamb has said, can hurt the body; "these have power over the soul." Fragments torn out of the texture of Shakespeare's work would thus be almost as much out of place in the work of Middleton as fragments of Middleton in the work of Shakespeare. The possibility remains of interpolation—for of the hypothesis of collaboration between Shakespeare and Middleton one cannot well see so much as the possibility. The Clarendon Press editors, after raising the question of collaboration in a hesitating manner, dismiss it in favour of the former supposition. They say, in summing up: "On the whole we incline to think that the play was interpolated after Shakespeare's death, or, at least, after he had withdrawn from all connection with the theatre. The interpolator was, not improbably, Thomas Middleton; who, to please the 'groundlings,' expanded the parts originally assigned by Shakespeare to the
MACBETH.

weird sisters, and also introduced a new character, Hecate." They assign, in addition, several other scenes, lines, or passages, to the interpolator, thus taking from Shakespeare the second scene of act i, the first 37 lines of the third scene, line 61 in act ii. sc. 1, the Porter's scene in act ii, the fifth scene of act iii, the lines from 39-47 and 125-132 inclusive in act iv. sc. 1, with lines 140-159 of the third scene; the second scene of act v. they regard as doubtful, and in the fifth scene of that act they would allot to the interpolator lines 47-50, with the words,

before my body

I throw my warlike shield,

in scene 8, and the last forty lines of the play.

The minuteness of this list is rather embarrassing. That the play of Macbeth as we have it contains some interpolations out of Middleton seems to me decidedly probable; indeed, the only possible solution, in the light of the information before us, of an otherwise insoluble problem. But that all the passages obelized by Messrs. Clark and Wright were interpolated by Middleton I very decidedly disbelieve; and I doubt whether Middleton himself was the interpolator. On the whole, I incline very much to the opinion expressed by Mr. Swinburne in his essay on Middleton—namely, that the interpolation of the "few superfluous and incongruous lines or fragments from the lyric portions of the lesser poet's work" was done by the editors of the first Folio, who have certainly left us a very corrupt text of the play as a whole.

STAGE HISTORY.

Macbeth seems from the first to have been a very popular play upon the stage, in spite of its gloomy character and the want of any comic relief, except in the scene with the porter (ii. 3). No doubt the remarkable popularity of this tragedy after the Restoration was in a great measure owing to the supplementary attraction of Lock's music; but before it had the advantage of any extraneous aid from one of the sister arts the strong dramatic interest of the play seems to have taken hold of the public, and although there were no surreptitious Quartos published this was probably not owing to any want of literary interest in the play, but rather to the fact that Shakespeare, by dint of experience gained in his long war against pirate publishers, was able to defeat their nefarious devices with regard to this and one or two others of his later plays. In The Puritan, or Widow of Watling Street, first published in 1607, a comedy which was acted by the children of Paul's, being one of the seven plays attributed to Shakespeare in F.3 and F.4, there is an apparent allusion to the ghost of Banquo: "instead of a Jester, we'll ha the ghost i'th' white sheet sit at upper end oth' Table" [Folio 1685, Act iv. (close to end)], and in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, published in 1613, but written two years previously, there is a more palpable allusion to the same scene (v. 1):

When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself,
And whisper such a sad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And stand as mute and pale as death itself.

This extract is interesting as probably pointing to a piece of stage business in the part of Macbeth in the Banqueting scene. What Simon Forman, that queer mixture of doctor and magician, had to say about Macbeth when he saw it at the Globe Theatre, April 20, 1610, has been already given above (p. 345). But it will be as well to repeat here what he says with regard to the management of Banquo's Ghost: "standing vp to drinke a Carouse to him, the goste of Banco came and sate down in his cheier behind him;" the last two words seem to show that Macbeth, contrary to the traditional stage business, was standing in front of his chair when the Ghost first enters.

After the Restoration Macbeth was one of Shakespeare's plays which was revived with considerable success. Before that period it is most probable that Macbeth was represented with only the two songs that we find mentioned in F.1, and one or two dances for the witches introduced. On November 5,
INTRODUCTION.

1664, Pepys went to the Duke’s house to see “Macbeth, a pretty good play but admirably acted” (vol. iii. p. 63). On December 28, 1666, Pepys saw this play again at the same theatre and calls it “a most excellent play for variety” (vol. iv. p. 195); and again, under date January 7, 1666–7, “To the Duke’s house, and saw ‘Macbeth,’ which though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertissement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here, and suitable” (vol. iv. 202). This more detailed account seems to imply that there certainly was music and singing, and most probably dancing, in the version of Macbeth which Pepys saw. On October 16, 1667, he writes, “I was vexed to see Young who is but a bad actor at best act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick, but Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and every body else in disliking this fellow” (vol. v. p. 57). Betterton’s absence did not prevent him seeing the play again on November 6 of the same year, “which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick (vol. v. 86).

Again, on August 12, 1668, he “saw ‘Macbeth’ to our great content” (vol. v. p. 333), on December 21st of the same year, and on January 15th of the following one.

The question now arises, when was Davenant’s version, as published in Quarto in 1673, and again reprinted in 1674 and 1687, first produced? On this point we have no decided evidence. Downes, on whose authority the alteration of Macbeth is attributed to Davenant, does not tell us. After the removal of the new company to Dorset Garden in November, 1671, he says: “The Tragedy of Macbeth, altered by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all its finery, as new cloaths, new scenes, machines, as flyings for the witches, with all the singing, and dancing in it: the first composed by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph Priest,” it being all excellently performed, being in the nature of an Opera, it recompenced double the expence: it proves still a lasting play. Note, That this Tragedy, King Lear, and The Tempest, were acted in Lincoln’s-Inn Fields” (pp. 42, 43). Now if this was the case, we may fairly conjecture that Davenant had introduced a considerable amount of what Pepys called “divertissement” into the tragedy before 1671. He had evidently obtained somehow or other the MS. of Middleton’s Witch, the music for which had been written, by an unknown hand, some time before the Restoration. A portion of this music, the setting of the song “Come away, Hecket Hecket,” was published from a MS. about 1812; and it appears from an examination of it, that Lock had partly adapted it in his setting of the same song. Whether Davenant had first ventured on mutilating and defiling, one may almost say, with additions of his own the text of the tragedy is doubtful; but, without any great degree of presumption, we may reasonably conclude that it was not the text of Shakespeare which was presented at the Duke’s Theatre in 1664, but something like the version known as Davenant’s, of which I will now give some account.

In act i. scene 3 the first change made is transforming the “bleeding captain” of the Folio into Seyton. The language is prosified as much as possible, while still kept in the shape of verse. Seyton’s speeches are but feeble versions of the “bleeding captain’s.” It is not Ross, but Macduff, who is made to bring the news of the defeat of the rebellious Cawdor; and, in the next scene, where Macbeth and Banquo meet the Witches, Macduff is again made to take the place both of Ross and Angus. In Macbeth’s speech aside there is no allusion to his having had any idea of murder in his mind. The speech ends with the following four lines:

Fortune, methinks, which minhs down honours on me,
Seems to rain blood here: Duncan does appear
Clouded by my increasing glories, but
These are but dreams.

In the next scene (scene 4 in Shakespeare), in Macbeth’s speech beginning “The Prince of

1 These two gentlemen were not musicians, but balletmasters.
MACBETH.

Cumberland? the following alteration is made in the last four lines:

The strange idea of a bloody act
Does into doubt all my resolves distract.
My eye shall at my hand conrive, the sun
Himself shall wink when such a deed is done.

These four lines are substituted for the last two lines of the original. Now comes an introduced scene which is full of strange beauties. Lady Macbeth enters, "having a letter in her hand," with Lady Macduff, who is supposed to be stopping with her as a visitor. We cannot give the whole of this scene, the following specimen will suffice:

[Aside] I willingly would read this letter; but
Her presence hinders me; I must divert her.
[To Lady Macduff] If you are ill, repose may do
You good;
Y' had best retire; and try if you can sleep.

This exquisite passage puts quite into the shade whatever of Shakespeare's language is retained in this scene. Lady Macbeth, being alone, now reads the letter. Davenant has a delightful way of getting rid of any difficulty in the text, either by eliminating it altogether, or by converting it into the most commonplace language. For instance, the passage beginning "thou 'dscst have, great Glamis," becomes the very simple sentence:

Thou willingly, great Glamis, wouldst enjoy
The end without the means.

Another singular alteration is worth noticing. Instead of "The raven himself is hoarse," &c., we have:

There would be music in a raven's voice,
Which should but croak the entrance of the king
Under my battlements.

How Shakespeare's language is deformed, we may judge from this sentence:

That no relapse into mercy may
Shake my design, nor make it fall before
'Tis ripened to effect;

and how the rhythm is destroyed, we may judge from this line:

Where'er in your sightless substances you wait;

But it would be impossible to reproduce the countless outrages on Shakespeare's poetry that meet one at every turn. We must, however, observe that the whole situation, as designed by Shakespeare, was changed by the presence of Lady Macduff and her husband in Macbeth's castle at the time of Duncan's murder. The second act, at first, follows Shakespeare very closely; but it is worth while seeing what the great Sir William made of the dagger soliloquy. It begins with the most wonderful emendation:

Go, bid your mistress, when she is undrest,
To strike the closet bell, and I'll go to bed.

Some of Shakespeare's magnificent lines are mercifully spared. We have one wonderful reading, a flash of genuine inspiration:

now murder is
All arm'd by his night's sentinel, the wolf;

and the magnificently tragic couplet that concludes Shakespeare's soliloquy is elegantly transformed into

O Duncan, hear it not! for 'tis a bell
That rings my coronation and thy knell.

The magnificent scene, after the murder, between Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, is not very much revised; but we have one or two gems in this, such as:

I am afraid to think what I have done.
What then with looking on it shall I do?

Again the passage, in which the line

The multitudinous seas incarnadine
occurs, is swept away, and we have:

Can the sea afford
Water enough to wash away the stains?
No, they would sooner add a tincture to
The sea, and turn the green into a red.

Tincture has a delightful suggestion of cochineal. The Porter's scene is bodily removed; and in its stead we have a short dialogue between Macduff and Lennox, introducing a beautiful speech of Macduff:

Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my Window, and I could scarce see farther than my breath;
The darkness of the night brought but few objects
To our eyes, but many to our ears.
INTRODUCTION.

At the end of this act there is a considerable amount introduced. Macduff declares that his wife and children have already gone to Fife, and that he will follow them. Then comes a scene, on The Heath, between Lady Macduff, Maid, and Servant (the latter of whom has been ordered "to attend his master with the chariot!"). Macduff meets them; and there is a long concerted piece for the Witches, who are heard outside. Then three Witches appear and prophecy to Macduff and Lady Macduff. The third act goes on pretty straight till the end of the scene between Macbeth and the two Murderers; when there is introduced a scene between Macduff and Lady Macduff, in which they discuss together the question of Macduff assuming the sceptre for his country's good. The scene is written throughout in the heroic metre, but scarcely in a heroic strain; though we have some very beautiful lines, e.g. where Lady Macduff says:

But then reflect upon the danger, sir,
Which you by your aspiring would inure.

In the banquet scene there is very little change. As to the ghost of Banquo, we learn from the list of Dramatis Personae that this was not performed by the same actor, Smith, who played Banquo, but by another, Sandford. Genest says: "there is strong reason to believe that Smith was a fine figure, whereas Sandford was deformed" (vol. i. p. 140). The stage-direction, on the first entry of the Ghost is Enter Ghost of Banquo, and sits in Macbeth's place. After Lady Macbeth says:

What! quite unnomm'd in folly?

the Ghost descends; and when it reappears, just as Macbeth is drinking to Banquo, the direction is The Ghost of Banquo rises at his feet; and after the words, "Hence, horrible shadow," Exit Ghost. From these stage-directions it would appear that the Ghost walked on at its first entrance, then disappeared down a trap-door, by which it came up at its next entrance; it made its final exit walking off. After this scene there is introduced one between Macduff and Lady Macduff, where the news of Banquo's murder, being brought to Macduff, induces him to fly from Scotland. In the third act, scenes 5 and 6 of Shakespeare are transposed, and the act ends with the scene between Hecate and the Three Witches; considerable liberties having been taken here with Shakespeare's text, and some rubbish out of Middleton's Witch is introduced, which was all set to music. It seems that Hecate appeared on a machine which descended with her. One alteration in her speech is amusing. Hecate, according to Shakespeare (iii. 5. 23-25), says:

Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;

which the refined Davenant converts into:

For on a corner of the moon,
A drop my spectacles have found,
I'll catch it ere it come to ground.

From this we gather the interesting fact that Hecate's goings-on at night must have affected her eyesight. Singular to say, the name of the manufacturer of the spectacles is not given; if it had been there might have been some substantial reason for the alteration.

In act iv, scene 1 Lady Macduff and her son are omitted altogether, and the murder is supposed to be committed off the stage. Scene 3, between Malcolm and Macduff, takes place in Birnam Wood and not in England—an attempt, I suppose, to preserve theunities of place. Then comes an introduced scene which, I suppose, is intended, by the deformity of the play, to win some sympathy both for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. First there is a short dialogue between Seyton and Macbeth, in which Macbeth hesitates to join his army because of his wife's illness; Lady Macbeth soon enters, and announces that she is haunted by the Ghost of Duncan. She urges her husband to resign the crown, reproaches him with obeying her counsel, and declares that she has "had too much of kings already." Then Duncan's Ghost appears, when Macbeth, in a burst of poetry, exclaims, "Now she relapses!" He then calls her women to lead Lady Macbeth out, and, when left alone, remarks:

She does from Duncan's death to sickness grieve,
And shall from Malcolm's death her health receive.
When by a viper bitten nothing's good
To cure the venom but a viper's blood.

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The act concludes with a scene in which Lennox (not Ross) announces to Macduff the murder of his wife and children. The fifth act begins with the sleep-walking scene, which is very much curtailed; and Seyton takes the place of the Doctor. Nearly all the poetry of Shakespeare in this act is eliminated. When Macbeth hears of his wife's death he remarks:

She should have died hereafter.
I brought her here to see my victims not to die.

In the last scene Macbeth kills Lennox, not young Siward, and is killed by Macduff. Before he expires he exclaims:

Farewell, vain world, and what's most vain in it, ambition.

This line probably gave the cue to Garrick for the dying speech which he introduced. (See below, p. 355.)

I have thought it worth while to give this detailed account of Davenant's version of Macbeth, in order that my readers may see what was the only form, in which Shakespeare's great tragedy was known to players for something like a hundred years after the Restoration. The introduction of the songs and the music one can pardon; but how can one conceive that such detestable violence was done to the exquisite rhythm and poetry of Shakespeare's blank verse, and persisted in, without the strongest protest from every educated person who witnessed such a performance? In an age which produced such masters of elegant comedy as Congreve and Vanbrugh, dramatists as true to nature as Farquhar, or as pathetic as Otway; when such poets as Milton and Cowley were yet alive, and Dryden was in the full zenith of his power; when the voice of such a satirist as Samuel Butler was not yet hushed; in an age when, however much frivolity and pleasure might dominate society, there must have been no inconsiderable number of persons of rank and quality, who knew something of Shakespeare and the best literature of the past; how such wretched rubbish, as some of the lines which we have quoted, could be then tolerated by an audience; how actors like Betterton, Wilks, and Booth could speak such fustian stuff in lieu of the dramatic poetry of Shakespeare, which they must have had the opportunity of reading, is to me almost unintelligible. It is the fashion with certain lights of literature to sneer at the commentators of Shakespeare; but I think that we should remember that it is to such men as Rowe, Hamner, and Theobald, and, after them, to Samuel Johnson, Malone, and Steevens, that we owe the rescue of Shakespeare's text from the depths of degradation into which it had sunk. The publication of his plays with the text freed, to a great extent, from printers' errors, and from the very unattractive appearance which they presented in the old Folios and Quartos, enabled a much wider circle of educated persons to read Shakespeare's plays, and as they read him, and the fact dawned upon them that the lines which they had heard spoken over and over again by the greatest of actors, were never written by Shakespeare, there arose a desire for the restoration on the stage of something, at any rate, more approaching the poet's text. Even the timid and fumbling liberties, which Garrick ventured to take with his stage versions, were resented; and, for the first time, audiences heard, spoken with the advantages of the finest eloquence, not the jingling trash of Davenant and Tate, or the inflated bombast of Cibber, or even the resonant complets of Dryden, but the true vigorous, manly and rhythmic verse of Shakespeare himself. Small marvel is it that, when Shakespeare's tragedy was known only through such a version as that of which I have given an account, the conception of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth should have become blurred and confused; that the finer points of Shakespeare's great creations should have been lost sight of alike by actors and audience. The result was that instead of the many-sided and contradictory character, with its varied emotions, its subtle and complex motives, its strange mixture of deep self-analysis, shallow superstition, and simple physical courage, Macbeth was treated as if he were a manly soldier reluctantly tempted to crime; or as if he were completely dominated by a woman with scarcely any womanly qualities, and with none of that strange fascination, that marvel-
lous power of assuming to be that which she
was not, which we find in Shakespeare's Lady
Macbeth, but not in Davenant's. It is much to
the credit of the actors and actresses who played
these two parts that they could form any con-
ception at all of the characters from the garbled
and mutilated text which they had to speak.

It looks like a work of supererogation; but,
after the publication of Davenant's version of
Shakespeare's tragedy, a certain Thomas Du-
fett, a milliner in the New Exchange, at-
tended a travesty of Macbeth in 1674, con-
ceived almost, if not quite, to the scenes in
which Hecate and the Witches figure. This
he tacked on to a farce of his called the
Empress of Morocco, in the shape of an Epi-
logue. It is excessively vulgar and devoid of
honour even of the coarsest kind. The same
individual is responsible for the travesty of
The Tempest, which for dull filth and bestial
vulgarity has scarcely ever been exceeded in the
English language.

Macbeth had the singular fate of being
turned into a puppet-show by one Harry
Rove, who was born at York, 1726, and died
1800, in great poverty. An edition of Mac-
beth was published in his name, but it is sup-
posed to have been really the work of one Dr.
A. Hunter. Later still, when Elliston was
manager of the Royal Circus, in St. George's
Fields, he produced a version of Macbeth
arranged as a Ballet d'Action by Mr. J. C.
Cross. Elliston played Macbeth himself and
spoke some of the text; the murder of Duncan
was shown on the stage, and several new
scenes introduced; the characters included
Edward the Confessor, and of witches there
was a goodly array. Full particulars of this
singular attempt to play the legitimate drama
in defiance of the law will be found in the
preface to Davenant's Macbeth, in vol. v. of
his Works (edn. 1874).

The cast prefixed to the first edition of
Davenant's Macbeth gives Betterton as Mac-
beth, Lee as Duncan, Harris as Macduff,

1 According to Downes this was Nat Lee, the dramatist,
who failed totally in the part, and consequently gave up
acting. This was in 1672; in the previous year Otway
made a similar failure as the King in Mrs. Behn's Jealous
Bridegroom.

Melbourne as Lennox, and Mrs. Betterton
as Lady Macbeth.

As to the performances of Macbeth that
took place after 1673, they are far too nu-
merous to record. While Davenant's miserable
version held the stage the great actors who
succeeded Betterton in the part of Macbeth
were Powell, the elder Mills, and Quin. Wilks
chose the part of Macduff, in which he was
excellent, while Booth had to content him-
self with the comparatively inferior one of
Banquo. Amongst the Lady Macbeths of this
period may be mentioned Mrs. Barry, Mrs.
Bullock, and Mrs. Horton. Quin frequently
played Macbeth, his first appearance being at
Drury Lane on May 9th, 1717. He was the
last representative of Davenant's Macbeth,
and he never seems to have played Shake-
ppeare's tragedy; though on January 31st,
1738, at Drury Lane, according to the play-
bill, Macbeth, "written by Shakespeare," was
produced. But I think Genest was quite
right in rejecting the truth of that statement,
and that nothing approaching Shakespeare's
own play was produced till Garrick made his
first appearance in the part, when Macbeth,
"as written by Shakespeare," was announced
at Drury Lane January 7th, 1744, and Quin
was so ignorant that he believed he had been
playing Shakespeare's Macbeth all the time.
Garrick did not have the advantage of any
great support. Mrs. Giffard was Lady Mac-
beth, and her husband Macduff. According
to Genest, before the end of May that year
Macbeth was played thirteen times. During
the next season it was acted only three times.
In Fitzgerald's Life of Garrick (vol. ii.
pp. 69–78) will be found a detailed account of
his acting in this character. Downes praises
his Macbeth very highly, but always in con-
junction with the Lady Macbeth of Mrs.
Pritchard, of whom it is not too much to say
that to her a great part in the impression
that the play produced was due. Garrick

2 Melbourne, who was a Roman Catholic, was com-
mitted to Newgate during the so-called Popish Plot, and
died there.

3 He was very bad in the part. It is difficult to under-
stand why he was put over the heads of such actors as
Booth and Powell.

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may have been great in the part of Macbeth; but he must have been heavily handicapped by his ridiculous dress,—his red coat and silver lace and tie-wig—all which absurd inconsistencies he had not the good sense to alter. But, however powerful may have been his rendering of some portions of the tragedy, it is not uncharitable to suppose that he felt himself rather overshadowed by Mrs. Pritchard; for he only revived Macbeth, as a rule, once in the season, after he had the advantage of her co-operation; and some seasons he did not play the part at all.

I must pass over such actors as Barry, who was a magnificent failure in Macbeth, and Sheridan and Henderson, till we come to Macklin's appearance at Covent Garden, October 23rd, 1773, when all the characters were dressed in Scotch costumes, and the absurdity of Macbeth walking about as a modern captain in full uniform was discarded. Steevens pointed out that, when the piece was first produced, there seems to have been some attempt to dress the characters in an appropriate costume; for Malcolm discovers Ross by his dress when he is still some distance from him. Macklin repeated Macbeth once or twice, his appearance in which was the occasion for the display of a considerable amount of malice on the part of his enemies, some of whom, in the following year, 1774, he succeeded in convicting of conspiracy before the Court of King's Bench.

No one seems to have rivalled Mrs. Pritchard in Lady Macbeth, not even Mrs. Cibber, much less Mrs. Woffington, who attempted the part; and she seems to have had no worthy successor till Mrs. Siddons appeared, with the exception, perhaps, of Mrs. Yates. Though Mrs. Siddons had appeared in London for the first time in 1775, when she figured in the bill as "a young lady" (see Introduction to Merchant of Venice, vol. iii. p. 249), she does not seem to have again touched Shakespeare till she appeared as Isabella in Measure for Measure; and it was not till February 2nd, 1788, that she first acted Lady Macbeth at Drury Lane Theatre for her own benefit. The cast, on this occasion, included Smith as Macbeth, Brereton as Macduff, Bensley as Banquo, with Parsons, Moody, and Baddeley as the three witches. It must be confessed that this, on the whole, was not a particularly strong cast; but as to her own success there could not be a moment's doubt. Space will not permit of my giving any of the elaborate criticisms which have been written upon the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Siddons; but I would earnestly protest against any such foolish idea getting possession of our minds, as the one that Mrs. Siddons played Lady Macbeth in the style of a stern and forbidding termagant. Her peculiar form of genius lent itself naturally to the vivid portraiture of the more terrible features of the character; but her conception of the part was full of subtle and delicate touches, of exquisite passages of tenderness, as well as of resonant notes of supernatural terror, and flashes of fire, almost infernal in their devilish splendour; thus much is perfectly clear from the descriptions left to us by those who were happy enough to see her in that wonderful impersonation. As a piece of dramatic inspiration, one would feel inclined to place Mrs. Siddons' Lady Macbeth side by side with the Othello of Edmund Kean. On March 31st in the same year, Kemble appeared for the first time as Macbeth; and in the course of the season the play was represented ten times. Though Kemble's performance of Macbeth was undoubtedly a very impressive one, he could not be said to outshine his sister in this play. The defective quality of his voice, against which his artistic career was one long struggle, placed him at a great disadvantage in comparison with Garrick; still he appears to have been, on the whole, the greatest Macbeth since Garrick till Edmund Kean appeared in the part, November 5th, 1814. Henderson's Macbeth was impressive—in fact this actor never seems to have done anything badly; Young was too sombre, Elliston too violent, and Cooke too rough and unimaginative; Kemble excelled in the banquet scene; but in the murder scene Kean was unapproachable; he owned himself, with that generosity which always distinguished him, that in the third act Kemble had completely the advantage over him. Kemble published his
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arrangement of Macbeth in 1803; but in a copy which now lies before me I find a MS. note to the effect that another edition without any date was sold at the Duke of Roxburghe's sale, said to be with alterations by Kemble. The cast printed in the edition, 1803, is a very strong one, and included Charles Kemble as Malcolm, Cooke as Macduff, Murray as Banquo, the great Incedon as Hecate, Blanchard and Emery as two of the Witches, besides, of course, Kemble and his sister in the two principal parts. The text seems very carefully edited. The additions made by Davenant from Middleton's Witch are retained, as of course they were obliged to be whenever Lock's music was performed in its completeness. The only point to which one can take exception is the insertion, at the end of the play, of the following six lines spoken by Macbeth as he is dying:

"Tis done! the scene of life will quickly close, Ambition's vain delusive dreams are fled, And now I wake to darkness, guilt, and horror.— I cannot rise:— I dare not ask for mercy— It is too late;— hell drags me down;— I sink, I sink;—my soul is lost for ever! Oh!— Oh!"

These were probably the same lines as added by Garrick, at least they appear in his acting-version; but, however that may be, these lines are eminently unsuitable to the character of Macbeth, and one is surprised at such a Shakespearean purist as John Kemble admitting them into the text.

Macready made his first appearance as Macbeth on June 9th, 1820, at Covent Garden. It was a favourite part of his; and in the banquet scene he introduced some very effective business. This performance nearly led to a duel between him and Abbott, whom he had replaced in the part of Macbeth by Terry; but though the affair proceeded so far that the seconds were selected by both parties, Lieutenant Twiss acting for Macready, the unpleasant dispute was ultimately settled by an apology from Abbott. Phelps, when at Sadler's Wells, produced Macbeth, divested of the Singing Witches, in his fourth season, on September 27th, 1847; the character of Lady Macduff restored, and the scene in which she and her children are murdered. He had previously played the part to Mrs. Warner's Lady Macbeth, on Whit Monday, 1844, with great success. His rendering of this character was considered one of his finest efforts by his admirers.

Macbeth was among the grand Shakespearean revivals produced by Charles Kean when manager of the Princess's Theatre. One of my own earliest theatrical reminiscences is of seeing him in this character. The tragedy was performed first before the Queen, at Windsor Castle, on Friday, 4th February, 1853, and was produced at the Princess's on the 14th of the same month; but Kean had previously played the part at the Haymarket during the season 1840-41. He retained the whole of Lock's music.

The recent revival of this play at the Lyceum has created a great deal of discussion as to the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. It is likely that all who are interested in this subject will have an opportunity of forming their own opinions, as the revival promises to be one of the most successful produced under Mr. Irving's management.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of all Shakespeare's tragedies Macbeth is the simplest in outline, the swiftest in action. After the witches' prelude, the first scene brings us at once into the centre of stormy interest, and in Macbeth's first words an ambiguous note prepares us for strange things to come. Thence to the end there is no turning aside in the increasing speed of events. Thought jumps to action, action is overtaken by consequence, with a precipitate haste, as if it were all written breathlessly. And in the style (always the style of Shakespeare's maturity) there is a hurry, an impatient condensation, metaphor running into metaphor, thought on the heels of thought, which gives (apart from the undisputed corruption of the text as it comes to us) something abrupt, difficult, violent, to the language of even unimportant characters, messengers or soldiers. Thus the play has several of those memorable condensations of a great matter into a little compass, of which Macduff's "He has no
children!" is perhaps the most famous in literature; together with less than usual of mere comment on life. If here and there a philosophical thought meets us, it is the outcry of sensation—as in the magnificent words which sum up the vanity of life in the remembrance of the dusty ending—rather than a reflection in any true sense of the word. Of pathos, even, there is on the whole not much. In that scene from which I have just quoted the crowning words, there is, I think, a note of pathos beyond which language cannot go; and in the scene which leads up to it—a scene full of the most delicate humour, the humour born of the unconscious nearness of things pitiful—there is something truly pathetic, a pathos which clings about all Shakespeare's portraits of children. But elsewhere, even in places where we might expect it, there is but little sign of a quality with which it was not in Shakespeare's plan to lighten the terror or soften the hardness of the impression one receives from this sombre play. Terror—that was the effect at which he seems to have aimed; terror standing out vividly against a background of obscure and yet more dreadful mystery. The "root of horror," from which the whole thing grows, has been planted, one becomes aware, in hell:—do the supernatural solicitings merely foreshow or do they really instigate the deeds to which they bear witness? Omens blacken every page. An "Old Man" is brought into the play for no other purpose than to become the appropriate mouthpiece of the popular sense of the strange disturbance in the order of nature. Macbeth is the prey to superstition, and it seems really as if a hand other than his own forces him forward on the road to destruction. In no other play of Shakespeare's, not even in Hamlet, is the power of spiritual agencies so present with us; nowhere is Fate so visibly the handmaid or the mistress of Retribution. In such a play it is no wonder that pathos is swallowed up in terror, and that the only really frank abandonment to humour is in an interlude of ghastly pleasantry, the Shakespearean authorship of which has been doubted.

In this brief and rapid play, where the action has so little that is superfluous, and all is ordered with so rigid a concentration, the interest is still further narrowed and intensified by being directed almost wholly upon two persons. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth fill the stage. In painting them Shakespeare has expended his full power. He has cared to do no more than sketch the other characters. As in the sketches of Michelangelo preserved at Oxford, the few lines of the drawing call up a face as truly lifelike as that which fronts us in the completed picture. But in the play these subordinate figures are forgotten in the absorbing interest of the two great primary ones. The real conflict, out of which the action grows, is the conflict between the worse and better natures of these two persons; the real tragedy is one of conscience, and the murder of Duncan, the assassination of Banquo, the slaughters with which the play is studded, are but the outward signs, the bloody signatures, of the terrible drama which is going on within.

When Macbeth, returning victorious from the field of battle, is met by the witches' prediction—"All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!"—is it not curious that his thoughts should turn with such astonishing promptitude to the idea of murder? The tender, it is evident, is lying ready, and it needs but a spark to set the whole alight. We learn from his wife's analysis of his character that he is ambitious, discontented, willing to do wrong in order to attain to greatness, yet, like so many of the unsuccessful criminals, hampered always in the way of wrongdoing by an inconvenient afterthought of virtue. He has never enough of it to stay his hand from the deed, but he has just sufficient to sicken him of the crime when only half-way through it. He may plan and plot, but at the last he acts always on impulse, and he is never able to pursue a deliberate course coolly. He knows himself well enough to say, once:—

No boasting like a fool,

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.

Before this purpose cool!—that is always the danger to fear in a nature of this unstable sort. He can murder Duncan, but he cannot
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bring himself to return and face his work, though his own safety depends upon it. It is the woman who goes back into the fatal chamber, whither he dares not return. No sooner has he done the deed than he wishes it undone. His conscience is awake now, aware and maundering. With the dawn courage returns; he is able to play his part with calmness, a new impulse having taken the place of the last one. Remorse for the present is put aside. He plots Banquo’s death deliberately, and is almost gay in hinting it to his wife. Now, his feeling seems to be, we shall be safe—no need for more crime! And then, perhaps, there will be no more of the “terrible dreams.”

When Banquo’s ghost appears Macbeth’s acting breaks down. He is in the hold of a fresh sensation, and horror and astonishment overwhelm all. After having thought himself at last secure! It is always through the superstitious side of his nature that Macbeth is impervious. His agitation at the sight of the ghost of Banquo is not, I think, a trick of the imagination, but the horror of a man who sees the actual ghost of the man he has slain. Thus he cannot reason it away, as, before the fancied dagger (a heated brain conjuring up images of its own intents) he can exclaim: “There’s no such thing!” The horror fastens deeply upon him, and he goes sullenly onward in the path of blood, seeing now that there is no returning by a way so thronged with worse than memories.

Since his initiate step in this path Macbeth has never been free from the mockery of desire to overcome his fears, to be at peace in evildoing, to “sleep in spite of thunder.” But his mind becomes more and more divided against itself, and the degradation of his nature goes on apace. When we see him finally at bay in his fortress, he is broken down by agitation and the disturbance of all within and without into a state of savage distraction, in which the individual sense of guilt seems to be lost in a sullen growth of moody distrust and of somewhat aimless ferocity. He is in a state in which “the grasshopper is a burden” and every event presents itself as an unbearable irritation. His nerves are unstrung; he bursts out into precipitate and causeless anger at the mere sight of the messenger who enters to him. One sees his mental and bodily upset in the impossibility of controlling the least whim. He calls for his armour, has it put on, pulls it off, bids it be brought after him. He talks to the doctor about the affairs of war, and plays grimly on medical terms. He dares now to confess to himself how weary he is of everything beneath the sun, and seeks in vain for what may “minister to a mind diseas’d.” When, on a cry of women from within, he learns that his wife is dead, he can say no word of regret. “She should have died hereafter”—that is all, and a moralization. He has “snapp’d full with horrors,” and the taste of them has begun to pall. There remains now only the release of death. As prophecy after prophecy comes to its fulfillment, and the last hope is lost, desperation takes the place of confidence. When, finally, he sees the man before him by whom he knows he is to die, his soldier’s courage rises at a taunt, and he fights to the end.

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.

The “note,” as it may be called, of Macbeth is the weakness of a bold and vigorous mind and frame; that of Lady Macbeth is the strength of a finely-strung but perfectly determined nature. She dominates her husband by the persistence of an irresistible will; she herself, her woman’s weakness, is alike dominated by the same compelling force. Let the effect on her of the witches’ prediction be contrasted with the effect on Macbeth. In Macbeth there is a mental conflict, an attempt, however feeble, to make a stand against the temptation. But the prayer of his wife is not for power to resist, but for power to carry out, the deed. The same ambitions that were slumbering in him are in her stirred by the same spark into life. The flame runs through her and possesses her in an instant, and from the thought to its realization is but a step with her. Like all women, she is practical, swift from starting-point to goal, imperious in disregard of hindrances that may lie in the way. But she is resolute, also, with a determination which knows no limits; imaginative,
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too (imagination being to her in the place of virtue), and it is this she fears, and it is this that wrecks her. Her prayer to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, shows by no means a mind steeled to compunction. Why should she cry:

Stop up the access and passage to remorse!

if hers were a mind in which no visitings of pity had to be dreaded? Her language is fervid, sensitive, and betrays with her first words the imagination which is her capacity for suffering. She is a woman who can be "magnificent in sin," but who has none of the callousness which makes the comfort of the criminal;—not one of the poisonous women of the Renaissance, who smile complacently after an assassination, but a woman of the North, in whom sin is its own "first revenge." She can do the deed, and she can do it triumphantly; she can even think her prayer has been answered; but the horror of the thing will change her soul, and at night, when the will that supported her indomitable mind by day, slumbers with the overtaxed body, her imagination—the soul she has in her for her torture—will awake and cry at last aloud. On the night of the murder it is Macbeth who falters; it is he who wishes that the deed might be undone, she who says to him

These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad; but to Macbeth (despite the "terrible dreams") time dulls the remembrance from its first intensity; he has not the fineness of nature that gives the power of suffering to his wife. Guilt changes both, but him it degrades. Hers is not a nature that can live in degradation. To her no degradation is possible. Her sin was deliberate; she marched straight to her end; and the means were mortal, not alone to the man who died, but to her. Macbeth could as little comprehend the depth of her suffering as she his hesitancy in a determined action. It is this fineness of nature, this over-possession by imagination, that renders her interesting, elevating her punishment into a sphere beyond the comprehension of a vulgar criminal.

In that terrible second scene of act II.—perhaps the most awe-inspiring scene that Shakespeare ever wrote,—the splendid qualities of Lady Macbeth are seen in their clearest light. She has taken wine to make her bold, but there is an exaltation in her brain beyond anything that wine could give. Her calmness is indeed unnatural, overstrained, by no means so composed as she would have her husband think. But having determined on her purpose, there is with her no returning, no thought of return. It is with a burst of real anger, of angry contempt, that she cries "Give me the daggers!" and her exaltation carries her through the fearful ordeal as she goes back and faces the dead man and the sleeping witnesses. She can even, as she returns, hear calmly the knocking that speaks so audibly to the heart of Macbeth; taking measures for their safety if anyone should enter. She can even look resolutely at her bloody hands, and I imagine she half believes her own cynical words when she says:

A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then!

Her will, her high nature (perverted, but not subdued), her steeled sensitiveness, the intoxication of crime and of wine, sustain her in a forced calmness which she herself little suspects will ever fail her. How soon it does fail, or rather how soon the body takes revenge upon the soul, is seen next morning, when, after overacting her part in the famous words—"What, in our house?"—she falls in a swoon, by no means counterfeit, we may be sure, though Macbeth, by his disregard of it, seems to think so. After this, we see her but rarely. A touch of the deepest melancholy ("Naught's had, all's spent") marks the few words spoken to herself as she waits for Macbeth on the night which is, though unknown to her, to be fatal to Banquo. No sooner has Macbeth entered than she greets him in the old resolute spirit; and, again on the night of the banquet she is, as ever, full of bitter scorn and contempt for the betraying weakness of her husband, prompt to cover his confusion with a plausible tale to the guests. She is still mistress of herself, and only the
weariness of the few words she utters after the guests are gone, only the absence of the reproaches we are expecting, betray the change that is coming over her. One sees a trace of lassitude, that is all.

From this point Lady Macbeth drops out of the play, until, in the fifth act, we see her for the last time. Even now, it is the body rather than the soul that has given way. What haunts her is the smell and sight of the blood—the physical disgust of the thing. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand!" One hears the self-pitying note with which she says the words. Even now, even when unconscious, her scorn still bites at the feebleness of her husband. The will is yet indomitable in her shattered frame.

There is no repentance, no regret—only the intolerable vividness of accusing memory; the sight, the smell, ever present in imagination. It has been thought that the words "Hell is murky!"—the only sign, if sign it be, of fear at the thought of the life to come—are probably spoken in mocking echo of her husband. Even if not, they are a passing shudder. It is enough for her that her hands still keep the sensation of the blood upon them. The imagination which stands to her in the place of virtue has brought in its revenge, and for her too there is left only the release of death. She dies, not of remorse at her guilt, but because she has miscalculated her power of resistance to the scourge of an over-acute imagination.
MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE I. An open place.

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. A camp near Forres.

Alarums within. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Serg. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:
For brave Macbeth,—well he deserves that name,—
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,

1 Graymalkin, a gray cat.  2 Paddock, toad.

2 To that, i.e. to that end.
3 Of, i.e. as we should now say, with.
4 Kerns, light-armed foot-soldiers.
5 Gallowglasses, foot-soldiers armed with gallowglasses axes.
ACT I. Scene 2.  

MACBETH.  

ACT I. Scene 3.  

Like valour's minion, carry'd out his passage  
Till he face'd the slave;  
And never shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
Till he unseam'd him from the navel to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon our battlemasts.  

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!  

Serg. [As whence the sun 'gins his reflection Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,  
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come  
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland,  
mark:]  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,  
But the Norweyan lord, surveying\textsuperscript{2} vantage,  
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men,  
Began a fresh assault.  

Dun. Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?  

Serg. Yes;  
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.  
[If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;  
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:  
Except they meant to bathe in recking wounds,  
Or memoriz'd another Golgotha,  
I cannot tell— ]  
But I am faint; my gashes cry for help.  

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;  
They smack of honour both. Go get him surgeons.  

[Exit Sergeant, attended.  

[Mal. The worthy thane of Ross.  
Len. What haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look  
That seems to speak things strange.]  

Ross. God save the king!  

Dun. Whence canst thou, worthy thane?  

Ross. From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norweyan banners float the sky  

And fan our people cold. Norway himself,  
With terrible numbers,  
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The thane of Cawdor,'gan a dismal conflict;  
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,  
Confronted him with self-comparisons,  
Point against point rebellious, arm against arm,  
Curbing his lavish\textsuperscript{5} spirit: and, to conclude  
The victory fell on us.  

Dun. Great happiness!  

Ross. That\textsuperscript{6} now Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;\textsuperscript{7}  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men  
Till he disbursed, at Saint Colme's-inch,\textsuperscript{8}  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.  

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present\textsuperscript{9} death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.  

Ross. I'll see it done.  

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.  

[Exit.  

SCENE III. A heath.  

Distant thunder. Enter the three Witches.  

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?  


Third Witch. Sister, where thou?  

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts  
in her lap,  
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd:—  
"Give me," quoth I:  
"Aroint thee\textsuperscript{10} witch!" the rump-fed ron-yon\textsuperscript{11} cries.  
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.  

[Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.  

First Witch. Thou'rt kind.  

\textsuperscript{5} Lavish, unrestrained.  
\textsuperscript{6} That, i.e. so that.  
\textsuperscript{7} Composition, terms of peace.  
\textsuperscript{8} Saint Colme's-inch, Inchcolm, the island of St.  
Colombus; pronounced Saint Columb's.  
\textsuperscript{9} Present, instant.  
\textsuperscript{10} Aroint thee, begone.  
\textsuperscript{11} Ronyon, mangy creature (O. Fr. roignon).
ACT I. Scene 3.

MACBETH.

Third Witch. And I another. 13
First Witch. I myself have all the other; And the very ports they blow, All the quarters that they know I' the shipman's card. 1 I will drain him dry as hay: Sleep shall neither night nor day Hang upon his pent-house lid; He shall live a man forbid; 2 Weary se'nnights nine times nine Shall he dwindle, peak, 3 and pine: Though his bark cannot be lost, Yet it shall be tempest-tost.— Look what I have. Sec. Witch. Show me, show me. First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb, Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within. Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30 Macbeth doth come. All. The weird sisters, hand in hand, Posters 4 of the sea and land, Thus do go about, about: Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine, And thrice again, to make up nine. Peace! the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen. Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, 40 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth, And yet are on't! Live you? or are you aught That man may question? You seem to understand me, By each at once her choppy finger laying Upon her skinny lips: you should be women, And yet your beards forbid me to interpret That you are so. Macb. Speak, if you can: what are you? First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis! Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor! 3. Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter! Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, 5 or that indeed Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner You greet with present grace and great prediction Of noble having and of royal hope, That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not: If you can look into the seeds of time, And say which grain will grow and which will not, 50 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate. First Witch. Hail! Sec. Witch. Hail! Third Witch. Hail! First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier. Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none: So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail! Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more: 70 By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis; But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives, A prosperous gentleman; and to be king Stands not within the prospect of belief, No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence You owe this strange intelligence! or why Upon this blasted heath you stop our way With such prophetic greeting!—Speak, I charge you. [Witches vanish. Ban. The earth hath bubbles as the water has, And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd? 80 Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted As breath into the wind.—Would they had stay'd!

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1 The shipman's card, i.e. the card contained in the compass, on which the points are marked. 2 Forbid, i.e. under a curse. 3 Peak, grow thin. 4 Posters, quick travellers. 5 Fantastical, imaginary. 6 Owe, own, possess.
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak
about? 83
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king.
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too—wont it
not so?
Ban. To the selfsame tune and words.
—Who’s here?

Enter Ross and Angus.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv’d, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc’d with
that,
In viewing o’er the rest o’ the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom’s great defence,
And pour’d them down before him.

Ang. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight, 102
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thame of
Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thame!
For it is thine.
Ban. [Aside] What, can the devil speak
true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do
you dress me
In borrowed robes?
Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
combin’d 111
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with
both
He labour’d in his country’s wreck, I know not;

But treasons capital, confess’d and prov’d,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [To Ross and Angus]
Thanks for your pains.

[Aside to Banquo] Do you not hope your
children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor
to me
Promis’d no less to them?

Ban. [Aside to Macbeth] That, trusted home,²
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But ’t is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths:
Win us with honest trivels, to betray’s
In deepest consequence.—

[Turns to Ross and Angus.

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—[To Ross and Angus]
I thank you, gentlemen.

[Aside] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears³
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother’d in surmise, and nothing is 114
But what is not.

Ban. [To Ross and Angus] Look, how our
partner’s rapt.

Macb. [Aside] If chance will have me king,
why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their
mould
But with the aid of use.

Macb. [Aside] Come what come may,

¹ Line, support.
² Trusted home, i.e. trusted to the utmost.
³ Seated, i.e. firmly fixed.
⁴ Fears, i.e. objects of fear.
ACT I. Scene 3.

MACBETH.

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. [Advancing] Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour; my dull brain was wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains

Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.

[Aside to Banquo] Think upon what has chanc'd; and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.


Macb. [Aside to Banquo] Till then, enough.
—Come, friends. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Forres. A room in the palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, and Attendants.

Ban. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege, They are not yet come back. But I have spoke With one that saw him die, who did report That very frankly he confess'd his treasons, Implored your highness' pardon, and set forth A deep repentance: nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it; he died As one that had been studied in his death To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd As 't were a careless trifle.

Ban. There's no art To find the mind's construction in the face: He was a gentleman on whom I built An absolute trust.—

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest cousin! The sin of my ingratitude even now Was heavy on me; thou art so far before, That swiftest wing of recompense is slow To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-

Might have been mine! only I have left to say, More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe, In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part Is to receive our duties; and our duties Are to your throne and state children and servants;

Which do but what they should by doing every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

Ban. Welcome hither: I have begun to plant thee, and will labour To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo, That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known No less to have done so, let me infold thee And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow, The harvest is your own.

Ban. My plenteous joys, Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes, And you whose places are the nearest, know, We will establish our estate upon Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter

The Prince of Cumberland: which honour must Not unaccompanied invest him only, But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine On all deserve. From hence to Inverness, And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful The hearing of my wife with your approach: So, humbly take my leave.

Ban. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [Aside] The Prince of Cumberland:
—that is a step,

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be, Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

[Exit.

Ban. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;

5 The proportion, i.e. the due proportion.
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exit.

SCENE V. Inverness. A room in Macbeth's castle.

LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success;
and I have learnt by the perfect'st report,¹ they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burn'd in desire to question them further, they
made themselves air, into which they vanish'd.
While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came mis-
sives² from the king, who all-hail'd me 'Thane of
Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters
saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of
time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I
thought good to deliver³ thee, my dearest partner
of greatness, that thou might'st not lose the dues of
 rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is pro-
mis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd.—Yet do I fear thy
nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be
great;
Art not without ambition; but without ²⁹

¹ The perfect'st report, i.e. the best intelligence.
² Messuages, messengers.
³ Deliver, report.
⁴ Illness, evil.
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee
hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chuse with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal. 31

Enter an Attendant.

What is your tidings?

Attends. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou 'rt mad to say it;—
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Attends. So please you, it is true: our thane
is coming:
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [Exit Attendant.

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctions visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murdering
ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick
night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wounded limb it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry "Hold, hold!"

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters;—to beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [Exit.

SCENE VI. The same. Before Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending,
with torches. Enter Duncan, Malcolm,
Donalbain, Banquo, Lennox, Macduff,
Ross, Angus, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heavens' breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have
observ'd
The air is delicate.
Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see, our honour'd hostess! The love that follows us sometime is our trouble, Which still we thank as love. [Herein I teach you How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains, And thank us for your trouble.]

Lady M. All our service In every point twice done, and then done double, Were poor and single business to contend Against those honours deep and broad where-with Your majesty loads our house; for those of old, And the late dignities heap'd up to them, We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? We court'd him at the heels, and had a purpose To be his purveyor: but he rides well, And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help him To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess, We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt, To make their audit at your highness' pleasure, Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand; Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly, And shall continue our graces towards him. By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. The same. A lobby in Macbeth's castle.

Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over, a Sever, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well. It were done quickly if 'th' assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,

With his surcease, success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here, But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague th' inventor: this even-handed justice Commends th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice To our own lips. He's here in double trust: First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed; then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door, Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off; And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin hors'd Upon the sightless couriers of the air, Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye, That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself, And falls on the other.—

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news? Lady M. He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber? Macb. Hath he ask'd for me? Lady M. Know you not he has? Macb. We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

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1 Single, slight, weak. 2 To them, in addition to them. 3 Hermit, i.e. headmen. 4 In compt, subject to account. 5 Trammel up, entangle, as in a net (trammel). 6 Surcease, cessation. 7 Jump, hazard. 8 Faculties, powers, prerogatives.
ACT I. Scene 7.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress’d yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem’st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting “I dare not” wait upon “I would,”
Like the poor cat i’ th’ adage?

Macb. Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What beast was’t, then, That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender ’tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck’d my nipple from his boneless gums,

And dash’d the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail. But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we’ll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,—
Where to the rather shall his day’s hard journey
Soundly invite him,—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fuse, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall hear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only! For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv’d,
When we have mark’d with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us’d their very daggers,
That they have done’t?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and choler rear
Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Scene I. Inverness. Court of Macbeth’s castle.

Enter Banquo, preceded by Fleance
with a torch.

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.
Fle. I take ‘t, ’tis later, sir.

Vol. V. 1 Adhere, i.e. cohere.

MACBETH. 2 Convince, overpower
3 Receipt, receptacle.
4 Limbeck, alambic.
5 Husbandry, economy

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Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.

Who’s there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king’s

a-bed:

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and

Sent forth great largess to your offices:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar’d,

Our will became the servant to defect,

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All’s well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:

To you they have show’d some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entertain an hour to serve,

Would spend it in some words upon that

business,

If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kindlest leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,

when ’tis,

It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchis’d and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsell’d.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink

is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.

[Exit Servant.

Is this a dagger which I see before me,

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me

clutch thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall’st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.—

Mine eyes are made the fools o’ the other

senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade and dudgeon1 gouts2 of

blood,

Which was not so before.—There’s no such

thing:—

It is the bloody business which informs

Thus to mine eyes. Now o’er the one half-

world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The car’tain’d sleep; witchcraft celeb’rates

Pale Hecate’s offerings; and wither’d murder.

Alarum’d by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl’s his watch, thus with his stealthy

pace,

With Tarquin’s ravishing strides, towards his

design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set

earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for

fear

Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it. While’s I threat, he

lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath

gives.—

[A bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[Exit.

Scene II. The same.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk

hath made me bold;

What hath quench’d them hath given me fire.—

Hark!—Peace!

It was the owl that shriek’d, the fatal bellman,

Which gives the stern’st good-night.—He is

about it:

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms3

Do mock their charge with snores: I have

drung’d their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

1 Dudgeon, handle. 2 Gouts, drops (Fr. gouttes).
3 Grooms, servants. 4 That, i.e. so that.
ACT II. Scene 2.  

MACBETH.  

Enter Macbeth.  

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?  

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  

Didst thou not speak?  

Macb. When?  

Lady M. Aha, I am afraid they have awak’d,
And it is not done: the attempt and not the deed
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss ’em.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done’t.

Lady M. Now.  

Macb. My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Didst thou not speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. There are two lodg’d together.

Macb. One cried “God bless us!” and “Amen!” the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman’s hands,

Listening their fear: I could not say “Amen!”

When they did say “God bless us!”

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce “Amen?”

I had most need of blessing, and “Amen”

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry “Sleep no more!”

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There’s one did laugh in’s sleep, and one cried “Murder!”

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address’d them

Again to sleep.
MACBETH.

At the south entry—retire we to our chamber; A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking within.] Hark! more knocking: Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, And show us to be watchers:—be not lost. So poorly in your thoughts. 

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself. [Knocking within. Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! [Exit. Knocking continues.

SCENE III. The same.

Enter a Porter. Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning [2] the key. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat for't. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [Knocking within.] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there? [Faith! here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.] [Knocking within.] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: [I had thought to have let in some of all professions; that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.] [Knocking within.] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [Opens the gate.

Enter Macduff and Lennox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, That you do lie so late?

[1] Nightgown, i.e. dressing-gown.
Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes and unpro- vokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him and disheartens him; makes him stand to and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, 'tis the very threat on me: but I required him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:

I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you; But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.

This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

[Exit.]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does; he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,

1 The second cock, about three in the morning.
2 In, into.
3 Limited, appointed.

And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion and confused events

New hatch'd to the woful time: the obscure bird 3

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth

Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Macd. [Without] O horror, horror, horror!

Tongue nor heart

Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life of the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;

See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exit Macbeth and Lennox.]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murder and treason! Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo! As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,

To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[Bell rings.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady M. What's the business,

That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley

The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macb. O gentle lady, 'tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.
MACBETH.

ACT II. Scene 3.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas! What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel any where. [Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, And say it is not so.]

Re-enter Macbeth and Lennox.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead; —
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of. 101

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.

Lady. Your royal father's murder'd.

Don. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd,
had done 't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows: They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them. 111

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macb. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate
and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser, reason.—Here lay Duncan;—
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,

1 You are, i.e. you are alive. 2 Expedition, haste.

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho! Macb. Look to the lady.

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. [Aside to Malcolm] [What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?]

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Mal. [Aside to Donalbain] Nora our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:— [Lady Macbeth is carried out.

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further.] Fears and scruples shake us;
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence 3 I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Mal. And so do I. All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on many readiness, 4
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:

To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way

3 Pretence, design. 4 Manly readiness, i.e. complete armour.
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse; And let us not be dainty of leave-taking, But shift away: there's warrant in that theft Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.]

[Scene IV. The same. Without Macbeth's castle.

Enter Ross and an Old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,

Within the volume of which time I have seen Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act, Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 'tis day, And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp: Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame, That darkness does the face of earth entomb, When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last, A falcon, towering in her pride of place, Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd. Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out, Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.
MACBETH.

ACT III. Scene I.

Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 20

Mack. He is already nam'd, and gone to
   Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Mack. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Mack. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Mack. Well, may you see things well done
there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you, and
with those

That would make good of bad and friends of
foes!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Scene I. Forres. Hall in the palace.
Ross, Lennox, and Lords discovered.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor,
Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was
said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from
them,—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Severet sounded. Enter Macbeth, as king;
Lady Macbeth, as queen; Lords, Ladies,
and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
ACT III. Scene 1.

**MACBETH.**

_Ban._ My lord, I will not.

**Macb.** We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd

In England and in Ireland, not confessing

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers

With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;

When therewithal we shall have cause of state

Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,

Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

_Ban._ Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

**Macb.** I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;

And so I do commend you to their backs.

_Farewell._ [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time

Till seven at night; to make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone: while I, God be

with you!

[Execut all but Macbeth and an Attendant.

_Sirrah,_ a word with you: attend those men

Our pleasure!

**Attend._ They are, my lord, without the

_palace-gate.

**Macb._ Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing,

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd: 'tis much

he dares;

And, to the damnless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear: and under him

My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the

sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,

They hail'd him father to a line of kings:

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind;

Forthem the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings:

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

And champion me to th' utterance!—Who's there?

_Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers._

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

_Was it not yesterday we spoke together?_

**First Mur.** It was, so please your highness.

**Macb.** Well then, now

_Have you consider'd of my speeches?_

_Know That it was he in the times past which held you

So under fortune, which you thought had been

Our innocent self: this I made good to you

In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,_

_How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the

_instruments,

Who wrought with them, and all things else that might

To half a soul and to a notion craz'd

Say "Thus did Banquo."

**First Mur.** You made it known to us.

**Macb.** I did so; and went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting. Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you sanguine

To pray for this good man and for his issue,

Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

**First Mur.** We are men, my liege.

**Macb.** Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;

As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels,

cars,

Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are

clept

---

1 Causes, a subject of debate.
2 While, till.
3 To, in addition to.

---

4 Fill'd, defiled.
5 Champion me to th' utterance, fight with me a contest.
6 Pass'd in probation with you, proved to you in detail.
7 Born in hand, deluded with false hopes.
8 Nation, mind.
9 Shoughs, shocks, shaggy dogs.
10 Water-rugs, rough water-dogs.
11 Demi-wolves, a cross between a dog and a wolf.

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All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteons nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now, if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.—(Act iii. 1. 114, 115.)

That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall:
Who I myself struck down:] and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mar. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Housekeeper, watch-dog.
2 Distance, alienation, antagonism.
3 For, on account of.
ACT III. Scene 1.

**MACBETH.**

*First Mar.* Though our lives—

_Macb._ Your spirits shine through you.

Within this hour at most, I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Acquaint you, with a perfect spy, o' the time, The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night, And something from the palace; always thought That I require a clearness: and with him—

To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—

Fleance his son, that keeps him company —

Whose absence is no less material to me Than is his father's—must embrace the fate Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart: I'll come to you anon.

*Both Mar._ We are resolv'd, my lord.

_Macb._ I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[Exit Murderers.]

It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[Exit.

ESCENE II. _The same._ A room in the palace.

_Enter Lady Macbeth and a Servant._

_Lady M._ Is Banquo gone from court?

_Serv._ Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

_Lady M._ Say to the king, I would attend his leisure

For a few words.

_Serv._ Madam, I will. [Exit.

_Lady M._ Naught's had, all's spent,

Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy, Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

_Enter Macbeth._

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorrest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

_Macb._ We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie 21
In restless ecstasy. 6 Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

_Lady M._ Come on;

Gentle my lord, sleek? o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

[Macb. So shall I, love; and so I pray be you: Let your remembrance 3 apply to Banquo, Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:

Unsafe the while that we must lave
Our honours in these flattering streams, 32
And make our faces visards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.

_Lady M._ You must leave this.

_Macb._ O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

_Lady M._ But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

_Macb._ There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peel, there shall be done

A deed of dreadful note. 9

_Lady M._ What's to be done?

_Macb._ Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

---

1 From, i.e. away from. 2 Rubs, hindrances. 3 Resolve yourselves, make up your minds. 4 Without, beyond. 5 Scotch'd, slightly cut. 6 Ecstasy, excitement. 7 Sleek, smooth. 8 Remembrance, pronounced as if spelt remembrance, in four syllables. 9 Note, notoriety.
MACBETH.

Till thou applaud the dead.—Come, seeing\(^1\) night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whilest night’s black agents to their preys do rouse.—
Thou marvell’st at my words: but hold thee still;
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill:
So, prithee, go with me.  

[Exit.]  

(Scene III. The same. A park, with a gate leading to the palace.

Enter three Murderers.

_First M._ But who did bid thee join with us?

_Third M._ Macbeth.

_Sec. M._ He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

_First M._ Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller space
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

_Third M._ Hark! I hear horses.

_Ban._ [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

_Sec. M._ Then ’tis he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation\(^2\) 10
Already are i’ the court.

_First M._ His horses go about.

_Third M._ Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate
Make it their walk.

_Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch._

_Sec. M._ A light, a light!

_Third M._ ’Tis he.

_First M._ Stand to ‘t.

---

\(^1\) Seeing, blending.

\(^2\) The note of expectation, i.e. the list of expected guests.

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ACT III. Scene 4.

_Ban._ It will be rain to-night.

_First M._ Let it come down.

_Ban._ O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!

_Thou._ O slave!

_[Dies. Fleance escapes._

_Third M._ Who did strike out the light?

_First M._ Was’t not the way?

_Third M._ There’s but one down; the son is fled.

_Sec. M._ We have lost 20

Best half of our affair.

_First M._ Well, let’s away, and say how much is done.

_[Exit._

(Scene IV. The same. Hall in the palace.

_A banquet prepared._ Ross, Lennox, Lords, and Ladies discovered.

_Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, and Attendants._

_Macb._ You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

_Lords._ Thanks to your majesty.

_Macb._ Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require\(^3\) her welcome.

_Lady M._ Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;

For my heart speaks they are welcome.

_Macb._ See, they encounter thee with their hearts’ thanks.

Both sides are even: here I’ll sit i’ the midst:

Enter First Murderer to the door.

Be large in mirth; anon we’ll drink a measure
The table round.—[Approaching the door]

There’s blood upon thy face.

_Mur._ ’Tis Banquo’s, then.

_Macb._ ’Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch’d?

_Mur._ My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

_Macb._ Thou art the best o’ the cut-throats:

Yet he’s good

---

\(^3\) Require, ask for.
ACT III. Scene 4.

That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it, Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. [Aside] Then comes my fit again; I had else been perfect; Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, As broad and general as the casing air: 24 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in Tosancy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides, With twenty trench'd gashes on his head; The least a death to nature.

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly! Thou mayst revenge. slave!—

(Macb. iii. 3. 16, 17.)

Macb. Thanks for that: [Aside] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.]

Len. May't please your highness sit. [The Ghost of Banquo appears in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd, Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;

1 Grac'd, gracious.
I. Scene 4.

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance?

ROSS.

His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your
highness
To grace us with your royal company.

MACB. The table's full.

LEN. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

MACB. Where?

LEN. Here, my good lord. What is't that
moves your highness?

MACB. Which of you have done this?

LORDS.

MACB. Thou canst not say I did: never
shake
Thy gory locks at me.

ROSS. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not
well.

LADY M. Sit, worthy friends—my lord is
often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary: upon a thought
He will again be well: if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion! Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

MACB. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on
that
Which might appal the devil.

LADY M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear: 61
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said, led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts, Impostors to true fear, would well become A woman's story at a winter's fire, Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

MACB. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments Shall be the maws of kites. [GHOST vanishes.

LADY M. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

MACB. If I stand here, I saw him.

LADY M. Fie, for shame!

MACB. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: this is more strange
Than such a murder is.

LADY M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACB. I do forget.—Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends; I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine:—full
full.

I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, And all to all. 4

LORDS. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter GHOST.

MACB. Avant! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold; Thou hast no speculation in those eyes Which thou dost glare with!

LADY M. Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other; Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

MACB. What man dare, I dare: 99

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger; Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble: or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit, then protest me The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence! [GHOST vanishes.

Why, so—being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

1 Extend his passion, prolong his agitation.

2 Flares, commotions (primarily, gusts of wind).

3 Muses, wonder.

4 All to all, i.e. all good wishes to all.
Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth,
With most admir'd disorder. 1
Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe; 2
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your checks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ros. What sights, my lord?
Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him: at once, good night—
Stand not upon the order of your going, 19
But go at once.
Len. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!
Lady M. A kind good night to all!
[Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.
Macb. It will have blood; they say blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs 3 and understood relations have
By magot-pies 4 and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?
Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?
Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow—
And betimes I will—to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

1 Admire'd disorder, disorder to be wondered at.
2 Own, own, possess.
3 Augurs, i.e. auguries.
4 Magot-pies, magpies.

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Hark! I am call’d; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.
First Witch. Come, let’s make haste; she’ll soon be back again. [Exit.

SCENE VI. Forres. A room in the palace.

Enter Lennox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth: marry, he was dead:
And the right-vaiiant Banquo walk’d too late;
Whom, you may say, if ’t please you, Fleance kill’d,
For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought,1 how monstrous2
It was for Malcolm and for Donaldbain 9
To kill their gracious father? damned fact:3
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep!
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For ’t would have anger’d any heart alive
To hear the men deny ’t. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That, had he Duncan’s sons under his key,—
As, an’t please heaven, he shall not,—they
should find
What ’twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad4 words, and ‘cause he fail’d
His presence at the tyrant’s feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace: sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv’d
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward:
That by the help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours:
All which we pine for now: and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Send he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute “Sir, not I.”
The cloudy5 messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, “You’ll rue the
time
That clogs me with this answer.”

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accus’d!

Lord. I’ll send my prayers with him.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a caldron boiling.

Thunder. The three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded6 cat hath mew’d.

...
Witches’ mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin’d salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg’d i’ the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat and slips of yew
Sliver’d in the moon’s eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar’s lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver’d by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;¹
Add thereto a tiger’s chaudiçon,²
For the ingredients of our caldron.

¹ Gulf, throat.  ² Ravin’d, gorged with prey.
³ Sliver’d, stript off.  ⁴ Slab, slimy.  ⁵ Chaudiçon, entrails.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a ba’oon’s blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i’ the gains:
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.


Exit Hecate.
MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is’t you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
How’er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
[Though bladed corn be lodg’d, and trees
blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders’ heads:]

Their heads to their foundations; [though the treasure

Of nature’s germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken;] answer me
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We’ll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou ’dst rather hear it
from our months,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call ’em, let me see ’em.

First Witch. Pour in sow’s blood, that
hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that’s sweaten
From the murderer’s gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. First Apparition: an armed Head.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
beware Macduff;
Beware the thame of Fife. Dismiss me:
enough.

Macb. Whate’er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;

 Thou hast harp’d my fear aright: but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded:
here’s another,
More potent than the first.


Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I’d hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute;
laugh to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I
fear of thee?

But yet I’ll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. Third Apparition: a Child crowned,
with a tree in his hand.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not ’tis.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and
take no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish’d be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be:

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bode-
ments! good!

Rebellion’s head rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac’d Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me—if your art
Can tell so much—shall Banquo’s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me
know:—

[The caldron sinks into the earth.

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ACT IV. Scene 1.

MACBETH.

Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [Music.

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!
A show of eight Kings, the last with a mirror in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs:—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this? —A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—

Another yet! —A seventh! —I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass;
Which shows me many more; [and some I see
That twofold lalls and treble sceptres carry:] Horrible sight! —Ay, now I see 'tis true; —

For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [Apparitions vanish.]

First Witch. What is this so?

Macb. Where are they? Gone? —Let this

pertinacious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—

Come in, without there!

Enter Lennox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

1 Blood-bolter’d, blood-besmeared.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride, And damned all those that trust them! —I did hear

The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word

Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o’ertook
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace 2 him in his line. No boasting like a fool;

This deed I'll do before this purpose cool:
But no more sights! —[To Lennox] Where are these gentlemen?

Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

[Scene II. Fife. A room in Macduff's castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Ross.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch; 3 for the poor wren,

2 Trace, follow.

3 The natural touch, i.e. natural feeling.

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ACT IV. Scene 2.

MACBETH.

The most diminutive of birds, will fight, Her young ones in her nest, against the owl. All is the fear, and nothing is the love; As little is the wisdom, where the flight So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz, I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband, He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows The fits o’ the season. I dare not speak much further: But cruel are the times, when we are traitors, And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour From what we fear, yet know not we fear, But float upon a wild and violent sea Each way and move. I take my leave of you: Shall not be long but I’ll be here again: Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward To what they were before. My pretty cousin, Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father’d he is, and yet he’s fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer, It would be my disgrace and your discomfort: I take my leave at once. [Exit.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father’s dead: And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou’dst never fear the net nor lime, The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are, not set for. My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you’ll buy ’em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak’st with all thy wit, and yet, ’tis faith, With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hang’d.

Son. And must they all be hang’d that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you’d weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk’st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect. I doubt some danger does approach you nearly: If you will take a homely man’s advice, Be not found here; hence, with your little ones. To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage: To do worse to you were fell cruelty, Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly? I have done no harm. But I remember now I am in this earthly world, where to do harm Is often laudable, to do good sometime Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas, Do I put up that womanly defence, To say I have done no harm?

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He’s a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair’d villain!

1 Perfect, i.e. well acquainted.
ACT IV. Scene 2.

Young fry of treachery!
Son. He has kill'd me, mother: Run away, I pray you! [Dies. [Exit Lady Macduff, crying "Murder!" and pursued by the Murderers.]


Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Macd. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom: each new morn New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. [What I believe, I'll wail; What know, believe; and what I can redress, As I shall find the time to friend, I will.] 10 What you have spoke, it may be so per-chance. [This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues, Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well; He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.
MACBETH.

But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your
pardon; 20
That which you are, my thoughts cannot
transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest
fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows
of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

I have lost my hopes.

Perchance even there where I did find
my doubts.

Why in that rawness left where I
Those precious motives, those strong knots of
love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties. You may be rightly
just. 30
Whatever I shall think.

Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee. wear thou
thy wrongs,
The title is affeer'd? Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

What should he be?

It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth

IV.

Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurians, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but [there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your
daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will: [better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-
wink.

We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd

With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A staunchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels, and this other's house: 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, [that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath poisons to fill up your will
Of your mere own: all these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

But I have none: the king-becoming
graces,

Luxurians, licentious. 4
Avaricious, false. 5
Continent, restraining. 6
Convey, conduct. 7
Poisons, plenty. 8
ACT IV. Scene 3.

MACBETH.

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Mac. O Scotland, Scotland! Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
[ I am as I have spoken.]

Mac. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal
father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore
Thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd!—Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Having banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hast from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish
Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! [for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: ] my first false
speaking
Was this upon myself: what I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command:

[ Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! ] Why are you
silent?

Mac. Such welcome and unwelcome things
at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

[ Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king
forth, I pray you?

Doc. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched
souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[ Exit Doctor.

Mal. What's the disease he means?

Doc. 'Tis call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited
people,
All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The more despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange
virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Mac. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him
not.

[ Enter Ross.

Mac. My ever-gentle-cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: good God, betimes
remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

1 Trains, devices.
2 At a point, prepared.
3 Convinces, overpowers.
4 More, utter.
MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch6 them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief 7
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue
for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest
sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife
and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry8 of these murderer'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Macd. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your
brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not
speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it
break.

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Macd. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell kife!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Macd. Dispute it like a man.

I shall do so;

---

1 Rent, an alternative form of "rend."
2 A modern ecstasy, an ordinary trouble of mind
3 More, elaborately detailed.
4 Children, pronounced as a trisyllable.
5 trisyllable: In insurrection.
6 Latch, i.e. catch.
7 A fee-grief, a grief peculiar to one.
8 Quarry, the slaughtered game.
ACT IV. Scene 3.

But I must also feel it as a man: I cannot but remember such things were, That were most precious to me. — Did heaven look on, And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff, They were all struck for thee! naught that I am, Not for their own demerits, but for mine, Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: Let grief Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Mac. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,

And bragart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens, Cut short all intermission; front to front Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself; Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape, Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. [This tune goes manly. Come, go we to the king; our power is ready; Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.] 

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Scene I. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.

Doc. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doc. [A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances,] what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doc. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech. Lo you, here she comes!

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a taper.

This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

1 Put on, incite. 2 Nightgown, dressing gown.

Doc. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doc. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut.

Doc. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accusum'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doc. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One, two; why, then 'tis time to do 't. — Hell is murky. — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard! What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doc. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doc. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

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Lady M. Here’s the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doc. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doc. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doc. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.

Doc. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there’s knocking at the gate: come, come, come, give me your hand: what’s done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit.

[Doc. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doc. Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician.

God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,¹
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated,² and amaz’d my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.]

[Exeunt.

SCENE II. The country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,

¹ Annoyance, harm, injury. ² Mated, confounded.
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff:
[Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes¹
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.]  

\textit{Ang.}\ Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; \([\text{that way are they}
\text{coming.}}\]

\textit{Caith.}\ Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

\textit{Len.}\ For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward’s son,  9
And many unrough² youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.]

\textit{Ment.}\ What does the tyrant?

\textit{Caith.}\ Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies:
Some say he’s mad; others, that lesser hate
him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper’d cause
Within the belt of rule.

\textit{Ang.}\ Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraids his faith-breath;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant’s robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

\textit{Ment.}\ Who then shall blame
His pester’d senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

\textit{Caith.}\ Well, march we on,
To give obedience where ’tis truly ow’d:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country’s purge
Each drop of us.

\textit{Len.}\ Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the
weeds. 30
Make we our march towards Birnam.
[Exeunt, marching.

\textbf{Scene III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle.}

\textit{Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.}

\textit{Macb.}\ Bring me no more reports; let them
fly all:

\textit{A.}\ Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane
I cannot taint³ with fear. What’s the boy
Malcolm?

Was he not born of woman? The spirits that
know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me
thus,
“Fear not, Macbeth; no man that’s born of
woman
Shall e’er have power upon thee.” Then fly,
false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag⁴ with doubt, nor shake with
fear.

\textit{Enter an Officer.}

\textit{Off.}\ The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac’d
loon!
Where gott’st thou that goose look?

\textit{Off.}\ There is ten thousand—

\textit{Macb.}\ Geese, villain?

\textit{Off.}\ Soldiers, sir.

\textit{Macb.}\ Go prick thy face and over-red thy
fear,
Thou lily-liver’d boy. What soldiers, patch?⁵
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-
face?

\textit{Off.}\ The English force, so please you.

\textit{Macb.}\ Take thy face hence.  [\text{Exit Officer.}

\textit{Seyton!—}\ I am sick at heart,
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—this push⁶
Will cheer me ever, or dis-case me now.
I have liv’d long enough: my way of life
Is fall’n into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, month-honour,
breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and
dare not.

\textit{Seyton!}\ Enter Seyton.

\textit{Sey.}\ What’s your gracious pleasure?

\textit{Macb.}\ What news more?

¹ \textit{Their dear causes}, the causes which touch them nearly.
² \textit{Unrough}, unbarred.
³ \textit{Taint}, be infected.
⁴ \textit{Sag}, droop.
⁵ \textit{Patch}, fool.
⁶ \textit{Push}, attack.
ACT V. Scene 3.

**Macbeth.**

Sey. All is confirm’d, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I’ll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack’d.

Give me my armour.

Sey. ’T is not needed yet.

Macb. I’ll put it on.—

Send out more horses, skirt the country round; Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine armour.

[Exit Seyton.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that. Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas’d, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And with some sweet oblivions antidote 43 Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that pernicious stuff Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I’ll none of it.

**Re-enter Seyton, with an Officer.**

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.— Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.— Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease, And purge it to a sound and pristine health, I would applaud thee to the very echo, That should applaud again.—[trying to throw off his coat of mail] Pull’t off, I say.—

What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug, Would scour these English hence! Hear’st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation Makes us hear something.

Macb. [To Seyton and Officer] Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exit [all except Doctor.

**ACT V. Scene 4.**

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit]

**Scene IV. The Wood of Birnam.**

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward and young Siward, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, and Soldiers, marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand

That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Sic. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear’t before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Sic. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before’t.

Mal. ’Tis his main hope:

For where there is advantage to be given, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things, Whose hearts are absent too.

Macb. Let our just censures Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

[Exeunt, marching.

1 Skirt, shorn.

2 If, i.e. the armour which he has thrown down.

3 Endure our setting down before’t, stand a siege.

4 Advantage, favourable opportunity.

5 More, greater.

6 Given him the revolt, i.e. revolted or deserted from him.
SCENE V. Dunsinane. Within the castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, "They come:" our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up: Were they not forc'd\(^1\) with those that should be ours, We might have met them careful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home. 

[\(\text{I cry of women within.}\]

What is that noise? 

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. 

[Exit.]

Re-enter Seyton.

Wherefore was that cry? 

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead. 

Macb. She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time; And all our yesterdays have lighted fools The way to dusty death.—Out, out, brief candle! Life’s but a walking shadow, a poor player, That struts and frets his hour upon the stage And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, Signifying nothing.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious, my lord, 

I should report that which I say I saw, But know not how to do it. 

\(^1\) Force’d, reinforced. \(^2\) Fell, skin. \(^3\) Treatise, story.
ACT V. Scene 5.

Macb. Well, say, sir. Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill, I look’d toward Birnam, and anon, methought, The wood began to move. Macb. Liar and slave! Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if ’t be not so: Within this three mile may you see it coming; I say, a moving grove. Macb. If thou speakest false, Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive, Till famine cling1 thee: if thy speech be sooth, I care not if thou dost for me as much. — 41 I pull in resolution; and begin To doubt the equivocation of the fiend That lies like truth: “Fear not, till Birnam wood Do come to Dunsinane;” — and now a wood Comestoward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out! If this which he avouches does appear, There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here. I ’gin to be a-weary of the sun, And wish the estate2 o’ the world were now undone. Ring the alarum-bell! — Blow, wind! come, wrack! At least we’ll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. The same. A plain before the castle.

Enter, with drum and colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c., and their Army with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your heavy screens throw down, And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle, Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son, Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff and we Shall take upon’s what else remains to do, According to your order.

Sic. Fare you well.— Do we but find the tyrant’s power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight. Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,

1 Cling, shrink, shrivel 2 Estate, state, order.

MACBETH. ACT V. Scene 7.

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt.

Scene VII. The same. Another part of the plain.

Alarums. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly, But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What’s he That was not born of woman? Such a one Am I to fear, or none.

[Enter young Siward.

Y. Sic. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou ’lt be afraid to hear it.

Y. Sic. No; though thou call’st thyself a hotter name Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name’s Macbeth.

Y. Sic. The devil himself could not pronounce a title More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Y. Sic. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I’ll prove the lie thou speak’st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman. But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish’d by man that’s of a woman born.] [Exeit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face! If thou best slain and with no stroke of mine, My wife and children’s ghosts will haunt me still. I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms Are hir’d to bear their staves: either3 thou, Macbeth, Or else my sword, with an unbatter’d edge, I sheathe again unneeded.4— [There thou shouldst be; By this great clatter, one of greatest note Seems bruited. ] Let me find him, fortune! And more I beg not. [Exeit. Alarums.

3 Either, pronounced as a monosyllable. 4 Unneeded, i.e. having done nothing.
Enter Malcolm and old Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle.

[Exeunt. Alarums.]
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope!—I will not fight
with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit
"Here may you see the tyrant."

I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's
feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last:—before my body
I throw my warlike shield:—lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries "Hold,
each!"

[They fight. Macbeth is slain. [Mac-
duff drags his body off.]

[Retreat. Flourish.] Enter, with drum and
colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Ross,
Lennox, Angus, Caithness, Menteith,
and Soldiers.

[Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe
arriv'd.]

Siev. Some must go off: and yet, by these
I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble
son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess con-
firm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siev. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your
cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siev. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siev. Why then, God's soldier be he!
ACT V. Scene 8.

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death: 
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Sic. He's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score:
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: [behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire along with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!]

All. Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 1: When shall we three meet again.—Fr. have a note of interrogation after again. The punctuation in the text is due to Hamner, who rightly saw that the question has regard to the time, not to the season, of the witches' next meeting.

I think it was the Deud's revelling night.
There was such hurly burly in the heavens.

3. Lines 8, 9:
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 100: "a paddock, a bat, a gib." Herrick has the word in "Another Grace for a Child" in Noble Numbers:

Heaving up my either hand,
Cold as paddocks though they be.

The Clarendon Press edd. say that in Cumberland toadstools are still called paddock-stools. The word is the diminutive of pad, the Anglo-Saxon for a toad. Cats and toads are among the principal attendants on witches; for, as Scot says in the Discoverie of Witchcraft (p. 8): "Some say they can keep devils and spirits in the likeness of toads and cats;" and again (p. 163): "But among the innumerable number of the portentous beasts, fowles, serpents, and other creatures, the tode is the most excel-
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. lent object, whose ougie deformitie signifieth sweete and amiable fortune: in respect whereof some superstitious witches preserve todes for their familiaries. And some one of good credit (whom I could name) having converted the witches themselves, hath starved diverse of their diviles, which they kept in boxes in the likenes of todes.

The cats, it seems on the indisputable authority of Bodin, are witches in disguise, though: "While witches are turned into cats," observes Scot, "he alledgeth no reason, and therefore (to help him forth with that paraphrase) I safe, that witches are curst queanes, and maie times Scratch one another, or their neighbours by the faces; and therefore perchance are turned into Cats. But I have put twenty of these witchmongers to silence with this one question; to wit, Whether a witch that can turne a woman into a cat, &c: can also turne a cat into a woman?" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 73, 74).

The arrangement of lines in the text is that of Hunter's conjecture. Ff. read: "All. Padock calls anon: faire is foule," &c.

ACT I. Scene 2.

4. Line 6: the broil.—Broil is not unfrequently used by Shakespeare as almost a synonym for war or battle. Compare Othello, i. 3. 56, 57:

And little of this great world can I speak.
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.

5. Line 9: And choke their art.—The Clarendon Press ed. paraphrase, "drown each other by rendering their skill in swimming useless;" and compare Mark v. 13, where choke is used of suffocation by water: "The herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea . . . and were choked in the sea."—Macdonwald, the reading of F. 1, is in the later F. Macdowel. Holinshed spells it Macdowald.


7. Line 14: And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling.—If. print damned quarrel, which has been taken to mean "doomed prey," i.e. Macdonwald's army. But the word quarrel, which certainly gives a better sense, is used by Holinshed in the very passage of which Shakespeare is here making use: "for out of the Western Isles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellions quarrel, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoil came no small number of Kerns and Gallowglassses."

8. Lines 20-23: Till he faed the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bore farewell to him,
Till he unwound him from the vane to the chaps,
And faed's his head upon our battlemates.

The first two lines are printed and punctuated thus in F. 1:

Till he faed the Slave:
Which ne'er shake hands, nor had farewell to him.

The simple enemadation adopted in our text is that of Capell. Most commentators have suspected that this passage is corrupt, or that something is omitted. The difficulty is not as to making the which refer to a person, for that is common enough in Shakespeare; but, as the Clarendon ed. rightly observe, "As the text stands, the meaning is, Macdonwald did not take leave of, nor bid farewell to, his antagonist till Macbeth had slain him." Certainly, if we follow the reading of Ff., which must refer to the slave, that is to the rebel Macdonwald; but it is quite clear that it should refer to Macbeth, for it would be very awkward were we to suppose line 21 to refer to Macdonwald, as the he in the next line, 22, must undoubtedly refer to Macbeth. The three first Folios all agree in the punctuation of the passage and in the text; but F. 4 reads never for never and bid for bad, neither of which variations can be said to be improvements. It will be observed that (in F.) line 21 commences with Which, as does line 15 above; also that the imperfect line 20 and the perfect line 22 both begin with Till he. It is therefore quite possible that the copyist's eye might have caught the which in line 15, and that some portion of line 20 may be missing, as we should have expected! "'Till he faed the slave," instead of "Till he faed the slave;" but this may be an instance of the omission of the first syllable at the beginning of a line. (See Measure for Measure, note 77.) On the other hand, there is this to be said for the reading of Ff., that the "bleeding Captain," as he is called rightly changed to Sergeant by most modern editors (see line 3 above)—having been severely wounded, would be naturally short of breath; and the imperfect line 20 having, as it has, a colon at the end, may have been meant by the author to signify that the speaker paused from exhaustion, and then resuming his story, but forgetting how he had begun his last sentence, commenced the next one with which, intending to refer to Macbeth and not to the slave or rebel Macdonwald.—F. A. M.

9. Line 22: Till he unwound him from the vane to the chaps.—Nae for "n'ae" has not been met with except in this passage. The curious character of the stroke has exercised the minds of the commentators. Steevens, however, quotes a closely parallel passage from Marlowe's Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1:

Then from the vane to the throat at once
He ript old Prunam.
—Works, p. 278.

10. Line 28: Shipperocking storms and direful thunders break.—The word break is added from F. 2. In F. 1 the line ends at thunders.

11. Line 34: captaine.—This should probably be pronounced capitains, as in III. Henry VI. iv. 7. 30. (See note 274 to that play.) The arrangement in the text is Pope's. Ff. print the lines as prose.

12. Line 38: So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.—This is the reading of FF., and it is preferable, I think, to any of the changes which have been made or suggested—as putting So they in a separate line, or coupling them with the line before. Doubly redoubled occurs also in Richard II. i. 3. 90-92:

And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.

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ACT I. Scene 2.

13. Line 40: memorize.—Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 50–52: from her
Will fall some blessing to this hand, which shall
In it be memorized.

14. Line 45: thane.—The Anglo-Saxon title of thane denoted a rank midway between earl and ealdorman. The word is used by Shakespeare only in this play, where it seems to be equivalent to earl. The stage-direction of the F. is Enter two and Angus: but as Angus neither speaks nor is spoken to in the scene, his name was omitted by Capell and most succeeding editors.

15. Lines 49, 50:
Where the Norwegian banners fliet the sky
And fan our people cold.
Compare John, v. 1. 72:
Mocking the air with colours sily spread.
The meaning here is evidently that the Norwegian banners insult the sky in their pride, and chill the Scottish host with fear. The lines are only conjunctively arranged, and here, as elsewhere, the text is probably corrupted.

16. Line 54: Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof; i.e. clad in armour of proof.—Compare Richard II. i. 3. 73: Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers; and see below note 68. Bellona's bridegroom is not, as Steevens seems to think, Mora but Macbeth.

17. Line 56: Point against point rebellions, arm 'gainst arm.—This punctuation is Theobald's, and is generally adopted in preference to that of the F., which read:
Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm.
Ross would not be likely to speak of the arms of Macbeth's soldiers, who were fighting for the king, as rebellions.

18. Line 57: Curbing his LAISH spirit.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 62–64:
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and laish manners meet together.

19. Line 59: Swoe. —"There is near Forces a remarkable monument with Runic inscriptions, popularly called 'Swoe's Stone,' and supposed to commemorate the defeat of the Norwegians" (Clarendon Press ed.).

ACT I. Scene 3.

Holinhed's narrative of the meeting of Macbeth and Banquo with the witches is as follows: "Shortly after happened a strange and vast wonder, which the no wardes was the cause of muche trouble in the realme of Scotlande as ye shall after hear. It fortuned as Makbeth & Banquo iournyed towarde Forces, wher the king as then lay, they went sporting by the way togeth with other companie, sawe only themselves, passing through the woodes and fieldes, when sodenly in the middes of a launde, there met them iij. women in strange & ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentivly behelde, wondering much at the sight. The first of them spake & sayde: All hayle Mak-
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Archaic Dict. *sub voce* says a more plausible derivation is from “the Latin *acerrumus*, the participle of which may have been formed into *acrobat*, in the same way that *punetum* has become *poet*, *juncetum*, *joint*. Andrews defines *acerrumus* as “A very ancient word, peculiar to the line of religion: To *avert, hinder, remove*;” quoting, among other instances, Cicero’s Letters to Atticus 9, 2. A: “*quorum (prodigiorum) acerrumandum* causa supplicationes senatus deceruit.” The word is most probably the same as *arrong* found on an old drawing of Christ’s visit to Hell (commonly called “the harrowing of hell”), the words “*out out arrong*,” being addressed to our Lord by Satan.

As to *rump-fed* the meaning of this epithet has always presented great difficulties to the commentators. I cannot think that it means “fed on the best part of the meat.” Stevens makes out a good case for believing that the *rump* was included with the kidneys, &c., amongst the perquisites of the kitchen (see Var. Ed. vol. xi. pp. 30, 33); and therefore *rump-fed* would be equivalent to “fed on scraps, or offal,” or perhaps to “grossly fed.” Taking *rump* to mean, as it undoubtedly does, “a mangy or scabby person,” from the French *requeta*, *rump-fed* (in that sense) would be a very appropriate epithet; but then people, when they are using terms of abuse, are not always very particular as to their appropriateness. Nares is very decided in favour of taking *rump-fed* as meaning simply “fat-rumped,” and Schmidt agrees with him. Dyce favours the meaning of “nut-fed;” he quotes from Kilian’s Dict. “*Rumpye.* Nux murystica villior, cassa, insanis.” It is worth mentioning, in connection with this word, that I came across a very curious expression in an old book called the *Fable of Facions*, published at London in 1555, and reprinted by Goldsmid in the *Bookworms* (Garner (Edinburgh, 1855)). In the 8th chapter, where the author is describing the manners of the people of Ynle, he says: “Thee haue many wifes. . . . Some to serve them as their vnderlynges, and some for pleasure and issue. Whiche manie nevertheless use betoke bunquetg shrod (for any lawe or custome there is to restreine these) excepte their houses by fine force, can compelle them to kepe close” (vol. i. p. 67). If the forcible expression “butlock-bunquetting” had any vulgar synonymy, the meaning of *rump-fed* would not be very far to seek; and perhaps, considering the moral character rightly or wrongly attributed to most sailors’ wives, would not be an inappropriate epithet of abuse.—F. A. M.

21. Line 7: *waster o’ the Tiger.*—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 65:

And this is he that did the Tiger board.

The Clarendon Press edd. give several references to ships of that name in contemporary documents.

22. Line 8: *But in a steve I’ll thither sail.*—Stevens quotes an instance of witches going to sea in a sail from a pamphlet entitled *News from Scotland*; declaring the damnable Life of Doctor Fian, a notable Sorcerer who was burned at Edinbrugh in January last, 1591; &c.: “all they together went by sea, each one in a riddle or *eik*.” Scott, in his Discoverie of Witchcraft, tells us that some affirm of witches that “they can go in and out at awger holes, & saile in an eggge shell, a cockie or musell shell, through and under the tempestuous seas” (Reprint, 1836, p. 8).

23. Line 9: *And, like a rat without a tail.*—Stevens says “that though a witch could assume the form of an animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting” (Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 32). He then goes on to state “the reasons given by some of the old writers.” I cannot find anything on this subject in Reginald Scot’s Discoverie of Witchcraft, though he has a great deal to say about the transformation of witches (book v.). In Thirlstton Dyce’s Folk Lore of Shakespeare (p. 30) the author says: “In German legends and traditions, we find frequent notice of witches, assuming the form of a cat, and displaying their feline character in certain diabolical acts. It was, however, the absence of the tail that only too often was the cause of the witch being detected in her disguised form.” That horrible creature of superstition, the were-wolf, or human being changed into a wolf, was distinguished by having no tail. The most usual form for a witch to take was that of a cat, or wolf, or mousse, or goat, sometimes of a hare, not very often of a rat; though rats have always been looked upon as uncleanly creatures and connected, more or less, with the devil. The only historical demonrat that I remember is that one in Dickens’s amusing article “Nurses’ Stories,” in The Uncommercial Traveller. How that diabolical animal persecuted the unfortunate Chips will be remembered by readers of that amusing work. Capell suggests another explanation of *without a tail*, that, as tails are the ruders of such animals as the water-rat, the witch means she could do without a rudder as well as sail in a steve.—F. A. M.

24. Line 15: *And the very ports they blow; i.e. blow upon.* Compare Love’s Labour’s Lost, iv. 3. 109:

Air, quoth he, thy checks may blow.

Pope changes *ports* into *points*.

25. Line 20: *PENT-HOUSE lid.*—Malone compares Dekker, The Gull’s Hornbook, ch. iii.: “The two eyes are the glass windows at which light disperses itselfe into every roome, having goodely *penthouse* of hair to overshadow them” (Reprint, 1512, pp. 75, 70).

26. Lines 22, 23:

*Weary se’nmights nine times nine*

*Shall be dwindile, peak, and pine.*

Few of the enchantments of witchcraft are more popularly known than that which consisted in placing a waxen image before a fire; as the wax melted, the body of the victim wasted away. See Two Gentlemen, note 53; Much Ado, note 107. Compare Webster, Duchess of Malfy, iv. 1, vol. 1, pp. 252, 262. The immediate suggestion for these lines was probably the passage in Holinshed telling of the bewitching of King Duff.

27. Line 32: *The WEIRD sisters.*—The Ff. have *wyerd*, which Theobald changed to *weird*. Holinshed, in telling the story of Macbeth’s encounter, gives some account of “these women,” which we have quoted in the note at the beginning of this scene. The word *weird* comes from the Anglo-Saxon *wyerd*, fate.
ACT I. Scene 3.

29. Line 20: Fo'rms.—Pf. have Sors. Holinshed tells us that Macbeth and Banquo were journeying "toward Fo'rs, where the King then lay."

30. Line 46: you bear'd, Beards, it seems, were supposed to belong to witches. Staunton compares Beaumont and Fletcher, Honest Man's Fortune, II. 1:

And the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
And that's, they say, a token of a witch.

Compare Dekker, Honest Whore, Part 1. iv. 1: "Some women have beards; marry, they are half-witches"
(Works, vol. ii. p. 59.)

30. Lines 48-50: This triple prophecy is taken almost word for word from Holinshed. See extract at the beginning of this scene.

31. Line 66: Of noble HAVING.—Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 479: "my hairing is not much;" and Merry Wives, iii. 2. 78: "The gentleman is of no having."

31. Line 71: By SINEEL's death I know I am thine of Glamis.—Holinshed gives the name of Macbeth's father as Sineel. It is otherwise given as Sinleg, or Finlay, and Shane; and in Forudin's Scotichronicon, bk. iv. c. 44 (quoted by the Clarendon Press ed.) Macbeth is called "Machabens filius Fenele."

33. Line 81: corporal.—Shakespeare uses corporal. in several places, never "corpooreal." "Incorporal" occurs in Hamlet, iii. 4. 118; see note on that passage.

34. Lines 84, 85:

Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner!

The insane root, or root producing insanity, may mean hemlock, henbane, or some other herb. Steevens quotes Greene's Never Too Late, 1616: "You have eaten of the roots of hemlock that makes men's eyes conceive strange objects;" and Douce cites Batman Upon Bartholomew de Proprietatibus Renum, lib. xvii. ch. 57: Henbane . . . is called Insana, mad, for the use thereof is perilous; for if it be eaten or drunk, it breezeth madness, or slow kyeness of sleepe. Therefore this hearth is called commonly Mirabilium, for it taketh away wit and reason."

35. Line 96: Nothing AFEARD.—Afraid, now a vulgarism of constant occurrence among the lower classes, was formerly as legitimate a word as afraid. See i. 7. 39, and v. 1. 42, below. Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders afeard by "pavides, timides."

36. Lines 97, 98:

As thick as HAIL
CAME post with post.

Pf. have
as thick as Tale
Came post with post.

The reading in the text, now generally accepted, is Rowe's emendation. As thick as tale has not been without its

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defenders, who consider thick to mean fast, and tale to be used in the sense of "the tale of bricks," Exodus v. 18, and the expression thus to mean that the men arrived as fast as they could be told. The expression seems very awkward, and is most unlikely to have been used.

37. Line 106: In which addition, hail.—Addition is a technical term for title. See Troilus and Cressida, note 29.

38. Line 112: line.—Compare i. Henry IV. ii. 3. 86: "To line his enterprise;" and Henry V. ii. 4. 7:

To line and new repair our towns of war.

39. Line 120: trusted HOME.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 323: "That confirms it house;" Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 118; All's Well, v. 3. 4; Tempest, v. 1. 71.

40. Line 135: Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair.

—Compare ii. Henry VI. ii. 3. 215:

Mine hair be fixed on end, as one distract;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 121, 122:

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Starts up and stands on end.

41. Line 136: my seated heart.—Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, vi. 644:

From their foundationsUneasing to and fro
They pluck'd the seated hills.

42. Line 157: Present Fears; i.e. objects of fear, as in Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 21, 22:

Or in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

43. Line 140: my single state of man.—"Macbeth means his simple condition of human nature" (Singer). "Single here bears the sense of weak; my feeble government (or body politic) of man" (Staunton). Man is compared to a kingdom or state, which may be described as single, when all faculties are at one, or act in unison, undistracted by conflicting emotions" (Clarendon Press ed.). Compare Julius Cesar, i. 1. 63-69.—Faction, later in this line, means "the active faculties." Compare Othello, ii. 3. 354.

44. Line 147: Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.—"Time and the hour seems to be a proverbial expression, meaning Time and opportunity. Dycz quotes Michelangelo, Sonnet xix:"

Fermisi in un momento il tempo e l'ore.

45. Line 148: Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

—Compare All's Well, ii. 5. 48:

I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

46. Line 119: Give me your favour.—Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 204:

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

ACT I. Scene 4.

47. Line 1: Are.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has Or.

48. Lines 26, 27:

Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Safe, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still used provincially for "sure, certain." Compare such a phrase as,
NOTES TO MACBETH.

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"He's safe to do that." Schmidt queries: "Everything that is sure to show you love and honour? Or everything consistent with the love and honour we bear you? An expression undoubtedly strained and obscure on purpose."

49. Lines 37-39:

We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland.

This enactment of Duncan, which of course destroyed Macbeth's chance of succession, is given in Holinshed, who also notes its effect upon the mind and plans of Macbeth. "But shortly after it chaunted that king Duncan hating two sonsies by his wife which was the daughter of Syward Earl of Northumberland, he made the elder of them clepe 1 Malcolm prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom, immediately after his decease."

"Makbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where 2 by the oldie lawes of the realigne, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeede were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was next of blood vnto him, should be admitted) he beganne to take counsell howe he might usurpe the kingdome by force, havinge a juste squarrell so to do (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncan did what in him lay to deffame him of all maner of title andayne, whiche hee mighte in tyme to come, pretendhe vnto the crowne" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 209).

50. Line 45: I'll be myselfe the harbinguer.—Harbinguer is used here in the technical sense, not merely with the general meaning of forerunner. The harbinguer, say the Clarendon Press edd., was "an officer of the royal household, whose duty it was to ride in advance of the king and procure lodgings for him and his attendants on their arrival at any place."

ACT I. Scene 5.

51. Line 6: misives; i.e. messengers.—The word is used again by Shakespeare in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 72-74:


you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did give my misives out of audience.

All-hail'd. Florio translates salutare, "to salute, to adhaile."

52. Lines 23-26:

thou 'dst have, great Glennis,
That which cries "Thou thou must do, if thou have it;"
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wisheat should be undone.

In F. 1 this passage is printed thus:

Thou 'st have, great Glanmis, that which cries,
Thou thou must doe, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to doe,
Then wisheat should be undone.

Modern editors print the passage after cries in inverted commas, or in italics, partly or wholly; some putting the second quotation mark after have it, and some at the end of the sentence after undone. It is very difficult to decide which is the better arrangement of these two. The first That which must refer to the crown, which is supposed to say to Macbeth: "Thus thou must do, if thou wouldest have me." Johnson, who is followed by some editors, altered it to me. If the whole passage is included in inverted commas, then the second that which must be governed by the do in the line above.

As to the phrase if thou have it, we should doubtless rather expect "if thou wouldst have it," but Shakespeare might well seek to avoid too many woulds and shoulds in the sentence; and, taking if thou have it to equal "if thou art to have it," the omission of the auxiliary verb adds to the force of the passage; the use of the present tense makes more real the fact of possession, anticipating, as it were, the steps that are to lead to it. If we are to suppose lines 25, 26 to be Lady Macbeth's own comment, and not part of the supposed cry of the half-personified crown, then the meaning of them will be clear, namely, "What thou must do to attain thy end is that which rather thou dost fear to do," &c., and perhaps the simplest emendation which has been proposed is "And that's what" instead of And that which. It seems better, on the whole, not to include lines 25, 26 between inverted commas. Indeed the Folio is perhaps right in printing the passage without any at all, and with no italics; as the personification of the crown is so imperfectly carried out. Very probably there may have been some corruption in the text through the occurrence of the two words That which close together. By a very slight alteration we might make the passage perfectly clear, if we read:

Thus thou must do if thou have it

An act which rather thou dost fear to do, &c. —P. A. M.

53. Lines 26, 27:

Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear.

Compare Holinshed: "The woordes of the three weird sisters also, (of whomse before ye have heard) greatly encouraged him herewith, but specially his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious breming in vuqenuchable desire to beare the name of a Queene" (vol. v. p. 209).

54. Line 30: fate and metaphysical aid.—The word metaphysical, used by Shakespeare only here, means supernatural. Minshew has "Metafisica, things supernatural, the metaphysikes." S. Walker quotes Ford, The Broken Heart, i. iii. (ed. Dyce, vol. i. 233):

The metaphysics are but speculations
Of the celestial bodies.

55. Line 34: Would have informed.—Informed is here used absolutely; or perhaps we should rather say elliptically, we being understood. In ii. 1. 43 below informs is used absolutely, but in a somewhat different sense, in Macbeth's soliloquy, where it means "takes form." The Clarendon Press edd. seem to think that the sense of the word in the two passages is the same. The word inform is used without object of the person in Richard II. ii. 1. 242, and Coriolanus, i. 6. 42.

56. Line 43: top-full.—Top full, full to the brim, is used by Shakespeare again in King John, iii. 4. 159:

Now that their souls are topfull of offence.

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ACT I. Scene 5.

57. Line 45: *Stop up the access and passage to REMORSE.*
- Remorse here means compunction, pity, not the "avenue of inwyt." The meaning is very frequent in Shakespeare. Compare Measure for Measure, v. 1. 100:

My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour.

58. Line 48: The effect and it.—So F. 3; F. 1, F. 2 have hit.

59. Line 50: SIGHTLESS substances.—Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 124:
To be imprisond' in the *viewless* winds;

*i.e.* the invisible winds, as here is meant the invisible forms.

60. Line 54: *Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark.*—Steevens quotes Drayton, Mortimeriados, 1596:

The sullen night in mistle 

which appears in the later version in the Barons’ Wars, bk. iii. 1. 129:

The sullen night had her *black curtain* spread.

C. M. Ingleby (Notes and Queries, 1853, vii. 549) very aptly quotes the well-known passage in Sartor Resartus (bk. i. ch. iii.), "Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours," &c.; and see later, "Such work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!"

61. Line 58: *This ignorant present, and I feel now.—* Perhaps a word has dropped out. Pope read present time, and Hunter suggested *cen* en

62. Lines 64, 65:

to beguile the time.

Look like the time.

The Clarendon Press edd. quote Richard III. v. 3. 91, 92:

1, as I may,—that which I would *lanaer.*—

With best advantage will *decieve* the time:

*i.e.* delude observers. Steevens quotes Daniel, Civil Wars, bk. viii. 1. 709:

He draws a brauern’s *twist* his greeneasses:

*Looks like the time*: his eye made not report

Of what he felt within.

ACT I. Scene 6.

63. Line 4: *The temple-haunting MARTLET.*—This is Rowe’s emendation of the *Barlet* of F. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 23, 29:

Like the martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall.

Hunter quotes Braithwaite’s Survey of History, 1638: "As the martlin will not build in fair houses, so this man will not live but in the ruins of honour." See Merchant of Venice, note 190.

64. Line 5: *mansionry.*—F. have *mansurry*, which Theobald changed to *mansionary*, a word which is not found elsewhere.

65. Line 9: *Where they most breed and haunt.*—Most is Rowe’s correction of the *must* of F.

66. Line 13: *God ‘tild.*—God ‘tild, a common contraction of *God yield* (i.e. reward), is used by Shakespeare in As You Like It, iii. 3. 76: "God ‘tild you for your last company;" again in v. 4. 56: "God ‘tild you, sir;" and in Hamlet, iv. 5. 41. In Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33, it is used in its uncontracted form: "the gods yield you for’t.

Steevens quotes a similar use of the expression in the metrical romance of Guy of Warwick. It was often spelt *God dild*, as in Sir John Oldcastle, *passim*. See quotations in Nares, sub voc.

67. Line 16: *poor and single business.*—Compare Tempest, i. 2. 432: "A single thing, as I am."

68. Line 22: *To be his PURVEYOR.*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Colgrave: "Puorveyor: m. a prouder, a *purveyor,*" and add: "He was sent before to provide food for the king and suite as the harbinger provided lodging."


70. Line 26: *in comp.*—This is the usual reading for the passage in Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 35, which the F. obviously distort. *Comp* is used in All’s Well, v. 3. 57, and Othello, v. 2. 273.

ACT I. Scene 7.

71. Stage-direction: *Enter... a Sewer.*—Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Sewer... A Gentleman Sewer (or Carver), Un *Repeur* tranchant." The name was generally applied to the head servant who directed the placing of the dishes on the table. The office at court (perhaps equivalent to cup-bearer) was anything but a mean one. Thomas Carew is described on the title-page of his poems as *Sewer* to Charles I. The word is variously derived from *essayeur* and *essayer*.

72. Lines 1-3:

If it were done when ‘tis done, then ‘twere well.

'Twere done quickly if th’ assassination

Could trammel up the consequence.

In F. 1 the passage is punctuated thus:

If it were done, when tis done, then ’twere well.

It were done quickly if th’ Assasination

Could trammel vp the Consequence.

This passage has caused much discussion. We may reject at once the unnecessarily commonplace interpretation of the first part of the speech "If it should be done at all when I do it, it would be well to do it quickly." There can be no doubt that the first done here has the sense which it often has in Shakespeare of "finished," "ended once for all." We here follow Grant White and an anonymous writer in the Boston Review, quoted by Furness (Appendix to vol. on Macbeth, pp. 441-443), in putting a full stop after self and joining It were done quickly to the next sentence. Kemble (ed. 1853) read the passage thus; and so does Mr. Irving. The only point on which I am doubtful is whether It were done quickly should form part of the same sentence as the rest of line 3 and the following one (line 4). Let us look at the passage in F. 1 and see whether the punctuation there will help us. It certainly seems to me that it is difficult to get over the fact of the colon after quickly, and of It being printed with a capital letter. Both these facts seem to leave no doubt that the author’s intention was that there should be a decided pause after quickly; and I would venture to suggest that the passage should be read thus:

If it were done when ‘tis done, then ‘twere well:

It were done quickly if the assassination
the speaker pausing slightly after the first done (I take it that the comma in F. 1 is meant to indicate this); the next sentence It were done quickly stands by itself, and is equivalent to "In that case I should do it quickly, without hesitation." This arrangement seems to me, while not disregarding the punctuation of the Folio, at the same time to preserve what I may call the meditative aspect of the speech, which is somewhat lessened by running the words It were done quickly into either the sentence before or the sentence after it.—F. A. M.

73. Lines 6, 7:

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.

Shoal is the Bohaind's emendation; Ff. read shoale. Jump means hazard, as in Cymbeline, v. 4, 138: "jump the after inquiry on your own peril." See also Coriolanus, iii. 1, 154. Jump is sometimes used (like slip) for pass over without notice: so here. "We would pass over (and so risk) the thought of the future life."

74. Line 11: ingredients.—"The Folios, both here and iv. 1, 34, have ingredientje, and it is not unlikely that Shakespeare so wrote the word, using it in the sense of 'compound,' 'mixture'" (Clarendon Press ed.).

75. Lines 22, 23:

Heaven's cherubin hord'd
Upon the sightless carriers of the air.

Malone quotes the Prayer-Book Version of Psalm xviii. 10: "He rode upon the cherubim and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Many editors follow Jennens in reading cherubin. Sightless, as in i. 5, 50, means invisible.

76. Line 25: That tears shall drown the wind.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4, 55:

Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind.

77. Lines 27, 28:

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

In Furness' New Variorum Ed. may be read two or three pages (pp. 73-75) of contradictory comment on this passage. Hamner's addition of side makes decidedly easier sense and metre alike in the most perplexing part of the play. But I am inclined to think that Steevens is right in holding that Shakespeare, having used the word sides two lines above, would not have written side here. I think, too, that side was meant to be understood, and that Macbeth is supposed to connect the word he has just used with the word he now has in his mind. The break in the metre comes very naturally at the entrance of Lady Macbeth.

78. Lines 35, 36:

Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?

Compare King John, iv. 2, 116, 117:

O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept?

79. Line 43: Like the poor eat & th' adage.—"Catus amat places, sed non vult tinge re plantas," or, as Heywood gives it (Proverbs, 1569): "The cat would eate fyshe, and would not wet her feete."

80. Lines 46, 47:

I dare do all that may become a man;
What dares no more is none.

Ff. read "no more"; the emendation, as sure a one as was ever made, is due to Rowe. Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4, 134, 135:

Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none.

81. Line 47: What beast wasn't, then, &c.—The Collier MS. 's emendation, boast, for the admirably appropriate beast of the Ff., is surely one of the unhappiest efforts of the respected Corrector. Macbeth has just said that one who would do more than becomes a man is none. "What beast wasn't, then," retorts his wife, 'that broke the enterprise to me?"

82. Line 59:

Macb. If we should fail—

Lady M. We fail.

These two words of Lady Macbeth We fail are capable, as Mrs. Siddons showed, of three separate and distinct interpretations. In F. 1 there is a note of interrogation after We fail, in which case the actress can only speak the words as if scornfully asking the question; or, putting a note of exclamation after the words, she may then treat them as a contemptuous interjection; or with simply a full stop after fail—which is, perhaps, the preferable reading,—the words will mean "We fail, and there's an end of it." Some commentators object to Lady Macbeth admitting even the possibility of failure in the then unsettled state of her husband's resolution. But the admission is instantly qualified: But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail:

her meaning being, "You are not alone in this business; you and I are to carry it out. I am not afraid of doing my part; it is for you to screw your courage up to the same point of resolution as mine, and failure is impossible." Admitting this interpretation, Lady Macbeth should emphasize your. She might, if she prefers to speak the words We fail as a contemptuous exclamation, also emphasize We; giving thereby to the words the meaning "You forget I am with you; alone you might fail, but together we cannot fail."—F. A. M.

83. Line 60: But screw your courage to the sticking-place.—A metaphor perhaps taken "from the screwing-up the chords of string-instruments to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its sticking-place, i.e. in the place from which it is not to move" (Steevens). Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1, 125, 126:

And that I partly know the instrument
That serves me from my true place in your favour;

and see also Coriolanus, i. 8. 11, and Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3, 22-25.

84. Line 64: wasnail.—Wasail comes from the Anglo-Saxon was ægel, "be of health." Singer quotes Bullock's Expositor, 1616: "Wasate, a term usual heretofore for quaffing and carousing."

85. Line 64: convince; i.e. the Latin convincere, to overpower, as in iv. 3, 142 below.
shut up "the jewel in its case." This is practical, but scarcely poetical. If the missing syllable is to be supplied at all—and it is really needless to instance omissions by Shakespeare of the auxiliary verb—I would propose "And is shut up," taking Boswell's explanation of the words. We must remember that Duncan has retired to rest, and the sentence is really equivalent to "has retired to rest inmeasurably contented with his reception."—P. A. M.

92. Line 25: If you shall cleave to my consent.—Schmidt takes consent here to mean "vote, voice, counsel;" Steevens takes it (more reasonably, as I think) in the force of the Latin consentus, or agreement together in a party, quoting II. Henry IV. v. 1. 78: "they flock together in consent (i.e. in a party), like so many wild geese." Taking consent in this sense, the meaning of the passage would be: "If you adhere to my party, your doing so shall make honour for you when the result is attained." See Furness, New Variorum, pp. 57, 88, for enough conjectures and contradictory explanations.

93. Line 46: And on thy blade and Dudgeon gouts of blood.—The dudgeon means the handle of a dagger. The word was used of handles made of box. Gerarde, Herball, 1557, p. 1225, says: "Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, do call this woode [the root of the box-tree] dudgeon, whence they make dudgeon hafted daggers." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "Dague à roelles. A Scottish dagger; or Dudgeon haft dagger." [Gout, the anglicized form of Fr. goutte, is only used by Shakespeare in this passage in its original sense; but gout, the disease, which occurs four or five times in Shakespeare, is supposed to be the same word (see Skent sub Gout).—F. A. M.]

94. Line 53: Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf.—Alarum is again used as a verb in Lear, ii. 1. 55: "Alarum!" is formed from the French alarme, Italian allarina, a new syllable being introduced between the two liquids. The original word was doubtless Italian, all'arma" (Clarendon Press edd.).

95. Line 55: With Tarquin's ravishing strides.—Fi read sides. The very happy emendation in the text, followed by most editors, is Pope's. It has been basely objected that neither a ravisher nor a ghost would advance by strides, which, says Knight, "does not convey the notion of stealthy and silent movement." But the word is used in just this sense in Richard II. i. 3. 398; and in The Rape of Lucrece, line 365, Shakespeare had already described Tarquin as stalking into the chamber. Grant White well says, "Pope's emendation will seem very happy to every cautious person who has stepped through a sick chamber, or any apartment in which there were sleepers whom he did not wish to awaken, and who remembers how he did it."

96. Line 56: Thou sure and firm-set earth.—Sure was first introduced into the text by Capell, upon the conjecture of Pope. F. 1 has secure. Sure might very likely, as Collier observes, have been written in the MS. secure, which offers itself easily to a misprint.

97. Line 57: Hear not my steps, which way they walk.—This reading is Rowe's; F. I. have "which they may walk."
ACT II. Scene 1.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

98. Line 58: The very stones protest.—An allusion, probably, to Luke xix. 40: “the stones would immediately cry out.” (The whole of this magnificent soliloquy is a capital instance of the way in which Shakespeare expresses his stage-directions in the words of his text. The actor here needs no marginal notes; he finds every movement set down in the words which he speaks. One sees the murderer abruptly arrested on his way to the chamber, where his victim lies asleep, by the phantom dagger; one sees him following it with his eyes, which are riveted on it with a questioning but horror-stricken stare; then he endeavours to shut out the vision with his hands, and it vanishes; then he begins again to move amidst the appropriate howls of the wolves heard from the not far distant forest. His legs almost refuse to carry him; with noiseless footfall, with stealthy half-relishing strides, he creeps to the door of the fatal chamber, whence he is to return a blood-stained murderer.—F. A. M.]

ACT II. Scene 2.

The narrative of Duncan’s murder in Holinshed is very brief, as follows: “At length therefore communicating his purposed intent with his trustiest friends whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised ayde, he slew the king at Eterners, (or as some say at Botgousum,) in the v. yeare of his regnyne” (vol. v p. 259). Some of the details of the murder, however, are taken from Holinshed’s account, a little previously, of the murder of King Duffe by Donwald. This Donwald was captain of the castle of Forres, where the king “was accustomed to lie most commonly” when he was “in that country”. Some relations of his having been implicated in a rebellion, Donwald “made earnest labour and suyte to the king to have begged theirs pardon, but hauing a playne denial, he conceived soe inwardly malice towards the king, (though he shoved it not outwardly at the first) that the same continued still boyling in his stomake, and ceased not, till through setting on of his wife and in revenge of such ruthfullynesse, he founde means to murder the king within the foresayd Castell of Forres” (vol. v. p. 234). “Donwade thus being the more kindled in wrath by the wordes of his wife, determined to follow her advice in the execution of so haunous an act. Whereupon desuing with himselfe for a while, whiche way he might best accomplishe his cursed intention, at length he gate oportunitie and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanceth, that the king vpon the day before he purposed to deparke forth of the Castell, was long in his oratorie at his prayers, and there continued till it was late in the night, at the last comming forth he called suche afore him, as had faithituly served him in pursuit and appreheintion of the rebellis, and giving them hartie thankes, he bestowed sundry honoroble giftes amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had bene ever accomplishe a moste faithfull servaunt to the king. At length hauing talked with them a long time, he got him into his pryue chamber, only with two of his chamberlaynes, who hauing brought him to bedde came forth againe, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diuers delicate dishes, and

sundry sorts of drinke for theire aree supper or collation, whereat they sat vp so long, till they had charged theire stomakes with suche full gorges, that theire heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but a sleepe they were so fast, that a man might have runned the chamber over them, rather than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe. Then Donewalde though he abhorred the acte greatly in his harte, yet through instigation of his wife, he called four of his servants vnto him (whom he had made pruie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts) and now declaring vnto them, after what sorte they should worke the feaste, they gladly obeyed his instructions, and speedely going about the murder, they enter the chamber (in which the king lay) a little before cockes crow, where they secretly cut his throat as he lay sleeping, without any buscuing at all” (ut supra, pp. 234, 235). Then, after describing the precautions taken to throw off the scent of the murder, the narrative continues: “Donewalde aboute the time that the murder was a doing; got him amongst them that kepte the watch, and so continuued in companie with them at the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noyse was reysed in the kings chamber how the king was shaine, his body convysed away, and the bed all berayed with bloud, he with the watche ran thither as though he had knowned nothing of the mater, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed & on the floore about the sides of it, he forthwith slewe the chamberlynnes, as giltie of that haunous murder, and then like a madde man running to and fro, hee ransacked every corner within the castell, as though it had bene to haue scene if he might have founde either the body or any of ye murthers hid in any pryue place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, & finding it open, he hurried the chamberlaines whom he had shaine with al the fault, they hauing the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping at the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (sayd he) but that they were of counsel in the committing of that moste desestable murder. Finally sylche was his ouer earnest diligence in the inquisition and trial of the offenders herein, that some of the Lords began to mislike the mater, and to smell forth shrewlly tokens, that he shoulde not be altogether cleare himselfe: but for so much as they were in that country, where hee had the whole rule, what by reason of his frendes and authoritie together, they doubted to vitter what they thought till time and place shouulde better serue therevnto, and hereupon got them away every man to his home” (ut supra, p. 235).


Which gives the sternest good-night.

The Clarendon Press edd. compare Webster, The Duchess of Malfy, iv. 2-4:

I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

100. Line 6: I have drugged their dinners.—Malone quotes Randle Holms, Academy of Armoury, 1688, bk. 1

1 Literally, an after-supper; a late meal after the usual supper.
2 Bostaing.
3 Smear'd.
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT II. Scene 2.

III. p. 34: "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients boiled in it, which goes all to a card." It was customary to take a posset immediately before going to bed. There is an allusion to it in II. 1. 31.

101. Line 16: I heard the owls scream and the crickets cry.—Compare Ovid, Metamorphoses, x. 452, 453, where, just as the fated woman is entering the abhorred chamber, ter cœno Funeres hœc letali carmine fecit; thus translated by Sandys:

The funeral owle thrice rest
The ayre with ominous shrieker.
—Edn. 1652, p. 347.

George Meredith, in Margaret's Bridal-Eve, Part IV., has a wonderfully effective use of the same figure, when the bride is going to tell her bridegroom the secret of her shame:

She heard from the woods the heaviest cry.
—Modern Love, &c., 1862, p. 120.

102. Lines 35, 36:

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,"—the innocent sleep, &c.

This arrangement is Johnson's, and seems greatly preferable to that of Hamner, who gave all the lines from "sleep" down to "feast" to the voice.

103. Line 37: Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care.—F.I. print sleeve, which was probably intended to mean the same as sleeve. The word means the soft, raw, untwisted silk; it is sometimes known as floss-silk. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Florio: "Busella, any kind of sleeve or raw silke."

104. Lines 66, 67:

I'll gild the faces of the gowns withal; For it must seem their guilt.

Gild was often employed to represent smearing with blood. Compare ii. 3. 118: "golden blood;" and King John, ii. 1. 316. A similar pun on guilt and gild occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 129:

England shall double gild his treble guilt.

105. Lines 62, 63:

The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green-one red.

Incarnadine (from the Italian incarnadine, flesh colour) is used here in the sense of to dye red; the only example of the word as a verb up to the time of Shakespeare. Carew uses it in his Observations to the Lady Anne Hay, but no doubt with Shakespeare in mind. In the first three FF the second line is printed: Making the Greene one, Red," a slight and obvious printers' error in punctuation which some editors have actually had the incredible denseness to defend and even adopt! The three and more pages on these two lines in the Variorum Shakespeare are, so far as I know, quite the most amusing reading in any of those volumes. Whether waters might admit of discoloration; whether the allusion was not rather to the fishes, whose fin, however, "could suffer no change from the tint of blood;" corrective remarks concerning some "ingenious author" who had suggested that "Making the green-one red" might really be the right reading—a construction quite "unexampled;" these, and other such divagations of the learned fancy, will be found in these exasperating pages. [It is evident, from the use of the capital letters to both Greene and Red in F.I., that the interpretation given above is the right one.—F. A. M.]

ACT II. Scene 3.

106. Lines 1-47.—The authenticity of this scene, from lines 1-47, the one humorous passage in the play, has been vigorously denied and vigorously upheld. Coleridge (Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare, 1849, vol. i. p. 249) says: "This low soliloquy of the Porter, and his few speeches afterwards, I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent; and that, finding it take, he, with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed, just interpolated the words, 'I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.' Of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare."

Against this emphatic declaration of a great poet may be set the emphatic declaration, on the opposite side, of another great poet—Mr. Browning, who, in a letter printed in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, affirms his belief that the passage must have come from the hand of Shakespeare. For my part, I can see no particular reason to doubt that it is Shakespeare's, while I entirely fail to see that it is a very brilliant specimen of his humour, or at all above the capacity of Middleton, to whom some would assign it. In comparison with the Grave-digger's scene in Hamlet, to which the enthusiastic advocates of the Porter's scene would compare it, the humour here is, to my mind at least, of very middling quality. But I am far from being able to see that "not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare."

On the contrary, I think it is a roughly-written passage introduced by Shakespeare partly for the sake of dramatic contrast, partly to provide a part for the comic actor or low comedian, the clown. (After again seeing the play acted, it is evident that some such scene is necessary here in order to give time for Macbeth and Lady Macbeth to get rid of all traces of the murder from their hands, and for the former to recover his self-possession. Davenant, who makes Macduff and Lady Macduff both guests of Macbeth at this time, introduces a short scene between Lennox and Macduff, in which occur the following exquisite lines:

Macd. Rising this morning early, I went to look out of my Window, and I could scarce see farther than my breath;

The darkness of the night brought but few objects
To our eyes, but many to our ears.


This is "po'try" with a vengeance! I think most persons will prefer the Porter's prose, coarse though it be.—F. A. M.]

107. Line 2: he should have OLD turning the key.—Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15: "We shall have old swearing," for a similar use of old as an emphatic expletive. In A rden of Feversham, ii. 2. 34 (Bullen's reprint) we have "For here will be old itching when the press comes forth of Paulus."
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT II. Scene 3.

108. Line 5: Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty. — Malone compares Hall, Satires, iv. 6-8:
   Ech muck-worme will be riche with lawlouse gaine,
   Altho he another vp mowes of seven years graine,
   And hang'd himself when corn grow sweet again.

109. Line 16: a French hose. — Stubbins, in his Anatomie of Abuses, thus describes the French hose: "The frenches-hose are of two diuers makings, for the common frenche-hose (as they list to call them) containeth length, breadth, and sidenes sufficient, and is made very rounde. The other containeth neither length, breadth nor sidines (being not past a quarter of a yarde side), whereof some been paneled, cut and drawne out with costily ornamentes, with Canions annexed reaching downe beneath their knees" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 56). Shakespeare refers to French hose in Henry V. iii. 7. 56; and in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 80, Portia says: "I think he bought . . . his round hose in France."

110. Lines 21, 22: the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. — Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 50: "the primrose path of dalliance;" and All's Well, iv. 5. 57: "they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

111. Line 57: the second cock. — See Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 3. 4: the second cock hath crow'd, The curlew-hell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock.

112. Line 63: combustion. — Compare Henry VIII. v. 4. 51: "kindling such a combustion in the state." Cotgrave has "Combustion: f. A combustion, burning, or consummating with fire; also, a tumult, and hence Enter en combustion avec. To make a stirre, to raise an uproare, to keep an old coyle against."

113. Lines 72-74: Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence The life o' the building! "There is a confusion of metaphor. Reference is made in the same clause to 1 Samuel xxiv. 10, 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is the Lord's anointed;' and to 2 Corinthians vi. 16, 'For ye are the temple of the living God.'" (Clarendon Press ed.).

114. Line 81: Shake off this slowy sleep, death's counterfeit. — Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 364: "death-counterfeiting sleep."

115. Line 85: Ring the bell. — Theobald considered this to be a mere stage-direction that had crept into the text from the prompter's book; and a number of very respectable editors have followed him in omitting it. But it seems to me that the reiteration of the order is a very natural one, and the break in the metre not more serious than many others in the play.

116. Lines 96, 97: Had I but died an hour before this chance, I had liv'd a blessed time. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 472, 473:
   If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd To die when I desire

ACT II. Scene 4.

117. Line 107: Their hands and faces were all BRIGHT with blood. — Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 290: "murder's crimson badge."

118. Line 113: His silver skin laced with his golden blood. — See note 104 above for the likening of blood to gold (compare the red gold of old ballads). Johnson was certainly right in taking these curiously artificial metaphors as intended to convey a sense of Macbeth's dissimulation — "the studied language of hypocrisy."

119. Lines 121, 122: their daggers unmannedly breech'd with gore.

Farmer quotes from the 6th Dialogue of Ereondelle's French Garden, 1605: "Boy, go fetch your master's silver-hatched daggers, you have not brushed their breeches, bring the brushes," &c. Douce, on the other side, perhaps preferably, takes the more familiar breeches to be meant, and that "the expression, though in itself something unmannedly, simply means covered as with breeches." The Clarendon Press ed. compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 274: "strip your sword stark naked."

120. Lines 127, 128: What should be spoken here, where our fate, HID IN AN AUGER-HOLE, may rush, and write us? Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, speaking of the pretended powers of witches, mentions among other difficult fents, "They can go in and out at auger holes" (book i. chap. 4. Reprint, p. 8). The meaning here is that our fate may be concealed in the smallest hole or cunny.

ACT II. Scene 4.

With the porquets described in this scene compare Holinshed's description of those which followed the murder of King Duffe: "For the space of vj. moneths together after this haynous murder thus committed, there appeared no sunne by day, nor Moone by night in any parte of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clowdes, and sometimes such outrageous windes arose with lightnings and tempestes, that the people were in great feare of present destruction" (rol. v. p. 235). And again further on: "Monstrous sights also that were seene within the Scottishe kingdome that yere were these, horses in Lothian being of singular beautie and swiftnesse, did eate their owne flesh, & would in no wise taste any other meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a child without eyes, nose, hande, or foote. There was a Sparhawk also strangled by an Owle" (ut supra, p. 237).

121. Line 7: And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp. — F. 1, F. 2 have travelling, F. 3, F. 4 travelling, as most editors now print. It is possible there may be an allusion to both meanings — "struggling with difficulty onward." What are now two distinct words of different spelling were formerly used interchangeably, as were, eg. "metal" and "mettle."

122. Line 8: Is't night's PREDOMINANCE. — Predominance is an astrological term, referring to the planets whose power is at its height. Compare Lear, i. 2. 134.
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT III. Scene 1.

123. Line 12: A falcon, TOWERING in her pride of place.
   Both towering and place are technical terms in falconry.
   Place means "the greatest elevation which a bird of prey attains in its flight" (Gifford). Compare Massinger, The Guardian, i. 1:
   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 spring,
   He makes his swoop.
   "Works, p. 453, vol. i.

124. Line 29: rattin up.—"Ravin down" is used in the same sense in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 123. See note on that passage.

125. Lines 31, 32:
   He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
   To be investid.

Scone was called the Royal City of Scone or Scoan as early as the first decade of the tenth century after Christ. It was situated a little distance to the north of the town of Perth, and is now called Old Scone; New Scone being a little to the S.E. of it, nearer Perth. The Stone of Destiny was transferred to Scone, from Dunstaffnage in Argyllshire, by Kenneth Macalpine, soon after the foundation of an abbey there in 585. Many of the Scottish kings were crowned on this stone; till Edward I., having conquered Balliol, removed it to Westminster. In a separate stipulation, at the time of the Treaty of Northampton, the stone was to be restored to Scotland; but the restoration was never carried out. Sir Walter Scott tells us that it was originally brought from Ireland by "Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyllshire." It was used at the coronation of the present Queen, the chair of Edward the Confessor being placed upon it; and it is said that at that ceremony some small fragments of the stone were broken off. Charles II. was crowned at Scone, as a compliment perhaps to the Scotch, January 1st, 1651. This was after the defeat of the Scotch Cavaliers by Cromwell at Dunbar, but before the more decisive battle of Worcester.—F. A. M.

126. Line 33: Colume-kill.—The meaning of this word (according to Jamieson's Dict. sub voce) is the cell or chapel of St. Columba or Colum, who landed on this little island (better known as Iona) in the year 563, in order to preach Christianity. The ruins of the cathedral and monastery which were built on the island may still be seen. All the Scottish kings, from Kenneth III. to Macbeth inclusive, i.e. from 973 to 1049, were buried at Colum-kill.
   "To the Highlanders of the present day Iona is known as 'Lismen-Druimheach' or the Island of the Druids—as 'Bachalom-chille,' or the Island of Colum, of the Cell, or Cemetery, whence the English word Icolmkill is derived" (New Statistical Account of Scotland, 1845, vol. vii. p. 313).

127. Line 10: Semet sounded.—The Ff. print sentit.

128. Lines 41-44:
   Let every man be master of his time
   Till seven at night; to make society
   The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves
   Till supper-time.

The punctuation in the text is Theobald's, and seems very preferable to that of the Ff., which place a comma after night and a colon after welcome.

130. Lines 55-57:
   and under him
   My Genius is rebuk'd, as, it is said,
   Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

   1 Preconceived, predetermined.
Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 1s–22:

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being overpowered.

This is closely copied from North's Plutarch (ed. 1631, p. 192, lines 8–10).

131. Line 65: Thence to be wrench'd with an univocal hand.—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 2. 65: "He was torn to pieces with a bear." Compare note 129 below.

132. Line 65: fil'd.—This word, meaning defiled, of which it is apparently an abbreviation, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, ill. i. 62:

She lightly left out of her fil'd bed.

133. Line 70: To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings.—Ff. have wedes, which some editors adopt. Very many more agree in taking the plural to be a mere error of the press. No similar example has been adduced, except a few confessedly problematical ones from plays whose text is anything but dependable.

134. Line 72: And champion me to th' UTTERANCE!—This is, with fight with me a tendance. Cotgrave has "Courtoisie a violence. To fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or to the vittorsnot to spare one another in fighting." The word utterance is used again, in the same sense, by Shakespeare in Cymbeline, ill. 1. 73.

135. Line 81: How you were BOREN in hand.—See Taming of the Shrew, note 146; Measure for Measure, note 46. Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 65–67:

whereat griev'd,
That to his sickness, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand.

136. Line 88: Are you so GOSPEL'D.—Probably an allusion to the precept in the gospel, "Pray for them which despitefully use ye and persecute you" (Matt. v. 44).

137. Line 110: Have so incensed.—Ff. print hath; the reading is Rowe's.

138. Line 116: distance.—This word is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare in the sense it here has, "hostility," "antagonism as of opposing enemies." The Clarendon Press edd. give an instance of its use in Bacon, Essays, xv. 62: "setting them at distances, or at least distrust among themselves." Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Distance [dis]
discord, discordia."

139. Lines 129–131:

I will advise you where to plant yourselves, Accepting you, with a perfect spy, o' the time, The moment on't.

We have adopted a very simple emendation, first suggested by Johnson, of a for the, and the punctuation of Collier as said to be given by the old Corrector. This passage has been made the subject of much discussion by the commentators, but the meaning of it seems to be clear. The difficulty, supposed or real, lies in line 120; but if we take with to mean "by," "by means of," as it frequently does in Shakespeare (see line 62 above, and note 131), it is plain that Macbeth refers to his intention to acquaint the two Murderers, by means of one who may be trusted to watch Banquo closely, of the time when to commit the murder; and this interpretation is fully borne out by a passage in the third scene of this act. When the Three Murderers enter, it is evident that the first distrusts the man who has joined them, for he asks, "But who did bid thee join with us?" to which the Second Murderer answers:

He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers Our offices, and what we have to do, To the direction just.

This passage evidently means that the Third Murderer has brought them exactly the direction, which Macbeth promised to send them by the perfect spy, o' the time. The alteration of the to e makes the meaning clearer, though it is possible the right reading may be "By the perfect spy." Compare above, in the letter from her husband read by Lady Macbeth: "I have learn'd by the perfect report."

Steevens proposed to put a full stop after line 120, and to take Acquaint you as "Acquaint yourselves," and the perfect spy o' the time as "the exact time, the time most favourable to your purposes," which they were to spy out. Undoubtedly you is frequently used for yourselves but, on the whole, I think the interpretation given above is the preferable one.—F. A. M.

140. Line 154: To leave no RUBS nor bitches in the work.


ACT III. SCENE 2.

141. Line 13: We have SCOTCH'D the snake, not killed it.

—Scotch'd is Theobald's almost universally-accepted emendation of Ff.'s scotch'd. Scotch'd occurs again in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 158: "he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado." Scotch'd occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 7. 10, as a substantive of similar meaning to the verb, which means "to cut slightly."

142. Lines 19, 30:

better to be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace.

This is the reading of F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, with a large proportion of modern editors, print place; to my mind a much less impressive and a much less Shakespearean word. [There is no doubt much to be said in favour of the correction made by F. 2, obvious as it is, and perhaps suspiciously simple. Macbeth did not murder Duncan to gain peace, but to gain the throne. If this sentence referred to the murder of Banquo, peace would be the more appropriate word. For the use of place in the sense of a high dignity, we may compare Measure for Measure, R. 4. 92:

Whose credit with the judge, or on a great place.

Mr. Irving, it may be mentioned, retains in his acting-edition the reading of F. 1; in favour of which reading it may be said that Macbeth was not only thinking of the murder of Duncan, but also of the two grooms whom he had killed in order to secure his own safety.—F. A. M.]

143. Lines 29–35.—F. 1 prints these lines as in our text, except that in line 28 it has among instead of 'mong, the
ACT III. Scene 2.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

later being the correction of F. 2, which, however, in line 29 unnecessarily introduces the word still, reading:

Let your remembrance still apply to Banquo.

There is no need for the insertion of this word, as remembrance was, in Shakespeare's time, often pronounced as a quadrasyllable. Steevens, in his edition, 1793, who is followed by the Cambridge edd. and others, divided the two imperfect lines (31, 32) thus:

Unsafe the while, that we
Must love our honours in these flattering streams.

Malone arranges the passage thus:

Lady M. Come on; gentle my lord,
Skeat o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
Among your guests to-night.

Mac. So shall I, love;
And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
Apply to Banquo: present him eminence, both
With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we
Must love our honours in these flattering streams.

Steevens thought that something had been omitted from the text after the words Unsafe the while, and suggested that Shakespeare might have written:

Unsafe the while it is for us, that we.

I would suggest that while was intended to be connected closely with the words that see, and that line 31 in Ff. should have read something like this:

Unsafe, alas! we rest the while that we, or
Unsafe we needs must rest the while that we;

the meaning being, not that Macbeth and his wife were unsafe because they had to flatter Banquo, but that they were unsafe in spite of their stooping to that; and therefore there was a stronger motive for his removal; as, while he lived, flatter him as they might, they could never be safe.—F. A. M.

144. Line 33: But in them nature's copy's not eternal.—This is very likely an allusion to legal phraseology, though some have supposed nature's copy to mean man, formed in the image of God. Cowell, in his Interpreter, has "Copie holde (facerna per copiam rotuli curiae)" a tenure, for the which the tenant hath nothing to shew, but the copie of the Rolls made by the Steward of his Lord's court.

... some copyhold is feeble, and some certain; that which is feeble, the lord taketh at his pleasure" (First Edn. (1607) sub voce). The word etern, for eternal, is only used by Shakespeare here, and in Hamlet, ii. 2. 512.

145. Line 42: The shald-borne beetle.—F. 3, F. 4 print shald-borne, which some suppose to mean born among shalds, or in dung. But in one or two places Shakespeare has linked shald with beetle in a way that leaves no doubt as to the meaning—the scaly wings of the beetle. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his shald, and he their beetle;

and Cymbeline, iii. 3. 20: "The shalded beetle." (The scientific name for the wing-cases is elytra; anyone, who has observed beetles, knows the startling effect when these hard elytra are suddenly opened, and the membraneous underwings (which in some beetles are very large in proportion to their body) are suddenly unfolded, and the insect, that was just now walking or running, is borne away in rapid flight. The shalds or elytra remain movable during flight, but probably help to buoy up the insect while on the wing.—F. A. M.)

146. Lines 46, 47: Come, see! by night,
Scarce up the tender eye of pitted day.

Seel is a term in falconry, meaning to saw up the eyes of a hawk. Compare Othello, i. 3. 270; iii. 3. 210; and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 12. 112. Cotgrave has "Siller les yeux. To seele, or sow vp, the eye-lids, (& thence also), to hoodwine, blind, keepe in darknesse, deprive of sight."

147. Lines 50, 51: Light thickens, and the crow
Makes weig to the rooky wood.

Rooky may be meant for "frequent by rocks" (which to me seems rather the preferable interpretation, so far as sense is concerned), or for "dusky, gloomy," or "foogy." The Clarendon Press edd. cite the Promptuariu Parvulorum: "Roky, or mysty. Nebulous." [Rooky is given in Grove's Provincial Glossary as "misty," and in Eayle as "mysty;" both authorities state it to be a North-country word. It is given in Brockett, but not in the Yorkshire, Westmoreland, or Tyneside Glossaries; and I have always heard reek, not rook or ruk, used for "smoke" in the North. Steevens proposes to read "makes wing to rook t' the wood," and quotes III. Henry VI. v. 6. 47:

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top
(see note 333 of that play). Chancer uses route and rucking in the sense of "to lie close;" and Gower in the Confessio Amantis, bk. iv., has, speaking figuratively of the priests or monks:

And now they ruck ten in her nest
And resten as he there best.

Rooky wood may mean here the wood into which the crow went to rook or root.—F. A. M.]

ACT III. Scene 3.

148. Line 6: Now spurs the lated travellers pace.—Lated, for belated, occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 3.

ACT III. Scene 4.

149. Line 5: Our hostess keeps her state.—The state was a chair of state, placed on a raised platform at the head of the table, and covered with a canopy. Cotgrave has "Daiz, or Daiz. A cloth of Estate, Canopie, or Heaven, that stands over the heads of Princes thrones also, the whole State, or seat of Estate." Compare Coriolanus, v. 4. 22; Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 50; and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 415.

150. Line 6: We will require her welcome.—Require, here, as in some other places in Shakespeare, means simply "ask," not "demand." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 12. 12.

151. Line 14: 'Tis better thee without than he within.—The grammar of this line is faulty, however we take it; but the meaning is either "It is better outside thee than inside him," or "It is better for his blood to be on thy face than for him to be within."
ACT III. Scene 4.

NOTES TO MACBETH.

152. Line 24: cabin'd, cribb'd.—Cabin as a verb occurs in Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 179: “And cabin in a cave.” Crib, in the present sense, is not known to occur anywhere but in this passage.

153. Line 27: With twenty TRENCHED gashes on his head.
And Moshes name, a scandal unto mine,
Is deeply trench'd in my blushing brow.

154. Line 32: We'll hear ourselves again.—Punctuated as in the text (the punctuation of the F.) the meaning may be taken to be, We'll talk with one another again. Ourselves again has been understood as the ablative absolute, “when we are ourselves again;” and Dyce rendered the sense certainly easier, but perhaps not better, by punctuating, We'll hear, ourselves, again.

155. Line 41: Here the GRAC'D person of our Banquo present.—Compare Lear, i. 4. 267, where grac'd is used, as here, in the sense of “gracious.”

156. Line 55: upon a thought.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 241: “and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid;” i.e. as quick as thought.

157. Line 63: O, these FLAWS and starts.—Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 239, and see note on that passage.

158. Line 70: Ere human statute yond'g the gentle weal.—F. read humane, which in Shakespeare’s time was often spelt humane. The latter is Theobald’s reading, and seems preferable. “Gentle,” say the Claremonton Press ed., “is to be taken prophetically. ‘Ere humane statute purged the common weal and made it gentle.’”

159. Line 73: the time has been.—F. 1 prints times has, which the later F. correct into times have, a reading less easily explained as a printer’s error, and not so good in sense.

160. Line 84: Your noble friends do lack you.—Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 152: “I cannot lack thee two hours.”

161. Line 85: Thou hast no SPECULATION in those eyes.
—Compare Trosius and Cressida, iii. 3. 109. Singer quotes Bullotar, Expositor, 1810: “Speculation, the inward knowledge, or beholding of a thing.”


163. Lines 105, 106:
If trembling I inhabsit, then protest me The baby of a girl.

This is one of the many difficult passages in the text of Macbeth, perhaps the most difficult. Is inhabsit a printer’s or copyist’s error or not; and if not, what does it mean? Many emendations have been proposed, the most generally accepted of which is “If trembling I inhabit thee,” the meaning of which is, I suppose, “If trembling with fear I bid thee avert, or fear to encounter thee.” Shakespeare uses inhabited twice in the sense of “forbidden,” in All’s Well, i. 1. 157, and Othello, i. 2. 79. But if this emendation be right, the word would have something of its legal sense here, much the same as in which the noun inhabitition is used in the well-known passage in

Hamlet, ii. 2. 346. One would certainly have expected this very slight alteration (inhabited thee) to have been made in the text by one of the later Folios, if the line had ever been spoken thus; but it looks here very much as if Shakespeare had used a very unusual word—or rather expression—purposely; and we must search for its meaning, if any, in the context. Macbeth has already said to the spectre of Banquo (lines 100, 101):

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The armed thenceoros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
and it is possible that the wild beasts suggested the kindly idea of the desert inhabited by none but wild beasts; and that the meaning may be “If trembling I inhabit,” i.e. “keep in my cave or hiding-place, instead of coming out into the open to meet you.” Schmidt plausibly explains inhabit as “to put on a habit,” but he produces no instance of the use of the word in that sense. In that case trembling is the accusative, and the meaning is “If I then put on the habit of fear.” It is scarcely necessary to go into any of the other emendations proposed. The only question is whether we should adopt the punctuation of F. 1:

If trembling I inhabit then, protest mee The Baby of a Gute.

Taking inhabit to have something of the sense we have assigned to it above, and to be used absolutely, we prefer the punctuation of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, which has the comma after inhabit and not after then. I can find no instance of exhibit being used as in modern times—“to show”—with regard to a feeling such as anger, fear, &c.; otherwise one might venture on the emendation “If trembling I exhibit,” which I find has been previously proposed by A. Hunter, and before him by Robinson, in The Gentleman’s Magazine in 1790 (vol. ix. p. 1201).—F. A. M.

The BABY of a girl; i.e. a girl’s doll; or perhaps it should be taken literally. For the former sense see Colgrave under Poupée and its derivatives, and especially Poupetier, a baby-maker, or puppet-maker.

164. Line 111: And overcome us like a summer’s cloud.
—Overcome is used in the sense of “come over,” “over-shadow.” Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, iii. 7. 4:
All cover’d with thick woods that quite it overcame.

165. Lines 115, 116:
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is bleack’d with fear.

Malone and many subsequent editors change is to are, taking the word to apply to cheeks. But it may just as well relate to the natural ruby, i.e. the colour, of the cheeks.

166. Line 122: It will have blood; they say blood will have blood. —F. print:
It will have blood they say: Blood will have blood.

The pointing in the text was first introduced by Whalley. A few editors follow the F.; but Johnson (Miscellaneous Observations on Macbeth) is probably right in his interpretation: “Macbeth justly infers that the death of Duncan cannot go unpunished, ‘It will have blood!’” Then after a short pause declares it as the general observation of mankind, that murderers cannot escape.” I cannot
help feeling, however, that, to the ear at least, the reading of the Ff. is more harmonious and more impressive.

167. Line 123: *Shakespeare, notes have been known to move, and trees to speak.*—Mr. Paton (in Notes and Queries, Nov. 6, 1869) suggested that there was an allusion, in the first clause of this line, to the rocking-stones (one of which was near Glamis Castle), by which it was thought that the Druids tried persons suspected of crimes. In the trees that speak we have, perhaps, an allusion to the story in Virgil of the bleeding tree which revealed to Aeneas the murder of Polydorus (Aenid, bk. iii. ll. 22-28).

168. Line 124: *Augurs and understood relations;* i.e. soothsaying and knowledge of the secret links of things. *Auguris* is spelt *Augures* in Ff. Florio, 1598, has "Augguro, an augur, a soothsaying, . . . a wishing of good hap, a forboding."

169. Line 140: *seam'd.*—This word is used, as here, for carefully examined into, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 75: "That would be seam'd."

170. Line 144: *indeed.*—Ff. have *indeed*, as one word. The rectification was made by Theobald.

ACT III. Scene 5.

171. Stage-direction. "Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate."—Hecate, the "infernal" name of Diana in Roman mythology, was, in the middle ages, generally supposed to be the goddess or mistress of witches. In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft (Book 3, Chap. xvi.), we read that "Certaine generall counells, by their decrees, have confounded the confusion and erronious credulitie of witches, to be vaine, fantastical and fabulons . . . to wit; their night walkings and meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods; &c. . . . The words of the counsell are these; It may not be omitted, that certaine wicked women following satans provocations, being seduced by the illusion of divels, believe and profess, that in the night times they ride abroad with Diana, the goddessse of the *Pagan*, or else with Herodias, with an innumerable multitude, upon certaine beasts, and passe over manie countries and nations, in the silence of the night, and do whatsoever those fairies or ladies command, &c." (Reprint, p. 51).

172. Line 1: *Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.*—*Hecate* is spelt in F. 1, F. 2 *Hecat*, as, of course, it must be pronounced.1 The name is always so accented in Shakespeare. In 1. Henry VI. iii. 2. 64 it is, however, a trisyllable. It is used as a dissyllable in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*, ii. 3, and in Milton's *Comus*. *Angerly*, for angrily, is used in two other passages: Two Gent. of *Verona*, i. 2. 62, and King John, iv. 1. 82.

173. Lines 23, 24:

"Upon the corner of the moon 
There hangs a vaporous drop profound."

"This vaporous drop," says Steevens, "seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the an-

1 In the music to Middleton's *Witch*, mentioned in the Introduction, it is written *Hecat.*—F. A. M.

2 It is "Over steeples" in the music to the Witch mentioned in the Introduction.
NOTES TO MACBETH.  

ACT IV. Scene 1.

183. Line 8: Sweeter'd venom.—Steevens quotes an old translation of Boccace's Novels, 1630, "...an huge and mighty toall even wettering (as it were) in a hole full of poison." As for the question of the venom rightly or wrongly attributed to the toad, see note 202 to Richard II.

184. Line 16: Adder's fork.—See note 203 to Richard II.

185. Line 17: howlet's wing.—Pope, who altered everything, altered howlet to owlet. But howlet was the spelling of Shakespeare's time. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "Hoivlet, bubs;" and Cotgrave, "Hoivette. An Howlet, or the little Horne-Owle."

186. Line 23: Witches' mummy.—Mummy was formerly used as a medicine. Compare Webster, The White Devil, i. 11. 12: 

Your followers
Have swallowed you like mummies, and, being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physic,
Vomit you up! the kennel.

Sir Thomas Browne, Hydriotaphia, v., says: "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyses spared, avarice now consumes. Mummy is become merchandize, Mzrnam cures wounds, and Pharaosh is sold for bytesmans."

187. Line 24: ravin'd, i.e. glutted with prey. Compare Phineas Fletcher's Locusta, 1627, c. iii. st. 15: 

Whom that Greeke leopard no sooner spide,
But she, devor'd, and fill'd his empty maw:
But with the ravine pray his bowels broke;
So into fowre divides his brazen yake.

See ravin up, ii. 4. 28 above; ravin down, Measure for Measure, i. 2. 133; and ravin (as an adjective) in All's Well, iii. 2. 139.

188. Line 25: slicier'd.—Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To sliver, verb. act. (or cut into slivers) Couper en tranchees." The verb is used again in Lear, iv. 2. 34, and the noun in Hamlet, iv. 7. 174.

189. Line 22: slab.—Boyer has slabby ("plashy, full of dirt"). Slab seems to be used here for slinky. The word, as an adjective, is not found elsewhere.

190. Line 34: ingredients.—The Ff. have ingredience. The correction is Rowe's.

191. Line 38: Stage-direction. Enter Hecate.—This stage-direction is Ritson's. The Ff. have "Enter Hecate, and the other three witches." As the other three witches were already on the stage it is difficult to see how they can now enter. Duce gives examples of similarly-worded stage-directions from Cowley's Cuffer of Coleman Street.

192. Line 43: Stage-direction. Music and a song: "Black spirits," &c. — As is pretty generally known, the stage-direction indicates the introduction of the song begin-
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

194. Line 50: *germens.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *germaine;* F. 3, F. 4 *germaine;* Pope reads *germaines;* Theobald *germaines,* and the Cambridge editors *germens.* The same word, spelt *germaines* and *germaine* in the originals, occurs in a similar connection and sense in Lear, iii. 2. 8, which makes it very unlikely that the reading of F. is right, or that it means, as Pope supposed, "relations or kindred elements."

195. Line 62.—"The armed head, represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child, is Macduff untimely ripp'd from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm; who ordered his soldiers to liew them down a bough and bear it before them to Dunsinane" (Upton, Critical Observations on Shakespeare, First Edn. 1746, p. 53).

196. Lines 89, 81: none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

This prophecy, together with the one contained in lines 92-94 below—

Macbeth shall never vanish'd be untill
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him—

may be found in Holinshed: "a certeine witch, whom hee had in great trust, had told that he should never be shaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane" (Reprint, vol. v. p. 274).

197. Line 90: *bodements.*—This word is only used by Shakespeare in one other passage, in Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 79, 80:

This foolish, dreaming, superstitions girl
Makes all these bodements.

198. Line 97: *Rebellions head rise never.*—The Ff. have *Rebellions dead.* The reading in the text is Hanner's, said to be from a conjecture of Theobald's. [On referring to Theobald's Shakespeare Restored (First Edn. 1726) I find that he gives "Rebellions head rise never," adding in a note-foot "or Rebellions head" (Appendix, p. 157). We have followed Theobald in omitting any comma after head; nearly all the editors insert one, although it changes the construction if not the sense of the emendation.—F. A. M.]

199. Line 111: A show of eight Kings.—Holinshed gives (vol. v. pp. 272, 273) a long account of how Banquo's descendants became ultimately kings of Scotland. Fleance, after his escape from the murderers of his father, took refuge in Wales with the prince of that country, by whose daughter he became the father of a natural son, Walter, who subsequently came to Scotland, and having distinguished himself very much, was made Lord Steward of the realm, and so took the name of Steward (which afterwards became Stewart or Sturt). His great-grandson, who was also named Walter, had a son John, who married the heiress of Bouill. This John was killed at Falkirk, leaving a son, also called Walter, who married Margerie Bruce, daughter of Robert Bruce, by whom he had a son, who succeeded to the throne as King Robert the Second. He was the first of the eight kings, the next

190. Line 155: *Though bladed corn be lodged.*—There are a number of references to the fancy of witches for transferring corn from one place to another in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft. The nearest parallel with the words in the text is in chap. 4. "And first Oed affirneth, that they can raise and suppress lightening and thunder, raine and haile, clouds and winds, tempests and earthquakes. Others do write, that they can pull downe the moone and the staires. Some write that with wishing they can send needles into the livers of their enemies. Some that they can transferre cornse in the blade from one place to another." (Reprint, p. 8). For lodged = "beaten down by the wind," compare Richard II. iii. 3. 162, and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 176:

Like to the summer's corn by tempest *lodged*;

and see note 199 in the latter play.

193. Line 55: *Though bladed corn be lodged.*—There are a number of references to the fancy of witches for transferring corn from one place to another in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft. The nearest parallel with the words in the text is in chap. 4. "And first Oed affirmeth, that they can raise and suppress lightening and thunder, raine and haile, clouds and winds, tempests and earthquakes. Others do write, that they can pull downe the moone and the staires. Some write that with wishing they can send needles into the livers of their enemies. Some that they can *transferre* cornse in the blade from one place to another." (Reprint, p. 8). For lodged = "beaten down by the wind," compare Richard II. iii. 3. 162, and II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 176:

Like to the summer's corn by tempest *lodged*;

and see note 199 in the latter play.
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

being Robert III. and the last James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; and it is the latter that shows a glass to Macbeth, and not Banquo, as it says in the stage-direction of F. 1. Marie Stuart is omitted, for any allusion to that ill-fated queen would have been no less unpleasant to her son than it would have been to her late "dear friend and cousin," Queen Elizabeth. It is rather curious to think what Macbeth might have seen in the glass, had Shakespeare been endowed with any prophetic powers. Could it have shown Macbeth the ultimate fate of the Steward or Stuart family, he might have been consolated by the reflection that in Banquo's case, as in his own, "royal honours" proved not to be an unnegligible blessing. — F. A. M.

200. Line 119: And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass.—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 95, and see note 78.

201. Line 123: For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.—Steevens and Malone both say that bolter'd is a word well known in Warwickshire, meaning to bemoan, befoul. Compare Arden of Feversham, iii. 1. p. 44 (ed. Bullien):

Me thinks I see them with their bolster'd hair,
Staring and grinning in th' gentle face;
where bolstered apparently means, as bolstered here, "matted with sweat or blood." Steevens quotes Holland's Pliny, xii. 17, where, speaking of a goat's beard, he says: "Now by reason of dust getting among, it bolstereth and cluttereth into knobs and bals."

202. Line 155: But no more sights!—Collier, on the authority of his MS. Corrector, altered sights to flights, a very intelligible error of typography, but no improvement, that I can see, to the sense of the passage. Is it any wonder that Macbeth has had enough of sights for the present?

ACT IV. Scene 2.

203. Line 9: the poor wren.—Harting (Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 143) says: "There are three statements here which are likely to be criticised by theornithologist. First, that the wren is the smallest of birds, which is evidently an oversight. Secondly, that the wren has sufficient courage to fight against a bird of prey in defence of its young, which is doubtful. Thirdly, that the owl will take young birds from the nest."

I think that Mr. Harting is a little hypercritical here. The common wren, Troglodytes vulgaris, is indeed not absolutely the smallest of British birds, for the golden-crested Regulus, otherwise called the golden-crested wren, is smaller. Yarrell gives as the length of the common wren four inches, and as the length of the golden crested Regulus three inches and a half. The smallest of the tits is slightly larger than the wren.

The little wren is very bold and very familiar; but it is the common blue tit or Billy Biter, as the small boys call him, which is most especially vigorous in the defence of its nest. As to the accusation against the barn-door owl of taking young birds from the nest, Mr. Harting gives, on pp. 91-94, a most interesting summary of the evidence for and against the accused. It must be confessed that the circumstantial evidence is rather against the owl; though he has found a vigorous defender in the late Charles Waterton. The wren has been the small centre of many traditions. For some unknown reason Jenny Wren was married to Cock Robin; and I believe, with due deference to the translator, that the Zaunkönig (hedge-king) of the Tales, numbered 102 and 171 respectively, in Grimm's collection (see Margaret Hunt's Translation of Household Tales, vol. ii.) was intended to be the common wren, to be seen in every hedgerow, and not the willow-wren or willow-warbler, a member of the family of the Sylvidae, and no relation to our friend Jenny.—F. A. X.]

204. Lines 19-22: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move.

This is one of the many obscure and difficult passages in this play which one scarcely knows how to treat; for one cannot make them clear and intelligible without such a radical alteration of the text, as the most audacious commentator may fear to perpetrate. It is much safer to retain the text of the Folio, in spite of its apparent obscurity, if by the aid of that text we can make any sense of the passage in question. Ross is trying to excuse to Lady Macbeth the apparent cowardice of her husband in flying from his country, and leaving her and her children to the mercy of Macbeth. He says:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves;

the meaning of which is generally taken to be "When we are traitors and do not know ourselves to be traitors;" in which case we should have expected that the text would have been, as Hamner printed it, "and know't ourselves." It may be that the meaning of these words is "When we are,"—that is to say, "act as if we were—traitors, and do not know ourselves, i.e. the exact motive or effect of our own actions." This meaning seems to coincide with what follows. He continues "when we hold rumour, that is to say "entertain or believe rumour, from what we fear, i.e. "interpreting it by the aid of our fears," or "giving it the shape of our fears," yet know not what we fear, but float upon a wild and violent sea; being tossed up and down and driven each way without any control over our own movements." The words each way and move are those in which the chief difficulty lies. Shakespeare never uses move as a substantive, but always as a verb; and, if we understand it here as equivalent to "move up and down with the chopping action of the waves," it makes very good sense. However elliptical the expression may appear, we have a similar use of the verb in Cambell, iii. 1. 26—29:

and his shipping—
Poor ignorant babblers—en our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily against our rocks.

Ross's meaning may be thus paraphrased: "The times are cruel when such is the uncertainty and agitation of men's minds, that they play the part of traitors to their own duties, and lose the power of perceiving the effect of their own actions;" or, "when they are set down as traitors to their ruler, without the consciousness of having done anything to deserve it. At such times, when the
minds of men are full of a vague fear, and every idle
rumour takes its shape from these fears, they feel certain
of nothing; they have no sense of security in anything,
but are like persons tossed about on the waves of a stormy
sea, driven this way and that at the caprice of the billows."
—F. A. M.

205. Line 34: Poor bird! thou'dat never fear the net nor
life.—F. 5, F. 3, F. 4 read line. Doubtless a misprint,
which only two editors, singularly enough, seem to have
adopted into their text, Pope and Capell.

206. Line 50: Note, God help thee, poor Monkey!—Mon-
key is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare as a term of
endearment; but ape is thus used in two places, ii.
Henry IV. ii. 4, 234, and Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 16.

207. Line 53: Thou lievet, thou shag-hair'd villain!—
ft. print shag-carr'd. The reading here, and generally,
adopted is Steevens' conjecture, first used by Dyce. The
expression is quite common in the dramatists of the time.
Compare ii. Henry VI. iii. 1. 367: "like a shag-hair'd
crafty kern." Shag-hair'd occurs twice as a term of des-
criptive abuse in Cyril Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy, ii. 7.
(Mernland ed. p. 284): "In the meantime comes a shag-
haired dog by;" and v. 2 (p. 355): "Down, you shag-
haired cut" (spoken by D'Amville to the headman).

208. Line 58: you egg!—Compare pigeon-egg, Love's
Labour's Lost, v. 1. 78, and fish-egg, Troilus and Cres-
sida, v. 1. 41.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

This scene (down to line 130) follows Holinshed very
closely, in many parts almost textually. It is indeed so
close a transcript that it is unnecessary to give the prose
at length. Perhaps the fact that Shakespeare has here
merely turned prose into verse is the reason why the
scene is (to my thinking, at least) so tame and artificial
compared with the rest of the play. I can never feel that
this interview between Malcolm and Macduff (of course
I refer to the first 130 lines) has been treated by Shake-
spere in a really convincing way; long before I was aware
of its authority in Holinshed, I always felt as if I were
reading a narrative, not overhearing a conversation. I
think Shakespeare must have written it out of a sense of
duty, or of historical fidelity, and that having no interest
in it himself he was content to copy tamely. The incom-
parable latter part of the scene has no basis in Holinshed
beyond the barest statement that "Malcolm most cruelly
caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all whom
he found in that castell, to be slain."

209 Line 4: birthdom.—This word is spelt birthdom in
the Ft. It means of course "birthright," and is formed
by analogy with the numerous English words ending in
"dom," such as "kingdom," or the word used in i. 5. 71
above, "masterdom."

210 Line 15: deserer.—Ft. have discern. Theobald
altered this to deserre, which has been generally accepted.

211 Lines 19, 20:
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge.

Recoil is used in the same slightly irregular sense ("give
way under," "swerve") in v. 2. 23 below, and in Cymbel-
ine, i. 6. 128. "Perhaps," say the Clarendon Press edds.,
"Shakespeare had in mind the recoil of a gun, which
suggested the use of the word 'charge,' though with a
different signification."

212. Line 34: after'd.—F. 1, F. 2 have after'd, F. 3
after'd, F. 4 after'd. The spelling in the text was adopted
by Steevens after Heath's conjecture. After is a legal
term meaning to assess, estimate, and also to confirm.
We find in Cowell's Interpreter: "Afferre may probably
bee thought to proceed from the french (afferetare, alias
affadat) affir (i.e. confirmare, affirmare). It signifieth
in our common law those that be appointed in Court-leets,
&c. upon oath to mulct such as have committed faults
arbitrably punishable, and have no expresse penalty
set downe by statute" (edn. 1607, C. 1). Boyer (Fr. Diet.)
has "To Affer, a. (A Term used in the Exchequer, that
is, to confirm by Oath)."

34, 35:
As humorous at winter, and as sudden
As flaws concealed in the spring of day.

214. Line 71: Convey your pleasures in a spacious
plenty.—Convey is once or twice used by Shakespeare
with the meaning of "conduct," "manage secretly," as in
Lear, i. 2. 100: "I will seek him, sir, presently; convey
the business I shall find means, and acquaint you withal."

215. Line 86: summer-seeming.—Various needless at-
ttempts have been made to amend this epithet, which
requires no amendment. Last is compared to the brief
and passing heat of summer; avarice takes deeper root,
and has no date or intermission. Compare Donne's
Love is Alchemy:
So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a Winter-seeming Sommer's night.
—Poems (Grosart's edn.), vol. i. p. 199.

216. Line 88: foison; i.e. plenty, used generally in
the singular = harvest. Shakespeare employs it again
in The Tempest, iv. 1. 110, 111:
Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garnerers never empty.

217. Line 108: And does blasphemè his breed.—Boyer,
in his French Dictionary, has "To Blaspheme, to speak
Evil of;" and Bacon, Advancement of Learning, i. 2. § 9,
speaks of "blasphemy against learning."

218. Line 111: Died every day she live'd.—This is
probably derived from 1 Cor. xv. 31: "I die daily." [Note
that in F. 1 'live'd' is printed thus, and not 'lived' as Dyce
prints it. This is one of those minutiae of rhythm con-
cerning which the Folio is generally trustworthy.
Shakespeare could never have meant the final ed of lived
to be pronounced here. The defective metre is supplied
naturally by the speaker's pausing before he says Fare thee
well.—F. A. M.]

219. Line 113: Have banish'd me.—Ft. print hath. The
correction or modernization is Rowe's.

220. Line 115: trains; i.e. devices. Boyer (Fr. Diet.)
has "Train (a trap or wheedle), Eunuches, piege, amorce,
ruse, †attraipoire." The word is derived from the French Traine, "a plot, practise, conspiracie, devise" (Cotgrave). It is only used as a noun in the present passage, but it occurs as a verb in Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 45, &c.

221. Line 133: before thy here-approach. — F. 1 has they for thy. With here-approach compare my here-remain, line 148 below.

222. Line 134: Old Siward. — This famous warrior was, undoubtedly, a historical personage, although a great deal of tradition surrounds his origin. His grandfather was said to be a bear, not in a figurative but in a literal sense. According to Palgrave, referred to by French, Siward encouraged this fable as tending to enhance his fame. He was a successful general under Haraldcane, and afterwards under Edward the Confessor, when he defeated the rebel Earl Godwin and his sons. He was the uncle of Malcolm, and partly for that reason was selected to help that young prince in his effort to regain the throne which Macbeth had usurped. Siward's eldest son Osborne (the young Siward of this play) was killed in the action before Macbeth's castle. Earl Siward's wife was Eftreda, daughter of Aldred. By her he left a son Waltheof, who was beheaded by William the Conqueror, much to the sorrow of the English people, and was subsequently canonized as Saint Waltheof. One of Waltheof's daughters, Mand, married Prince David, youngest son of Malcolm Canmore, and two of their grandchilden became kings of Scotland as Malcolm IV. and William the Lion, while the third grandson, David (the Kenneth of Sir Walter Scott's Talisman), had two daughters, from whom sprang Balliol and Bruce: so that, as French justly observes, the earlike Siward had as good a claim as Banquo "to be called the ancestor of kings." — F. A. M.

223. Line 135: Already at a point. — Rowe prints all ready in two words. At a point means prepared. The Clarendon Press edd. quote an instance from Foxe's Acts and Monuments, ed. 1570, p. 2002: "The Register there sitting by, beynig weery, bolyke, of tarrying, or els perconayng the constant Martyrs to be at a point, called vpon the chancehore in hast to rid them out of the way and make an end." Florio has: "Essere in punto, to be in a readiness, to be at a point."  

224. Lines 136, 137:

the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel.

"Chance of goodness is equivalent to 'successful issue,' and like is also to be understood in connection with it; —may the issue correspond in goodness to our good, righteous cause. 'Chance of goodness' forms one idea like 'time of scorn,' Othello, iv. 2. 54" (Delius). The Clarendon Press edd. take the meaning to be "May the chance of success be as certain as the justice of our quarrel."  

225. Lines 142, 143:

their malady convinces
The great assay of art.

Convinces is used here, as in i. 7. 64, in the sense of "overpowers." Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 103, 104: "Your Italy contains none so accomplisht a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress." As for assay, Furness quotes Cotgrave: "Prenue: f. A proove, tryull, essay, experiment, experience."

226. Line 146: 'Tis call'd the evil. — This passage about touching for the evil, that is to say scrofula or the king's evil, as it was commonly called, is supposed to have been inserted out of compliment to James I. Edward the Confessor was the first king who was said to have had this power, as Shakespeare might have learned from Holinshed's Chronicles, in the Eighth Book of the History of England, where we are told: "He used to help those that were vexed with the disease, commonly called the kings evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors the kings of this realm." (vol. i. p. 754). Many of the subsequent kings of England claimed and exercised this power. Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII., mentions it: "The kings of England by the power that god hath given to the, doth make sicke men whole of a sycknes called the kynges engil." (Reprint, C. 1. r). The same miraculous power was claimed for the kings of France. James I. was fond of exercising this supposed power, and so was his son. Charles II. touched for the king's evil when in exile, and also after the Restoration. In his case the virtue of his touch must have been certainly inherited from some very remote ancestor. Everyone who has read Boswell's Life of Johnson will remember that the great doctor recollected being taken, "when but thirty months old," to be touched by Queen Anne in 1712. This touch, however, was without any effect (Boswell's Life, ed. 1874, vol. i. p. 15). It was also the custom to hang some gold coin about the sufferer's neck (see below, line 158); but this additional consolation was certainly not administered by Edward the Confessor. When Charles II. touched in exile, from motives of economy he dispensed with the coin; but when he came to the throne, a special medal was struck called a touch-piece. The Clarendon Press edn. tell us that the identical touch-piece, hung round the neck of Samuel Johnson by Queen Anne, has been preserved in the British Museum. — F. A. M.

227. Line 168: Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air. — Rent, the reading of the F., was an alternative form of rend. It does not seem worth while to modernize it. This form occurs in Shakespeare in five other places, viz. in Midsum. Night's Dream, iii. 2. 215; iii. Henry VI. iii. 2. 175; Richard III. i. 2. 126 (where the Q. have rend); and in Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 261, and Lover's Complaint, 55, both works of doubtful authenticity.

228. Lines 169, 170:

where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy.

Modern is used in a number of places in the sense of trite and commonplace. Compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 156:

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

Ecstasy was used for any commotion of mind, pleasurable or the reverse. Compare iii. 2. 22 above. In Hamlet, iii. 1. 168, in Ophelia's beautiful speech, and elsewhere, it is used for "madness." 423
NOTES TO MACBETH.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

229. Lines 176, 177:

Macd.

How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31-32:

Metro. First, madam, he is well.

With sirrah, mark, we see

To say the dead are well.

230. Line 195: Where hearing should not latch them.

-Furness (New Var. Ed. p. 247) quotes Wedgewood’s Dictionary: “Latch. To catch. Anglo-Saxon, lecan, gleancan, to catch, to seize; Gael. glae, catch.” Compare Sonnet, exiii. 5, 6:

For it no form delivers to the heart

Of bird, or flower, or shape, which it doth latch.

also Midsummer Night’s Dream, iii. 2. 36, and see note 175 of that play.

231. Line 196: a fee-grish; i.e. a grief that has a single owner.

“... it must, I think, be allowed that the attorney has been guilty of a flat trespass on the poet” (Steevens). Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 54: “a kiss in fee-fairies.”

232. Line 210: Whispers the o’er fraught heart. — “Whispers is often used without a preposition before a personal object. Rarely as here, or in Much Abo, iii. 1. 4 [‘Whisper her ear’]” (Abbott, Sh. Grammar, § 200).

233. Line 235: This tune goes many. — All the Folios have time, which seems to be a manifest misprint; in fact, one so very obvious that, for that very reason, it may have escaped correction. It is quite clear how very easily the two words may be mistaken for one another. The emendation was first made by Rowe, and is followed by most editors; and, as Malone remarks, it is supported by a previous passage in the same play, i. 3. 88: “To the selfsame tune and words.” Gifford in one of his wonderful “how-wow!” notes to The Roman Actor of Massinger, act ii. scene 1, snears at this emendation, and says: “Time, however, was the more ancient and common term: nor was it till long after the age of Massinger, that the use of it, in the sense of harmony, was entirely superseded by that of tune.” (ed. 1855, p. 350). Unfortunately for this extremely curious statement, there is no proof that time was ever used for tune at all. If Gifford had said that tune and time were the same words, there would have been some sense in it; but no two words can well be more distinct in their meaning than time and tune; the former always referring to the measure or rhythm of music, and the latter to the air or melody. There is one well-known passage in Hamlet, iii. 1. 166:

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,

where the same misprint occurs—at least in Q2, for Pl. have tune—and where the reading may be doubtful; but that of the Pl. is generally preferred.—F. A. M.

234. Line 239: Put on their instruments. — For this use of put on compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 132:

We’ll put on those shall praise your excellence.

1 “I am Sir Oracle,
And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!”

—Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 93-94.

Schmidt, in both places, explains the phrase as “set to work.”

ACT V. Scene 1.

235. Line 4: Since his majesty went into the field. — Steevens considered this statement to be an oversight on the part of Shakespeare. “He forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane, and surrounded him with besiegers.” But we may well suppose that Macbeth had taken the field before he was compelled to retreat into his castle. Ross, in the preceding scene, had said that he had seen “the tyrant’s power afoot.” Macbeth was not yet aware of the advance of the English auxiliaries.

236. Line 29: Ay, but their sense are shut. — This is the reading of Pl. and it is strongly supported, I think, by a passage in Sonnet exii. 10, 11:

that my adder’s sense

To critic and to flatterer stopped are.

Abbott points out in his Shakespearean Grammar (sec. 471) that: “The plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in s, ss, es, ee, and ye, are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable” (p. 256). Horse is frequently used for the plural; compare ii. 4. 14 above:

And Duncan’s horses—a thing most strange and certain—

where horses should be pronounced if not written horse; and compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 8, 9:

If we should serve with horse and mares together,

The horse were merely lost.

A good reason for not adopting what was originally Davenant’s alteration of “sense is shut,” is because we thus avoid the very cacophonous conjunction of sibilants.

—F. A. M.

237. Line 40: Hell is murky. — Steevens printed this sentence with a note of exclamation, and says: “She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) had just said, Hell is murky, (i.e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed,) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.” I believe this to be the complete misapprehension of the spirit of the passage. The words bubble up from a conscience never so much at ease as she tries to suppose, and they come, in this unconscious self-revelation, with the most poignant effect between words that are resolute (“why, then ‘tis time to do ‘t”) and words that are contemplative of irresolution in another (“Fie, my lord, fie a soldier, and afeard!”). This little sentence, though it passes and is forgotten, is said with an accent and shudder of the deepest conviction.

238. Line 54: Remove from her the means of all annoyance. — Annoyance, in the sense of “injury” (here, means of annoyance = means of snickel), occurs several times in Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 15, 16:

And heavy-voiced toads, lie in their way,

Doing annoyance to the teachorous feet.

239. Line 58: My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight. — Mated, in the sense of confounded, confused, occurs several times in Shakespeare. See Comedy of Errors, notes 82 and 137.
ACT V. SCENE 2.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

240. Line 5: the mortified man.—This has generally been understood to mean the man who has "mortified the flesh," the ascetic; compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 2s:

My loving lord, Dumnait is mortified.

The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that mortified should be taken in its literal sense of dead; as in Erasmus on the Creed, Eng. tr. fol. Sin: "Christ was mortified and killed in dude as touchyng to his fleshes: but was quickened in Spirit.

241. Line 10: And many Enough youths.—Fr. spell the word vaufffe. It is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, though rough in the opposite sense occurs in The Tempest, ii. 1. 249, 250:

Till new-born chins
Be rough'd and razeable.

242. Lines 15, 16:

He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Compare for the obse metaphor Trolius and Cressida, ii. 2. 30-32:

And buckle on a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons.

8. Walker suggested that for cause we should read course, and his hint was taken by Singer, Dyce, Collier, and Hudson. The change is, to say the least, quite unnecessary. Cause, symbolized as a distempered or disorderd body, stands for the party belonging to Macbeth. The comparison is often employed by Shakespeare.

243. Line 23: His pester'd senses.—Pester was not in Shakespeare's time quite so dignified a term as it is now, and it occurs several times, very seriously, in the sense of "annoy," "hamper." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 22: "to pester us with message."

244. Lines 27, 28:

Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him, &c.

It is evident from the him of the second line that medicine, whether literally or figuratively, is meant rather for the physician (Fr. médicin) than for the physic. Florio has: "Médico: a medicine, a phialition, a leech;" but this sense was not usual. Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 75, and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 508, where medicine is used somewhat, though more playfully, in the same sense.

245. Line 30: To view the sovereign flower.—Dew as a verb occurs in II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 340: "hee it with my mournful tears."

ACT V. SCENE 3.

246. Line 3: I cannot taint with fear.—Taint as an intransitive verb is only used by Shakespeare here and in Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 145: "lest the device take air and taint."

247. Line 5: the English epicures.—Compare Holinshed: "For manie of the people abhoring the riotous manners and superfluous gomdancinge brought in among them by the Englyshemen, were willing inough to re-
I have examined the passages in which it occurs in F. 1, in the sense of a throne, where it seems invariably to be spelt chaire, or chair.

As to adopting the reading disseat I think that the authority of F. 1 is quite insufficient, for it is much more probable that dis-seat was a misprint for dis-eate than that it was meant to represent dis-seat, a word which seems only to be used in The Two Noble Kinsmen, act v. scene 4 (I take the quotation from my own copy of the Quarto, 1634); speaking of a horse Pithouns says (p. 87): seekes all foule meanes

Of boystrous and rough ladrie, to dis-seat His Lord.

And it will be observed that dis-seat is printed there with the two ss, as we should certainly expect to find it in F. 1, in this passage, if that were the true reading. If dis-eate were a misprint, is it not more probable that the syllable eate is a mistake for ease, rather than for seate? So far, as regards the literal and etymological aspect of this question. Next as to the sense. Is not the antithesis of cheer and dis-eate quite as complete, and more poetic than that of chair and dis-seat? We have a passage in Hamlet which almost seems to guide us in deciding on the reading here (ii. 2. 174):

you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former state.

The word disease is an extremely characteristic one. It occurs frequently in old writers, and especially in the earlier versions of the Bible, where it means “to grieve,” “to render uneasy or unhappy;” and surely if we accept it here in its double sense, that is to say in its older one, already mentioned, and in the general sense “to render sick or diseased,” is it not a most forcible word? Does not the reading which we have adopted in common with Mr. Furness—who, I believe, was the first to print the verb dis-eate with the hyphen, thereby reconciling the reading of F. 1 and F. 2—is not this reading much more in accordance with the whole sentiment of the passage? Macbeth is not thinking of the throne, of his royal honours; what weighs upon his mind throughout this scene is his unhappy friendless position, old age is before him, but none of its consolations. Just two lines above he has said “I am sick at heart.” His mind is diseased (see line 40 below); and he goes on to ask the doctor if he could not find the disease of his heart (line 51), could purge out the enemies who are thronging against him; then he would applaud him “to the very echo.” The idea of sickness and disease seems present in his thoughts throughout this scene. As to adopting the course taken by the Cambridge edd. and others, that is to say of retaining cheer and of altering the dis-eate of F. 1 into the pronunci dis-seat, that seems to me a course which is almost indefensible upon any grounds whatever; for it sacrifices the beauty of the passage without even having the merit of retaining the exact reading of the earliest text that has come down to us. For if dis-eate, in its double and pregnant sense, is not to be adopted, surely dis-seat—to dispossess, a word which is a thoroughly old English word and used by Spenser, Hall, Holland, and Drayton, would be preferable. As to push there is no real difficulty; this word being used frequently by Shakespeare, in a figurative sense, of a sudden violent attack.—F. A. M.
read "where there is a vantage to be gone" in the sense of "to be off," "to depart," "to escape;" but there is surely no need for altering advantage to a 'vantage' in this case; for, as Johnson pointed out, advantage is frequently used by Shakespeare as a favourable opportunity, e.g. in Tempest, iii. 3. 12, 13:

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose That you resolved to effect.

56 The next advantage

Will we take thoroughly.

In F. 1. the given, in both lines, is printed in the unedited form, and it certainly seems as if the double ending were intended in line 11; and for that reason, if for no other, we would not alter the text in spite of the repetition of the word given, which may seem awkward, but is quite Shakespearean. The meaning may be "where there is to be, i.e. where there must necessarily be given the advantage, i.e. opportunity of desertion, the more and less, that is to say the greater and the less (= probably, "the officers and private soldiers"), revolt from Macbeth. Macduff goes on to say, "none remain with him but those who are obliged to," which thoroughly agrees with what Macbeth says himself, line 49, in the preceding scene: "the thanes fly from me;" and again in the next scene (lines 5, 6) he says:

Were they not for'c'd (i.e. reinforced) with those that should be ours. We might have met them dearer, beard to beard.

If Macbeth had elected to give battle to the enemy outside his castle, he would have been compelled to afford an opportunity to those who were disaffected to desert to Malcolm's side.—F. A. M.

259. Line 21: Towards which advance the war.—Steevens has an interesting note on the irregular endings of many of the scenes in Macbeth. "It has been understood that local rhymes were introduced in plays in order to afford an actor the advantage of a more pointed exit, or to close a scene with additional force. Yet, whatever might be Shakespeare's motive for continuing such a practice, it may be observed that he often seems immediately to repent of it; and, in the tragedy before us, has repeatedly counteracted it by hemi-stichs which destroy the effect, and consequently defeat the supposed purpose of the antecedent couplets." Compare in the present play, besides the instance here, the end of i. 5; ii. 2; iii. 4; iv. 1; v. 1; v. 2.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

From here to the end of the play Shakespeare follows, in outline, the narrative in Holinshed, which, to avoid chopping it up into small pieces, I give here: "On the mower when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, hee first maruell'd what the matter meant, but in the end remembred himselfe, that the propposse which he had hearde long before that time, of the comming of Byname wood to Dunsinane Castell, was likely to bee now fulfiled. Nethertheless, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhortd them to doe valiantly, howbeit his enimies had scarcely cast from them their boughes, when Makibeth perceiving their numbers betok him strait to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred even till he came vnto Lunfannain, where Makibeth perceiving that Makduffe was hard at his back, leapt beside his horse, saying, thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appoynted to be slain by any creature that is borne of a woman, come on thereon, and receyve thy rewarde which thou hast deserued for thy paynes, and therewithall he lyfted vp his sword thinking to hame slaine him. But Makduffe quickly anoying from his horse, ere he came at him, answered (with his naked sword in his hande) saying: it is true Makbeth, and now shall thine immatialt enemie haue an ende, for I am even he that thy wyzards haue tolde the of, who was never borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe; therewithall he stept vnto, & shee him in the place. Then cuttting his heale from the shoulders, hee set it vpon a poll, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned xvij. yeares over the Scottishmen" (vol. v. pp. 276, 277).

260. Lines 11-13: my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.

Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "Fell (skin), pellic." The word is used again in Lear, v. 3. 24: "flesh and fell."

With these lines compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 121, 122:

Your bedded hair, like life in excesses,

Starts up and stands on end.

261. Line 19: To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow. —"It is not impossible," says Halliwell, "that Shakespeare may here have recollected a remarkable engraving in Barclay's Ship of Fools, 1570, copied from that in the older Latin version of 1498:

They followe the cromes crye to their great sorrow, 

Cras, cras, cras, to-morrow we shall amende,

And if we meete not then, then shall we the next morowe,

Or els shortly after we shall no more offende;

Amende, man foesle, when God this grace deh sende.

262. Line 23: dusty death. —It is scarcely to be believed that commentators have seriously exercised themselves over this incomparably appropriate epithet, one unfortunate person conjecturing that we should read dusty for dusty, and other unfortunate persons finding it plausible and convincing.

263. Line 37: Within this three mile. —This is precisely what a working-man would say to-day; in Shakespeare's time such constructions were not the vulgarisms they now are. Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 54: "this two and thirty years."

264. Line 39: Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive. —F. I has shall.

265. Line 40: Till famine cling thee. —Cling is from Anglo-Saxon clingan, to shrink up. Compare Pers Poughman, 9010, 9011:

Or when thou comest for cold
Be engag'ant for dry.

Cling, in some districts, appears to have a similar meaning to the more familiar clow or clam, meaning pinched with cold or starved with hunger.

266. Line 42: I pull in resolution. —So F. 8, with the meaning, evidently, of pulling-in a horse, checking. Johnson conjectured "I pull in resolution," and the Carendon Press edd. suggest "I pale in resolution."
ACT V.  

SCENE 6.

267. Line 1: LEAVY versus. — *Leavy* is Shakespeare's only form of the word now spelt *leavy*. It occurs again in Much Ado, ii. 3. 75 (rhyming with "heavy") and in Pericles, v. 1. 51. Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "Leavy, *frondusus*".

268. Line 4: Lead our first battle.—Battle is used here, as in i. i. Henry VI. i. 1. 8; Henry V. iv. 3. 09; Julius Caesar, v. 1. 4, and v. 2. 108. For a division of an army. The old English word *bataille*, like the French *bataille*, had the secondary sense of battalion. Cotgrave has: "*Bataille*: I. A battel, or fight between two Armies; also, a battel, or main battel; the middle *battalion*, or *squadron* of an Army, wherein the Prince, or general, most commonly marcheth; . . . any *squadron*, *battalion*, or part, thereof."

ACT V.  

SCENE 7.

269. Lines 1, 2:  
*They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,*  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

*Course* was the technical name for a single onset of dogs at a bear-baiting. The word is used again in Lear, iii. 7. 34. Steevens quotes Brome, The Antipodes, 1685: "Also you shall see two ten-dog *courses* at the great bear."

270. Line 12: But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn.—Daniel conjectures that *sword* should be *words*, as in Henry V. iii. 2. 33: "a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons."

271. Line 17: kerns.—See i. 2. 13. The word is here used in the general sense of boors, as in the passage quoted by Dyce from The Tragical History of Claudius Tiberius Nero, 1607, sig. C 3 verso:

And these rude Germaine *kerns* not yet subdued.

ACT V.  

SCENE 8.

272. Line 9: the interranchant air.—The word *interchant* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, *trenchant* only in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 115. *Intrenchant*, which should properly mean "not cutting," is here used for "not to be cut," as in "the air, invulnerable," Hamlet, i. 1. 145; "the woundless air," ib. i. 4. 11.

273. Line 13: Despair thy charm.—Compare Ben Jonson's lines to Shakespeare, prefixed to the First Folio:

Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,  
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping stage;  
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath morn'd like night.  
And *despares* day, but for thy volumes light.

274. Line 28: That falter with us in a double sense.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 61-63:

Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And *falter* in the shifts of lowness.

Cotgrave has "Harcorder . . . to haggle, hucke, hodge, or *poulder* long, in the buying of a commodity." I copy this from the edition before me, that of 1650. The Clarendon Press edd. in quoting the passage, give it as "haggle, huckle, dodge." I suppose *hedge* is a misprint that has crept in with the revision.

275. Line 34.—Stage-direction. After this line we have apparently two rather conflicting stage-directions in F. 1: "Exit fighting, Alarums, and Enter Fighting, and *Macbeth* aline. Then immediately Retreat, and *Flourish*.* Enter with Drumme and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Ross, Thanes, and Soldiers, and below, after line 33: "Enter Macduffe, with *Macbeth's* head. It seems to me that unnecessary trouble has been made about this stage-direction. It is quite possible that, as the last scene was played in Shakespeare's time, Macduff and Macbeth, after one driving the other off the scene, returned fighting after a brief interval, when Macbeth was killed; and that after Macduff had killed him close to what we call the "wing" or "side entrance," he dragged the body off the stage; as he could not well pretend to cut off the head before the audience; Siward and the rest would appear upon the "upper stage," as they are supposed to have entered the castle before in the last scene, or rather, as it stands in the Folio, at the beginning of this scene, there being no eighth scene in the Folio. As the attack was made on Macbeth when in his castle, he must have been compelled by the besiegers to make a desperate sally; it is not likely that he got very far from the castle walls, and the fight between him and Macduff was supposed to take place on the ground in front of the castle. I really can see no reason to suppose, with the Clarendon editors, that Shakespeare's share of the play ended here, line 34; for if the slight episode of the death of Siward's son was Shakespeare's work, I think it is only natural that he should make those, on whose side he was fighting, take some notice of that brave young soldier's death. —F. A. M.


"It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battelaye, in which Earle Siward vanquished the Scottes, one of Siwarde's sonnes chambered to be slayne, whereof, though the father had good cause to be sorrowfull, yet when he heard that he dyed of a wound which he had receyued in fighting stonely in the forepart of his body, and that with his face towards the enimie, he greatly rejoicyed thereat, to heare that he died so manfully. But here is to be noted, yt not now, but a little before, (as Henry Hunt, saith,) yt Earle Siward, wente into Scotlande himselfe in person, hee sent his sonne with an army to conquer y{e} land, whose hap was ther to be slaine: and when his father heard yt news, he demannded whether he receyued the wound wherof he died, in y{e} fore parte of the body, or in the hinder part: and when it was told him yt he receyued it in the foreparte, I rejoicye(saieth he) even with all my harte, for I would not wishe eyther to my one nor to my selfe, any other kind of death" (vol. i. p. 749).

277. Line 41: The *which no sooner had his prowes confirm'd*.—*Prowes* must be slurred over in pronunciation, so as to make it practically one syllable only. Walker (Shakespeare's *Verstifcation*, p. 119) cites Greene, Alphonso, iii. 1 (ed. Dyce, ii. 27):

Whose *prowes* alone has been the only cause.
NOTES TO MACBETH.

This line, too, gives an example of such pleonasm as that in the preceding line of the text:

He only liv’d but till he was a man.

278. Lines 54, 55:

The usurper’s cursed head.

Holinshed says: “Then cutting his [Macbeth’s] head from his shoulders, he [Macduff] set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm” (see above note at beginning of this scene). It is on the authority of this passage that Malone added the words “on a pole” to the stage-direction of the Ff.

279. Line 56: I see thee compass’d with thy kingdom’s pearl.—Compass’d with a pearl is a rather curious ex-

pression, but there is very likely an allusion, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, to the row of pearls that usually encircle a crown. Pearl is no doubt used here as a collective term. The word was a common synonym for “treasure,” “ornament,” as in Florio’s Dedication to Lord Southampton of his World of Words: “Brave Earle, bright Pearl of Pearles.”

280. Line 70: by self and violent hands.—Compare Richard II. iii. 2. 106:

Infusing him with self and vain conceit.

281. Line 72: by the grace of Grace.—Compare All’s Well, ii. 1. 163: “The greatst Grace lending grace;” Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 145, 146:

While I, their king, that biter them important,
Do cause the Grace that with such grace hath bless’d them.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MACBETH.

Note.—The addition of subst. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F 1.

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| ‘Be-all i. ii. 7 5 | Confinedless iv. i. 3 55 | Equivocator ii. 3 16, 14, 35 | — a thin slice; — a band, Lover's Complaint, 55 |
| Bear-like v. i. 7 2 | Considerer ii. i. 3 55 | Even-hand’d i. i. 7 10 | — cured; this verb is used |
| Bellman ii. ii. 3 3 | Copy 23 iii. ii. 2 38 | Faith-breach v. i. 2 18 | in many different senses |
| Birth-day iv. i. 3 4 | Cowed v. i. 8 18 | Farrow iv. i. 1 65 | elsewhere. |
| Birth-strangled iv. i. 3 30 | — reinforced; used very freq-
| Blanched iii. ii. 4 116 | — in a variety of |
| Blanket 7 i. i. 5 54 | — in other senses elsewhere. |

1 = emotion; in Merchant of Venice, iii. 3. Stood blunderingly for exequation.
2 = anger.
3 = accredited. Used in somewhat different sense in Sonn. xxxv, 6; Lover’s Complaint, 104.
4 = to be hardened in heat.
5 = sandbank; used in other senses elsewhere.
6 = used figuratively as curtain; in its ordinary sense in four other passages.
7 = used figuratively as curtain; in its ordinary sense in four other passages.