

**THE PLAYS AND
POEMS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE, IN
SIXTEEN
VOLUMES...**

William Shakespeare





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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE SIXTH.



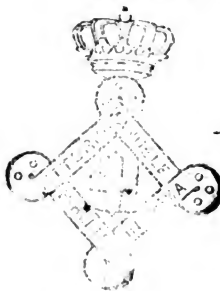
THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.



CONTAINING

PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE.
TWELFTH-NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.
WINTER'S TALE.



D. PROB. ROM. S. J.



D U B L I N :

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P E R I C L E S.



Persons Represented.

Antiochus, *king of Antioch.*

Pericles, *prince of Tyre.*

Helicanus, } *two lords of Tyre.*

Escanes, }

Simonides, *king of Pentapolis*.*

Cleon, *governor of Tharsus.*

Lysimachus, *governor of Mitylene.*

Cerimon, *a lord of Ephesus.*

Philemon, *servant to Cerimon.*

Thaliard, *servant to Antiochus,*

Leonine, *servant to Dionyza.*

Marshall.

A Pandar, and his wife.

Boult, *their servant.*

Gower, *as chorus.*



The daughter of Antiochus.

Dionyza, *wife to Cleon.*

Thaïsa, *daughter to Simonides.*

Marina, *daughter to Pericles and Thaïsa.*

Lychorida, *nurse to Marina.*

Diana.

*Lords, ladies, knights, gentlemen, sailors, pirates, fishermen,
and messengers, &c.*

SCENE, dispersedly in various countries.

*—*Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapolitana regio*, a country in Africa, consisting of *five cities*; and from thence perhaps some novelist furnished the founding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre* a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus* the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene* the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the lesser Asia. STEEVENS.

“PENTAPOLIN of the naked arm” is the hero of a romance alluded to by Cervantes. See Skelton’s *Don Quixote*, Vol. I. p. 144, 410. 1612. MALONE.

P E R I C L E S,
P R I N C E O F T Y R E.



Before the Palace of Antioch. Enter GOWER.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From athen ancient Gower is come;

Assuming

The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the history of *Appolunius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a Ms. poem on the same subject, which appears, from the handwriting and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. The reader will find an extract from it at the end of the play. There is also an ancient romance on this subject called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing "*The most excellent, pleusant, and variable historie of the strange adventures of Prince Appolunius, Lucine his wyfe, and Thaisa his daughter.*" The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose romance, he is entitled *king*. Most of the incidents of the

Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It

the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story; from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to Pericles; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painefull adventures, containing the most excellent, pleafant, and variable historie of the strange accidents that besel unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1576.

Pericles was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount, but by Henry Goffon; who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a playhouse copy. There is, I believe, no play of our author's, perhaps I might say, in the English language, so incorrect as this. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas, compared with *Pericles*, is purity itself. The metre is seldom attended to; verse is frequently printed as prose, and the grossest errors abound in almost every page. I mention these circumstances, only as an apology to the reader for having taken somewhat more licence with this drama than would have been justifiable, if the copies of it now extant had been less disfigured by the negligence and ignorance of the printer or transcriber. The numerous corruptions that are found in the original edition in 1009, which have been carefully preserved and augmented in all the subsequent impressions, probably arose from its having been frequently exhibited on the stage. In the four quarto editions it is called *the much admired play of PERICLES PRINCE of TYRE*; and it is mentioned by many ancient writers as a very popular performance; particularly, by the author of a metrical pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run Redcap*, in which the following lines are found:

- " Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
- " Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
- " As at a new play, all the rooms
- " Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;

" So

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy ales³ ;

And

“ So that I truly thought all these
“ Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles* ”

In a former edition of this play I said, on the authority of another person, that this pamphlet had appeared in 1596: but I have since met with the piece itself, and find that *Pymlico*, &c. was published in 1609. It might, however, have been a re-publication.

The prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1614, likewise exhibits a proof of this play's uncommon success. The poet speaking of his piece, says

“ ——— if it prove so happy as to please,
“ We'll say 'tis fortunate, like *Pericles*.”

By *fortunate*, I understand *highly successful*. The writer can hardly be supposed to have meant that *Pericles* was popular rather from accident than merit; for that would have been but a poor eulogy on his own performance.

An obscure poet, however, in 1652, insinuates that this drama was ill received, or at least that it added nothing to the reputation of its author:

“ But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
“ Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass.”

Verses by J. Tatham, prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew, or the Merry Beggars*, 4to. 1652.

The passages above quoted shew that little credit is to be given to the assertion contained in these lines; yet they furnish us with an additional proof that *Pericles*, at no very distant period after Shakspeare's death, was considered as unquestionably his performance.

In *The Times displayed in Six Sestiads*, 4to. 1646, dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke, p. 22. Sestiad. VI. Stanza 9; the author thus speaks of our poet and the piece before us.

“ See him, whose tragick scenes Euripides

“ Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may

“ Compare great Shakspeare; Aristophanes

“ Never like him his fancy could display:

“ Witness *The Prince of Tyre* his *Pericles*:

“ His sweet and his to be admired lay

“ He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he

“ Did understand the depth of poesie.”

For the division of this piece into scenes I am responsible, there being none found in the old copies.—See the notes at the end of the play. MALONE.

The history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* was supposed by Mark Welfer, when he printed it in 1595, to have been translated

And lords and ladies of their lives⁴
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purpose is to make men glorious,
*Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius*⁵.

If,

translated from the Greek a thousand years before. [Fabr. Bib. Gr. v. 6. p. 821.] It certainly bears strong marks of a Greek original, though it is not (that I know) now extant in that language. The rythmical poem, under the same title, in modern Greek, was re-translated (if I may so speak) from the Latin—*απο Λατινικης εις Ρωμικην γλωσσαν. Du Fresne, Index Author. ad Gloss. Græc.* When Welfer printed it, he probably did not know that it had been published already (perhaps more than once) among the *Gesta Romanorum*. In an edition, which I have, printed at Rouen in 1521, it makes the 154th chapter. Towards the latter end of the XIIIth century *Godfrey of Viterbo*, in his *Pantheon* or Universal Chronicle, inserted this romance as part of the history of the third Antiochus, about 200 years before Christ. It begins thus [Ms. Reg. 14. C. xi.]:

Filia Seleuci regis stat clara decore,
 Matreque defunctâ pater arsit in ejus amore.

Res habet effectum, pressa puella dolet.

The rest is in the same metre, with one pentameter only to two hexameters.

Gower, by his own acknowledgment, took his story from the *Pantheon*; as the author (whoever he was) of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, professes to have followed Gower.

TYRWHITT.

²—*that old was sung,*] I do not know that *old* is by any author used adverbially. We might read,

To sing a song of old was sung,—

i. e. *that* of old, &c.

But the poet is so licentious in the language which he has attributed to Gower in this piece, that I have not ventured to make any change. MALONE.

³ *It hath been sung at festivals,*

On Ember eves, and holy ales;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, by whom this emendation was made, *church-ales*. The old copy has—*holy days*. Gower's speeches were certainly intitled to rhyme throughout. MALONE.

⁴—*of their lives*—] The old copies read—*in their lives*. The emendation was suggested by Dr. Farmer.

MALONE.

⁵ *The purpose is to make men glorious,*

Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.] There is an irregularity of metre in this couplet. The same variation is observable in *Macbeth*:

"I an

If, you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.

This Antioch then, Antiochus the great
 Built up; this city, for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;

(I tell you what mine authors say⁶ :)

This king unto him took a pheere⁷,

Who died and left a female heir,

So buxom, blithe, and full of face⁸,

As heaven had lent her all his grace;

With whom the father liking took;

And her to incest did provoke:

Bad child, worse father! to entice his own

To evil, should be done by none.

By custom, what they did begin⁹,

Was, with long use, account no sin¹.

The

“I am for the air; this night I'll spend

“Unto a dismal and a fatal end.”

The old copies read—*The purchase*, &c. Mr. Steevens suggested this emendation. MALONE.

(*I tell you what mine authors say* :)] This is added in imitation of Gower's manner, and that of Chaucer, Lydgate, &c. who often thus refer to the original of their tales. These choruses resemble Gower in a few other particulars.

STEEVENS.

⁷ —*unto him took a pheere*,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a *mate* or companion. The old copies have—*peer*. For the emendation I am answerable. Throughout this piece, the poet, though he has not closely copied the language of Gower's poem, has endeavoured to give his speeches somewhat of an antique air.

MALONE.

⁸ —*full of face*,] i. e. completely, exuberantly beautiful. A *full fortune*, in *Othello*, means a *complete*, a *large one*.

MALONE.

⁹ By *custom what they did begin*,] All the copies read unintelligibly, *But custom*, &c. MALONE.

¹ —*account no sin*,] *Account* for accounted. So, in *K. John*, *wast* for *wasted*:

“Than

The beauty of this sinful dame,
 Made many princes thither frame²,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe³.)
 That whofo ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight * did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify⁴.

What

" Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er.

STEEVENS.

Again, in Gaiscoine's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1575:

" And by the lawde of his pretence

" His lewdness was acquit."

The old copies read—*account'd*. For the correction I am answerable. MALONE.

² —*thither frame*,] i. e. shape or direct their course thither.

MALONE.

³ (*To keep her still, and men in awe*,)] The meaning, I think, is not,—*to keep her and men in awe*,—but, *to keep her still to himself,—and to deter others from demanding her in marriage*. MALONE.

* —*many a wight*—] The quarto, 1609, reads—*many of wight*. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

⁴ *As yon grim looks do testify*.] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch:

" The fader, whan he understood —

" That thei his daughter thus besought,

" With all his wit he cast and sought

" Howe that he mighte synde a sette;

" And such a statute then he sette,

" And in this wise his lawe taxeth,

" That what man his daughter axeth,

" But if he couth his question

" Assoyte upon suggestion,

" Of certeyn things that befell,

" The which he wolde unto him tell,

" He shoulde in certeyn lese his hede:

" And thus there were many dede,

" *Her heades stonduge on the gate;*

" Till at last, long and late,

" For lack of answer in this wise,

" The remenant, that wexen wyse,

" Eschewden to make assaie." MALONE.

" What

What ensues*, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify^s. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre⁶, you have at large re-
ceiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard, in this enterprize. [*Musick.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter cloathed like a bride,⁷
For

* *What ensues,*—] So the folio. The original copy has—
What now ensues. MALONE.

^s —*who best can justify.*] i. e. *which* (the judgment of your
eye) best can *justify*, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordi-
nary course of nature. So afterwards:

When thou shalt kneel, and *justify* in knowledge,—
STEEVENS.

⁶ *Young prince of Tyre,*] It does not appear in the present
drama that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, there-
fore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *reg-*
nant. See Act II. sc. iv. and the epitaph in Act III. sc. iii.
In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Appollonius is *king* of Tyre; and
Appolyn, in Copland's translation from the French, has the
same title. Our author, in calling Pericles a prince, seems
to have followed Gower. MALONE.

⁷ *Bring in our daughter cloathed like a brite,*] All the co-
pies read:

Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a brite.

The metre proves decisively that the word *musick* was a
marginal

For embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence^s.)

The

marginal direction, inserted in the text by the mistake of the transcriber or printer. MALONE.

* *For embracements even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,
 Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence.)* &c. Perhaps the two last lines should be transposed; *whose conception*, otherwise, will be the conception of the antecedent, *Jove*, and the dowry will have been bestowed to glad the antecedent *Lucina*. The sense of the speech, however managed, will not be very clear without a slight alteration, *her* instead of *whose*.

" Bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride;

" For embracements even of Jove himself.

" Nature this dowry gave to glad her presence—

" At her conception, till Lucina reign'd,

" The senate-house of planets all did sit

" To knit in her their best perfections."

Bring forth, (says Antiochus) our daughter, &c. Nature bestowed this advantage to make her presence welcome.—From her conception, to the instant of her birth, the senate-house of planets were sitting in consultation how best she might be adorned.

The thought is expressed as follows in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510. "—For nature had put nothyng in oblyvyon at the sourminge of her, but as a chef operacyon had set her in the syght of the worlde."

In the succeeding speech of Pericles, perhaps another transposition is necessary. We might therefore read :

See where she comes, apparell'd like the king,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the spring

Of every virtue, &c.

Antiochus had commanded that his daughter shall be cloathed in a manner suitable to the bride of Jove; and thus drest in royal robes, she may be said to be apparelled *like the king*. STEEVENS.

In the speech now before us, the words *whose* and *her* may, I think, refer to the daughter of Antiochus, without greater licence than is taken by Shakspeare in many of his plays. So, in *Othello*: "Our general call us thus early for the love of his *Desdemona*: whom [i. e. our general] let us not therefore blame, he hath not yet made wanton the night with her." I think the construction is, "at whose conception the senate-house of planets all did sit," &c. and that the words, "till Lucina reign'd, Nature," &c. are parenthetical. MALONE.

The

The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections^o.

Enter the daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
spring ?

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men !
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures¹, as from thence
Sorrow were ever ras'd², and testy wrath

Could

¹ *The senate-house of planets, all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.*] We have here a
sentiment exprest with less affectation in *Julius Casar* :

“ ———— the elements

“ So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,

“ And fay to all the world, This was a man.”

STEEVENS.

² *Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

“ And find *delight* writ there with beauty's pen.”

Again in *Macbeth* :

“ Thy *face*, my thane, is as a *book*, where men

“ May read strange matters.”

Again in *Love's Labour's Lost* :

“ Study his bias leaves, and makes his *book* thine
eyes,

“ Where all those *pleasures* live, that art could com-
prehend.”

The same image is also found in his *Rape of Lucrece* and
in *Coriolanus*. *Praises* is here used for *beauties*, the cause of
admiration and praise. MALONE.

² *Sorrow were ever ras'd,*—] Our author has again this
expression in *Macbeth* :

“ *Rase* out the written troubles of the brain.”

The second quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent copies,
read, *rackt*. The first quarto *racte*,—which is only the old
spelling of *ras'd*; the verb being formerly written *race*.
Thus in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe,
1594 :

“ But I will take another order now,

“ And *race* the eternal register of time.”

The

Could never be her mild companion³.
 Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast⁴,
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus,

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides⁵,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view

Her

The metaphor in the preceding line—"Her face, the look of praises," shews clearly that this was the author's word. MALONE.

³ —*her mild companion.*] By her *mild companion* Shakspeare meant the companion of her mildness. MASON.

⁴ *That have inflam'd desire in my breast,*] It should be remembered that *desire* was sometimes used as a trisyllable.

MALONE.

⁵ *To compass such a boundless happiness!*] All the old copies have—*boundless*. The reading of the text was furnished by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁶ *Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,*] In the enumeration of the persons, prefixed to this drama, which was first made by the editor of Shakspeare's plays in 1664, and copied without alteration by Mr. Rowe, the daughter of Antiochus is, by a ridiculous mistake, called *Hesperides*, an error to which this line seems to have given rise.—Shakspeare was not quite accurate in his notion of the *Hesperides*, but he certainly never intended to give this appellation to the princess of Antioch; for it appears from *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. scene the last, that he thought *Hesperides* was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; in which sense the word is certainly used in the passage now before us:

"For valour, is not love a Hercules,

"Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides*?"

In the first quarto edition of this play, this lady is only called *Antiochus' daughter*. If Shakspeare had wished to have introduced a female name derived from the *Hesperides*, he has elsewhere shown that he knew how such a name ought to be formed; for in *As you like it* mention is made of "*Hesperia*, the princess' gentlewoman." MALONE.

Her

Her countless glory⁷, which desert must gain ;
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die⁸.
 Yon sometimes famous princes⁹, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars ;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 From going on death's net¹, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must² :
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath ; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then ; and as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe³,
 Gripe

⁷ *Her countless glory.*—] The *countless* glory of a face seems a harsh expression ; but the poet, probably, was thinking of the stars, the *countless* eyes of heaven, as he calls them in page 19. MALONE.

⁸ —*all thy whole heap must die.*] i. e. the whole mass must be destroyed. There seems to have been an opposition intended. *Thy whole heap*, thy body, must suffer for the offence of a *part*, thine *eye*. The word *bulk*, like *heap* in the present passage, was used for *body* by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. MALONE.

The old copies read—all *the* whole heap. I am answerable for this correction. MALONE.

⁹ *Yon sometimes famous princes.*]—See before, p. 12, n. 4.

MALONE.

¹ From *going on death's net.*] The old copies read, I think corruptly, *for going*, &c. MALONE.

I would read—in death's net. PERCY.

² —*like to them, to what I must :*] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must come. MALONE.

³ *Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe.*] The meaning may be—I will act as sick men do ; who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former ; but at length, feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity. MALONE.

—Read

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did ;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do ;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came ;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

To the daughter of Antiochus.

Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice.—Read the conclusion then ;
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous !
 Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness !

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh, which did me breed :

I sought

⁴ —*Read the conclusion then ;*] This and the two following lines are given in the first quarto to Pericles, and the word *Antiochus*, which is now placed in the margin, makes part of his speech. There can be no doubt that they belong to *Antiochus*. MALONE.

⁵ *Daugh.* Of all said yet, may'st thou prove prosperous !
 Of all said yet, I wish thee happiness !] As this lady utters so little, it is natural to wish that little were more easy to be understood. Perhaps we ought to read in both lines—*For all said yet—*.

On account of all thou hast hitherto said, (says she) I wish thee prosperity and happiness. Her conscience must suppress a farther wish in his behalf ; for it should be remembered that Pericles could exceed only by his just interpretation of a riddle which tended to reveal her incestuous commerce with her father. Her wish indeed, with poetical justice, is accomplished. He is *prosperous* in achieving a more worthy bride, and is dismissed to *happiness* at the conclusion of the play. STEEVENS.

Said is here apparently contracted for *assay'd*, i. e. tried, attempted.

PERCY.

⁶ The riddle is thus described in Gower: *Questio regis Antiochi.—Scelere vehor, maternâ carne vescor, quero patrem meum, matris meæ virum, uxoris meæ filium.*

“ With felonie I am upbore,

“ I ete, and have it not forlore,

“ My

*I fought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He's father, son, and husband mild,
- mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you?*

Sharp physick is the last⁸: but O you powers,
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts⁹,
Why cloud they not¹ their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,
[takes hold of the hand of the Princess:]
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait²,

That

“ My moders fleshe whose husbonde
“ My fader for to seche I fonde,
“ Which is the sonne eke of my wife,
“ Hereof I am inquisitive.
“ And who that can my tale save,
“ All quite he shall my daughter have.
“ Of his answere and if he faile,
“ He shall be dead withouten faile.” MALONE.

⁷ *As you will live, resolve it you.*] This duplication is common in our ancient writers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

“ I'll drink no more, for no man's pleasure, I.” MALONE.

⁸ *Sharp physick is the last*:] i. e. the intimation in the last line of the riddle that his life depends on resolving it; which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion.

PERCY.

⁹ *That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ ——— who more engilds the night,
“ Than all yon fry oes and eyes of light.”

MALONE.

¹ ——— *countless eyes*—

Why cloud they not—] So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— stars, hile your fires,
“ Let not light see, &c. STEEVENS.

² *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] Means no more than—*he's no honest man*, that knowing, &c.

MALONE.

— 19

That knowing sin within, will touch the gate,
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
 ho, finger'd to make man his lawful musick,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken;
 But being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
 For that's an article within our law,
 As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;
 Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
 Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
 'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shewn:
 For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;

And

3—*to make man*—] i. e. to produce for man, &c.

MALONE.

4 *Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,*] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves. His jealousy resembles that of Antony:

“ ——— to let him be familiar with

“ My play-fellow, your hand; this kingly seal,

“ And plighter of high hearts.” STEEVENS.

5 *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
 Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself; &c.*] That is, which blows dust, &c.

The man who knows of the ill practices of princes, is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes.—When the blast is over, the eye that has been affected by the dust, suffers no farther pain, but can see as clearly as before; so by the relation of criminal acts, the eyes of mankind (though they are affected, and turn away with horror,) are opened, and see clearly what before was not even suspected: but by exposing the crimes of others, the relater suffers himself; as the breeze passes away, so the breath of the informer is gone; he dies for his temerity. Yet, to stop the course or ventilation of the air, would hurt the eyes; and to prevent informers

And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear ;
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts

Copp'd hills⁶ towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
throng'd

By man's oppression⁷; and the poor worm doth die
for't⁸.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill.

It is enough you know ; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,

Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning ;—

But

formers from divulging the crimes of men would be prejudi-
cial to mankind.

Such, I think is the meaning of this obscure passage.

Mr. Mason is of opinion that there should be no point af-
ter the word *clear*, and that the meaning is this: "The
breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough
to stop for the future the air *that* would annoy them. "*The
eyes, though sore,*" he thinks relates to those princes, who
feel themselves hurt by the publication of their shames, and
will of course prevent a repetition of it, by destroying the
person who divulged it." MALONE.

⁶ *Copp'd hills*—] i. e. rising to a top or head. *Copped
Hall*, in Essex, was so named from the lofty pavilion on the
roof of the old house, which has been since pulled down.
The upper tire of masonry that covers a wall is still called
the *copping* or *coping*. High-crowned hats were anciently
called *copatain hats*. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*the earth is throng'd*

By man's oppression;] Perhaps we should read—*wrong'd*.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —*and the poor worm doth die for't*.] I suppose he
means to call the *mole*, (which suffers in its attempts to com-
plain of man's injustice) a *poor worm*, as a term of com-
miseration. Thus in the *Tempest*, Prospero speaking to
Miranda, says,

"*Poor worm! thou art infected.*"

The mole remains secure till he has thrown up those hil-
locks, which by pointing out the course he is pursuing, ena-
ble the vermin-hunter to catch him. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Heaven, that I had thy head!*] The speaker may either
mean



But I will gloze with him¹. Young prince of Tyre,
 Though, by the tenour of our strict edict*,
 Your exposition mis-interpreting²,
 We might proceed to cancel of your days³;
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise :
 Forty days longer we do respite you⁴ ;

If

mean to say, *O, that I had thy ingenuity!* or, *O, that I had thy head sever'd from thy body!* The latter, I believe is the meaning. MALONE.

¹ *But I will gloze with him.*] So Gower :

“ The king was wondre forie tho,

“ And thought, if that he said it oute,

“ Then were he shamed all aboute :

“ *With stie wordes and with selle*

“ He sayth: My sonne I shall thee telle,

“ Though that thou be of littel witte, &c. MALONE.

* —our *strict edict.*] The old copy has—*your* strict edict. Corrected in the folio. MALONE.

² *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mistaken one; not interpreting it rightly.

MALONE.

³ —to cancel of your days;] The quarto, 1609, reads—*to counsel* of your days; which may mean, *to deliberate how long you shall be permitted to live.* But I believe that *counsel* was merely an error of the press, which the editor of the folio, 1664, corrected by reading to *cancel off* your days. The substitution of *off* for *of* is unnecessary; for *cancel* may have been used as a substantive. *We might proceed to tae* cancellation or destruction of *your life.* Shakspeare uses the participle *cancell'd* in the sense required here, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ An *expir'd* date, *cancell'd* ere well begun.”

The following lines in *K. Richard III.* likewise confirm the reading that has been chosen :

“ *Cancel* his bond of *life*, dear God, I pray,

“ That I may live to say the dog is dead.”

MALONE.

To omit the article *the* was formerly a practice not uncommon. So, in *Titus Andronicus*: “ Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon,” i. e. *the Pantheon.* STEEVENS.

Again, in *K Lear* :

“ Hot questrifts after him met him *at gate.*”

MALONE.

⁴ *Forty days longer we do respite you;* In the *Gesta Romanorum*, *Confessio Amantis*, and the *History of Kyng Ap-polyn*,

If by which time our secret be undone,
 This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son:
 And until then, your entertain shall be,
 As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his daughter, and Attendants.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,
 The which is good in nothing but in sight.
 If it be true that I interpret false,
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
 Where now you are both a father and a son,
 By your untimely clasplings with your child,
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
 By the defiling of her parent's bed;
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
 Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
 Will shun no course to keep them from the lights.
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:

Then,

polyn, thirty days only are allowed for the solution of this question. It is difficult to account for this minute variation, but by supposing that our author copied some translation of the Gesta Romanorum hitherto undiscovered. MALONE.

s ——— for wisdom sees, those men

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,

Will shun no course to keep them from the light.] All the old copies read—will shew—, but shew is evidently a corruption. The word that I have ventured to insert in the text, in its place, was suggested by these lines in a subsequent scene, which appear to me strongly to support this emendation:

“ And what may make him blush in being known,

“ He'll stop the course by which it might be known.”

We might read 'schew for eschew, if there were any instance of such an abbreviation being used.

The expression is here, as in many places in this play, elliptical: for wisdom sees that those who do not blush to commit

'Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter ANTI OCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, 'for which we
mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you are of our chamber, and our
mind
Partakes her private actions⁷ to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done*?
Thal. My lord, 'tis done.

mis actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course, in order to preserve them from being made publick. MALONE.

* —to keep you clear,] To prevent any suspicion falling on you. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ ——— always thought, that I

“ Require a clearness.” MALONE.

7 Partakes her private actions—] Our author in *The Winter's Tale* used the word *partake* in the active sense, for *participate*:

“ ——— your exultation

“ Partake to every one.” MALONE.

• Say, is it done?— We might point differently:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why:

Because we bid it, say is it done?

MALONE.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.—

Let your breath cool your self, telling your haste.

Mef. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [Exit *Mef.*

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and as * an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say, Prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my pistol's
length, I'll make him sure enough: so farewell to your
highness. [Exit.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this charge of
thoughts *?

VOL. VI.

B

By

*—and as —] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and
like an arrow. MALONE.

† *My heart can lend no succour to my head.*] So the king in
Hamlet:

“ — till I know 'tis done,

“ How ere my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.”

MALONE.

‡ — why should this charge of thoughts?] The quarto,
1609, reads—*châge*. The emendation was suggested by Mr.
Steevens. The folio 1664, for *châge* substituted *change*.
Change is printed for *charge* in *As you like it*, 1623, Act I. sc.
iii, and in *Coriolanus*, Act V. sc. iii.

Thoughts

The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,¹
 By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
 (The tomb where grief should sleep) can breed me
 quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
 them,

And danger, which I feared is at Antioch,
 Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
 Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
 That have their first conception by mis-dread,
 Have after-nourishment and life by care;
 And what was first but fear what might be done²,
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done³.

And so with me;—the great Antiochus
 ('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
 Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)
 Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
 Nor boots it me to say, I honour him⁴,

IF

Thought was formerly used in the sense of melancholy.

MALONE.

In what respect are the thoughts of Pericles *changed*? I would read "*—charge of thoughts,*" i. e. weight of them, burthen, pressure of thought. So afterwards in this play:

"Patience, good sir, even for this *charge*."

The first copy reads *chase*. STEEVENS.

¹ *The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,*—] So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

"But moody and *dull melancholy*,

"Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?"

MALONE.

—*dull-ey'd melancholy*.] The same compound epithet occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"I'll not be made a soft and *dull ey'd* fool."

STEEVENS.

² *—but fear what might be done,*] But fear of what might happen. MALONE.

³ *—and cares it be not done.*] And makes provision that it may not be done. MALONE.

⁴ *—to say, I honour him,*] *Him* was supplied by Mr. Rowe, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

And

If he suspect I may dishonour him :
 And what may make him blush in being known,
 He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;
 With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land,
 And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state ;
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,
 (Who wants no more⁶, but as the tops of trees,
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
 them,

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
 And punish that before, that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2. *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
 Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.

They do abuse the king, that flatter him :

For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

B 2

To

⁵ *And with the ostent of war will look so huge,*] The old copies read—And with the *stent* of war. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and is confirmed by a passage in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*,

“ To please his grandam.”

Again in *King Richard II.*

“ With *ostentation* of despised arms.”

MALONE.

⁶ *Which care of them, not pity of myself,*

(*Who wants no more, &c.*) The quarto 1609, has—Who *once* more, which must have been a corruption. I formerly thought the poet might have written—who *owe* no more, but am now persuaded that he wrote, however ungrammatically, “ who *wants* no more,” i. e. which *self* wants no more ; has no other wish or desire, but to protect its subjects. The transcriber's ear, I suppose, deceived him in this as in various other instances. It should be remembered that *self* was formerly used as a substantive, and is so used at this day by persons of inferior rank, who frequently say—*his self*. Hence, I suppose, the author wrote *wants* rather than *want*.

MALONE.

He means to compare the head of a kingdom to the summit of a tree. As it is the office of the latter to screen each plant

To which that breath⁷ gives heat and stronger glowing ;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth⁸ here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please ;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else ; but let your cares o'er-look
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus,
thou

Hast moved us : what see'st thou in our looks ?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face ?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven from
whence

They have their nourishment ?

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe [*kneeling.*]
Myself ; do but you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prythee rise ; sit down, thou art no flatterer :

I thank thee for it ; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid⁹ !
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,

Who

plant that grows beneath it from the injuries of weather, so it is the duty of the former to protect those who shelter themselves under his government. STEEVENS.

⁷ *To which that breath—*] i. e. the breath of flattery. The old copy reads—that *spark* ; the word, (as Mr. Steevens has observed,) being accidentally repeated by the compositor. He would read—that *wind*. MALONE.

⁸ *When signior Sooth—*] A near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in the *Winter's Tale* : “ —and his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *fir Smile*, his neighbour.” MALONE.

⁹ *That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!* Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—To *let* formerly signified to *hinder*. MALONE.

Where

Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What would'st thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience such griefs,
As you yourself do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;
That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st¹, against the face of death,
I fought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate²,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth³: but thou know'st
this,

'Tis time to fear; when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed:
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years;
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth⁴),
That I should open to the list'ning air,

How

¹ Where, as thou know'st,] The old copies have—*Whereas*, which had the same meaning as *where*. It is frequently thus used by our ancient writers. Probably, however, as Mr. Mason has observed, the poet meant here two distinct words; *where as*. MALONE.

² From whence an issue—] From whence I might propagate an issue, that are arms, &c. MALONE.

I do not understand this passage. A line seems wanting to complete the sense. It might be supplied thus:

———— a glorious beauty,
(From whence an issue I might propagate;
For royal progeny are general blessings,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.)
Her face, &c. STEEVENS.

³ Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:] To *smooth* formerly signified to *flatter*. MALONE.

⁴ And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth)] The quarto 1609, reads,

And

How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence⁵ :
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
 Who now reprov'st me for it)—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
 cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
 How I might stop this tempest, ere it came ;
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them⁶.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave
 to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,
 Will take away your life.
 Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot ;

Or

And should he *doe't*, as no doubt he doth—
 from which the reading of the text has been formed. The
 repetition is much in our author's manner, and the following
 words, to lop that *doubt*, render this emendation almost cer-
 tain. MALONE.

Here is an apparent corruption. I should not hesitate to
 read—*doubt on't*—or, *doubt it*. To *doubt* is to remain in sus-
 pence or uncertainty.—Should he *be in doubt* that I shall keep
 this secret, (as there is no doubt but he is,) why, to “lop
 that doubt,” i. e. to get rid of that painful uncertainty, he
 will strive to make me appear the aggressor, by attacking me
 first as the author of some supposed injury to himself.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*who spares not innocence* :] Thus the eldest quarto. All
 the other copies read corruptly—*who fears not innocence*.

MALONE.

⁶ *I thought it princely charity to grieve them.*] That is, to
 lament their fate. The eldest quarto reads *to grieve for*
them.—But a rhyme seems to have been intended. The read-
 ing of the text was furnished by the third quarto, 1630,
 which, however, is of no authority. MALONE.

whose

Or till the destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ;

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence—

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharfus

Intend my travel; where I'll hear from thee ;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both* :
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe⁹,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince⁹ ;
Thou shew'd'st a subject's shine', I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

* *whose wisdom's strength can bear it.*] Pericles, transferring his authority to Helicanus during his absence, naturally brings the first scene of *Measure for Measure* to our mind.

MALONE.

* *Will sure crack both.*] Thus the folio. The word *sure* is not found in the quarto. MALONE.

* *But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe.*] The first quarto reads—*will live*. For the emendation I am answerable. The quarto of 1619 has—*we live*. The first copy may have been right, if, as I suspect, the preceding line has been lost. MALONE.

But in our orbs, &c.

————— in seipso totus teres atque rotundus. Horace.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*this truth shall ne'er convince ;*] Overcome.

MALONE.

¹ *Thou shew'd'st a subject's shine, I a true prince.*] *Shine* is by our ancient writers frequently used as a substantive: So in *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by W. Smith, 1596 :

“ Thou glorious sunne, from whence my lesser light

“ The substance of his chrystal *shine* doth borrow.”

This sentiment is not much unlike that of Falstaff:—I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince.” MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Tyre. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre. [*retires.*]

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre, further to question me of your king's departure. His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied, why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, he would depart, I'll give some light unto you. Being at Antioch.—

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd so, and doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd, to shew his sorrow, he would correct himself; so puts himself unto the shipman's toil, with whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would²;

But

² —*although I would;*] So *Autolicus*, in *The Winter's Tale*: "If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops bounties into my mouth." MALONE.

But since he's gone, the king's seas must please³ :
 He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
 I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre !

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles ;
 But, since my landing, I have understood
 Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels ;
 My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it⁴,
 Commended to our master, not to us :
 Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
 As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre⁵.

[*Exeunt.*

³ —*the king's seas must please :*] i. e. must do their pleasure ;
 must treat him as they will. A rhyme was perhaps intended.
 We might read in the next line,

He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.

So, in *The Taming of the Shrew* :

“ I will bring you gain, or *perish on the seas.*”

MALONE.

⁴ *We have no reason to desire it,*] Thus all the old copies.
 Perhaps a word is wanting. We might read,

We have no reason to desire it *told*—

Your message being addressed to our master, and not to us,
 there is no reason why we should desire you to divulge it. If,
 however, *desire* be considered as a trisyllable, the metre,
 though, perhaps, not the sense, will be supplied.

MALONE.

⁵ *Yet, ere you should depart, this we desire,—*

As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.] Thus also
 Agamemnon addresses Æneas in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Yourself shall *feast* with us, before you go,

“ And find the welcome of a noble foe.” MALONE.

B 5 SCENE

S C E N E IV.

Tharfus. *A Room in the Governour's Houfe.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, fhall we reft us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench
it;

For who digs hills, because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain, to caft up a higher.
O my diftressed lord, even fuch our griefs are:
Here they're but felt, unfeen with mifchief's eyes⁶,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rife.

Cle.

⁶ *Here they're but felt, unfeen with mifchief's eyes, &c.]*
The quarto, 1609, reads—*and feen*. The words *and feen*,
and that which I have inferted in the text, are fo near in
found, that they might eafily have been confounded by a
hasty pronunciation, or an inattentive tranfcriber. By *mif-
chief's eyes*, I underftand, "the eyes of thofe who would
feel a malignant pleafure in our misfortunes, and add to
them by their triumph over us." The eye has been long
defcribed by poets as either propitious, or malignant and un-
lucky. Thus in a fubfequent fcene in this play:

"Now the good gods throw their *beft eyes* upon it!"

MALONE.

—*unfeen with mifchief's eyes,*] i. e. the eyes of malign-
nity, which render forrow or difgrace more bitter. I think
the fame kind of reasoning is difcoverable in one of the fongs
in *As you Like it*:

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,

"Thou art not fo unkind

"As man's ingratitude;

"Thy tooth is not fo keen,

"Because thou art not feen,

"Although thy breath be rude."

The lines printed in Italicks are thus elegantly and forcibly
explained by Dr. Johnfon.

Thou.

Cle. O Dionyza,
 Who wanteth food, and will not say, he wants it,
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
 Our tongues and sorrows too * found deep our woes
 Into the air; our eyes too weep;
 Till lungs⁷ fetch breath that may proclaim them
 louder;

That, if heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
 They may awake their helpers to comfort them⁸.

I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir,

Cle. This Tharfus, o'er which I have the govern-
 ment,

A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
 For riches strew'd herself even in the streets⁹;

Whose

*Thou winter wind, says the Duke, thy rudeness gives the
 less pain, as thou art not seen; thou art an enemy that dost
 not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is there-
 fore not aggravated by insult.*

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

This line is introduced to illustrate the former, in which
 our author has observed that solitude affords us the just mea-
 sure of our misfortunes, without aggravation. But these
 misfortunes (he adds) if topp'd, (i. e. attempted to be reduc-
 ed) increase, like trees which shoot the higher in consequence
 of having felt the pruning-knife. STEEVENS.

* *Our tongues and sorrows too*—] The original copy has—
to, here and in the next line; which cannot be right. *To*
 was often written by our old writers for *too*, and in like man-
 ner *too* and *two* were confounded. The quarto of 1619 reads
 —*do* in the first line. I think Cleon means to say—*Let* our
 tongues and sorrows too found deep, &c. MALONE.

7 —*till lungs*—] The old copy has—*tongues*. The correc-
 tion was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

8 *They may awake their helpers to comfort them.*] Thus the
 old copy. Perhaps however we should read—*helps*. So be-
 fore:

“ ————— be my *helps*.

“ To compass such a boundless happiness!”

MALONE.

9 *For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;*] I sup-
 pose we should read—*themselves*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare

Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds¹,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at ;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd²,
Like one another's glass to trim them by³ :
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight ;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dió. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do ! By this our charge,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,

As

Shakspeare generally uses *riches* as a singular noun. So, in *Othello* :

“ The *riches* of the ship is come ashore.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ But *riches* fineless is as poor as winter.”—

Again, in his 87th Sonnet :

“ And, for *that riches*, where is my deserving ?”

MALONE.

¹ —bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,] So in *Hamlet*.

“ —like the herald Mercury,

“ New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.”

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594 :

“ Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy.”

Again, more appositely in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ You towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds.”

MALONE.

² —so jetted and adorn'd,] To *jet* is to strut, to walk proudly. So in *Twelfth Night* : “ Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him : how he jets under his advanced plumes !” STEEVENS.

³ Like one another's glass, to trim them by,] The same idea is found in *Hamlet*. Ophelia, speaking of the prince, says, he was

“ The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,

“ The observ'd of all observers.”

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ A temple to the youngest ; to the more mature,

“ A glass that feated them.”

Again, in the *Second Part of King Henry IV.*

“ ————— He was indeed the glass,

“ Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.”

MALONE.

As houses are defil'd for want of use,
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise :
 Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's favour⁴,
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
 Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes⁵,
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life :
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping ;
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
 Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
 Is not this true ?

Di. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of plenty's cup⁶

And

⁴ *Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's favour.*] The passage is so corrupt in the old copy, that it is difficult even to form a probable conjecture about it. It reads—who not yet too favors younger. The words which I have inserted in the text, afford sense, and are not very remote from the traces of the original letters; and *favour* and *hunger* might easily have been transposed. We have in a subsequent scene:

“ All viands, that I eat, do seem unfavoury.”

I do not, however, propose this emendation with the smallest confidence; but it may remain till some less exceptionable conjecture shall be offered. MALONE.

Here is a gross corruption. I would boldly read,
 —— who not yet being slaves to hunger.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —to nouzle up their babes,] read—*nurse*. A fondling is still called a *nursing*. To *nouzle*, or as it is now written *nuzzle*, is to go with the nose down like a hog. So Pope :

“ The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,

“ Drops to a third, who nuzzles close behind.”

STEEVENS.

In an ancient poem entitled *The strange Birth, honourable Coronation and most unhappie Death of famous Arthur, King of Brytaine*, 1651, I find the word *nuzzle* used nearly in the same manner as in the text :

“ The first fair sportive night that you shall have,

“ Lying safely nuzzled by faire Igrene's side.”—

Again, more; oppositely, *ibidem* :

“ Being nuzzled in effeminate delights.”—

I have therefore retained the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

⁶ O, let those cities, that of plenty's cup, &c.] A kindred thought is found in *King Lear* :

“ —— Take

And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st, in haste;
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;⁷
And so in our's: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power,⁸
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,⁹

Whereas

" ——— Take physick, poor p!

" Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

" That thou may'st shake the superfluous to them,

" And shew the heavens more just." MALONE.

Again, *ibidem*:

" Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man," &c.

MALONE.

⁷ *One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;*] So in *Hamlet*:

" ——— sorrows never come as single spies,

" But in battalions." STEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

" One woe doth tread upon another's heels,

" So fast they follow." MALONE.

⁸ *Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power.*] The quarto 1609, reads, *That stuff'd*, &c. The context clearly shews that we ought to read *Hath* instead of *That*.—By *power* is meant *forces*. The word is frequently used in that sense by our ancient writers. So, in *King Lear*:

" ——— from France there comes a *power*

" Into this scatter'd kingdom." MALONE.

I would read,

Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels, &c. STEVENS.

⁹ —of *unhappy me*.] I believe a letter was dropped at the press, and would read—of *unhappy men*, &c. MALONE.

Whereas no glory's got to overcome¹.

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance²
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat³,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit,
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear⁴?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there:
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist⁵;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter

¹ *Whereas no glory's—*] *Whereas*, it has been already observed, was anciently used for *where*. MALONE.

² *That's the least fear; for, by the semblance—*] It should be remembered that *semblance* was pronounced as a trisyllable—*semble-ance*. So, our author in *the Comedy of Errors*:

“And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*.”

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *resembleth* is a quadrifyllable:

“O, how this spring of love *resembleth*”—

MALONE.

³ *Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,*] The quarto, 1609, reads—*like himnes* untutor'd to repeat. I suppose the author wrote—*him is*—an expression which, however elliptical, is not more so than many others in this play.

MALONE.

We should read—*him who is*, and regulate the metre as follows:

———— thou speak'st

Like *him who is* untutor'd to repeat, &c.

The sense is—*Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one who has never learned the common adage*, “that the fairest outfaces are most to be suspected.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *What need we fear?*] The earliest copy reads and points thus:

What needs we *leave our* grounds the lowest?

The reading which is inserted in the text, is that of the second quarto, printed in 1619. MALONE.

⁵ —*if he on peace consist*;] *If he stands on peace*.—A Latin sense. MALONE.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the défolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war stuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow⁶,
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread⁷,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd, half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought⁸,

Be

⁶ *And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse, war stuff'd within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow,] i. e. which you
happily, &c. The old copy reads:*

*And these our ships you happily may think,
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within
With bloody veines, &c.*

For the emendation of this corrupted passage the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, as he has observ'd, in a former scene:

"Hath stuff'd the hollow vessels with their power."

MALONE.

⁷ *—to make your needy bread,] i. e. to make bread for your
needy subjects. PERCY.*

⁸ *Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,] I suspect the
author wrote:*

*Or pay you with unthankfulness in aught,
Be it our wives, &c.*

If we are unthankful to you in any one instance, or refuse,
should there be occasion, to sacrifice any thing for your ser-
vice, whether our wives, our children, or ourselves, may the
curse

Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
 The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !
 Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
 Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a
 while,
 Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt,*

A C T II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring:
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath past necessity.
 I'll shew you those, in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain?
 The good in conversation
 (To whom I give my benizon)
 Is still at Tharfus, where ¹ each man

Thinks

curse of heaven, and of mankind, &c.—*Aught* was anciently written *ought*. *Our wives*, &c. may however refer to *any* in the former line; I have therefore made no change.

MALONE.

⁹ *I'll shew you those*, &c.] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness.—I suspect our author had here in view the title of the chapter in *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the story of Appollonius is told; though I will not say in what language he read it. It is this: “De tribulatione temporali, quæ in gaudium sempiternum postremo commutabitur.” MALONE.

¹ *The good in conversation*
 (To whom I give my benizon)

Is

Thinks all is writ he spoken can?²
 And, to remember what he does,
 Gild his statue to make him glorious:
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought to your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb Shew.

Enter at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter Pericles: Pericles shews the letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.

Good

Is still at Tharsus, where, &c.] This passage is confusedly expressed. Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged in conversation at Tharsus, where every man, &c. STEEVENS.

² *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:]* Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ. "As true as the gospel," is still common language. MALONE.

Writ may certainly mean *scripture*; the holy writing, by way of eminence, being so denominated. We might however read—*wit*, i. e. wisdom. So Gower, in this story of *Prince Appolyn*,

"Though that thou be of littel witte." STEEVENS.

³ *Gild his statue to make him glorious:]* This circumstance, as well as the foregoing, is found in the *Conf. Amant*,

"Appolinus, whan that he herde

"The mischefe, howe the citee ferde,

"All freliche of his owne giste

"His wheate among hem for to shifte,

"The whiche by ship he had brought,

"He yave, and toke of hem right nought,

"But sithen fyrst this worlde began,

"Was never yet to suche a man

"More joye made than thei hym made;

"For thei were all of hym so glade,

"That thei for ever in remembrance

"Made a figure in resemblance

"Of hym, and in a common place

"Thei set it up; so that his face

"Might ever maner man beholde,

"So as the citee was beholde:

"It was of laton over-gylte;

"Thus hath he nougth his yeste spilte."

All

Good Helicane hath staid at home,
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,
 From others' labours; for though he strive
 To killen bad, keeps good alive;
 And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre⁴:
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
 And had intent to murder him⁵;
 And that in Tharfus was not best*
 Longer for him to make his rest:
 He knowing so⁶, put forth to seas,
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
 For now the wind begins to blow;
 Thunder above, and deeps below;
 Make such unquiet, that the ship
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;

And

All the copies read— *Build his statue, &c.* MALONE.

Build his statue to make him glorious;] Read *gild*. So, in *Gower*:

"It was of laton over-gylte."

Again, in *King Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "—in remembrance they made an ymage or statue of *clene gold*," &c.

The same blunder has been repeated by the printer in a subsequent scene:

"This jewel holds his *building* on my arm—
 where I have corrected it again—*gilding*." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Good Helicane hath staid at home,—*

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,

Sends word of all that haps in Tyre;] The old copy reads:

Good Helicane *that* staid at home—

Saw'd one of all, &c.

The emendation was suggested by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

⁵ *And had intent to murder him;*] The quarto, 1609, reads,
 And *hid in Tent* to murder him.

This is only mentioned, to shew how inaccurately this play was originally printed, and to justify the liberty that has been taken in correcting the preceding passage. The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1619. MALONE.

* —was not best—] The construction is, And that for him to make his rest longer in Tharfus, was not best; i. e. his best course. MALONE.

⁶ *He knowing so,*—] i. e. says Mr. Steevens, by whom this emendation was made, "he being thus informed." The old copy has—*He doing so*, MALONE.

And he, good prince, having all lost,
 By waves, from coast to coast is tost :
 All perisshen of man, of pelf,
 Ne aught escapen'd⁷ but himself ;
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad⁸ ;
 And here he comes : what shall be next,
 Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text. [Exit.

S C E N E I.

Pentapolis. *An open place by the sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven⁹!

Wind,

⁷ *Ne aught escapen'd but himself ;*] It should be printed either *escapen* or *escaped*. Our ancestors had a plural number in their tenses, which is now lost out of the language ; i. e. in the present tense,

I escape	We escapen
Thou escapest	Ye escapen
He escapeth	They escapen.

But it did not, I believe, extend to the preter-imperfects, otherwise than thus : They *didden* [for *did*] escape. PERCY.

I do not believe the text to be corrupt. Our author in this instance seems to have followed Gower :

“ —and with himselfe were in debate,
 “ *Thynkende* what he had lore,” &c.

I think, I have observed many other instances of the same kind in the *Confessio Amantis*. MALONE.

⁸ —*to give him glad ;*] Should we not read—to *make* him glad. PERCY.

⁹ *Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven !
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man.*

Is

Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
 Is but a substance, that must yield to you ;
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath,
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
 To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes :
 And having thrown him from your watry grave,
 Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter

Is but a substance, &c.] I would read :

—ye angry *stores* of heaven,

Wind, rain, and thunder! remember, &c.

So Milton, *Paradise Lost*. b. ii. l. 175.

“ ————what, if all

“ Her *stores* were open'd, and this firmament

“ Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,—.”

Again, b. vi. l. 764.

“ His quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd.”

So Addison in his *Cato* :

“ Some hidden thunder in the *stores* of heaven.”

In strictness, the old reading wants somewhat of propriety, because there are no *stars* beside those of heaven. We say properly—the *sands of the sea*, and the *fishes of the sea*, because there are likewise *sands of the earth*, and *fishes that live in fresh water*; but *stars* are to be found *only* in those regions of which *wind, rain, and thunder* are the acknowledged *stores*. So, in *King Lear* :

“ All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

“ On her ingrateful top!” &c. STEEVENS.

The amendment proposed by Mr. Steevens, is unnecessary, nor is there any impropriety in the passage as it stands; for though there be no stars except those of heaven, some of these stars were supposed to be angry or malignant, and others to be favourable and prosperous. The emphasis in speaking must be laid on the word *angry*. MASON.

¹ —and left me breath,] The quarto, 1609, reads—and left my breath. I read—and left me breath;—that is, left me life, only to aggravate my misfortunes, by enabling me to think on the death that awaits me.

This slight change, in some measure, removes the absurdity that Mr. Steevens has justly remarked in this passage as it stands in the old copy. The rhyme, I believe, was intended; for in many of our old plays rhyme seems to have been thought an ornament, whenever it could be commodiously introduced. MALONE.

The

Enter three Fishermen².

1. *Fish*. What, ho, Pilche³!

2. *Fish*. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1. *Fish*.

The interposition of rhyme in the middle of this speech, and the awkwardness of imputing *thought* to *breath*, incline me to believe here is some corruption. Perhaps the author wrote

—— left my *breast*

Nothing to think on, &c.—

To revolve any thing in the *breast* or *bosom* is a phrase sufficiently authorized. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ix. v. 288:

“*Thoughts*, which how found they *harbour* in thy *breast*?” STEEVENS.

² This scene seems to have been formed on the following lines in the *Confessio Amantis*:

“ Thus was the younge lorde all alone,
 “ All naked in a poure plite.—
 “ There came a fisher in the weye,
 “ And sigh a man there naked stonde,
 “ And whan that he hath understonde
 “ The cause, he hath of hym great routh;
 “ And onely of his poure trowth,
 “ Of such clothes as he hadde
 “ With great pitee this lorde he cladde:
 “ And he hym thonketh as he sholde,
 “ And sayth hym that it shall be volde
 “ If ever he gete his state ageyne;
 “ And praith that he wolde hym seyne,
 “ If high were any towne for hym.
 “ He sayd, ye, Pentapolim,
 “ Where both-kyng and queene dwellen.
 “ Whan he this tale herde tellen,
 “ He gladdeth hym, and gan besече,
 “ That he the wey hym wolde teche.”

Shakspeare, delighting to describe the manners of such people, has introduced three fishermen, instead of one, and extended the dialogue to a considerable length. MALONE.

³ *What* ho! Pilche!] All the old copies read—*What to pelche*. The latter emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt. For the other I am responsible. *Pilche*, as he has observed, is a leathern coat. The context confirms this correction. The first fisherman appears to be the master, and speaks with authority, and some degree of contempt, to the third fisherman,

1. *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3. *Fish.* What say you, master?

1. *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now : come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion⁴.

3. *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1. *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my hearts to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day,, we could scarce help ourselves.

3. *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled⁶? they say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1. *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him⁷, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per.

man, who is a servant.—His next speech, *What, Patch-breech, I say!* is in the same style. The second fisherman seems to be a servant likewise ; and after the master has called —*What, ho, Pitche!*—(for so I read,) explains what it is he wants :—*Ha, come, and bring away the nets.* MALONE.

⁴ —with a wannion.] A phrase of which the meaning is obvious, though I cannot explain the word at the end of it. It is common in many of our old plays. STEVENS.

⁵ *Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart—*] So, in *The Winter's Tale* : "O the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em;—now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hog's head. And then for the land-service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help," &c. MALONE.

⁶ —when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?] The rising of porpuses near a vessel at sea, has long been considered as the fore-runner of a storm. So, in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, by Webster, 1613] : "He lifts up his nose, like a foul porpus before a storm." MALONE.

⁷ —as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him,—] So, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

" ————like

Per. A pretty moral.

3. *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2. *Fish.* Why, man?

3. *Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

Per. Simonides?

3. *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject of the sea?
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

Per.

“——like scaled sculls

“Before the belching whale.” STEEVENS.

“——the finny subject of the sea—] Old copies—*fenny*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This thought is not much unlike another in *As you like it*:

“——this our life, exempt from publick haunt,

“Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

“Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

STEEVENS.

“*Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.*] The old copy reads—if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Part of the emendation suggested by Mr. Steeven, is confirmed by a passage in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, quoted by Mr. Mason:

“——I fear shrewdly, I should do something

“That would quite scratch me out of the calendar.”

MALONE.

The preceding speech of Pericles affords no apt introduction to the reply of the fisherman. Either somewhat is omitted that cannot now be supplied, or the whole passage is obscured by more than common depravation.

It

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2. *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind, In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball For them to play upon, entreats you pity him: He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1. *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2. *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2. *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure: for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

VOL. VI.

C

Per.

It should seem that the prince had made some remark on the badness of the day. Perhaps the dialogue originally ran thus:

Per. Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;

The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2. *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it out of the calendar*, and nobody will look after it.

The following speech of Pericles is equally abrupt and inconsequent:

May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

The folio reads,

Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast.

I would rather suppose the poet wrote,

Nay, see the sea hath cast upon your coast —

Here the *fisherman* interposes. The prince then goes on

A man, &c. STEEVENS.

May not here be an allusion to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero? — If you like the day, find it out in the Almanack, and nobody will take it from you. FARMER.

Some difficulty, however, will remain, unless we suppose a preceding line to have been lost; for Pericles (as the text stands) has said nothing about the day. I suspect that in the lost line he wish'd the men *a good day*. MALONE.

[—to cast thee in our way!] He is playing on the word *cast*; which anciently was used both in the sense of *to throw*, and *to vomit*. So, in *Macbeth*:

“—yet I made a shift to *cast* him.”

It is used in the latter sense above: “—till he *cast* bell's, &c. up again.” MALONE.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know ;
 But what I am, want teaches me to think on ;
 A man throng'd up with cold² : my veins are chill,
 And have no more of life, than may suffice
 'To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help ;
 Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
 For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have
 a gown here³; come, put it on; keep thee warm.
 Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt
 go home, and we'll have flesh for holy-days, fish for
 fasting days, and more'o'er puddings and flap-jacks⁴;
 and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2. *Fish.* Hark, you, my friend, you said you could
 not beg.

Per.

² *A man throng'd up with cold:*—] I suspect that this,
 which is the reading of all the copies, is corrupt. We might
 read,

A man *shrunk* up with cold ;—
 (It might have been anciently written *shronk*.) So in *Cym-
 beline* :

“The *shrink*ing slaves of winter.” MALONE.

Throng'd up with cold may mean only molested by it, as
 by the pressure of a crowd. With this situation Apeman-
 tus threatens Timon :

“ — I'll say thou hast gold :

“ Thou wilt be *throng'd* to shortly.

Throng'd might also be used by Pericles to signify shrunk
 into a heap, so as to have one part *crowded* into another.

STEEVENS.

³ *I have a gown here; &c.*] In the prose history of *Kynge
 Appolyn of Tyre*, already quoted, the fisherman gives him
 “one halfe of his blacke *mantelle* for to cover his body with.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *flesh for holy-days, fish for fasting days, and more-o'er
 puddings and flap-jacks;*] In the old copy this passage is
 strangely corrupted. It reads—*flesh for all days, fish for fast-
 ing days, and more, or puddings and flap-jacks.* Dr. Farmer
 suggested to me the correction of the latter part of the sen-
 tence: for the other emendation I am responsible. Mr.
 Mason would read—*flesh for ale-days*: but this was not, I
 think, the language of the time; though *ales* and *church-
 ales* was common. MALONE.

In

Per. I did but crave.

2. *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2. *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. *Fish.* Hark, you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1. *Fish.* Why I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1. *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be call'd, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1. *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1. *Fish.* O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for,—his wife's souls.

C 2

Re-enter

In some counties a *flapjack* signifies an apple-puff: but anciently it seems to have meant a *pancake*. STEEVENS.

s. —and what a man cannot get, &c.] This passage, in its present state, is to me unintelligible. We might read—"O sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may not lawfully deal for;—his wife's soul."

Be content; things must be as Providence has appointed; and what a man's situation in life does not entitle him to aspire to, he ought not to attempt;—the affections of a woman in a higher sphere than his own.

Soul

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2. *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't^o, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks fortune, yet, that after all my crosses*,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own⁷, part of mine heritage,

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,)

Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death; (and pointed to this brace⁸ :)

For

Soul is in other places used by our author for *love*.—Thus in *Measure for Measure*:

“ —we have with special *soul*

“ Elected him, our absence to supply.” MALONE.

Things must be (says the speaker) *as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a just right to attempt*.—Thus far the passage is clear. The fisherman may then be supposed to begin a new sentence.—*His wife's soul*—but here he is interrupted by his comrades. He might otherwise have proceeded to say—*The good will of a wife indeed is one of the things which is difficult of attainment. A husband is in the right to strive for it, but after all his pains may fail to secure it*.—I wish his brother fishermen had called off his attention before he had had time to utter his last three words. STEEVENS.

The fisherman means, I think, to say, “What a man cannot get, there is no law against giving, to save his wife's soul from purgatory.” FARMER.

° —bots on't,—] The *bots*, are the worms that breed in horses. This comick execration was formerly used in the room of one less decent. It occurs in *King Henry IV.* and in many other old plays. MALONE.

* —after all my crosses,] For the insertion of the word *my* I am answerable. MALONE.

⁷ And, though it was mine own,] i. e. And I thank you, though it was my own. MALONE.

⁸ —this brace:] The *brace* is the armour of the arm. Avant—bras. FR. STEEVENS.

*For that it sav'd me, keep it ; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from ! 't may defend thee.*
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given it again :
I thank thee for it ; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1. *Fish.* What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king ;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it ;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortune's better¹,
I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your debtor :

1. *Fish.* Why, wilt thou routney for the lady ?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1. *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't !

2. *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters : there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it*.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel² ;

And

* *The which the gods protect thee from !—*] The old copies read, unintelligibly,

The which the gods protect thee, *same* may defend thee.

I am answerable for the correction.—The licence taken in omitting the pronoun before *have*, in a subsequent line of this speech, was formerly not uncommon. MALONE.

¹ *And if that ever my low fortune's better,*] Mr. Mason thinks that *better* is here used as a verb, and that the line should be printed thus :

And if that ever my low fortunes better,—

MALONE.

* —*from whence you had it.*] For this correction, I am answerable. The old copies read—*had them.* MALONE.

² *By your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel ;*] The line is so weak, I should wish to read,

Now

And spite of all the rapture of the sea³,
 This jewel holds his bidding on my arm⁴;
 Unto thy value I will mount myself
 Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
 Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
 Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
 Of a pair of bases⁵.

2. *Fifth.*

Now by your furtherance I am cloath'd in steel.

STEEVENS.

³ *And spite of all the rapture of the sea,*] We might read
 (with Dr. Sewel)

—spite of all the *rapture* of the sea,—

That is, notwithstanding that the sea hath *ravish'd* so much
 from me. So afterwards:

“ Who, looking for adventures in the world,

“ Was by the rough seas *rest* of ships and men.”

Again, in the *Life and Death of Lord Cromwell, 1602*:

“ Till envious fortune and the ravenous sea

“ Did *rob, disrobe, and spoil* us of our own.”

But the old reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

I am not sure but that the old reading is the true one. We
 still talk of the *breaking* of the sea, and the *breakers*. What
 is the *rapture* of the sea, but another word for the *breaking*
 of it? *Rapture* means any solution of continuity.

STEEVENS.

⁴ *This jewel holds his bidding on my arm;*] The old copy
 reads—his *building*. *Biding* was, I believe, the poet's word.

MALONE.

Perhaps *gilding*; (which was formerly written *gilding*.)
 He is speaking of some jewel of value, which in the ship-
 wreck had adhered to his arm. Any ornament of enchased
 gold was anciently styled a *jewel*. So in Markham's *Arcadia*,
 1607: She gave him a *very fine jewel*, wherein was set a most
 rich diamond.” Pericles means to sell his bracelet, that with
 the price it brings he may purchase a horse; and rejoices on
 finding that the brightness of the toy is undiminished.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*a pair of bases.*] i. e. armour of the legs. *Bas. Fr. So*,
 in *Hudibras*:

“ Nor shall it e'er be said, that wight,

“ With gauntlet blue and *bases* white,

“ And round blunt truncheon,” &c. STEEVENS.

Bases, however, also signified the *housings* of a horse, and
 may have been used in that sense here. So, in Fairfax's
 translation of Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*;

“ And

2. *Fifth.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a gaol to my will;
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists.
A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King,
Princes, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph? ⁶

1. *Lord.* They are, my liege;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready⁷; and our daughter here,

In

“And with his streaming blood his *basis* dide.”

MALONE.
⁶ *Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?*] In Gower's poem, and *Kynge Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, certain gymnastick exercises only are performed before the Pentapolitan monarch, antecedent to the marriage of *Appollinus*, the Pericles of this play. The present tournament, however, as well as the dance in the next scene, seems to have been suggested by a passage of the former writer, who, describing the manner in which the wedding of *Appollinus* was celebrated, says,

“The *knights* that be yonge and proude,

“Thei *juste* first, and after *daunce*.”

A *triumph* formerly signified any magnificent shew or procession. MALONE.

⁷ *Return them, we are ready;*] i. e. return them notice, that we are ready, &c. PERCY.

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less:

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renowns, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight, in his device⁸.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*⁹.

Sim.

⁸ 'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain

The labour of each knight, in his device.] The old copy reads—to entertain, which cannot be right. Mr. Steevens suggested the emendation. MALONE.

The sense would be clearer were we to substitute, both in this and the following instance, *office. Honour*, however, may mean her situation as *queen of the feast*, as she is afterwards denominated.

The idea of this scene appears to have been caught from the Iliad, book iii. where Helen describes the Grecian leaders to her father-in-law Priam. STEEVENS.

⁹ The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.] What we now call the motto, was sometimes termed the *word* or *mot* by our old writers. *Le mot.* Fr. So, in Marston's Satires, 1599:

“————— Fabius' perpetual golden coat,

“Which might have *semper idem* for a *mot*.”

These latin mottos may perhaps be urged as a proof of the learning of Shakspeare, or as an argument to shew that he was not the author of this play; but tournaments were so fashionable and frequent an entertainment in the time of queen Elizabeth, that he might very easily have been furnished with these shreds of literature. MALONE.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

[*The second knight passes.*]

Who is the second, that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon; my royal father?

And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady:

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça*¹.

[*The third knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; and his device,

A wreath of chivalry: the word, *Me pompæ provexit apex*².

[*The fourth knight passes.*]

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch⁴, that's turn'd upside down;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shews that beauty hath his power and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth knight passes.*]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds;

Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone try'd.

The

¹ — *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is; more by sweetness than by force. The author should have written *Max*; per dulçura, &c. *Piu* in Italian signifies more; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word. MALONE.

² *Me pompæ provexit apex.*] All the old copies have *Me Pompey*, &c. Whether we should amend these words as follows — *me pompæ provexit apex*, — or correct them thus — *me Pompei provexit apex*, I confess my ignorance. A wreath of chivalry; in its common sense, might be the desert of many knights on many various occasions; so that its particular claim to honor on the present one is not very clearly ascertained. If the wreath declares of itself that it was once the ornament of *Pompey's* helm, perhaps here may be some allusion to those particular marks of distinction which he wore after his bloodless victory over the Cilician pirates: .

“ Et victis cedit piratica laurea Gallis.”

STEEVENSON.

³ *What is the fourth?*] i. e. What is the fourth device.

MALONE.

⁴ *A burning torch, &c.*] This device and motto may have been taken from Daniel's translation of *Paulus Jovius*, in 1583, in which they are found. Signat. H. 7. b.

MALONE.

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth knight passes.*

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present
Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral:

From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward
shew

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside he appears,
To have practis'd more the whipstock, than the lances.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool; that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man⁶.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts; and all cry, The mean knight.*

⁵ —the whipstock—] i. e. the carter's whip. See note on *Twelfth Night*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The outward habit by the inward man.*] i. e. that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit.

This kind of inversion was formerly very common. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“———that many may be meant

“By the fool multitude.” MALONE.

Why should we not read—

The *inward* habit by the *outward* man.

The words were accidentally misplaced. In the prose romance already quoted, the king says: “—the habyte maketh not the religious man.” STEEVENS.

In my copy this line is quoted in an old hand as Mr. Steevens reads. FARMER.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

The same. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,⁷
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in shew commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit*.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist⁸, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the
feast,
(For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights.

⁷ To place, &c.] The quarto, 1609, reads—I place, and this corrupt reading was followed in that of 1619, and in the folio, 1664. The emendation is taken from the folio, 1685.

MALONE.

*—than my merit.] Thus the original quarto, 1609. The second quarto has—by merit. MALONE.

⁸ In framing an artist,—] We might better read—In framing artists.—MALONE.

⁹ —Come queen o'the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

—present

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise¹.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sir; sir, sir.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, the not thought upon².

Thai.

“ ——— present yourself,

“ That *which you are, mistress o' the feast.*”

STEEVENS.

¹ That *neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes, Envy the great, nor do the low despise.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1619. The first quarto reads:

“ *Have neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,*

“ *Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.*”

MALONE.

² *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,*

These cates resist me, the not thought upon.] All the copies read “ — *he not thought upon,*” and these lines are given to Simonides. In the old plays it is observable, that declarations of affection, whether disguised or open, are generally made by both the parties; if the lady utters a tender sentiment, a corresponding sentiment is usually given to her lover. Hence I conclude that the author wrote,

— *she not thought upon:*

and that these lines belong to Pericles. If *he* be right, I would say,

“ — *he now thought upon.*”

The prince recollecting his present state, and comparing it with that of Simonides, wonders that he can eat. In Gower, where this entertainment is particularly described, it is said of *Appolinus*, the Pericles of the present play, that

“ He sette and cast about his eye,

“ And saw the lordes in estate,

“ And with hym selfe were in debate

“ Thynkende what he had lore;

“ And such a sorowe he toke therefore,

“ That he sat ever stille and thought,

“ *As he which of no meute thought,*”

So

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unfavoury,
Wishing him my meat³: fure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman; he has
Done no more than other knights have done:
He has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glafs.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit like stars about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night⁴,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:

Whereby

So in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "—at the last he fate him down at the table, and, *without etynge*, he behelde the noble company of lordes and grete estates.—Thus as he looked all about, a grete lorde that served at the kynges table, sayde unto the kyng, Certes syr, this man wolde gladly your honour, for he *dooth not ete*, but beholdeth hertely your noble magnyfycence, and is in poynt to weep."

The words *refist me*, however, do not well correspond with this idea. Perhaps they are corrupt. MALONE.

—*these cates resist me*, —] i. e. go against my stomach.

STEEVENS.

³ *Wishing him my meat*:] I am afraid that a jingle is here intended between *meat* and *mate*. The two words were, I believe, in our author's time, generally, and are at this day in Warwickshire, pronounced alike. The address to *Juno* countenances this supposition. MALONE.

Surely the plain meaning is, that she had rather have a husband than a dinner; that she wishes Pericles were in the place of the provisions before her; regarding him (to borrow a phrase from *Romeo*) as *the dearest morsel of the earth*. So, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*!

"—If thou couch

"But one night with her—

"Thou shalt remember nothing more, than what

"That *banquet* bids thee to." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night*,] The old copies read—Where now his *son*, &c.—But this is scarcely intelligible. The slight change that has been made, affords an easy sense. *Where* is, I suppose, here, as in many other places, used for *whereas*.

The

Whereby I see that time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave^s,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry knights?

1. *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim⁶,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips),
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace:

Sim. Yet pause a while;

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a shew might countervail his worth,
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it?

To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,

Are

The peculiar property of the glow-worm, on which the poet has here employed a line, he has in *Hamlet* happily described by a single word:

"The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,

"And 'gins to pale his *uneffctual* fire. MALONE.

^s For he's their parent, and he is their grave,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"The ear h, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;

"What is her burying grave, that is her womb."

Milton has the same thought:

"The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave."

In the text the second quarto has been followed. The first reads:

He's both their parent and he is their grave."

MALONE.

⁶ —that's stor'd unto the brim,] The quarto, 1609. reads —that's *stur'd* unto the brim. MALONE.

If *stirr'd* be the true reading, it must mean that dances to the brim. But I rather think we should read —*stor'd*, i. e. replenished. So before in this play:

"Their tables were *stor'd* full."

Again:

"Were not this glorious casket *stor'd* with ill."

Again:

" —these

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at⁷.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet⁸,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold ;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move me
else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. *[Aside.]*

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to
know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage⁹.

Thai. The king, my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him
freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—my name, Pericles ;
My education being in arts and arms* ;)—

Who

“ —these our ships

“ Are stor'd with corn—.” STEEVENS.

⁷ *Are wonder'd at.*] i. e. when they are found to be such
small insignificant animals, after making so great a noise.

PERCY.

⁸ *Therefore to make his entrance more sweet.*] *Entrance* was
sometimes used by our old poets as a word of three sylla-
bles. MALONE.

⁹ *Of whence he is, his name and parentage.*] So, in the
Conf. Amant.

“ His daughter—

“ He had to go on his message,

“ And fondle for to make him glade,

“ And she did as her father bade ;

“ And goth to him the softest paas,

“ And asketh whens and what he was,

“ And praithe he shulde his thought leve.”

MALONE.

* being in arts and arms ;] The old copies have—*been* I
am responsible for the correction ; and for the introduction of
the words *has been* in the following speech. MALONE.

Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driv'n upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A Gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.

Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which-looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud-musick is too harsh² for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*]

So, this was well ask'd; 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard³, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;

And.

¹ *Even in your armours, as you are address'd,]* As you are accoutred, prepared for combat. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"To-morrow for the match are we address'd."

The word *very* in the next line was inserted by the editor of the folio. MALONE.

² *I will not have excuse, with saying, this*

Loud musick is too harsh—] i. e. the loud noise made by the clashing of their armour.

The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient *Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing*, bl. let. no date:

"There is a daunce called Choria,

"Which joy doth testify;

"Another called Pyrricke

"Which warlike feats doth try;

"For men in armour gestures made,

"And leapt, that so they might,

"When need requires, be more prompt

"In publique weale to fight." MALONE.

³ *And have often heard,]* I have inserted the word *often*, which was probably omitted by the carelessness of the compositor. MALONE.

And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are my lord.

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be deny'd

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp ;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all ; all have done well,

But you the best. [*to Pericles.*] Pages and lights, to
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings : Your's, fir,
We have given order to be next our own².

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that's the mark I know you level at :

Therefore each one betake him to his rest ;

To-morrow, all for speeding to their best.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tyre. A Room in the Governour's house.

Enter HELICANUS, and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes ; know this of me³,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free ;
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To with-hold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence ;

Even

² —to be next our own.] So Gower :

“ The keynge his chamberleyn let calle,

“ And bad that he by all weye

“ A chamber for this man purvei,

Whiche nigh his own chambre bee.” MALONE.

³ No, *Escanes*,—] I suspect the author wrote——
Know, Escanes, &c. MALONE.

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot
 Of an ineffimable value, and
 His daughter with him,
 A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
 Those bodies⁴, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
 That all those eyes adorn'd them, ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burials.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no guard
 To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
 Or council, has respect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it!

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my
 lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top.
 And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your prince
 you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
 But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
 If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

And

⁴ *A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up*

Those bodies,] This circumstance is mentioned by Gower:

" — they hym tolde,

" That for vengeance as God it wolde,

" Antiochus, as men maie witte,

" With thonder and lightnyng is forsmitte.

" His daughter hath the same chance,

" So ben thei both in o balance." MALONE.

⁵ *That all those eyes adorned them, ere their fall,*
Scorn now, &c.] The expression is elliptical:

That all those eyes which adored them, &c.

MALONE.

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us⁶,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us⁸ to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
censure⁹:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head¹,
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof²),
Soon will fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where s hourly trouble³, for a minute's ease.

A twelve-

⁶ *And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,]* *Resolv'd* is satisfied, freed from doubt. So, in a subsequent scene:

"Resolve your angry father, if my tongue," &c.

MALONE.

⁸ *And leaves us—]* The quarto, 1609, reads—*And leave us*, which cannot be right. MALONE.

⁹ *Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:]* i. e. the most probable in our opinion. *Censure* is thus used in *King Richard III.*

"To give your *censure* in this weighty business."

STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*Whose death indeed, &c.*

MALONE.

¹ *And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,]* They did not know that the kingdom had absolutely lost its government; for in the very preceding line this lord observes that it was only more probable that he was dead, than living. I therefore read, with a very slight change,—*if* without a head. The old copy, for *if*, has—*is*. In the next line but one, by supplying the word *will*, which I suppose was omitted by the carelessness of the compositor, the sense and metre are both restored. The passage as it stands in the old copy, is not, by any mode of construction, reducible to grammar.

MALONE.

² (*Like goodly buildings left without a roof,])* The same thought occurs in *K. Henry IV.* Part II:

"———leaves his part-created cost

"A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

"And waste for churlish winter's tyranny."

STEEVENS.

³ *Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,*

Where's

A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your king;
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;
 Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
 And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour——⁴

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp
 hands;
 When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

Where's hourly trouble, &c.] The old copy reads—into
 the seas; and it must be acknowledged that a line in *Ham-*
let,

“ Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,”
 as well as the rhyme, adds some support to this reading: yet
 I have no doubt that the poet wrote,
 —— I leap into the sea;—

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ —— I have no spur

“ To prick the sides of mine intent, but only

“ Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself, &c.

On ship-board the pain and pleasure may be in the propor-
 tion here stated: but the troubles of him who plunges into
 the sea (unless he happens to be an expert swimmer) are sel-
 dom of an hour's duration. MALONE.

Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease;] So, in *K.*
Richard III.

“ And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.”

MALONE.

⁴ *We with our travels will endeavour,—]* I suppose the au-
 thor intended an abrupt sentence. Mr. Steevens would read
 —will endeavour it. MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letters; the Knights meet him.

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth, she will not undertake
A married life: her reason to herself
Is only known, which from her by no means
Can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly ty'd
her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd^s,

And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

Exeunt.

Sim. So.

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She

^s In *The Historie of Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, "two kinges Jones pay their court to the daughter of *Archystrates* (the Simonides of the present play). He sends two rolls of paper to her, containing their names, &c. and desires her to choose which she will marry. She writes him a letter, (in answer, of which Appolyn is the bearer,—that she will have the man "whiche hath passed the dangerous undes and perylles of the sea,—all other to refuse." The same circumstance is mentioned by Gower, who has introduced *three* suitors instead of *two*, in which our author has followed him. MALONE.

⁶ *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,*] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some less shameful expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own. STEEVENS.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think
Of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wond'rous fair.

Sim. Sir, my daughter, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she'll be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy to be her school-master^s.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life.

[*Aside.*

O, seek not to entrap, my gracious lord^s,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou
art

A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not;
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king^s.)
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent^s.

I come

^s —to be her school-master.] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads —for her schoolmaster. MALONE.

^s —my gracious lord,] Old copies —me. I am answerable for the correction. MALONE.

* —the king,] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second copy has —a king. MALONE.

^s That never relish'd of a base descent.] So, in *Hamlet*:

“That has no relish of salvation in it.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

“They smack of honour both.” MALONE.

I came unto your court, for honour's cause,
 And not to be a rebel to her state;
 And he that otherwise accounts of me,
 This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
 Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
 Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
 To any syllable that made love to you.

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
 Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
 I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame
 you;

I'll bring you in subjection. Will you,
 Not having my consent, bestow your love
 And your affections upon a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know, may be, nor can I think
 The contrary, as great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside.*]

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame your will
 To mine—and you, sir, hear you, either be
 Rul'd by me, or I'll make you—man and wife:

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too:
 And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—
 And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim.

* No! here comes my daughter, she can witness it.] Thus
 all the copies. Simonides, I think, means to say—Not a re-
 bel to our state!—Here comes my daughter: she can prove,
 thou art one. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—Now,
 here comes, &c.—In *Othello* we find nearly the same words:

“ Here comes the lady, let her witness it.”

MALONE.

† Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.—Even as my
 life loves my blood that supports it.—The quarto, 1619, and
 the subsequent copies, read

“ Even

Sim. What, are you both agreed ?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed ;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
No din but snores², the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed-breasts
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat with eyne of burning coal,

VOL. VI.

D

Now

“ Even as my life, of blood that fosters it.”

The reading of the text is found in the first quarto.

MALONE.

² *Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;*

No din but snores ; &c.] The quarto, 1609, and the subsequent copies, read :

No din but snores *about the house.*

As Gower's speeches are all in rhyme, it is clear that the old copy is here corrupt. It first occurred to me that the author might have written,

Now sleep yslaked hath the *rouse*—

i. e. the cardusal. But the mere transposition of the latter part of the second line, renders any further change unnecessary. *Rout* is likewise used by Gower, for a company in the tale of *Appolinus*, the *Pericles* of the present play :

“ Upon a tyme with a *route*

“ This lord to play goeth hym out.”

Again :

“ It fell a daie thei riden oute,

“ The kyng and queene and all the *route.*”

MALONE.

³ *No din but snores, the house about,*

Made louder by the o'er-fed breath—] So Virgil, speaking
of

Now couches from the mouse's hole⁴;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their drouth⁵.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded:—Be attent⁶,
 And time that is so briefly spent,
 With your fine fancies quaintly eche⁷;
 What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb shew.

*Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants;
 a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter.
 Pericles shews it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former.*

of Rhamnes, who was killed in the midnight expedition of
 Nisus and Euryalus:

Rhamneten aggrediatur, qui forte te petibus altis
 Extractus, toto prostrabat pectore somnum.

STEEVENS.

The quarto 1619, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, all read, o'er
see beast. The true reading has been recovered from the first
 quarto. MALONE.

⁴ —from *the mouse's hole*;] May perhaps mean—at *some
 little distance from the mouse's hole*. I believe, however, we
 ought to read—*'fore the mouse's hole*. MALONE.

⁵ *And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 As the blither for their arowth*:] So in *Cymbeline*:
 “The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sence
 “Repairs itself by rest.”

The old copy has—*Are the blither, &c.* The emendation
 was suggested by Mr. Steevens. Perhaps we ought to read—

“And crickets *singing* at the oven's mouth,
 Are the blither for their drought.” MALONE.

⁶ *Be attent,*] This adjective is again used in *Hamlet*.

MALONE.

⁷ *With your fine fancies quaintly eche*;) i. e. eke out. So,
 in the Chorus to *King Henry V.* (first folio):

“———— still be kind,
 “And *ech* out our performance with your mind.”

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*, quarto, 1600 (Heyes's
 edition):

“————'tis to peeze the time,
 “To *ech* it, and to draw it out in length.”

MALONE.

mer⁸. Then enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida. Simonides shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her father, and depart.—Then Simonides, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch⁹,
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coignes¹,
Which the world together joins,

D 2

Is

⁸ —the Lords kneel to the former.] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre—"No man, says Gower in his *Conf. Amant*.

"———knew the soth cas,

"But he hym selfe; what man he was."

By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

MALONE.

⁹ By many a dearn and painful perch,] Dearn is *direful, dismal*. See Skinner's *Etymol.* in v. *Dere*. The word is used by Spenser, B. ii. c. i. st. 35.—B. iii. c. i. st. 14. The construction is somewhat involved. *The careful search of Pericles is made by many a dearn and painful perch,—by the four opposing coignes, which join the world together:—with all due diligence, &c.* MALONE.

Dearn signifies *lonely, solitary*. See note on *King Lear*. A perch is a measure of five yards and a half. STEEVENS.

¹ By the four opposing coignes.] By the four opposite *corner-stones* that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*:

"———No juttie, frieze,

"Buttress, or coigne, of vantage, but this bird

"Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle."

In the passage before us, the author seems to have considered the word as a stupendous edifice, artificially constructed. To seek a man in every *corner* of the *globe*, is still common language.

All the copies read,

By the four opposing *crignes*—

but there is no such English word. For the ingenious emendation inserted in the text, which is produced by the change of a single letter, the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt.

MALONE.

Is made, with all due diligence,
 That horse, and fail, and high expence,
 Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire²),
 To the court of king Simonides
 Are letters brought; the tenor these:
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
 The men of Tyrus, on the head
 Of Helicanus would set on
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
 The mutiny he there hastes t'oppress;
 Says to them, if king Pericles
 Come not home in twice six moons,
 He, obedient to their dooms,
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,
 Y-ravished the regions round³,
 And every one with claps 'gan sound,

“ Our

² (*Fame answering the most strong inquire,*) The old copy reads—the most *strange* inquire; but it surely was not strange, that Pericles' subjects should be solicitous to know what was become of him. We should certainly read—the most *strong* inquire;—this earnest, anxious inquiry. The same mistake has happened in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, folio, 1623:

“ Whose weakness married to thy *stranger* state—”
 instead of *stronger*. The same mistake has also happened in other places. MALONE.

³ Y-ravished *the regions round*,] From the false print of the first edition, *Iranished*, the subsequent editors formed a still more absurd reading:

Irony shed the regions round,—

Mr. Steevens's ingenious emendation, to which I have paid due attention by inserting it in the text, is strongly confirmed by the following passage in Gower *de Confessione Amantis*:

“ This tale after the kyng it had
 “ *Pentapolin all oversprad,*
 “ *There was no joye for to seche,*
 “ For every man it had in speche,
 “ And saiden all of one accorde,
 “ *A worthy kyng shall ben our lorde,*
 “ That thought us first an he avines,
 “ Is shape us nowe to great gladnes.
 “ *Thus goth the tydinge over all.*” MALONE.

" Our heir apparent is a king :
 Who dream'd, *who thought of such a thing ?*"
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre :
 His queen with child makes her desire
 (Which who shall cross ?) along to go ;
 (Omit we all their dole and woe :)
 Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
 On Neptune's billow ; half the flood
 Hath their keel cut ⁴ ; but fortune's mood ⁵
 Varies again : the grizzled north
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,
 That, as a duck for life that dives,
 So up and down the poor ship drives.
 The lady shrieks, and well-a-weir
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :
 And what ensues in this fell storm ⁶,
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.
 I will relate ⁷ ; action may
 Conveniently the rest convey ;
 Which might not what by me is told ⁸.

In

⁴ ———— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut ;] They have made half their voyage
 with a favourable wind. So Gower :

" When thei were in the sea *amid*,
 " Out of the *north* thei see a cloude ;
 " The storm arose, the wyndes loude
 " Thei blewen many a dredeful blaste,
 " The welken was all over-caste." MALONE.

⁵ ———— *half the flood*
Hath their keel cut ; but fortune's mood,] The old copy
 reads—but fortune *mov'd*. MALONE.

Mov'd could never be designed as a rhyme to *flood*. I suppose
 we should read—but fortune's *mood*, i. e. disposition.
 So, in *Othello* :

" ———— whose eyes,
 " Albeit unused to the melting *mood*,—".
 Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well* :

" —muddied in *fortune's mood*." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*in this fell storm,*] This is the reading of the earliest
 quarto. The folios and the modern editions have—*self storm*.
 MALONE.

⁷ *I will relate ;*] The further consequences of this storm I
 shall not describe. MALONE.

⁸ *Which might not what by me is told.*] i. e. which might
 not

In your imagination hold
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
 The sea-tofs'd Pericles appears to speak.

[*Ex't.*]

S C E N E I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,¹
 Which

not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What en-
 fues may conveniently be exhibited in action; but action
 could not well have displayed all the events that I have now
 related. MALONE.

¹ *In your imagination hold*

This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

The sea-tofs'd Pericles appears to speak.] It is clear from
 these lines, that when the play was originally performed, no
 attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship. The
 ensuing scene and some others must have suffered considerably
 in the representation, from the poverty of the stage-appa-
 ratus in the time of our author.—The old copy has—*seas*
tofs'd. Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

¹ *Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,*] The
 expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: “The wa-
 ters stood above the mountains;—at thy rebuke they fled; at
 the voice of thy thunder they halted away.” It should be
 remembered, that Pericles is here supposed to speak from
 the deck of his ship. *Lychorida*, on whom he calls, in order
 to obtain some intelligence of his queen, is supposed to be
 beneath, in the cabin.—This great *vast*, is, this *wide ex-*
panse.

This speech is exhibited in so strange a form in the original,
 and all the subsequent editions, that I shall lay it before the
 reader, that he may be enabled to judge in what a corrupted
 state this play has hitherto appeared, and be induced to
 treat the editor's imperfect attempts to restore it to integrity,
 with the more indulgence.

“ The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
 “ Which

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that
hast

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still ²
Thy deaf'ning dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death ³,

Unheard!

“ Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that
hast

“ Upon the windes commaund, bind them in brassie;

“ Having call'd them from the deepe, o still

“ Thy deafning dreadful thunders, gently quench

“ Thy nimble sulphurous flashes: o How Lychorida!

“ How does my queene? then storm venomously,

“ Wilt thou speat all thyself? the sea-man's whistle

“ Is as a whisper in the eares of death,

“ Unheard Lychorida? Lucina oh!

“ Divinest patroness and my wife gentle

“ To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie

“ Aboard our dauncing boat, make switt the pangues

“ Of my queenes travayles? now Lychorida.”

MALONE.

² Having call'd them from the deep! O still—] Perhaps a word was omitted at the press. We might read—

Having call'd them from th' *enchafed* deep,—.

MALONE.

³ —Thou storm, venomously

Wilt thou spit all thyself?] All the copies read—*then* storm, &c. which cannot be right, because it renders the passage nonsense. The slight change that I have made, affords an easy sense. MALONE.

I would read,

—Thou storm'st venomously;

Wilt thou spit all thyself?

Venomously is maliciously. Shakspeare has somewhat of the same expression in one of his historical plays:

“ The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

“ Spits in the face of heaven—.”

Chapman likewise, in his version of the Iliad, says of the sea, that she

“ —spits every way her foam.” STEEVENS.

⁴ *Is as a whisper in the ears of death,*] In another place the poet supposes *death* to be awakened by the turbulence of the storm:

“ —And

Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
 Divinest patroness, and midwife⁵, gentle
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
 Abroad our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
 Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida.—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
 Who, if it had conceit⁶, would die, as I
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
 Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm⁷.
 Here's all that is left living of your queen,—
 A little daughter; for the sake of it,
 Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,

And —

“—And in the visitation of the winds,
 “Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 “Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 “With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds;
 “That, with the hurly, death itself awakes.”

King Henry IV. Part II. MALONE.

⁵ *Divinest patroness, and midwife, &c.*] The quarto, 1609,
 and the subsequent copies, read—and *my wife*. Mr. Stee-
 yens's happy emendation, which I have inserted in the text,
 is so clearly right, that it requires neither support nor illus-
 tration. If it wanted the latter, Horace would furnish it:

Montium custos nemorumque virgo,

Quæ laborantes utero puellas

Ter vocata audis, admissique leto,

Diva triformis.

Again, in the *Andria* of Terence:

Juno Lucina, ser opem; serva me, obsecro!

MALONE.

⁶ *Who, if it had conceit,—*] If it had *thought*. So, in
King Richard III.:

“There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,

“When that he bids good-morrow with such spirit.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm,*] Our author
 uses the same expression, on the same occasion, in *the Tempest*:

“You mar our labour;—keep your cabins; *you do as-
 sist the storm.*” MALONE.

And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recal not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you ⁸.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions ⁹!
For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd * to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity ¹,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb ²:

Even

⁸ *Use honour with you.*] The meaning is sufficiently clear.—In this particular you might learn from us a more honourable conduct. But the expression is so harsh, that I suspect the passage to be corrupt. MALONE.

To use, in ancient language, signifies to put out to *ufance* or *usury*. The sense of this passage may therefore be—our honour will fetch as much as yours, if placed out on terms of advantage. If valued, our honour is worth as much as yours. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Quiet and gentle thy conditions!*] *Conditions* anciently meant *qualities*; dispositions of mind. “The late earl of Essex (says Sir Walter Raleigh) told queen Elizabeth, that her *conditions* were as crooked as her carcase;—but it cost him his head.” MALONE.

*—welcom'd—] Old copy—*welcome*. For this correction I am answerable. MALONE.

¹ —as chiding a nativity,] i. e. as noisy a one. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Hippolita, speaking of the clamour of the hounds:

“——never did I hear

“Such gallant chiding.” STEEVENS.

² *To herald thee from the womb:*] The old copy reads—*To haroll* thee from the womb. For the emendation now made, the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. So, in *Macbeth*:

“only to *herall* thee into his presence,

“Not to pay thee.”

This word is in many ancient books written *harold*, and *harault*. So, in Ives's *SELECT PAPERS relative to English Antiquities*, quarto, 1773, p. 130: “—and before them kings of armes, *harolls*, and *parfuyvaunts*.”

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1610:

“Truth

Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit ³, with all thou can'st find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1. *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw ⁴;
It hath done to me the worst ⁵. Yea, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer ⁶,
I would, it would be quiet.

1. *Sail.* Slack the bolins there ⁷; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow and split thyself.

2. *Sail.*

“Truth is no harauld, nor no sophist, sure.”

See also Cowel's *Interpreter*, in v. Herald, Heralt, or *Harold*; which puts Mr. Steevens's emendation beyond a doubt.

MALONE.

³ — *thy loss is more than can*

Thy portage quit,] i. e. thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee. *Portage* is used for gate or entrance in one of Shakspear's historical plays. STEEVENS.

Portage is used in *King Henry V.* where it signifies an open space:

“Let it [*the eye*] pry through the *portage* of the head.”

Portage is an old word signifying a toll or impost, but it will not commodiously apply to the present passage. Perhaps, however, Pericles means to say, you have lost more than the *payment* made to me by your birth, together with all that you may hereafter acquire, can countervail.

⁴ — *I do not fear the flaw;*] the blast. MALONE.

⁵ *It hath done to me the worst.*] So, in the *Conf. Amant.*

“——— a wife!

“My joye, my lust, and my desyre,

“My welth, and my recoverire!

“Why shall I live, and thou shalt die?

“*Ha, thou fortune, I thee desie;*

“*Now-hast thou do to me thy werst:*

“A herte! why ne wilt thou bert?” MALONE.

⁶ — *this fresh-new sea-farer,*] We meet a similar compound epithet in *K. Richard III.*

“Your *five-new* stamp of honour is scarce current.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Slack the bolins there;*] *Bowlines* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed, when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high. This term occurs again in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*:

“——— the wind is fair:

“Top the *bowling*. STEEVENS.

2. *Sail.* But sea-room ⁸, and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not ⁹.

1. *Sail.* Sir, your queen must over-board; the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in eastern ¹. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-board straight ².

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear; No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time

To

⁸ 1. *Sail.*—*Blow and split thyself.*

2. *Sail.* *But sea-room, &c.*] So, in the *Tempest*:

“Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.”

MALONE.

⁹ —and the brine and cloudy billow kifs the moon, I care not:] So, in *The Winter's Tale*: “Now the ship boies the moon with her main-mast.”—*And* is used here, as in many other places, for *if*, or *though*. MALONE.

¹ —and we are strong in eastern.] I have no doubt that this passage is corrupt, but know not how to amend it.

MALONE.

The word *easterne* is surely a corruption. The sailor is labouring to justify his superstitious notion, and having told Pericles that it was founded on repeated observation, might add,—and we are strong in *credence*. i. e. our faith or belief in this matter is strong. So our author, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“Sith yet there is a *credence* in my heart.”

Again, in another of his plays:

“———love and wisdom,

“Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead

“For ample *credence*.”

In *King Richard II.* we meet with a parallel phrase:

“Strong as a tower in *hope*.”

The number of letters in each word exactly corresponds; and the gross errors which have been already detected in this play, are sufficient to authorize the most daring attempts at emendation. STEEVENS.

² —for she must over-board straight,] These words are in the old copy, by an evident mistake given to Pericles.

MALONE.

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave³, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze⁴;
Where; for a monument upon thy bones,
The air-remaining lamps⁵, the belching whale⁶,

And

³ *To give thee hallow'd to thy grave,*] The old shepherd in *The Winter's Tale* expresses the same apprehension concerning the want of sepulchral rites, and that he shall be buried,

"—where no priest shovels in dust." MALONE.

⁴ *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze,*] The defect both of metre and sense shews that this line, as it appears in the old copy, is corrupted. It reads:

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in *oaze*. MALONE.

I believe we should read, with that violence which a copy so much corrupted will sometimes force upon us,

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in *the ooze*,
Where, &c.

Shakspeare, in the *Tempest*, has the same word on the same occasion:

"My son i' *the ooze* is bedded." STEEVENS.

Again, *ibidem*:

"——— I wish

"My self were mudded in that oozy bed,

"Where my son lies."

Again, in Shakspeare's *Lower's Complaint*:

"Of folded schedules had she many a one,

"Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood,

"Bidding them find their *sepulchres in mud*."

MALONE.

⁵ *The air-remaining lamps,*—] Thus all the copies. *Air-remaining*, if it be right, must mean *air-hung*, suspended for ever in the air. So (as Mr. Steevens observes to me) in Shakspeare's 21st *Sonnet*:

"—*those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air*."

In *K. Richard II.* *right-drawn sword* is used for a sword drawn in a just cause; and in *Macbeth* we meet with *air-drawn dagger*. Perhaps, however, the author wrote—*aye-remaining*. Thus, in *Othello*:

"Witness, you ever-burning lights above,"—

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"To feed for *aye her lamp*, and flames of love."

MALONE.

The propriety of the emendation suggested by Mr. Malone, will be increased, if we recur to our author's leading thought, which is founded on the customs observed in the pomp of ancient sepulture. Within old monuments and receptacles for the dead, perpetual (i. e. *aye remaining*) lamps were supposed to be lighted up. Thus Pope in his *Eloisa*:

Ah

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,⁷
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the suttin coffer⁸: lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman. [*Exit Lyc.*
2. *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches,
caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what cost is this?

2. *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre⁹. When canst thou reach it?

2. *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it

At

" Ah hopeless, lasting flames, like those that burn
" 'To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn!"

I would, however, read,

And aye-remaining lamps, &c.

Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual
lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee
with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low
heavy murmur over thy head. STEEVENS.

⁶ —the belching whale,] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*.

" ——— like scalded sculls

" Before the belching whale." MALONE.

⁷ —ink and paper,] This is the reading of the second
quarto. The first has *taper*. MALONE.

⁸ *Bring me the suttin coffer:*] The old copies have—*coffin*.
It seems somewhat extraordinary that Pericles should have
carried a coffin to sea with him. We ought, I think, to read,
as I have printed, *coffer*. MALONE.

Suttin coffer is more probably the true reading. In a sub-
sequent scene, this *coffin* is so called:

" Madam, this letter and some certain jewels

" Lay with you in your *coffer*."

Our ancient *coffers* were often adorned on the inside with
such costly material. A relation of mine has a trunk which
formerly belonged to Catharine Howard when queen, and it
is lined throughout with rose-coloured *suttin*, most elabo-
rately quilted. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Alter thy course for Tyre:*] Change thy course, which is
now for Tyre, and go to Tharsus. MALONE.

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner;
I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night as this;
Till now, I ne'er endur'd¹.

Cer.

¹ *I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.* } So, in *Macbeth*:

“Threescore and ten I can remember well,

“Within the volume of which time I have seen

“Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore
night

“Hath trifled former knowings.”

Again, in *K. Lear*:

“———Since I was man,

“Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,

“Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

“Remember to have heard.”

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

“I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

“Have riv'd the knotty oaks, and I have seen

“The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

“To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;

“But never till to-night, never till now,

“Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.”

MALONE.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return ;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary ²,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt* PHILEMON, Servant, and those who have been
ship-wrecked.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early ?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook, as the earth did quake ³ ;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple ⁴ : pure surprize and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;
'Tis

² *Give this to the 'pothecary,*] The recipe which Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients.—The preceding words shew that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here.

MALONE.

³ *Shook, as the earth did quake ;*] So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— the obscure bird

“ Clamour'd the live-long night : some say, *the earth*

“ *Was feverous, and did shake.*”

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

“ ——— as if the world

“ *Was feverous, and did tremble.*” MALONE.

⁴ *The very principals did seem to rend,*

And all to topple ;] The *principals* are the strongest rafters in the roof of a building. The second quarto, which is followed by the modern copies, reads corruptly—*principles*. If the speaker had been apprehensive of a general dissolution of nature, (which we must understand, if we read *principles*,) he did not need to leave his house: he would have been in as much danger without, as within.

All to is an augmentative often used by our ancient writers. It occurs frequently in the *Confessio Amantis*. The word *topple*, which means *tumble*, is again used by Shakspeare in *Macbeth*, and applied to buildings :

“ Though castles *topple* on their warders' heads.”

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1 :

“ Shakes the whole belidame earth, and *topples* down

“ Steeples and moss-grown towers.” MALONE.

'Tis not our husbandry ⁵.

Cer. O, you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having Rich tire about you ⁶, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is more strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning ⁷ were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known I ever
Have studied physick; through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions:
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ⁸;

And

⁵ 'Tis not our husbandry.] *Husbandry* here signifies economical prudence. So, in *K. Henry V*:

"For our bad neighbours make us *early stirrers*,
"Which is both healthful and good *husbandry*."

MALONE.

⁶ Rich tire *about you*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1609; but the sense of the passage is not sufficiently clear. The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest. The reasoning of these gentlemen should rather have led them to say—*such towers about you*; i. e. a house or castle that could safely resist the assaults of weather. They left their mansion because they were no longer secure if they remained in it, and naturally wonder why he should have quitted his, who had no such apparent reason for deserting it and rising early. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Virtue and cunning*—] *Cunning* means here *knowledge*.

MALONE.

⁸ —the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;]—So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies

"In plants, herbs, stones, and their true qualities."

STEEVENS.

And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death †.

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown, as time shall never—

Enter two Servants, with a Chest.

1. *Ser.* So; lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir,

Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest; 'tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let us

Look upon it.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir,

Cer. Whate'er it be,

'Tis wond'rous heavy, Wrench it open straight;
If the sea's stomach be o'er-charged with gold,
It is a good constraint of fortune, it
Belches upon us †.

2. *Gent.* It is so my lord.

Cer.

† *To please the fool and death.*] The *Fool* and *Death* were principal personages in the old Moralities. They are mentioned by our author in *Measure for Measure*:

“ ————— merely thou art *death's fool*;

“ For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,

“ And yet run'st toward him still.” MALONE:

† *It is a good constraint of fortune,*

It belches upon us.] This singular expression is again applied by our author to the sea, in *the Tempest*:

“ You are three men of sin, whom destiny

“ (That hath to instrument this lower world,

“ And what is in't,) the never-surfeited sea

“ Hath caused to *belch-up*!”

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd²! Did the
fea

Cast it up?

1 Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, fir,
As tofs'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2. Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it.
O, you most potent gods! what's here?—a corse!

1. Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state:
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices!
A passport too! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters³!

[unfolds a scroll.

Here I give to understand,

[reads.

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all her mundane⁴ cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;

She was the daughter of a king⁵:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart,
That even cracks for woe⁶.—This chanc'd to-night.

2. Gent.

² *How close 'tis caulk'd and bittum'd!* Bottom'd, which is the reading of all the copies, is evidently a corruption. We had before—

“Sir, we had a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bittum'd ready.” MALONE.

³ —*Apollo, perfect me*

In the characters!] Cerimon, having made physick his peculiar study, would naturally, in any emergency, invoke Apollo. On the present occasion, however, he addresses him as the patron of learning. MALONE.

⁴ —mundane—] i. e. worldly. MALONE.

⁵ *Who finds her, give her burying;*

She was the daughter of a king:] The author had, perhaps, the sacred writings in his thoughts:

“Go see now this cursed woman, and bury her; for she is a king's daughter.” 2 Kings, ix. 36. MALONE.

⁶ —*thou hast a heart,*

That

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'er-pressed spirits. I have heard 7
Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours lien dead 8,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with boxes, napkin, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths 9.—
The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you 1.
The vial once more;—How thou stir'st, thou
block?—
The musick there 2—I pray you, give her air;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live: Nature awakes;
A warmth

That even cracks for woe.] So in Hamlet :

“ Now cracks a noble heart.”

Even is the reading of the second quarto. The first has
ever. MALONE.

7 —*I have heard*—] For the insertion of the word *have*,
which both the metre and sense require, I am responsible.

MALONE.

8 —*nine hours lien dead,*] So, in the lxxviiith Psalm:

“ —though ye have *lien* among the pots,”— STEEV.

9 Well said, well said; *the fire and cloths.*] So, on a similar
occasion in *Othello*, Act V. sc. i.

“ —O, a chair, a chair!—

“ O, *that's well said*; the chair;—

“ Some good man bear him carefully from hence.”

MALONE.

1 *The rough and woeful musick that we have,*

Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.] Pau ina in like manner
in *The Winter's Tale*, when she pretends to bring Hermione
to life, orders musick to be played, to awake her from her
trance. So also the physician in *King Lear*, when the king
is about to awake from the sleep he had fallen into, after his
frenzy:

“ Please you draw near;—*Louder the musick there!*”

MALONE.

2 *The vial once more;—how thou stir'st, thou block?—*

The musick there.] The first quarto reads—the vial once
more.

A warmth breathes out of her ; she hath not been
Entranc'd above five hours. See, how she 'gins
To blow into life's flower again!

- 1. *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive ; behold,

Her

more. The second and the subsequent editions—the *viol*.
If the first be right, Cerimon must be supposed to repeat his
orders that they should again sound their *rough and woeful*
musick. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“ That strain again! —

The word *viol* has occurred before in this play in the sense of
violin. I think, however, the reading of the second quarto is
right. Cerimon, in order to revive the queen, first com-
mands loud musick to be played, and then a second time ad-
ministers some cordial to her, which we may suppose had
been before administered to her when his servants entered
with the napkins, &c. See *Conf. Amant*, p. 180 :

“ —this worthie kinges wife

“ Honestlie thei token oute,

“ And maden fyres all aboute ;

“ Thei leied hir on a couche softe,

“ And with a shete warmed ofte

“ Hir colde breste began to heate,

“ Hir herte also to slacke and beate.

“ This maister hath hir every joynte

“ With certein oyle and balsam anoynte,

“ And put a licour in her mouthe,

“ Whiche is to few clerkes couthe.”

Little weight is to be laid on the spelling of the first quarto,
for *vial* was formerly spelt *viol*. In the quarto edition of
K. Richard I. 1615 :

“ Edward's seven fons, whereof thyself art one,

“ Were seven *viols* of his sacred blood.”

Again, in the folio, 1623, *ibid* :

“ One *viol* full of Edward's sacred blood.”

Again, in *The tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

“ She poured forth into the *vyoll* of the fryer

“ Water——.” MALONE.

[*A warmth breathes out of her ;*] The old copies read—a
warmth *breath* out of her. The correction was suggested by
Mr. Steevens. The second quarto, and the modern editions,
read unintelligibly,

Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her,

MALONE.

Her eye-lids, cases to those heavenly jewels ²
 Which Pericles hath lost,
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ³ ;
 The diamonds of a most praised water
 Do appear, to make the world twice rich. Live
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
 Rare as you seem to be ! [She moves.

Thai. O dear Diana,

Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this ⁴ ?

2. Gent. Is not this strange ?

1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours; lend me your hands :

To the next chamber bear her ⁵. Get linen; now—
 This matter must be look'd to, for her relapse
 Is mortal. Come, come, and Esculapius guide us !

[*Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.*

²—cases to those heavenly jewels—] The same expression occurs in *The Winter's Tale* :

“—they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes.” MALONE.

³ *Her eye-lids*—

Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;—So, in *The Tempest* :

“The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,

“And say, what thou see'st yond.” MALONE.

⁴ *What world is this?*] So, in the *Conf. Amant*.

“And first hir eien up she caste,

“And whan she more of strength caught,

“Hir armes both forth she straughte ;

“Helde up hir honde, and pitiouslie

“She spake, and said, *where am I?*

“*Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?*

“As she that wote not how it is.” MALONE.

⁵ *Hush my gentle neighbours*;—

To the next chamber bear her.] So, in *K. Henry IV.*

P. II.

“I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

“*Into another chamber: softly, pray;*

“Let there be no noise made, *my gentle friends,*

“Unlesse some dull and favourable hand

“Will whisper musick to my wearied spirit.”

MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, and
MARINA.

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone ;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness ! The gods
Make up the rest upon you !

Cle. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
mortally ⁶,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.

Dion.

⁶ —*though they haunt you mortally,*] Thus the first quarto.
The folios and the modern editions read—*hate*. MALONE.
Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.] I think we should
read :

Your *shafts* of fortune, though they *hurt* (or *hunt* or
hit) you mortally,

Yet glance full wond'ringly, &c.

Thus Tully in one of his Familiar Epistles : “ —omnibus
telis fortuna proposita sit vita nostra.” Again, Shakspeare in
his *Othello* :

“ The shot of accident or dart of chance—.”

Again, in *Hamlet* :

“ The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ I am glad,
though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that
your arrow hath glanced.”

The sense of the passage should seem to be as follows. All
the malice of fortune is not confined to yourself. Though
her arrows strike deeply at you, yet wandering from their
mark, they sometimes glance on us ; as at present, when the
uncertain state of Tyre deprives us of your company at
Tharsus. STEEVENS.

Dion. O, your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her
hither,

To have blest mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but
Obey the powers above us. Could I rage
And roar, as doth the sea she lies in, yet
The end must be as 'tis. My gentle babe,
Marina, (whom, for she was born at sea,
I have nam'd so,) here I charge your charity
Withal, leaving her the infant of your care;
Beseeching you to give her princely training,
That she may be manner'd as she is born⁷.

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think
Your grace⁸, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection⁹
Should therein make me vile⁹, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur¹,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;

Your

⁷ *That she may be manner'd as she is born.]* So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ ———— and he is one,

“ The truest *manner'd*; such a holy witch,

“ That he enchants societies to him.” MALONE.

⁸ *Fear not, my lord; but think,*

Your grace,—] Such is the reading of the ancient copies.

I suspect the poet wrote,

Fear not, my lord, but *that*

Your grace, &c. MALONE.

⁹ ———— *if neglection*

Should therein make me vile.] The modern editions have *neglect*. But the reading of the old copy is right. The word is used by Shakspeare in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“ And this *neglection* of decree it is,

“ That by a pace goes backward.” MALONE.

¹ — *my nature need a spur,]* So in *Macbeth*:

“ ———— I have no spur

“ To prick the sides of my intent,—”

STEEVENS.

Your honour and your goodness teach me to it²,
 Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
 By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
 Unsister'd shall this heir of mine remain,
 Though I shew will in't³. So I take my leave
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care
 In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
 Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the
 shore;

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune⁴, and
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace your offer.—Come, dearest ma-
 dam.—

O, no

² *Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,*] Perhaps our
 author wrote—*witch me to it.* So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“To sit and *witch* me as *Ascanius* did.”

Again, in another play:

“I'll *witch* sweet ladies with my words and look.”

Again, more appositely, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*:

“————pleasing charms,

“With which weak men thou *witchest* to attend.”

STEEVENS.

³ *Though I shew will in't.*] The meaning may be—*Though*
I appear wilful and perverse by such conduct. We might
 read—*Though I shew ill in't.* MALONE.

Unsister'd shall this babe of mine remain,

Though I shew will in't:] i. e. till she be married, I
 swear by Diana, (though I may shew [*will*, i. e.] obstinacy
 in keeping such an oath) this heir of mine shall have *none who*
shall call her sister; i. e. I will not marry and so have a
 chance of other children, before she is disposed of.—*Obstinacy*
 was anciently called *wilfulness*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —mask'd Neptune,] i. e. insidious waves, that wear a
 treacherous smile:

“Subdola fallacis ridet clementia ponti. *Lucretius.*

STEEVENS.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“————the *guiled* shore

“To a moit dangerous sea.” MALONE.

O, no tears, Lychorida, no tears :
 Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
 You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Gerimon's House.*

Enter GERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
 Lay with you in your coffer : which are now*
 At your command. Know you the character ?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea,
 I well remember, even on my yearning time^s ;
 But whether there delivered or no,
 By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;
 But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
 I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
 Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
 Diana's temple is not distant far,

VOL. VI.

E

Where

* —*which are now*—] For the insertion of the word *now* I am accountable. MALONE.

^s *I well remember, even on my yearning time* ;] The quarto, 1619, and the folio, 1664, which was probably printed from it, both read *eaning*. The first quarto reads *learning*. The editor of the second quarto seems to have corrected many of the faults in the old copy, without any consideration of the original corrupted reading. MALONE.

Read—*yearning time*. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ ———— for Falstaff he is dead,

“ And we must *yearn* therefore.”

Rowe would read—*eaning*, a term applicable only to sheep when they *produce their young*. STEEVENS.

Where you may 'bide, until your date expire⁶.
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

Enter GOWER 7.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd, and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votarefs⁸.

Now

⁶ *Where you may 'bide until your date expire.]* Until you die. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“The date is out of such prolixity.”

The expression of the text is again used by our author in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“An expir'd date, cancell'd, ere well begun.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“_____ and expire the term

“Of a despis'd life.” MALONE.

⁷ *Enter Gower.]* This chorus, and the two following scenes, have hitherto been printed as part of the third act. In the original edition of this play, the whole appears in an unbroken series. The editor of the folio in 1664, first made the division of acts, (which has been since followed,) without much propriety. The poet seems to have intended that each act should begin with a chorus. On this principle the present division is made. Gower, however, interposing eight times, a chorus is necessarily introduced in the middle of this and the ensuing act. MALONE.

⁸ *His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,*

Unto Diana there a votarefs.] Ephesus is a rhyme so ill corresponding

Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find^o
At Tharfus, and by Cleon train'd
In musick, letters¹; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder². But alack!

E 2

That

corresponding with *votarefs*, that I suspect our author wrote *Ephese* or *Ephes*; as he often contracts his proper names to suit his metre. Thus *Pont* for *Pontus*, *Mede* for *Media*, *Comagene* for *Comagena*, *Sicils* for *Sicilies*, &c. Gower, in the story on which this play is founded, has *Dionyze* for *Dionyza*, and *Tharfe* for *Tharfus*. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*there's* a votarefs. I am answerable for the correction. MALONE.

^o *Whom our fast-growing scene must find*—] The same expression occurs in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

“———your patience this allowing,

“I turn my glass, and give my *scene* such growing,

“As you had slept between.” MALONE.

¹ *In musick, letters*;] The old copy reads, I think corruptly.—*In musicks* letters. The corresponding passage in Gower's *Conf. Amant.* confirms the emendation now made:

“My daughter *Thaise* by your leve

“I thynke shall with you be leve

“As for a tyme: and thus I prai,

“That she be kepte by all waie,

“And whan she hath of age more

“That she be set to *bokes lore*,” &c.

Again:

“———she dwelleth

“In *Tharfe*, as the Cronike telleth;

“She was well kept, she was well loked,

“*She was well taught, she was well boked*;

“So well she sped hir in hir youth,

“That she of every wysedome couth.” MALONE.

² *Which makes her both the heart and place*

Of general wonder.] The old copies read—

Which makes *high* both the *art* and place, &c.

The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

Which makes her both the heart and place

Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the center and situation of general wonder. We still use the heart of oak for the central part of it, and the heart of the land

That monster envy, oft the wreck
 Of earned praise³, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off, by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown⁴,
 Even ripe for marriage fight⁵; this maid

Hight

land in much such another sense. Shakspeare in *Coriolanus* says, that one of his ladies is—"the *spire* and *top* of praise."

STEEVENS.

So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the *heart* of my mesliage." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—the very *heart* of loss."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"On her bare breast, the *heart* of all her land."

Place here signifies *residence*. So, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her *place*."

In this sense it was that Shakspeare, when he purchased his house at Stratford, called it *The New Place*." MALONE.

³ ——— *oft the wreck*

Of earned *praise*.] Praise that has been well deserved. The same expression is found in the following lines, which our author has imitated in his *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his name?"

"Whose deadly foes do yeld him dew and *earned praise*."

Tragical Historie of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"If we have *unearned* luck.—" MALONE.

⁴ *And in this kind hath our Cleon*

One daughter, and a wench full grown.] The old copy reads—

And in this kind our Cleon hath

One daughter, and a full grown wench.

The rhyme shews evidently that it is corrupt. For the present regulation the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

⁵ *Even ripe for marriage fight*;] The first quarto reads,

Even right for marriage *fight*.

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions, have

Even ripe for marriage *fight*.

Sight was clearly misprinted for *fight*. We had before in this play *Cupid's wars*. Dr. Percy would read—for marriage *rites*. MALONE.

Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be;
 Be't when she weav'd the fleided silk,⁶
 With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound,⁷
 The cambrick, which she made more found
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still records with moan⁸; or when

She

Read—*fight*; i. e. the combats of Venus; or *night*, which needs no explanation. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Be't when she weav'd the fleided silk,*] The old copies read—

Be it when *they* weav'd, &c.

But the context shews that *she* was the author's word. To have praised even the hands of Philoten would have been inconsistent with the general scheme of the present chorus. In all the other members of this sentence we find Marina alone mentioned:

Or when *she* would, &c.

————— or when to the lute

She sung, &c. MALONE.

Fleided silk is untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *stay* or *stay*. PERCY.

⁷ *Or when she would with sharp needl wound.*] All the copies read, with sharp *needle* wound; but the metre shews that we ought to read *no. 11*. In a subsequent passage, in the first quarto, the word is abbreviated:

“————— and with her *necte* composes—.”

So, in Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 1582:

“————— on *neell* wrought carpets.” MALONE.

⁸ ——— or when to the lute

She sung and made the night-bird mute,

That still records with moan;] The first quarto reads:

————— the *night-bed* mute

That still records with moan.

for which in all the subsequent editions we find—

————— and made the night-bed mute,

That still records *within* one.

There can, I think, be no doubt, that the author wrote —night-bird. Shakspeare has frequent allusions, in his works, to the *nightingale*. So, in his 101st *Sonnet*:

“As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,

“And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;”

“Not

She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian⁹; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: fo

The

“Not that the summer is less pleasant now
“Than when her *mournful hymns* did hush the night,”
&c.

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

“And for, poor bird, *thou sing'st not in the day,*

“As shaming anie eye should thee behold,”—

So, Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. IV.

“—These to their nests

“Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;

“She all night long her amorous descant sung.”

To record anciently signified to *sing*. So, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Ourania*, by N. B. 1606:

“Recording songs unto the Deitie—.”

“A bird (I am informed) is said to *record*, when he sings at first low to himself, before he becomes master of his song and ventures to sing out. The word is in constant use with Bird-fanciers at this day.” MALONE.

⁹ —with rich and constant pen

Vail to her mistress Dian;] To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—*When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionyza.*

We might indeed read—*Hail* to her mistress Dian; i. e. salute her in verse. STEEVENS.

I strongly suspect that *vail* is a mis-print. We might read:

Wail to her mistress Dian:

i. e. compose elegies on the death of her mother, of which she had been apprized by her nurse, Lychorida.

That *Dian*, i. e. Diana, is the true reading, may, I think, be inferred from a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*; which may at the same time perhaps afford the best comment on that before us;

“Come, ho, and wake *Diana* with a hymn;

“With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress's* ear,

“And draw her home with mulick.”

Again, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“To be a barren sister all your life,

“Chanting *faint hymns* to the cold fruitless moon.”

MALONE.

¹ —with absolute *Marina*:] i. e. highly accomplished, perfect. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“———at

The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white². Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks³,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare⁴,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath⁵
 Prest for this blow⁶. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carried winged time⁷

Post

"————— at sea

" He is an *absolute* master."

Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

" from an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." MALONE.

² *Vie feathers white.*] See note on *The Taming of the Shrew*.
 STEEVENS.

³ —*this so darks*

In Philoten all graceful marks.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ————— and their blaze

" Shall *darken* him for ever."

Again, *ibidem*:

" You are *darken'd* in this action, fir,

" Even by your own." MALONE.

⁴ —*with envy rare.*] *Envy* is frequently used by our ancient writers, in the sense of *malice*. It is, however, I believe, here used in its common acceptation. MALONE.

⁵ The *pregnant* instrument of wrath—] *Pregnant* is *ready*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" And crook the *pregnant* hinges of the knee."—

MALONE.

⁶ *Prest for this blow.*] *Prest* is *ready*; *pret*, Fr. So, in *the Tragical Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" I will, God lendyng lyfe, on Wensday next be
prest

" To wayte on him and you—." MALONE.

⁷ *Only I carried winged time*—] So, in the chorus to *The Winter's Tale*:

" I. —————

Soft on the lame feet of my rhyme ;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

S C E N E I.

Tharfus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA, and LEONINE:

Dion. Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do
 it^s :

'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom⁹,

Inflame

“ I —————

“ Now take upon me, in the name of *time*,

“ To use my *wings*.”

Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Thus with imagin'd *wing* our swift scene flies,

“ In motion of no less celerity

“ Than that of thought.” MALONE.

^s *Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it :*] Here, I think, may be traced the rudiments of the scene in which lady Macbeth instigates her husband to murder Duncan :

“ ————— I have given suck, and know

“ How tender 'tis to love that 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 but so sworn*

“ *As you have done to this.*” MALONE.

⁹ —*inflame love in thy bosom,*] The first quarto reads—

“ Le:

Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here

She comes weeping for her old mistress' death.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

E 5

Enter

“ Let not conscience which is but cold, *in flaming thy bosom* bosome, enflame too nicelie, nor let pitie,” &c. The subsequent impressions afford no assistance. Some words seem to have been lost. The sentiment originally expressed, probably was this.—Let not conscience, which is but a cold monitor, deter you from executing what you have promised; nor let the beauty of Marina enkindle the flame of love in your bosom;—nor be softened by pity, which even I, a woman, have cast off.—I am by no means satisfied with the regulation that I have made, but it affords a glimmering of sense. Nearly the same expression occurred before:

—That have *inflam'd desire in my breast*—.

I suspect, the words *enflame too nicely* were written in the margin, the author not having determined which of the two expressions to adopt; and that by mistake they were transcribed as part of the text. The metre, which might be more commodiously regulated, if these words were omitted, in some measure supports this conjecture:

Nor let pity, which ev'n women have cast off;
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

MALONE.

We might read,

—*inflame thy loving bosom* :

With Mr. Malone's alteration, however, the words will bear the following sense: Let not conscience, which in itself is of a cold nature, have power to raise the flame of love in you, raise it even to folly.—*Nicely*, in ancient language, signifies *foolishly*. *Niais*. *Fc.* STEEVENS.

¹ —but yet *she is a goodly creature*.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.] So, in *King Richard III.*

“ O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.—

“ The fitter for the king of Heaven.” STEEVENS.

² Here *she comes weeping for her old mistress' death*.
Thou art resolv'd?

Leon.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers³: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall,

Leon. *I am resolv'd.*] This passage in the old copy stands thus:

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress death.

Thou art resolved?

If regulated thus,

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.—

Death.—thou art resolv'd?

it reminds us of one in *K John*:

K. John. “Dost thou understand me?—

“Thou art his keeper.

Hub. “And I'll keep him so,

“That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. “Death.

Hub. “My lord?

K. John. “A grave.

Hub. “He shall not live.”

The similitude may, however, be only imaginary, for the poet might have meant to say no more than—“Here she comes weeping for the death of her only mistress.” Dr. Percy, supposes the words—*only mistress* to be corrupt, and would read—her *old nurse's* death. “As Marina had been trained in musick, letters, &c. and had gained all the graces of education, Lychorida (he observes) could not have been her *only mistress.*” But I think the latter word right. Her nurse was, in one sense her mistress; Marina, from her infancy to the age of fourteen, having been under the care of Lychorida.

Her only (or her *old*) *mistress's* death, (not “*mistress's* death,”) was the language of Shakespeare's time. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

“With sweetest touches pierce your *mistress's* ear,” &c.

MALONE.

³ No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,

To strew thy green with flowers:] Thus the quaros. In the folio *grave* was substituted for *green*. By the *green*, as Lord Charlemont suggests to me, was meant “the green turf with which the grave of Lychorida was covered.” So, in Tasso's *Godfrey of Bulloigne*, translated by Fairfax, 1600:

“My ashes cold shall, buried on this *green*,

“Enjoy that good this body ne'er possess.”

Need in old language meant garment. MALONE.

The prose romance, already quoted, says, “that always as
he

Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer days do last⁴. Ah me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother dy'd,
This world to me is like a lasting storm⁵,
Whirring me from my friends⁵.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone? How

she came homeward, she went and washed the tombe of her
nouryce, and kept it continually fayre aud clene."

STEEVENS.

- ⁴ *Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,*
While summer days do last.] So, in *Cymbeline* 1
" ——— with fairest flowers,
" While summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
" I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack .
" The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
" The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins, no nor
" The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander
" Out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

Mr. Steevens would read—Shall as a *chaplet*, &c. The word *hang*, it must be owned, favours this correction, but the flowers strew'd on the green-sward, may with more propriety be compared to a carpet than a wreath. MALONE.

* —like a *lasting storm*,] Thus the quarto; 1619. In the first copy the word *like* is omitted. MALONE.

⁵ Whirring me from my friends.] Thus the earliest copy; I think, rightly. The second quarto, and all the subsequent impressions, read—*Hurrying* me from my friends. *Whirring* or *whirring* had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is still said to *whirr* away. Thus Pope:

" Now from the brake the *whirring* pheasant springs."

The verb to *whirry* is used in the ancient ballad entitled *Robin Goodfellow*. *Reliques of Ancient Eng. Poet.*

" More swift than wind away I go,

" O'er hedge and lands,

" Through pools and ponds,

" I *whirry*, laughing, ho ho ho." MALONE.

The two last lines uttered by Marina, very strongly resemble a passage in Homer's *Iliad*, b. 19. l. 377

τὰς δ' ἐκ ἐθέλησας ἄλλαι .

Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα ΦΙΛΩΝ ΑΠΑΝΕΥΘΕ ΦΕΡΟΥΣΙΝ.

⁶ *How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?*] Thus the earliest copy. So, in *Macbeth*:

" *How now, my lord! why do you keep alone?*"

The second quarto reads,

———— why do you *weep* alone? MALONE.

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing⁸: you have
 A nurse of me*. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
 With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers: ere the sea mar it,
 Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there⁹,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart¹. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports², thus blasted,

He

⁷ *How chance my daughter is not with you?*] So, in *K. Henry IV*, P. II: "How chance thou art not with the prince, thy brother?" MALONE.

⁸ *Consume your blood with sorrowing;*] So, in *K. Henry VI*, P. II. "—blood-consuming sighs." MALONE.

* —you have

A nurse of me,] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—Have you a nurse of me? The poet probably wrote—

—Have you not

A nurse of me? MALONE.

⁹ —ere the sea mar it,

Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,] Some words must, I think, have been omitted. Probably the author wrote:

— ere the sea mar it,

Walk on the shore with Leonine, the air
 Is quick there. MALONE.

—ere the sea mar it, &c.] i. e. ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean. CHARLEMONT.

¹ *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was your country-woman. MALONE.

² *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it. So, in *Othello*:

" ————— He hath achiev'd a maid,

" *That paragon's description and wild fame.*"

MALONE.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you ;
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old³. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it⁴.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood ;
What ! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.— [*Exit Dionyza.*
Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cry'd, *good seamen*, to the sailors, galling

His

³ ———reserve

*That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old.*] So, in Shakspeare's 20th
Sonnet :

“ A man in *hue* all hues in his controlling,
“ Which *steals* men's eyes, and women's souls amaz-
eth.”

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint* :

“ Thus did he in the general bosom reign
“ *Of young and old.*”

To *reserve* is here, *to guard* ; to *preserve* carefully. So, in
Shakspeare's 32d *Sonnet* :

“ *Reserve* them, for my love, not for their rhymes.”

MALONE.

⁴ *Well, I will go ;*

But yet I have no desire to it.] So, in *The Merchant of
Venice* :

“ I have no mind of feasting forth to-night,
“ But I will go.” STEEVENS.

His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes* ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck⁵.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber⁶ : *ha*, says one, *wilt out* ?
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern⁷ : the boat-swain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion⁸.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me ?

Leon.

* *His kingly hand with hauling of the ropes ;*] For the insertion of the words *with* and *of* I am responsible.

MALONE.

⁵ *That almost burst the deck.*] *Burst* is frequently used by our author in an active sense. MALONE.

⁶ *And from the ladder tackle washes off.*
A canvas-climber:] A ship-boy. So, in *K. Henry V* :

“ ———— and in them behold

“ Upon the *kempen-tackle* ship boys climbing.”

I suspect that a line, preceding these two, has been lost, which perhaps might have been of this import ::

“ O'er the good ship the foaming billow breaks,

“ And from the ladder-tackle,” &c. MALONE.

⁷ *From stem to stern.*] The old copies read—From *stern* to *stern*. But we certainly ought to read—From *stem* to *stern*. So, Dryden :

“ Orontes' barque, even in the hero's view,

“ From stem to stern by waves was overborne.”

A hasty transcriber, or negligent compositor, might easily have mistaken the letter *m* and put *rn*, in its place.

MALONE.

⁸ —and trebles their confusion.] So, in *K. Henry V* :

“ Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give

“ To sounds confus'd.” MALONE.

⁹ Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon.

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why, would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly;
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it¹. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will do't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshew
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it shew'd well in you; do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch.

Enter

Leon. *If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, &c.*

Mar. *Why, will you kill me?* So, in *Othello*:

Oth. "Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?—

"If you bethink yourself of any crime

"Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,

"Solicit for it straight.

Des. "Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Oth. "Well, do it, and be brief.—

Des. "Talk you of killing, &c. STEEVENS.

This circumstance is likewise found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. "Petō, domine, savy Tharsia, (the Marina of this play,) ut si nulla spes est mihi, permittas me deum testare. Villicus ait, testate; et Deus ipse scit quod coactus te interficio. Illa vero cum esset posita in oratione, venerunt pyrate;" &c. MALONE.

¹ *I trod upon a worm against my will,*

But I wept for it.] Fenton has transplanted this image into his *Mariamne*:

"———when I was a child,

"I kill'd a linner, but indeed I wept;

"Heaven visits not for that." STEEVENS.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1. *Pir.* Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*]
 2. *Pir.* A prize! a prize!
 3. *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come let's have her aboard suddenly.
- [*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate,
Valdes²;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Exit.*]

² *These roguing thieves serve the great pirate, Valdes;*]
The Spanish armada, I believe, furnished our author with this name. Don Pedro de Valdes was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake, on the twenty-second of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play therefore, we may conclude, was not written till after that period.—The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate, was probably relished by the audience in those days. MALONE.

We should probably read—*These roving thieves.* The idea of roguery is necessarily implied in the word *thieves*.

MASON.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter PANDAR, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pan. Boul.

Boul. Sir.

Pan. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action * are even as good as rotten.

Pan. Therefore let's have fresh ones, what'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper³.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards⁴. as I think, I have brought up some eleven——

Boul.

* —and with continual action—] Old Copies—and they with, &c. The word *they* was evidently repeated by the carelessness of the compositor. MALONE.

³ *Therefore let's have fresh ones, what'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.*] The sentiments incident to vicious professions suffer little change within a century and a half. This speech is much the same as that of *Mrs. Cole* in the *Minor*: "Tip him an old trader! Mercy on us, where do you expect to go when you die, Mr. Loader?" STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou say'st true; 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards.*] There seems to be something wanting. Perhaps—that will do—or some such words. The author, however, might have intended an imperfect sentence, MALONE.

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again⁵.

But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully foddren.

Pan. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholsome o' conscience⁶. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him⁷; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Exit Boult.*]

Pan. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pan. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger⁸:
therefore

s *Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.*] I have brought up (i. e. educated) says the bawd, some eleven. Yes, (answers *Boult*) to eleven, i. e. as far as eleven years of age) and then brought them down again. The latter clause of the sentence requires no explanation. STEEVENS.

The modern copies read, *I too* eleven. The true reading, which is found in the quarto, 1609, was pointed out by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ *Thou say'st true; they're too unwholsome o' conscience.*] The old copies read—*there's too* unwholsome o' conscience. The preceding dialogue shews that they are erroneous. The complaint had not been made of *two*, but of *all the stuff* they had. According to the present regulation, the pandar merely assents to what his wife had said. The words *two* and *too* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

MALONE.

⁷ *Ay, she quickly poop'd him;*] The following passage in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, will sufficiently explain this singular term:

“ ————foul Amazonian trulls,

“ Whose lanterns are still lighted in their *poops*.”

MALONE.

⁸ —*the commodity wages not with the danger.*] i. e. is not equal to it.

“ ————his taints and honours

“ *Wag'd*

therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd . Besides, the fore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Barud.

" *Wag'd* equal with him." *Ant. and Cleop.*

STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Othello* :

" To wake and *wage* a *danger* profitless."

MALONE.

• —to keep our door hatch'd.] The doors or hatches of brothel, in the time of our author, seem to have had some distinguishing mark. So, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607: " Set some *picks* upon your *hatch*, and, I pray, profess to keep a *barudy-house*."

Prefixed

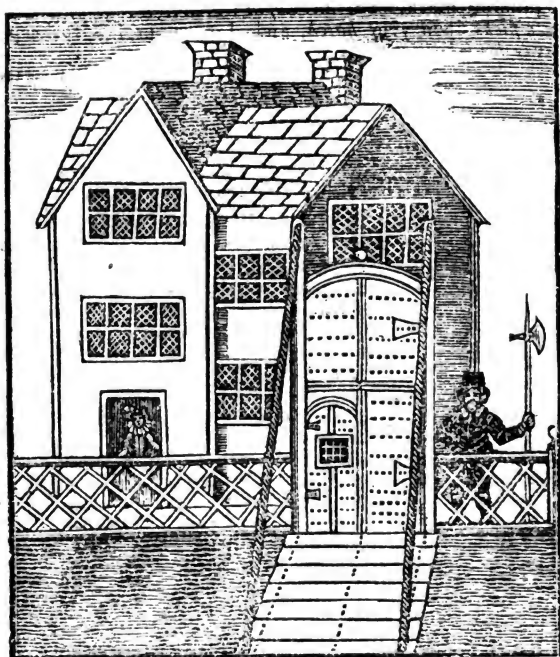
Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boul.

Enter

Prefixed to an old pamphlet entitled *Hollands Leaguer*, 4to. 1632, is a representation of a celebrated brothel on the bank-side near the globe playhouse, from which the annexed cut has been made. We have here the *hatch* exactly delineated. The man with the pole-ax, was called the *Ruffian*.

MALONE.



9 *Come, other sorts offend as well as we.*] From her husband's answer, I suspect the poet wrote—*Other trades, &c.*

MALONE.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*to Marina.*]—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1. *Pir.* O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough¹ for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Barw. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good cloaths; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Barw. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces².

Pan. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment³. [*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

Barw. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age^{*}, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first*⁴. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult.

¹ —I have gone thorough—] i. e. I have bid a high price for her, gone far in my attempt to purchase her. STEEVENS.

² I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.] This speech should seem to suit the *Pirate*. However, it may belong to *Boult*. I cannot get them to bate me one doit of a thousand pieces. MALONE.

³ —that she may not be raw in her entertainment.] Unripe, unskilful. So, in *Hamlet*: —“and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail.” MALONE.

* —age—] So the quarto, 1619. The first copy has—her age. MALONE.

⁴ —and cry, He that will give most, shall have her first.] The prices of first and secondary prostitution are exactly settled in the old prose romance already quoted: “Go thou, and make a crye through the cyte, that of all men that shall inhabyte with her carnally, the fyrst shall give me a pounce of golde, and after that echone a peny of golde.”

STEEVENS.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [Exit.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,
For to seek my mother's!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are
like to live⁶.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen
of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have
the difference of all complexions. What! do you
stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a
woman?

Mar.

⁵ —or that these pirates

(Not enough barbarous) had not o'er-board thrown me,

For to seek my mother!] Thus the old copy, but I suspect the second *not* was inadvertently repeated by the compositor. Marina, I think, means to say, Alas, how unlucky it was, that Leonine was so slack in his office; or, he having omitted to kill me, *how fortunate would it have been for me*, if those pirates *had* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother.

However, the original reading may stand, though with some harshness of construction. Alas, how unfortunate it was, that Leonine was so merciful to me, or that these pirates *had not* thrown me into the sea to seek my mother.

If the second *not* was intended by the author, he should rather have written—*did not o'er-board throw me*, &c.

MALONE.

⁶ You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ ———— Be of good cheer;

You have fallen into a princely hand; fear nothing.

MALONE.

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's return'd.

Enter BOULT.

Now fir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?

Boult. I have cry'd her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice⁸.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith, they listen'd to me, as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description*.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult.

⁸ *Now, fir, hast thou cry'd her through the market?*

—*I have drawn her picture with my voice.*] So, in *The Wife for a Month*, Evanthe says,

“ I'd rather thou had'st deliver'd me to pirates,
 “ Betray'd me to incurable diseases,
 “ Hung up her picture in a market-place,
 “ And sold her to vile bawds!”

And we are told in a note on this passage, that it was formerly the custom at Naples to hang up the pictures of celebrated courtezans in the publick parts of the town, to serve as directions where they lived. Had not Fletcher the story of Marina in his mind, when he wrote the above lines?

MASON.

The Wife for a Month was one of Fletcher's latest plays. It was first exhibited in May, 1624. MALONE.

* —*a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1619. The first copy reads—a Spaniard's mouth water'd, and he went, &c. MALONE.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight, that cowers i' the hams⁹?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow¹.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it². I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun³.

Boult.

⁹ that cowers i' the hams?] To cower is to sink by bending the hams. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

“The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands.”

Again, in *Gammer Gurton's Neelle*:

“They cow'r so o'er the coles, their eies be bler'd with smoke.” STEEVENS.

¹—he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it. MALONE.

²—here he does but repair it.] To repair here means to renovate. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“O, disloyal thing!

“That should't repair my youth,—”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“———It much repairs me

“To talk of your good father.”

³—to scatter his crowns in the sun.] There is here perhaps some allusion to the *lues venerea*, though the words *French crowns* in their literal acceptation were certainly also in Boult's thoughts. It occurs frequently in our author's plays. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“Lucio. A French crown more,

“Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me.”

MALONE.

—I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.] This passage, as the words which compose it are arranged at present, is to me unintelligible. I would correct and read: “I know he will come in, to scatter his crowns in the shadow of our sun” I suppose the bawd means to call Marina the *sun* of her house. So, in *King Richard III*:

“Witness my *sun*, now in the shade of death.”

There is indeed a proverbial phrase alluded to in *Hamlet*, and introduced in *King Lear*: “—out of heaven's benediction

tion

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign⁴.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quench'd with some present practice.

VOL. VI.

F

Bawd.

tion into the warm sun." But I cannot adapt it to this passage. Let the reader try. STEEVENS.

"To go out of heaven's benediction into the warm sun," was a proverbial phrase, signifying, "to go from good to worse," and therefore can not possibly throw any light upon the passage before us. MALONE.

Boult had said before, that he had proclaimed the beauty of Marina, and drawn her picture with his voice. He says in the next speech that with such a sign as Marina, they should draw every traveller to their house, considering Marina, or rather the picture he had drawn of her, as the sign to distinguish the house, which the bawd on account of her beauty calls the sun: and the meaning of the passage is merely this: "—that the French knight will seek the shade or shelter of their house, to scatter his money there." But if we make a slight alteration, and read—*on* our shadow, it will then be capable of another interpretation. *On our shadow*, may mean, *on our representation or description of Marina*, and the *sun* may mean the real sign of the house. For there is a passage in Fletcher's *Custom of the Country*, which gives reason to imagine that the sun was, in former times, the usual sign of a brothel. When Sulpitia asks, what is become of the Dane? Jacques replies, "What, gouldy locks? he lies at the sign of the sun, to be new-breeched." MASON.

* —*we should lodge them with this sign.*] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin. This, I think, is the meaning. A similar eulogy is pronounced on Imogen in *Cymbeline*: "She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit." Perhaps there is some allusion to the constellation *Virgo*. MALONE.

⁴ —*a mere profit.*] i. e. an absolute, a certain profit.

MALONE.

Barw. Thou say'st true, i'faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant⁶.

Boult. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Barw. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Barw. Who should deny it? Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Barw. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn⁷; therefore say, what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels⁸, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Barw. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep⁹,
United

⁶ —for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.] You say true; for even a bride, who has the sanction of the law to warrant her proceeding, will not surrender her person without some constraint. Which is her way to go with warrant, means only—to which she is entitled to go. MALONE.

⁷ When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn;] A similar sentiment occurs in *K. Lear*:

“That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh,

“To raise my fortunes.” STEEVENS.

⁸ —thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,] Among the effects ascribed by the vulgar to a thunder-storm, is that of making fish more easy to be taken. STEEVENS.

Marston in his *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 7. has the same allusion:

“They are nought but eels, that never will appear

“Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder tear

“Their slimy beds.” MALONE.

⁹ If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—— If knife, drugs, serpents, have

“Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe.”

STEEVENS.

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep¹.

Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tharfus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON, *and* DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
Y' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face²: What canst thou say,

F 2

When

Again, more appositely, in *Othello*:

"———If there be cords, or knives,

"Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,

"I'll not endure it." MALONE.

¹ *Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.*] We have the
same classical allusion in *The Tempest*;

"If thou dost break her *virgin knot*, &c.

MALONE.

² *If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness*

Becoming well thy face:] i. e. hadst thou poisoned thy-
self

When noble Pericles shall demand his child 3 ?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurfes are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve 4.
She died at night 5 ; I'll say so. Who can cross it 6 ?
Unless you play the impious innocent 7,

And

self by pledging him, it would have been an action well becoming thy gratitude to him, as well as thy audacity or confidence. *Face* in the *Alchemist* is a name bestowed on the most plausible and bold of his male cheats. Perhaps, however, we should read *fact* instead of *face*. STEEVENS.

3 —*what canst thou say,*

When noble Pericles shall demand his child?] So, in the ancient romance already quoted: “ tell me now, what re-kenynge we shall gyve hym of his daughter, &c.

STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*: “ Quem [Appollonium] cum vidisset Strangulio, perrexit rabido cursu, dixitque uxori suæ Dyonisidi, “ Dixisti Appollonium naufragum esse mortuum. Ecce, venit ad repetendam filiam. Ecce, quid dicitur sumus pro filia ?” MALONE.

4 *Nurfes are not the fates,*

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.] So King John, on receiving the account of Arthur's death:

“ We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

“ Think you, I bear *the shears of destiny* ?

“ Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

MALONE.

5 *She died at night,*] I suppose *Dionyza* means to say that she died suddenly ; was found dead in the morning. The words are from Gower :

“ She saith, that *Thayse sodeynly*

“ *By night* is dead.” STEEVENS.

6 *I'll say so. Who can cross it ?* So, in *Macbeth* :

Macb. “ 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 dag-
gers,

“ That they have done't ?

Lady M. “ *Who dares receive it other,*

“ As we shall make our grief and clamour roar

“ Upon his death ?” MALONE.

7 *Unless you play the impious innocent,*] The folios and the modern editions have omitted the word *impious*, which is necessary to the metre, and is found in the first quarto. She calls

And for an honest attribute, cry out,
She died by foul play.

Cle. O, go to. Well, well.
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think, of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit^s.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent^s, he did not flow

From

calls him, an *impious* simpleton, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife.

An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot. MALONE

^s — *I do shame*

To think, of what a noble strain you are,

And of how coward a spirit.] Lady Macbeth urges the

same argument to persuade her husband to commit the murder of Duncan, that Dionyza here uses to induce Cleon to conceal that of Marina :

“ ————— art thou afraid

“ To be the same in thine own act and valour,

“ As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that

“ Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

“ And live a coward in thine own esteem?

“ Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

“ Like the poor cat i' the adage?”

Again, after the murder, she exclaims :

“ My hands are of your colour, but I shame

“ To wear a heart so white.” MALONE.

^s *Though not his pre-consent,*] The first quarto reads—*prince* consent. The second quarto, which has been followed by the modern editions, has—*whole* consent. In the second edition, the editor or printer seems to have corrected what was apparently erroneous in the first, by substituting something that would afford sense, without paying any regard to the corrupted reading, which often leads to the discovery of the true. For the emendation inserted in the text the reader is indebted to Mr. Steevens. A passage in *King John* bears no very distant resemblance to the present :

“ ————— If thou didst but consent

“ To this most cruel act, do but despair,

“ And

From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then :

Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
 She did disdain my child, and stood between
 Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;
 Whilst ours was blurted at ¹, and held a malkin,
 Not worth the time of day ². It pierc'd me thorough ;
 And though you call my course unnatural ³,
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,
 It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness,
 Perform'd to your sole daughter ⁴.

Cle.

“ And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread

“ That ever spider twisted from her womb,

“ Will serve to strangle thee. MALONE.

¹ *Whilst ours was blurted at,*] Thus the quarto 1609. All the subsequent copies have—*blurred at*.

This contemptuous expression frequently occurs in our ancient dramas. So, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

“ This day hath set derision on the French,

“ And all the world will blurt and scorn at us.”

MALONE.

She did disdain my child, and stood between

Her and her fortunes : none would look on her,

But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;

Whilst ours was blurted at,] The usurping Duke in *As You Like It* gives the same reasons for his cruelty to Rosalind :

“ ——— she robs thee of thy name ;

“ And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,

“ When she is gone.” STEEVENS.

² — a malkin,

Not worth the time of day.] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. A kitchen-*malkin* is mentioned in *Coriolanus*. *Not worth the time of day* is, not worth a good day or good morrow ; underserving the most common and usual salutation.

STEEVENS.

³ *And though you call my course unnatural,*] So, in *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,

“ To cut the head off and then hack the limbs.”

MALONE.

⁴ *It greets me, as an enterprize of kindness.*

Perform'd to your sole daughter.] Perhaps it greets me, may mean,

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expence 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the happy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons^s.

Dion.

mean, *it pleases me*; c'est a mon gré. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulation*, it is surely a very harsh phrase. There is however a passage in *K. Henry VIII.* which seems to support the reading of the text in its ordinary signification:

"——'Would I had no being,

"If this *salute* my blood a jot." MALONE.

^s *Thou art like the happy,*

Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.] There is an awkwardness

of construction in this passage, that leads me to think it corrupt. The sense designed seems to have been—*Thou resemblest in thy conduct the harpy, which allures with the face of an angel, that it may seize with the talons of an eagle.*—Might we read:

Thou art like the happy,

Which, to betray, dost wear thine angel's face;

Seized with thine eagle's talons.

Which is here, as in many other places, for *who*.

Mr. Stevens thinks a line was omitted at the prefs, which, he supposes, might have been of this import:

Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, dost with thine angel's face

Hang out fair shows of love, that thou may'st surer

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

In *K. Henry VIII.* we meet with a similar allusion:

"Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!"

Again, in *K. John*:

"Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

"With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens."

MALONE.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies⁶ ;
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.]

Enter Gower, before the Monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues
make short ;
Sail seas in cockles⁷, have, and wish but for't ;
Making (to take your imagination)
From bourn to bourn⁸, region to region.

By

⁶ *Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies ;*] You resemble him, who is angry with heaven, because it does not control the common course of nature. Marina, like the flies in winter, was fated to perish ; yet you lament and wonder at her death, as an extraordinary occurrence.

MALONE.

Perhaps the meaning is, " You are one of those, who superstitiously appeal to the Gods on every trifling and natural event. But whatever be the meaning, *swear to the Gods*, is a very awkward expression.

A passage somewhat similar occurs in *The Fair Maid of the Inn* ; where Albert says,

" ————— Here we study
" The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
" Dull'd with abundance ; and *dispute* with heaven,
" If that the least puff of the rough north wind
" Blast our vine's burthen." MASON.

⁷ *Sail seas in cockles,*] We are told by Reginald Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, that " it was believed that witches could sail in an eggshell, a cockle or muscle-shell, through and under tempestuous seas." This popular idea was probably in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

⁸ *Making (to take your imagination)*

From bourn to bourn,] *Making*, if that be the true reading, must be understood to mean—*proceeding in our course*, from bourn to bourn, &c. It is still said at sea—the ship makes much way. I suspect, however, that the passage is corrupt. All the copies have—*our* imagination, which is manifestly wrong. Perhaps the author wrote—to *task* your imagination. MALONE.

Making (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, &c.] i. e. travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one part of the world to another ; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. STEEVENS.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime,
 To use one language, in each several clime,
 Where our senses seem to live. I do beseech you,
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps, to teach you
 The stages of our story ⁹. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas ¹,
 (Attended on by many a lord or knight,)
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old

⁹ —*who stand i' the gaps, to teach you
 The stages of our story.*] So, in the chorus to the *Winter's
 Tale* :

“ ————— I slide
 “ O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untry'd
 “ Of that wide gap.”

The earliest quarto reads—*with gaps*; that in 1619—in
 gaps. The reading that I have substituted, is nearer that of
 the old copy. MALONE.

To learn of me who stand with gaps—] I should rather
 read—*i' the gaps*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ That I may sleep out this great gap of time
 “ My Antony's away.”

I would likewise transcribe and correct the following lines
 thus :

“ ————— I do beseech ye
 To learn of me, who stand *i' the gaps* to teach ye
 The stages of our story. Pericles
 Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
 Attended on by many a lord and knight,
 To see his daughter, all his *life's* delight.
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear it you in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
 This king to Tharsus: think *his* pilot wrought
 So with his steerage, and your thoughts shall groan
 To fetch, &c. STEEVENS.

¹ —*thwarting the wayward seas.*] So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ ————— and there being seen,
 “ Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
 “ *Aihwart the seas.*”

The wayward, &c. is the reading of the second quarto.
 The first has—*thy*. In the next line but one, the old copies
 read—*all his lives* delight. MALONE.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late²
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
 Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.
 Well-failing ships, and bounteous winds, have
 brought
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought³;
 So with his steerage, shall your thoughts grow on,)
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone⁴.
 Like motes and shadows see them move a while;
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

² *Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late, &c.*] In the old copies these lines are strangely misplaced:

Old Helicanus goes along behind
 Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.
 Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
 Advancde in time to great and hie estate.
 Well failing ships and bounteous winds have broght
 This king to Tharsus, &c.

The transposition suggested by Mr. Steevens renders the whole passage perfectly clear. MALONE.

³ ——— (*think his pilot thought*;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.] The old copies read:

——— think *this* pilot thought,

So with his steerage shall your thoughts *groan*, &c.

but they are surely corrupt. I read—think *his* pilot thought; I suppose that your imagination is his pilot. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“—’Tis your *thoughts*, that now must deck our kings,
 “Carry them here and there; jumping o’er times.”

Again, *ibid* ¹ *pp* 2:

“Heave him away *upon your winged thoughts*.
 “*Athwart the seas*.”

In the next line the versification is defective by one word being printed instead of two. By reading *grow on* instead of *groan*, the sense and metre are both restored. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (fol. 1623): “—and so *grow on* to a point.” We might read *go on*; but the other appears to be more likely to have been the author's word. MALONE.

⁴ — *who first is gone.*] Who has left Tharsus before her father's arrival there. MALONE.

Dumb

Dumb shew.

Enter at one door, Pericles with his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shews Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show!
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe⁵;
 And Pericles, in sorrow, all devour'd,
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-
 shower'd,
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit⁶
 The epitaph is for Marina writ
 By wicked Dionyza.

[Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.
The fairest, sweetest, and best, lies here,*

Who

⁵ —for true old woe;] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ ———— Sit and see,

“ Minding true things by what their mockeries be.”

MALONE.

—for true old woe;] i. e. for such tears as were shed, when the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages. Perhaps, however, we ought to read—true told woe. STEEVENS.

⁶ —Now please you wit—Now be pleased to know. So, in Gower:

“ In whiche the lorde hath to him writte:

“ That he would understonde and wytte,”—

The editor of the second quarto, (which has been copied by all the other editions,) probably not understanding the passage, altered it thus:

——— Now take we our way

To the epitaph for Marina writ by *Dionyza*.

MALONE.

* —sweetest and best,] *Sweetest* is here used as a monosyllable. So *highest*, in *The Tempest*: “ *Highest* queen of state,” &c. MALONE.

Who wither'd in her spring of year,
 She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter ;
 Marina was she call'd ; and at her birth,
 Thetis being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth :
 Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd :
 Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint,)
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No vizor does become black villainy,
 So well as soft and tender flattery.
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
 And bear his courtes to be ordered

By

7 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th' earth :] The modern editions by a strange blunder, read, *That is,* being proud, &c.

I formerly thought that by the words *some part of the earth* was meant *Thaisa*, the mother of Marina. So Romeo calls his beloved Juliet, when he supposes her dead, *the dearest morsel of the earth*. But I am now convinced that I was mistaken. "The inscription (Mr. Mason justly observes) alludes to the violent storm which accompanied the birth of Marina, at which time the sea proudly o'er-swelling its bounds, swallowed, as is usual in such hurricanes, some part of the earth. The poet ascribes the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element, and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this *birth-child* of Thetis on the heavens ; and that Thetis in revenge makes raging battery against the shores.

"The line, *Therefore, the earth fearing to be o'er-flow'd,* proves beyond doubt that the words, *some part of the earth,* cannot mean the *body* of *Thaisa*, but a *portion* of the *continent*."

Our poet has many allusions in his works to the depredations made by the sea on the land. So, in the 64th Sonnet :

"When I have seen the hungry ocean gain

"Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

"And the firm soil win of the watry main,

"Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;" &c.

We have, I think, a similar description in *K. Lear* and *K. Henry W.* P. II. MALONE.

"—and swears she'll never stint,] She'll never cease. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

"It stinted, and said, ay." MALONE.

By lady fortune; while our scene must play^d
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
 In her unholy service. Patience then,
 And think you now are all in Mitylene.

[Exit.

S C E N E V.

Mitylene. *A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1. *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exit.

—*While our scene must play—*] The old copies have,
 While our *scæne* must play—.

For the emendation I am responsible. So, in *As You Like It*:

"This wide and universal theatre

"Presents more woeful pageants than the *scene*

"Wherein we *play* in."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"—as if

"The *scene* you *play* were mine."

It should be remembered that *scene* was formerly spelt *scæne*; so there is only a change of two letters, which in the writing of the early part of the last century were easily confounded. Mr. Steevens would read—which our *scæne* must play. The passages above quoted appear to me in favour of the other emendation. MALONE.

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

The same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boul.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth' of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boul. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pan. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lyfimachus, disguis'd'.

Boul.

—Here comes the lord Lyfimachus, disguis'd.] So, in the ancient prose romance already quoted: "Than anone as Anthygoras prynde of the cyte it wyfte, went and he *dyguyf*ed himselfe, and went to the bordell whereas Tarcy was," &c. STEEVENS.

So also in the *Gesta Romanorum*: "Cum lenone antecedente et tuba, tertia die cum symphonia ducitur [Tharsia] ad lupanar. Sed *Athenagoras princeps* primus ingreditur *velato corpore*. Tharsia autem videns eum projecit se ad pedes ejus, et ait, &c." No mention is made in the *Conf. Amant.* of this interview between Athenagoras (the Lyfimachus of our play) and the daughter of Appolinus. So that this circumstance must have been taken either from *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, or some other translation of *Gesta Romanorum*.

MALONE.

Boult. We should have both lord and toun, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities²?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-blefs your honour³!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your reforters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity⁴? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a goodreport to a number to be chaste⁵.

Enter

² *How now? how a dozen of virginities?*] For what price may a dozen of virginities be had? So, in *King Henry*. *W.* P. II.

“How a score of ewes now?” MALONE.

³ *Now the gods to-blefs your honour!*]—This use of *to-in* composition with verbs (as Mr. Tyrwhitt observes) is very common in Gower and Chaucer. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*wholesome iniquity?*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The second quarto and the modern editions read—*impunity*.

MALONE.

⁵ *That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.*] This is the reading of the quarto 1619. The first quarto has—*That dignities, &c.* Perhaps the poet wrote—*That dignity is the renown, &c.* The word *number* is, I believe, a misprint; but I know not how to rectify it. MALONE.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk ;— never pluck'd yet, I can assure you, Is she not a fair creature ?

Lys. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea, Well, there's for you ; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [to Marina, whom she takes aside.]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governour of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing⁶, will you use him kindly ? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done ?

Bawd. My Lord, she's not paced yet⁷ ; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together⁸.

[*Exeunt* Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.

Lys.

The meaning of the passage should seem to be this: "The mask of modesty is no less successfully worn by procuresses than by wantons. It palliates grossness of profession in the former, while it exempts a multitude of the latter from suspicion of being what they are. 'Tis politick for each to assume the appearance of this quality, though neither of them in reality possess it." STEEVENS.

⁶ —without any more virginal fencing,] This uncommon adjective occurs again in *Coriolanus* :

" —the *virginal* palms of your daughters—."

MALONE.

⁷ My lord, she's not paced yet ;] She has not yet learned her faces. MALONE.

⁸ Come, we will leave his honour and her together.] The first

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Lys. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governour of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman: she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof* for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee.

first quarto adds—*Go thy ways.* These words, which denote both authority and impatience, I think, belong to Lysimachus. He had before exprest his desire to be left alone with Marina: “—Well, there’s for you;—leave us.” MALONE.

* *What I cannot name but I shall offend.*] The old copies read:

“*Why I cannot name, &c.* MALONE.

I read—*What I cannot, &c.* So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“*What but to speak of would offend again.*”

STEEVENS.

† *Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?*] A *gamester* was formerly used to signify a wanton. So, in *All’s Well that Ends Well*:

“*—————*—She’s impudent, my lord,

“*And was a common gamester to the camp.*”

MALONE.

* —and so stand aloof—] Old copies—*aloft.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now²;
If put upon you, make the judgment good,
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this? Some more?—be sage³.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have plac'd me in this flie, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physick,
O that the gods would set me free from this
Unhallow'd place, though they did change me to
The meanest bird that flies i'the purer air.

Lys. I did not think thou could'st have spoke so well;
Ne'er dream'd thou could'st.
Had I brought hither, a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest⁴, and
The gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys.

² *If you were born to honour, shew it now;*] In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Tharsia (the Marina of the present play) preserves her chastity by the recital of her story: "Miserere me propter Deum, et per Deum te adjuro, ne me violes. Resiste libidini tuæ, et audi casus infelicitatis meæ, et unde sim diligenter considerâ. Cui cum univeros casus suos exposuisset, princeps confusus et pietate plenus, ait ei,—Habeo et ego filiam tibi similem, de qua similes casus metuo." Hæc dicens, dedit ei viginti aureos, dicens, ecce habes amplius pro virginitate quam impositus est. Dic advenientibus sicut mihi dixisti, et liberaheris."

The affecting circumstance which is here said to have struck the mind of Athenagoras, (the danger to which his own daughter was liable,) was probably omitted in the translation. It hardly, otherwise, would have escaped our author.

MALONE.

³ *Some more—be sage.*] Lyfimachus says this with a sneer.—Proceed with your fine moral discourse. MALONE.

⁴ *Persever in that clear way thou goest,*] Continue in your present virtuous disposition. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"——— for the sake

"Of clear virginity, be advocate

"For us and our distresses." MALONE.

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows favour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue^s, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold; here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness!
If thou dost hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

[As *Lysimachus* is putting up his purse, *Boult* enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away. [Exit.

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with
you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a
breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope⁶, shall
undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel,
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the
common hangman shall execute it. Come your way.
We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come
your ways, I say.

Re-enter *Bawd.*

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken
holy words to the lord *Lysimachus*.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult.

^s —a piece of virtue,] This expression occurs in the *Tempest*:

“ —thy mother was

“ A piece of virtue—.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Let not the piece of virtue, which is set

“ Betwixt us,—.”

Ostavia is the person alluded to. MALONE.

⁶ —under the cope,] i. e. under the cope or covering of
heaven. The word is thus used in *Cymbeline*:

STEEVENS.

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to sink afore the face of the gods ?

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever !

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball ; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away ; use her at thy pleasure : crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable *.

Boult. And if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods !

Bawd. She conjures : away with her. 'Would she had never come within my doors ! Marry hang you ! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind ? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays ? !

[*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come mistress ; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me ?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing ?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be ?

Boult.

* *She makes our profession as it were to sink afore the face of the gods.*] So, in *Measure for Measure*, the Duke says to the Bawd :

" Canst thou believe, thy living is a life,

" So sinkingly depending ?

" *Clown.* Indeed, it does sink in some sort, sir."

STEEVENS.

* —*crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.*] So, in *Gesta Romanorum* : " Altera die, adhuc eam virginem audiens, iratus (leno) vocans villicum puellarum, dixit, duc eam ad te, et frange nodum virginitatis ejus."

MALONE.

* —*my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays !*] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue. STEEVENS.

† *Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing ?] So, in *K. Henry IV. P. II.*

" *P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ?

" *Poins.* Go to, I stand the push of your one thing."

MALONE.

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art *,
 Since they do better thee in their command.
 Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
 Of hell would not in reputation change :
 Thou art the damned door-keeper to every coystrel,
 That comes enquiring for his tib ² ;
 To the cholerick fisting of every rogue
 Thy ear is liable ; thy food is such,
 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do ? go to the wars,
 would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the
 loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end
 to buy him a wooden one ?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
 Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth ;
 Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;
 Any of these ways are better yet than this † ;
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
 Would own a name too dear ³. That the gods
 Would safely deliver me from this place !
 Here, here's gold for thee.
 If that thy master would gain by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With

* *Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art,*] The word
yet was inserted by Mr. Rowe for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

² —to ev'ry coystrel,

That comes enquiring for his tib ;] To every mean fellow
 that comes to enquire for a girl. *Tib* is, I think, a contrac-
 tion of *Tabitha*. It was formerly a cant name for a strumpet.

MALONE.

—*coystrel*, i. e. paltry fellow. STEEVENS.

† *Any of these ways are better yet than this ;*] The old co-
 pies read :

Any of these ways are yet better than this.

For this slight transposition I am accountable.

MALONE.

³ *For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,*
Would own a name too dear.] i. e. a baboon would think
 his tribe dishonoured by such a profession. Thus says Iago,
 " Ere I would drown myself, &c. I would change my huma-
 nity with a baboon." STEEVENS.

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;
 And will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars ⁴.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I
 can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst
 them. But since my master and mistress have bought
 you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore
 I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I
 doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
 I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admir'd lays ⁵:

Deep

⁴ *I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.*] The scheme by which Marina ef-
 fects her release from the brothel, the poet adopted from the
Confessio Amantis. MALONE.

⁵ —and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays: This compound
 epithet (which is not common) is again used by our author
 in *Cymbeline*:

“ ————— and

Deep clerks she dumbs⁶; and with her need composes⁷
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses⁸;
 Her inkle, filk, twin with the rubied cherry⁹:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She

" ——— and undergoes,

" More *goldefs-like* than wife-like, such assaults,

" As would take in some virtue."— MALONE.

⁶ *Deep clerks she dumbs;*] So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

" Where I have come, great clerks have purposed

" To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

" Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,

" Make periods in the midst of sentences,

" Throttle their practis'd accent in their fears,

" And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,

" Not paying me a welcome."

These passages are compared only on account of the similarity of expression, the sentiments being very different.— Theseus confounds those who address him, by his superior dignity; Marina silences the learned persons with whom she converses, by her literary superiority. MALONE.

⁷ —and with her need composes—] *Need* for *needle*. So, in the translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

" ———like prickling *neelds*, or points of swords."

MALONE.

⁸ *That even her art sisters the natural roses;* I have not met with this verb in any other writer. It is again used by our author in *A Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

" From off a hill, whose concave womb re-worded

" A plaintful story from a *fiſt'ring* vale,"—

MALONE.

⁹ *Her inkle, filk, twin with the rubied cherry:*] *Inkle* is a species of tape. It is mentioned in *Lowe's Labour's Lost*, and in the *Winter's Tale*. All the copies read, I think corruptly,— *twine* with the rubied cherry. The word which I have substituted, is used by Shakspeare in *Othello*:

" ——— though he had *twinn'd* with me,

" Both at a birth,—"

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

" Who *twin* as it were in love." MALONE.

Again, more appositely, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher:

" Her *twinning cherries* shall their sweetness fall

" Upon thy tasteful lips." STEEVENS.

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place ¹ ;
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,
 Where we left him on the sea. We there him
 lost ² :

Where, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells ; and on this coast
 Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep ³ : from whence
 Lyfimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trim'd with rich expence ;
 And to him in his barge with fervour hies ⁴ .
 In your supposing once more put your sight ;
 Of heavy Pericles think this the bark ⁵ :

Where,

¹ —Here *we her place* ;] So, the first quarto. The other copies read,—*Leave* we her place. MALONE.

² *Where we left him on the sea. We there him lost* ;] The first quarto reads—*We there him left*. The editor of that in 1619, finding the passage corrupt, altered it entirely. He reads:

Where we left him *at sea tumbled and lost*—

The corresponding rhyme, *coast*, shews that *left*, in the first edition, was only a misprint for *lost*. MALONE.

³ —*The city striv'd*

God Neptune's annual feast to keep :] The citizens *vied* with each other in celebrating the feast of Neptune. This harsh expression was forced upon the author by the rhyme.

MALONE.

⁴ *And to him in his barge with fervour hies*.] This is one of the few passages in this play, in which the error of the first copy is corrected in the second. The eldest quarto reads unintelligibly—

—with *former hies*. MALONE.

⁵ *In your supposing once more put your sight ;*

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark :] Once more put your sight under the guidance of your imagination. *Suppose you see* what we cannot exhibit to you ; think this stage, on which I stand, the bark of the melancholy Pericles. So before :

“ In your imagination hold

“ This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

“ The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak.”

Again, in *K. Henry V* :

“ ————Behold

“ In the quick forge and working-house of thought.”

Again, *ibidem* :

“ ————your

Where, what is done in action, more, if might⁶.
 Shall be discover'd, please you, sit, and hark,
 [Exit.]

SCENE I.

On board Pericles' ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

VOL. VI.

G

Enter

"——— your eyes advance

"After your thoughts."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege."

Again, *ibidem*:

"Play with your fancies, and in them behold

"Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing," &c.

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"——— all will come to nought;

"When such bad dealings must be seen in thought."

The quarto, 1609, reads:

Of heavy Pericles think this his bark;

and such also is the reading of the copy printed in 1619. The folio reads—*On heavy Pericles*, &c. If this be right, the passage should be regulated differently:

And to him in his barge with fervour hies,

In your supposing.—Once more put your light

On heavy Pericles; &c.

You must now aid me with your imagination, and suppose Iulianachus hastening in his barge to go on board the Tyrian ship. Once more behold the melancholy Pericles, &c. But the former is, in my opinion, the true reading. To exhort the audience merely to behold Pericles, was very unnecessary; as in the ensuing scene, he would of course be represented to them. Gower's principal office in these choruses is, to persuade the spectators, not to use, but to disbelieve, their eyes. MALONE.

⁶ *Where, what is done in action, more, if might,} Where all*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]—O, here he is, fir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governour, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly*.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend fir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, fir, to out-live the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You with me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys.

all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit. The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene. *More, if might*—is the reading of the first quarto. The modern copies read, unintelligibly,—*more of might.* MALONE.

—*greet them fairly.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1609, has —*greet him fairly.* MALONE.

Lyf. I am
The governour of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief⁷.

Lyf. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat *;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lyf. May we not see him?

Hel. You may, but bootless
Is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lyf. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: [*Pericles discover'd*⁸.] this was
a goodly person,

G 2

Till

⁷ *But to prorogue his grief.*] To lengthen or *prolong* his grief. The modern editions read unnecessarily,
But to *prolong* his grief.

Prorogue is used by our author in *Romeo and Juliet* for *delayed*:

“ My life were better ended by their hate,
“ Than death *prorogue*d, wanting of thy love.”

MALONE.

* Sir, *it would be*, &c.] For the insertion of the supplemental word (*Sir*) here and in the next speech but one, as well as in the first address of Helicanus to Lyfimachus, I am accountable. MALONE.

⁸ *Pericles discovered.*] Few of the stage-directions that have been given in this and the preceding acts, are found in the old copy. In the original representation of this play, Pericles was probably placed in the back part of the stage, concealed by a curtain, which was here drawn open. The ancient narratives represent him as remaining in the cabin of his ship. Thus, in the *Confessio Amantis* it is said,

“ But for all that, though hem be lothe,
“ He [*Athenagoras*, the governour of Mitylene,]
“ fonde the ladder, and *downe* he goeth,
“ And to him spake.”

So, also in *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: “ He is here *benethe* in tenebres and obscurete, and for nothing that I may doe he wyll not yssue out of the place where as he is.”—But as in such a situation Pericles would not be visible to the audience, a different stage-direction is now given.

MALONE.

Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this †.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you!

1. *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid † in Mitylene, I durst
wager,

Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are mid-way stopp'd ‡:

She

† *Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.*] The copies all read—one mortal
night. The word, which I suppose the author to have writ-
ten, affords an easy sense. *Mortal*, is here used for *pernicious*,
destructive. So, in *Mache'h*:

“ Hold fast the mortal sword.” MALONE.

‡ *Sir, we have a maid, &c.*] This circumstance resembles
another in *All's Well that Ends Well*, where Lafeu gives an
account of Helena's attractions to the king, before she is in-
troduced to attempt his cure. STEEVENS.

‡ *And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,*

Which now are mid-way stopp'd:] The earliest quarto
reads—*defend* parts. I have no doubt that the poet wrote—
through his *deafen'd* parts,—i. e. his ears; which were to be
assailed by the melodious voice of Marina. In the old quarto
few of the participles have an elision-mark. This kind of
phraseology, though it now appears uncouth, was common
in our author's time.

Thus, in the poem entitled, *Romeus and Juliet*:

“ Did not thy *parts*, fordon with pain, languish away
and pine?”

Again, more appositely, *ibidem*:

“ Her dainty *tender parts*' gan shiver all for dread;

“ Her golden hair did stand upright upon her chillish
head.”

Again, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Or, were I deaf, thy *outward parts* would move

“ Each part in me that were but sensible.”

Again, in his 69th Sonnet:

“ Those *parts* of thee, that the world's eye doth
view,” &c.

Stopp'd

She is all happy, as the fairest of all,
 And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
 The leafy shelter^s, that abuts against
 The island's side.

[He

Stopp'd is a word which we frequently find connected with the ear. So, in *K. Richard II.*:

"Gaunt. My death's sad tale may not *unleaf* his ear.
 "York. No, it is *stopp'd* with other flattering sounds."

MALONE.

One of the copies reads *defend'd*, the other *defend*. The author's word was, I suppose, *defenc'd*. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, and a thousand other her *defences*, which are now too strongly embattled against me."

STEEVENS.

* *And with her fellow-maids, is now upon,*

The leafy shelter,] Marina might be said to be *under* the leafy shelter, but I know not how she could be *upon* it; nor have I a clear idea of a *shelter* abutting against the side of an island. I would read,

_____ is now upon
 The leafy *shelver*, that abuts against
 The island's side.

i. e. the *shelving bank* near the sea side, shaded by adjoining trees. It appears from Gower, that the feast of Neptune was celebrated on the *strand*:

"The lordes both and the commune

"The high festes of Neptune

"Upon the *stronde*, at rivage,

"As it was custome and usage,

"Solempneliche thei be figh.

So before in this scene:

Being on *shore*, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,—

Marina and her fellow-maids, we may suppose, had retir'd a little way from the croud, and seated themselves under the adjoining trees, to see the triumph. This circumstance was an invention of the poet's. In *K. Appolyn of Thyre*, Tharsye, the Marina of this play, is brought from the *bordel* where she had been placed. In the *Confessio Amantis*, she is summoned, by order of the governour, from the *honest house* to which she had retreated.—The words *with* and *is*, which I have inserted, are not in the old copy.

MALONE.

The leafy shelter—] I suppose that the printer, or copyist, meeting here with an uncommon word, corrupted it. Perhaps the poet wrote—*levisell*, i. e. *leafy seat*, from the Saxon

lfe

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord,
in the barge of Lyfimachus.*]

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lyf. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province 5.—Yet once more

Let

lese folium, and setl, sedes. So, in Chaucer's *Persones Tale*, p. 183. last edit. "right as the gay *levesell* at the *taverne*," &c. See also Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on line 4059.

Some word, however, may have been omitted, or the verse is defective. We might then read,

"She is all happy as the fairest of all,
"And with her fellow-maids is now upon
"The *levisell* that *close* abuts against
"The island's side." STEEVENS.

⁴ *Exit Lord, in the barge of Lyfimachus.*] It may seem strange that a fable should have been chosen to form a drama upon, in which the greater part of the business of the last act should be transacted at sea; and wherein it should even be necessary to produce two vessels on the scene at the same time. But the customs and exhibitions of the modern stage give this objection to the play before us a greater weight than it really has. It appears, that, when *Pericles* was originally performed, the theatres were furnished with no such apparatus as by any stretch of the imagination could be supposed to present either a sea or a ship; and that the audience were contented to behold vessels sailing in and out of port, in their *mind's eye* only. This licence being once granted to the poet, the lord, in the instance now before us, walked off the stage, and returned again in a few minutes, leading in Marina, without any sensible impropriety; and the present drama, exhibited before such indulgent spectators, was not more incommodious in the representation than any other would have been. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II.

MALONE.

⁵ *And so inflict our province.*] Thus all the copies. But I do not believe to *inflict* was ever used by itself in the sense of to *punish*. The poet probably wrote—And so *afflict* our province. MALONE.

Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir⁶, I will recount it to you;—but see,
I am prevented.

Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young lady.

Lys. O, here's the lady
That I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—Is't not
A goodly presence⁷?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient⁸:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat⁹

Can

⁶ *Sit, sir,*] Thus the eldest quarto. The modern editions read—*Sir, sir.* MALONE.

⁷ ——— is't not

A goodly presence?] Is she not beautiful in her form?
So, in *K. John*:

“Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.”

All the copies read, I think corruptly,

————— is it not a goodly present? MALONE.

⁸ *Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here where is a kingly patient:]* The quarto,
1609, reads.

Fair on, all goodness that consists in beauty, &c.

The editor of the second quarto in 1619, finding this unintelligible, altered the text, and printed—*Fair and all goodness, &c.* which renders the passage nonsense.—*One* was formerly written *on*; and hence they are perpetually confounded in our ancient dramas. The latter part of the line, which was corrupt in all the copies, has been happily amended by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

I should think, that instead of *beauty* we ought to read *bounty*. All the good that consists in *beauty* she brought with her. But she had reason to expect the bounty of her kingly patient, if he proved successful in his cure. Indeed *Lysimachus* tells her so afterwards in clearer language. The present circumstance puts us in mind of what passes between *Helena* and the King, in *Alps Well that Ends Well*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *If that thy prosperous and artificial feat, &c.]* “*Veni ad me, Tharfa;*” (says *Athenagoras*), “*ubi nunc est ars studiorum*

Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion-maid,
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her, and the gods make her
prosperous!

[*Marina sings* '.

Lys.

diorum tuorum, ut consoleres dominum navis in tenebris fenderera; ut provoces eum exire ad lucem, quia nimis dolet pro conjugē et filia suā?"—*Gesta Romanorum*, p. 586. edit. 1558.

The old copy has—artificial *fate*. For this emendation the reader is indebted to Dr. Percy. *Feat* and *fate* are at this day pronounced in Warwickshire alike; and such, I have no doubt, was the pronounciation in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Hence the two words were easily confounded.

A passage in *Measure for Measure* may add support to Dr. Percy's very happy emendation:

“ _____ In her youth

“ There is a prone and speechless dialect,

“ Such as moves men; besides, she hath a *prosperous art*,

“ When she will play with reason and discourse,

“ And well she can persuade.”

[*Marina sings*.] This song (like most of those sung in the old plays) has not been preserved. Perhaps it might have been formed on the following lines in *Gesta Romanorum*, (or some translation of it) which Tharsia is there said to have sung to King Apollonius:

“ Per scorta [f. heu!] gradior, sed scorti conscia non sum;

“ Sic spinis rosa [f. quæ] nescit violari et ullis.

“ Corruit et [f. en] raptor gladii ferientis ab ictu;

“ Tradita lenoni non sum violata pudore.

“ Vulnere cessasset animi, lacrimæque deessent,

“ Nulla ergo melior, si noscam certa parentes,

“ Unica regalis generis sum stirpe creata;

“ Ipsa, jubente Deo, lætari credo aliquando.

“ Fuge [f. terge] modo lacrimas, curam dissolve molestam;

“ Redde polo faciem, mentemque ad sidera tolle:

“ Jam [f. Nam] Deus est hominum plasmator, rector et auctor,

“ Non sinit has lacrimas casto finire labore.”

MALONE.

Lyf. Mark'd he your musick ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lyf. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Humph! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet * : she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.

'Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and aukward casualties ²

Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;

But there is something glows upon my cheek,

And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*]

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus ? What say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do

Think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman ?

Here of these shores ³ ?

G 5

Mar.

* —that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet : So, in *K. Henry*
IV.

“ By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

“ But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at.”

MALONE.

² —and aukward casualties—] *Aukward* is adverbse. Our
author has the same epithet in the *Second Part of King Henry*
VI.

“ And twice by *aukward* wind from England's bank

“ Drove back again.” STEEVENS.

³ *I do*

Think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.

You are like something, that—What country-woman ?

Here of these shores ?] This passage is so strangely cor-
rupted in the first quarto and all the other copies, that I can-
not bear transcribing it :

Per.

Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping⁴.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly⁵: in pace another Juno⁶;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech⁷.—Where do you live?

Mar.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me,
your like something that, what countrey women heare of
these shewes.

Mar. No nor of any shewes, &c.

For the ingenious emendation,—*shores*, instead of *shewes*,
—(which is so clearly right, that I have not hesitated to in-
sert it in the text,) as well as the happy regulation of the
whole passage, I am indebted to the patron of every literary
undertaking, my friend the Earl of Charlemont.

MALONE.

⁴ *I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.*] So, in
King Richard II.

“—Green, thou art the *midwife to my woe*,
“ And Bolinbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
“ Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
“ And I, a gasping *new deliver'd mother*,
“ Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.”

MALONE.

⁵ *Her eyes as jewel like,*
And cas'd as richly:] So, in *K. Lear*:

“————— and, in this habit,
“ Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
“ Their *precious stones new-lost*.”

Again, *ibidem*:

“What, with the *case of eyes*? MALONE.

⁶ —*in pace another Juno;*] So, in *the Tempest*:

“————— Highest queen of state,
“ Great *Juno* comes; I know her by her *gait*.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,*
The more she gives them speech.] So, in *Antony and Cleo-*
patra:

“————— other women cloy
“ The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
“ Where

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe^s?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for though look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in⁹: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one-I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends?

Didst

“Where most she satisfies.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“As if increase of appetite did grow

“By what it feed on.” MALONE.

^s *And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?*] To owe in ancient language
is to possess. So, in *Othello*:

“——— that sweet sleep

“That thou ow'd'st yesterday.”

The meaning of the compliment is:—These endowments,
however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in
your possession. They acquire additional grace from their
owner. Thus also one of Timon's flatterers:

“You mend the jewel by the wearing it.”

STEEVENS:

⁹ ——— a palace

For the crown'd truth to dwell in:] It is observable that
our poet, when he means to represent any quality of the
mind as eminently perfect, furnishes the imaginary being
whom he personifies, with a crown. Thus, in the 114th
Sonnet:

“Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,

“Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?”

Again, in his 37th Sonnet:

“For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,

“Or any of these all, or all, or more,

“Entitled in thy parts do crown'd sit, —.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit,

“For 'tis a throne, where honour may be crown'd,

“Sole monarch of the universal earth.”

MALONE.

Didst thou not say ¹, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st,
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing indeed
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl ²: yet thou dost look
Like *Patience*, gazing on kings' graves ³, and smiling
Extremity out of act ⁴. What were thy friends?

How.

¹ *Didst thou not say,*] All the copies read—*Didst thou not*
say. It was evidently a false print in the first edition.

MALONE.

* *Some such thing*, indeed—] For the insertion of the word
indeed, I am accountable. MALONE.

² — *thou art a man, and I*

Have suffer'd like a girl] So, in *Macbeth*:

"If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me

"The baby of a girl." MALONE.

³ *Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves,*] So, in *Twelfth*
Night:

"She sat, like *Patience* on a monument,

"Smiling at grief."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes;

"So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes."

MALONE.

⁴ ——— *and smiling*

Extremity out of act] By her beauty and patient meek-
ness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her
up-lifted sword. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm,

"That was uprear'd to execution."

Extremity (though not personified as here) is in like mat-
ter used in *King Lear*, for the utmost of human suffering:

"—— another,

"To amplify too much, would make much more,

"And top *extremity*." MALONE.

How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me⁵.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither,
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient; thou little know'st
How thou dost startle me, to call thyself

Marina.

Mar. The name was given me by one
That had some power; my father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me; but, not to be
A troubler of your peace⁶, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood? Have you a work-
ing pulse,

And are no fairy-motion⁷? Well, speak on.

Where

⁵ *How lost thou them?—Thy name, my most kind virgin?*

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.] All the copies read—How lost thou thy name, my most kind virgin, recount, &c. But Marina had not said any thing about her name. She had indeed told the king, that "Time had rooted out her parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties bound her in servitude:"—Pericles, therefore, naturally asks her, by what accident she had lost her *friends*; and at the same time desires to know her name. Marina answers his last question first, and then proceeds to tell her history. The insertion of the word *them*, which I suppose to have been omitted by the negligence of the compositor, renders the whole clear.—The metre of the line, which was before defective, and Marina's answer, both support the conjectural reading of the text. MALONE.

⁶ *—a troubler of your peace,*] Thus the earliest quarto. So, in *K. Richard III.*

"And then hurl down their indignation

"On thee, the *troubler* of the poor world's peace."

The folios and the modern editions read—*a trouble of your peace.* MALONE.

⁷ *But are you flesh and blood? Have you a working pulse,
And are no fairy motion?*] In the old copy this passage is thus exhibited:

But

Where were you born? and wherefore call'd Marina.

Mar. Call'd Marina, for I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,⁷
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well:—where were you
bred?

I'll hear you no more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did give
o'er⁸.

Per.

But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse, and are no fairy?

Motion well speak on, &c.

The present regulation was suggested by Mr. Mason. Mr. Stevens would read,

————— and are no fairy?

No motion? ———

i. e. no puppet dress'd up to deceive me. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent *motion*! oh exceeding puppet!"

MALONE.

This passage should be pointed thus:

Have you a working pulse? and are no *fairy-motion*?

That is, "Have you really life in you, or are you merely a puppet formed by enchantment; the work of fairies?" The reading of the old copy cannot be right, for fairies were supposed to be animated beings, and to have working pulses, as well as men. MASON.

⁷ Who died the *very minute I was born,*] Either the construction is—My mother, who died the very minute I was born, was the daughter of a king, —or we ought to read:

She died the very minute, &c. STEEVENS.

The word *very* I have inserted to complete the metre.

MALONE.

⁸ You'll scarce *believe me*; 'twere best I did give o'er.] All the old copies read—You *scorn*, believe me, &c. The reply of Pericles induces me to think the author wrote:

You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best, &c.

Pericles had expressed *no scorn* in the preceding speech, but,
on

Per. I will believe you by the syllable⁸
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me : and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, whom having drawn to do't⁹,
A crew

on the contrary, great complacency and attention. So also,
before :

—————Pr'ythee speak :
Falseness cannot come from thee—
—————I'll believe thee, &c.

The false prints in this play are so numerous, that the greatest latitude must be allowed to conjecture. MALONE.

I think we should read :

You scorn *believing* me ; (or, *belief in me*) 'twere best,
&c.

and this is authorised by Pericles' reply : " I will believe you,"—.

Marina regards the speech of Pericles as expressive of *scorn*, because he has just told her that what she has said is—the *rarest dream* ; assuring her at the same time that she *cannot be his daughter*. He desires her indeed to advance in her story ; but has not yet declared that he will *believe* it. It is for this reason that he styles his behaviour contemptuous.

STEEVENS.

The words, *This is the rarest dream*, &c. are not addressed to Marina, but spoken aside. MALONE.

⁸ *I will believe you by the syllable*, &c.] i. e. I will believe every word you say. So, in *Macbeth* :

" To the last syllable of recorded time."

Again, in *All's Well That Ends Well* :

" To the utmost syllable of your worthiness."

STEEVENS.

⁹ —whom *having drawn to do't*,] This mode of phraseology, though now obsolete, was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *The Tempest* :

" Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

" A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

" Out of his charity, (*who* being then appointed

" Master of this design) did give us," &c.

Again, in the *Winter's Tale* :

" —————This your son-in-law,

" And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directed,)

" Is troth-plight to your daughter."

When the former edition of this play was printed, imagined the original copy printed in 1609, read—*who* having drawn

A crew of Pirates came and rescued me ;
 Brought me to Mitylene. But good sir, whither
 Will you have me ? Why do ye weep ? It may be,
 You think me an impostor ; no, good faith ;
 I am the daughter to king Pericles,
 If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus !

Hel. Calls my lord ?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
 Most wise in general ; tell me, if thou canst,
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,
 That thus hath made me weep ?

Hel. I know not ; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
 Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell

Her parentage ; being demanded that,
 She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir ;
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain ;
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
 O'er-bear the shores of my mortality,
 And drown me with their sweetness¹. O, come hither,
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget ;
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
 And found at sea again ! O Helicanus,
 Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud
 As thunder threatens us : This is Marina.—
 What was thy mother's name ? tell me but that ;
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
 Though doubts did ever sleep².

Mar.

drawn to do't, not observing the mark of abbreviation over
 the letter *o*, (*who*) which shews the word intended was
whom. MALONE.

¹ *And drawn me with their sweetness.*] We meet a kindred
 thought in the *Merchant of Venice* :

“ O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstacy,

“ In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess,

“ I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,

“ For fear I surfeit.” MALONE.

² *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. in plain language,
 though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt con-
 cerning your veracity. STEEVENS.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title ?

Per. I

Am Pericles of Tyre ; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name ; (as in the rest you said,
Thou hast been god-like perfect ;) the heir of king-
doms,
And a mother like to Pericles, thy father ³.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa ?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began ⁴.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise ; thou art my
child.

Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon : she shall tell thee all ;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess.—Who is this ?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governour of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.

Give

³ —the heir of kingdoms;

And a mother like to Pericles, thy father.] The old copy
has—

And another like to Pericles thy father.

There can be no doubt that there is here a gross corruption,
The correction which I have made, affords an easy sense.
The mother of Marina was the heir of kingdoms, and in
that respect resembled Pericles.

I believe the same error has happened in *Hamlet*, where in
Act V. sc. ii. we find—"Is't not possible to understand in ano-
ther tongue?" instead of which I believe the poet wrote,
"Is't possible not to understand in a mother tongue?"

This error actually happened in the first edition of Sir
Francis Bacon's Essay on *The Advancement on Learning*, B.
II. p. 60, 4to. 1605: "—by the art of grammar, whereof
the use in another tongue is small ; in a foreign tongue more."
In the table of Errata we are desired to read—a mother
tongue. MALONE.

⁴ Thaisa was my mother, who did end

The minute I began.] So, in *The Winter's Tale* :

"_____ Lady,

"Dear queen, that ended when I but began,

"Give me that hand of yours to kiss."

MALONE.

Give me my robes, I am wild in my beholding.
 O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick!—
 Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him ⁵
 O'er, point by point ⁶, for yet he seems to doubt ⁷,
 How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! do ye not hear?

Lys. Musick? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly musick:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes; let me rest ⁸. [*He sleeps.*]

Lys. A pillow for his head;—so leave him all.

[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of Pericles is closed.*]

Well, my companion-friends, if this but answer to
 My just belief, I'll well remember you ⁹.

Exeunt **LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,**
and attendant Lady.

SCENE

⁵ —But hark, what musick!

Tell *Helicanus, my Marina, tell him*—Thus the earliest quarto.

The quarto, 1619, and all the subsequent editions read,

But hark, what musick's this Helicanus? my
 Marina, &c. **MALONE.**

⁶ *O'er, point by point.*—] So, in Gower:

“ Fro *poyn*t to *poyn*t all she hym tolde

“ That she hath long in herte holde,

“ And never durst make hir mone

“ But only to this lorde allone.” **MALONE.**

⁷ —for yet he seems to doubt,] The old copies read—for yet he seems to *doat*. It was evidently a misprint.

MALONE.

⁸ *Most heavenly musick:*

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs, &c.] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

“ Makes heaven *drowsy* with the harmony.”

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“ Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,

“ Unless some dull and favourable hand

“ Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.”

MALONE,

⁹ *Well, my companion-friends, if this but answer to*

My just belief, I'll well remember you.] These lines clearly belong

S C E N E II.

The same. PERICLES *on deck asleep*; Diana *appearing to him as in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus¹; hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

— There,

belong to Marina. She has been for some time silent, and Pericles having now fallen into a slumber, she naturally turns to her companion, and assures her, that if she has in truth found her royal father, (as she has good reason to believe) she shall partake of her prosperity. It appears from a former speech in which the same phrase is used, that a lady had entered with Marina:

“ Sir, I will use

“ My utmost skill in his recovery; provided

“ That none but I and my *companion-maid*

“ Be suffer'd to come near him.”

I would therefore read in the passage now before us,

Well, my *companion-friend* —

or, if the text here be right, we might read in the former instance—my *companion-maid*.—In the preceding part of this scene it has been particularly mentioned, that Marina was with her *fellow maids* upon the leafy shelter, &c.

There is nothing in these lines that appropriates them to Lyfimachus; nor any particular reason why he should be munificent to his friends because Pericles has found his daughter. On the other hand, this recollection of her lowly companion is perfectly suitable to the amiable character of Marina. MALONE.

¹ *My temple stands in Ephesus*;] This vision is formed on the following passage in Gower:

“ The hie God, which wolde hym kepe,

“ When that this kyng was fait aslepe,

“ By nightes tyme he hath hym bede

“ To sayle unto another stede

“ To Ephesum he bad hym drawe,

“ And as it was that tyme lawe,

“ He

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
 Before the people all
 Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
 'To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
 And give them repetition to the life ².
 Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe :
 Do't, and be happy * : by my silver bow
 Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.]
Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine ³,
 I will obey thee ! Helicanus !

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
 The inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
 For other service first : toward Ephesus

Turn

“ He shall do there his sacrifice ;
 “ And eke he bad in all wise,
 “ That in the temple, amongst all,
 “ His fortune, as it is befall,
 “ Touching his daughter and his wife,
 “ He shall be known upon his life.” MALONE.

² *And give them repetition to the life.*] The old copies read—
 to the like. For the emendation, which the rhyme confirms,
 the reader is indebted to Lord Charlemont. “ Give them re-
 petition to the life,” means, as he observes, “ Repeat your
 misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of
 your narration may intimate to the life the transactions you
 relate.” So, in *Cymbeline* :

“ ——— The younger brother, Cadwall,
 “ Strikes life into my speech”

In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, these words are again-
 confounded, for in the old copies we there find :

“ Two of the first, life coats in heraldry,” &c.

MALONE.

* —and be happy :] The word *be* I have supplied.

MALONE.

³ —goddess argentine,] That is, regent of the silver moon.
 So, in the *Rape of Iucrece* :

“ Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,

“ The silver-shining queen he would disdain.”

“ In the chemical phrase, (as Lord Charlemont observes to
 me,) a language well understood when this play was written,
 Luna or Diana means silver, as Sol does gold.” MALONE.

Turn our blown sails ; *estfoons I'll tell thee why.—
 Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, [to Lyfim.
 And give you gold for such provision
 As our intents will need ?

Lys. Sir,
 With all my heart ; and when you come ashore,
 I have another suit ⁴.

Per. You shall prevail,
 Were it to woo my daughter ; for it seems
 You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;
 More a little, and then dumb ⁵.
 This, as my last boon, give me ⁶,
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)
 That you aptly will suppose,
 What pageantry, what feasts, what shows,

What

⁴ —[I have another suit.] The old copies read—I have another *sleight*. But the answer of Pericles shews clearly that they are corrupt. The sense requires some word synonymous to *request*. I therefore read,—I have another *suit*. So, in *K. Henry VIII*.

“ I have a *suit* which you must not deny me.”

MALONE.

[I have another *sleight*.] i. e. another contrivance. He either means, that he intends some farther entertainment for Pericles, or that he has a design relative to Marina.

STEEVENS.

⁵ *More a little, and then dumb.*] Permit me to add a few words more, and then I shall be silent. The old copies have *dum*; in which way I have observed in ancient books the word *dumb* was occasionally spelt. Thus in *The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image*, by J. Marston, 1598 :

“ Look how the peevish papists crouch and kneel

“ To some *dum* idoll with their offering.”

There are many as imperfect rhymes in this play, as that of the present couplet. So, in a former chorus, *moons* and *dooms*. Again, at the end of this, *soon* and *doom*. Mr. Rowe reads—More a little, and then *done*. MALONE.

⁶ *This, as my last boon, give me.*] The word *as*, which is not found in the old copies, was supplied by Mr. Steevens, to complete the metre. MALONE.

What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king: So he has thriv'd,
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd
 To fair Marina; but in no wise,
 Till he had done his sacrifice ⁷,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound ⁸.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company:
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful doom ⁹. [Exit.

⁷ *Till he had done his sacrifice,*] That is, till *Pericles* had done his sacrifice. MALONE.

⁸ *The interim, pray you, all confound.*] So, in *K. Henry V*:

“ ————— Myself have play'd

“ *The interim*, by remembering you 'tis past.”

To *confound*, here signifies, to consume. So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I.

“ He did *confound* the best part of an hour,

“ Exchanging hardiment with great Glendower.”

MALONE.

⁹ *That he can hither come so soon,*

Is by your fancy's thankful doom.] As *soon* and *doom* are not rhymes, exactly corresponding, I would rather read,—thankful *boon*.

Thankful boon may signify—the licence you grant us in return for the pleasures we have afforded you in the course of the play. So before in this Chorus:

This as my last *boon* give me. STEEVENS.

We had similar rhymes before:

—————if king *Pericles*

Come not home in twice six *moons*,

He, obedient to their *dooms*,

Will take the crown.

I have, therefore, not disturbed the reading of the old copy.

MALONE.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of virgins on each side; CERIMON and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed¹
At Pentapolis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in child-bed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery². She at Tharsus
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—

You

¹ *Who, frighted from my country, did wed—*] Country must be considered as a trisyllable. So *entrance, semblance,* and many others. MALONE.

² —*who, O Goddess,*

Wears yet thy silver livery.] i. e. her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. PERCY.

So, in Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*:

“ There my *white stole of chastity* I daft.”

We had the same expression before:

“ One twelve moons more she'll wear *Diana's livery.*”

MALONE.

You are, you are—O royal Pericles ! [*she faints.*]

Per. What means the woman * ? she dies ! help, gentlemen !

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no ;
I threw her o'er-board with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady † ;—O, she's but o'er-joy'd.
Early in blust'ring morn ‡ this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,
Found there rich jewels § ; recover'd her, and plac'd her
Here in Diana's temple ¶.

Per. May we see them ?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you §. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai.

³ *You are, you are—O royal Pericles—*] The similitude between this scene, and the discovery in the last act of *The Winter's Tale*, will, I suppose, strike every reader.

* *What means the woman ?*] This reading was furnish'd by the second quarto. The first reads—What means the mum ? MALONE.

† *Look to the lady ;*] When lady Macbeth pretends to swoon, on hearing the account of Duncan's murder, the same exclamation is used. These words belong, I believe, to Pericles. MALONE.

‡ *Early in blust'ring morn—*] The author, perhaps, wrote, Early one blust'ring morn—. MALONE.

§ *Found there rich jewels ;*] The second quarto, the folios, and Mr. Rowe, read,—*these* jewels. Pericles's next question shews that *these* could not be the poet's word. The true reading is found in the first quarto. It should be remembered, that Cerimon delivered these jewels to Thaisa, (before she left his house) in whose custody they afterwards remained. MALONE.

¶ *Here in Diana's temple.*] The same situation occurs again in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Ægeon loses his wife at sea, and finds her at last in a nunnery. STEEVENS.

§ —*they shall be brought you to my house,*

Whither I invite you.] This circumstance bears some resemblance to the meeting of Leontes and Hermione. The office of Cerimon is not unlike that of Paulina in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

Thai. O, let me look!
 if he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense⁹ bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,
 And drown'd¹.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
 When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring?

[Shows a ring.]

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
 kindness
 Makes my past miseries sport²: You shall do well,
 That on the touching of her lips I may
 Melt, and no more be seen³. O come, be buried

VOL. VI.

H

A second

⁹ —to my sense—] *Sense* is here used for *sensual passion*. So also in *Measure for Measure* and in *Hamlet*. MALONE.

¹ —supposed dead,
 And drown'd.] Supposed dead, and that my death was
 by drowning. MALONE.

² *This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
 Makes my past miseries sport:*] So, in *K. Lear*:

“It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows,

“That ever I have felt.” MALONE.

³ —I may

Melt, and no more be seen.] This is a sentiment which
 Shakspeare never fails to introduce on occasions similar to
 the present. So, in *Othello*:

“—————If it were now to die,

“’Twere now to be most happy, &c.

Again, in *The Winter’s Tale*:

“If I might die within this hour, I have liv’d

“To die when I desire.” MALONE.

Melt, and no more be seen] So, in one of the Psalms—
 “O spare me a little that I may recover my strength, before
 I go hence, and be no more seen.” STEEVENS.

A second time within these arms ².

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*kneels to* *Thaïsa*.

Per. Look, who kneels here! Fleſh of my fleſh,
Thaïsa;

Thy burden at the ſea, and call'd Marina,
For ſhe was yielded there.

Thai. Bleſt, and mine own ³!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me ſay, when I did fly from
Tyre,

I left behind an ancient ſubſtitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaïsa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How poſſibly preſerv'd; and whom to thank,
Beſides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man, through
whom

The gods have ſhewn their power; that can from fiſt
To laſt reſolve you.

Per. Reverend ſir, the gods

Can have no mortal officer more like

A god than you. Will you deliver how

'This dead queen re-lives?

Cer.

² ——— *O come, be buried*

A ſecond time within theſe arms.] So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ Not like a corſe; or if—not to be buried,

“ But quick, and in mine arms.” MALONE.

³ *Bleſt, and mine own!* So, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ——— Tell me, mine own,

“ Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? Where liv'd?
How found.

“ Thy father's court?” MALONE.

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shewn you all was found with her;
How she came plac'd here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Püre Diana!

I bless thee * for thy vision, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa, this prince,
The fair-betrothed of your daughter †, shall
Marry her at Pentapolis ‡. And now,
This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify †.

H. 2

Thai.

* *I bless thee*—] For the insertion of the personal pronoun I am responsible. MALONE.

† *The fair-betrothed*—] i. e. fairly contracted, honourably affianced. STEVENS.

‡ —*Thaisa, this prince,*

The fair-betrothed of your daughter, shall

Marry her at Pentapolis.] So, in the last scene of *The Winter's Tale*, Leontes informs Paulina,

" ——— This your son-in-law,

" And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)

" *Is troth-plight to your daughter.*" MALONE.

§ —*And now,*

This ornament, that makes me look so dismal,

Will, I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;

And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,

To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.] So, in *Much Alike About Nothing*: " —the barber's man hath already been with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis balls."

The author has here followed Gower, or *Gesta Romanorum*:

" ——— this a vowe to God I make,

" That I shall never for hir sake

" *My berde for no likynges shave,*

" Till it befall that I have

" In convenable time of age

" *Befette hir unto mariage.*" *Conf. Amant.*

The

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way? [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter^s, you have
heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,

Led

The word *so* in the first line, and the words—*my lov'd Marina* in the second, which both the sense and metre require, I have supplied. MALONE.

The author is in this place guilty of a slight inadvertency. It was but a short time before, when Pericles arrived at Tharbus, and heard of his daughter's death, that he made a vow never to wash his face, or cut his hair. MASON.

⁷ *Sir, lead the way.*] Dr. Johnson has justly objected to the lame and impotent conclusion of the second part of *K. Henry IV.* "Come, will you hence?" The concluding line of *The Winter's Tale* furnishes us with one equally abrupt, and nearly resembling the present:—"Hastily lead away." This passage will justify the correction of the old copy now made. It reads—*Sir, leads the way.* MALONE.

⁸ *In Antioch, and his daughter,*—] The old copies read—*In Antiochus and his daughter, &c.* The correction was suggested by Mr. Steevens. "So, (as he observes,) in Shakespeare's other plays, *France* for the king of France, *Morocco* for the king of Morocco," &c. MALONE.

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last ⁹.
 In Helicanus may you well defery
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
 The worth that learned charity eye wears.
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their curst deed, and honour'd name ¹
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
 That him and his they in his palace burn.
 The gods for murder seem'd so content
 To punish them; although not done, but meant ².
 So, on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! here our play has ending ³.

[Exit GOWER.]

⁹ *Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,*

Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.] All the copies are here, I think, manifestly corrupt.—They read,

Virtue preferr'd from fell destruction's blast—

The gross and numerous errors of even the most accurate copy of this play, will, it is hoped, justify the liberty that has been taken on this and some other occasions.

It would be difficult to produce from the works of Shakspeare many couplets more spirited and harmonious than this. MALONE.

¹ —and *honour'd name*—] The first and second quarto read—*the honour'd name*. The reading of the text, which appears to me more intelligible, is that of the folio 1664. *The city* is here used for the collective body of the citizens.

MALONE.

² *To punish them, although not done, but meant.*] The defective metre of this line in the old copy, induces me to think that the word *them*, which I have supplied, was omitted by the carelessness of the printer. MALONE.

³ The fragment of the MS. Poem, mentioned in the preliminary observations, has suffered so much by time, as to be scarcely legible. The parchment on which it is written having been converted into the cover of a book, for which purpose its edges were cut off, some words are entirely lost. However, from the following concluding lines the reader may be enabled to form a judgment with respect to the age of this piece:

.... thys

. thys was translatyd aʎnoft at englonde ende
 to the makers stat tak sich a mynde
 have y take hys bedys on hond and sayd hys
 patr. nofir. and crede

Thomas * vicary y underfonde at wymborne mynſtre
 in that ſtede

. y thouzte zou have wryte hit is nouzt worth
 to be knowe

. . that wole the ſothe ywyte go thider and me wol
 the ſchewe.

On the ſubject of *Pericles* Lillo formed a tragedy of three acts, which was firſt repreſented in the year 1738.

To a former edition of this play were ſubjoined two diſſertations; one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged ſuch arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earlieſt compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of ſome elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whoſe hand was acknowledged to be viſible in many ſcenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypotheſis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationer's books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookſeller of eminence, and one of the publiſhers of the firſt folio edition of his works. It was printed with Shakspeare's name in the title page, in his life-time; but this circumſtance proves nothing; becauſe by the knavery of bookſellers other pieces were alſo aſcribed to him in his life-time, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it neceſſary to urge in ſupport of its genuinenefs, that at a ſubſequent period it was aſcribed to him by ſeveral dramatick writers. I wiſh not to rely on any circumſtance of that kind; becauſe in all queſtions of this nature, internal evidence is the beſt that can be produced, and to every perſon intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, muſt in the
 preſent

* The letters in the Italick character were ſupplied by the conjecture of the late Mr. Tyrwhitt, who very obligingly examined this ancient fragment, and furniſhed me with the above extract.

present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the plea before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the three last acts, may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained. MALONE.

T W E L F T H - N I G H T :

O R,

W H A T Y O U W I L L .

Persons Represented.

Orfino, *Duke of Illyria.*

Sebastian, *a young gentleman, brother to Viola.*

Antonio, *a sea-captain; friend to Sebastian.*

A sea-captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*

Curio,

Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Malvolio, *steward to Olivia.*

Fabian, } *servants to Olivia.*

Clown,

Olivia, *a rich countess.*

Viola, *in love with the Duke.*

Maria, *Olivia's woman.*

Lords, Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city in Illyria; and the sea-coast near it.

TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.³

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If musick be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

The

³ There is great reason to believe, that the serious part of this comedy is founded on some old translation of the seventh history in the fourth volume of *Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques*. It appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, July 15, 1596, that there was a version of "Epitomes des cent Histoires Tragiques, partie extraites des actes des Romains, et autres, &c." Belleforest took the story as usual from Bandello. The comick scenes appear to have been entirely the production of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson, who takes every opportunity to find fault with Shakspeare, seems to ridicule the conduct of *Twelfth-Night* in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of Act III. sc. vi. where he makes *Mitis* say, "That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting-maid: *some such crests wooing, with a clown to their serving-man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time." STEEVENS.

I suppose

The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
 That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour ².—Enough ; no more ;
 'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before,
 O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
 That, notwithstanding thy capacity
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
 Of what validity and pitch soever ³,
 But falls into abatement and low price,
 Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
 That it alone is high fantastical ⁴.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :

O, when

I suppose this comedy to have been written in 1614. If however the foregoing passage was levelled at *Twelfth Night*, my speculation falls to the ground. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*. MALONE.

² O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour.] Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, b. iv. has very successfully introduced the same image :

“ ————— now gentle gales,

“ Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse

“ Native perfumes, and whisket whence they stole

“ Those balmy spoils.”

The old copy reads—sweet *south*, which Mr. Rowe changed into *wind*, and Mr. Pope into *south*. STEEVENS.

Here Shakspeare makes the south steal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief :

“ The forward violet thus did I chide :

“ Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

“ If not from my love's breath ? MALONE.

³ Of what validity and pitch soever,] *Validity* is here used for *value*. MALONE.

⁴ That it alone is high-fantastical.] *High fantastical*, means no more than *fantastical to the height*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well* :

“ My high-repented blames

“ Dear sovereign, pardon me.” STEEVENS.

O, when my eyes did see Olivia first,
 Methought, she purg'd the air of pestilence ;
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ⁵ ;
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
 E'er since pursue me.—How now ? what news from her ?

Enter VALENTINE.

Va. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
 But from her hand-maid do return this answer :
 The element itself, till seven years heat ⁶,

Shall

⁵ *That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;*] This image evidently alludes to the story of Acteon, by which Shakspeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty. Acteon, who saw Diana-naked, and was torn in pieces by his hounds, represents a man, who indulging his eyes, or his imagination, with the view of a woman that he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing. An interpretation far more elegant and natural than that of Sir Francis Bacon, who, in his *Wisdom of the Ancients*, supposes this story to warn us against enquiring into the secrets of princes, by shewing, that those who know that which for reasons of state is to be concealed, will be detected and destroyed by their own servants. JOHNSON.

Our author had here undoubtedly Daniel's fifth Sonnet in his thoughts :

" Whilſt youth and error led my wand'ring mind,
 " And ſette my thoughts in heedleſſe waies to range,
 " All unawares, a goddeſſe chaſte I finde,
 " (Diana like) to worke my ſuddaine change.
 " For her no ſooner had mine eye bewraid,
 " But with diſdaine to ſee mee in that place,
 " With faireſt hand the ſweet unkindeſt maid
 " Caſts water-cold diſdaine upon my face :
 " Which turn'd my ſport into a hart's deſpaire,
 " Which ſtill is chac'd, while I have any breath,
 " By mine own thoughts, ſette on me by my faire ;
 " My thoughts, like hounds, purſue me to my death.
 " Thoſe that I foſter'd of mine owne accord,
 " Are made by her to murder thus theyr lord."

Delia and Roſamond, augmented, 16mo. 1594.

The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

⁶ *The element itſelf, till ſeven years heat,*] *Heat for heated.* The air, till it ſhall have been warmed by ſeven revolutions of the ſun, ſhall not, &c. So, in *King John* :

" The

Shall not behold her face at ample view ;
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
 And water once a day her chamber round
 With eye-offending brine : all this, to season
 A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh,
 And lasting, in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she, that hath a heart of that fine frame,
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft⁷
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections⁸ else
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd, and fill'd,
 (Her sweet perfections⁹;) with one self-king ! —
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers ;
 Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*]

“ The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot — .”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ And this report

“ Hath so *exasperate* the king — .” MALONE.

⁷ *How will she love, when the rich golden shaft —]* So,
 Milton, *Par. Lost*, B. iv :

“ Here *Love* his *golden shafts* employs — . MALONE.

⁸ — *the flock of all affections —* So, in Sidney's *Arcadia* :

“ — has the *flock* of unspeakable virtues.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ *Her sweet perfections*, — *Liver, brain, and heart*, are admitted in poetry as the residence of *passions, judgment, and sentiments*. These are what Shakspeare calls, *her sweet perfections*, though he has not very clearly expressed what he might design to have said. STEEVENS.

¹ — *with one self-king !*] Thus the original copy. The editor of the second folio, who in many instances appears to have been equally ignorant of our author's language and metre, reads — *self-same king* ; a reading, which all the subsequent editors have adopted. The verse is not defective. *Perfections* is here used as a quadrisyllable. So, in a subsequent scene :

“ Methinks I feel this youth's *perfections* — .”

Self-king means *self-same king* ; one of the same king. So, in *King Richard II* :

“ — that *self-mould* that fashioned thee,

“ Made him a man.” MALONE.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

*The Sea-coast.**Enter VIOLA², Captain, and Sailors.**Vio.* What country, friends, is this?*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance, he is not drown'd:—What think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were sav'd.*Vio.* O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.*Cap.* True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Affure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and this poor number saved with you³,
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
 To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
 So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well: for I was bred and born,
Not three hours travel from this very place.*Vio.* Who governs here?*Cap.*

² *Enter Viola,*] *Viola* is the name of a lady in the fifth book of *Gower de Confessione Amantis*. STEEVENS.

³ —and this poor number sav'd with you,] The old copy has—and *those* poor number—. For the present emendation I am answerable. The sailors who were saved, enter with the captain, MALONE.

Cap. A noble duke in nature, as in name ⁴.

Vio. What is his name ?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino ! I have heard my father name him :
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late :
For but a month ago I went from hence ;
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,
What great ones do, the less will prattle of,)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she ?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That dy'd some twelve-month since ; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also dy'd : for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I serv'd that lady ;
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is ⁵ !

Cap. That were hard to compass ;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain ;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am ; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become

The

⁴ *A noble duke in nature, as in name.*] I know not whether the nobility of the name is comprised in *duke*, or in *Orsino*, which is, I think, the name of a great Italian family.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *And might not be deliver'd to the world, &c.*] I wish I might not be made publick to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design.

Viola seems to have formed a very deep design with very little premeditation : she is thrown by shipwreck on an unknown coast, hears that the prince is a bachelor, and resolves supplant the lady whom he courts. JOHNSON.

The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke⁶ ;
 Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,*
 It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,
 And speak to him in many sorts of musick,
 That will allow me very worth his service⁷.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit ;
 Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be :
 When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

Vio. I thank thee : Lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the
 death

⁶ —[*I'll serve this duke ;*] Viola is an excellent schemer, never at a loss ; if she cannot serve the lady, she will serve the duke. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,*] When the practice of castration (which originated certainly in the east) was first adopted, solely for the purpose of improving the voice, I have not been able to learn: The first regular opera, as Dr. Burney observes to me, was performed at Florence in 1600: "till about 1635 musical dramas were only performed occasionally in the places of princes, and consequently before that time eunuchs could not abound. The first eunuch that was suffered to sing in the Pope's chapel was in the year 1600."

So early however as 1604, eunuchs are mentioned by one of our poet's contemporaries, as excelling in singing:

"Yes, I can sing, fool, if you'll bear the burthen ; and I can play upon instruments scurvily, as gentlemen do. O that I had been *gilded* ! I should then have been a fat fool for a chamber, a *squeaking fool* for a tavern, and a private fool for all the ladies." *The Malcontent*, by J. Marston, 1604.

MALONE.

⁷ *That will allow me—*] To *allow* is to *approve*. So, in *King Lear* :

"——— if your sweet sway

"*Allow* obedience"— STEEVENS.

death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life⁸.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted⁹.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolishest knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man¹ as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o'th' viol-de-gambo², and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar.

⁸ —*care's an enemy to life.*] Alluding to the old proverb, *Care will kill a cat.* STEEVENS.

⁹ —*let her except before excepted.*] A ludicrous use of the formal law-phrases. FARMER.

It is the usual language of leases: "To have and to hold the said demised premises &c. with their and every of their rights, members &c. (*except before excepted*)."
MALONE.

¹ —*as tall a man—*] *Tall* means *stout, courageous.*

STEEVENS.

² —*viol de gambo.*] The *viol-de-gambo* seems, in our author's time, to have been a very fashionable instrument. In *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606, it is mentioned, with its proper derivation:

"Her *viol-de gambo* is her best content,

"For 'twixt her legs she holds her instrument."

COLLINS.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural³: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath a gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there's a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystril⁴, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o'the toe like a parish top⁵. What, wench? Castiliano vulgo⁶; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter

³ *He hath, indeed,—almost natural:*] Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

He hath indeed, *all, most* natural. MALONE.

⁴ *and a coystril,*] A *coystril* is a paltry groom, only fit to carry arms, but not to use them. So, in Holinshed's Description of England, Vol. I. p. 162: *Cofferels* or bearers of the arms of barons, or knights: Vol. III. p. 272.—“women, lackies, and *coystrils* are considered as the unwarlike attendants on an army.” For its etymology, see *coustille* and *coustiller* in Cotgrave's Dictionary. TOLLET.

A *coystril* or *coystril* is properly the servant of a man at arms, or life-guard of a prince. Each of the life-guards of Henry VIII. had a *coystril* that attended upon him. Hence it came to signify a low mean man. MALONE.

⁵ —*like a parish-top.*] This is one of the customs now laid aside. A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, while they could not work. STEEVENS.

“To sleep like a *town top*,” is a proverbial expression. A top is said to *sleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a smooth humming noise. BLACKSTONE.

⁶ —*Castiliano vulgo;*] We should read—*volto*. In English, put on your *Castilian* countenance; that is, your grave, solemn looks. WARBURTON.

I meet with the word *Castilian* and *Castilians* in several of the old comedies. It is difficult to assign any peculiar propriety to it, unless it was adopted immediately after the defeat of the Armada, and became a cant term capriciously expressive of jollity or contempt. *The host*, in the *Merry Wives*

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch? how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet fir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, fir.

Sir To. Accost, fir Andrew, accost?

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid:

Sir And. Good mistress Accost; I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, fir.

Sir And. Good Mrs. Mary Accost;—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: accost, is, front her, board her⁸, woo her, assail her.

Sir

Wives of Windsor, calls Caius a *Cassilian-king Urinal*; and in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, one of the characters says, "Ha! my *Cassilian* dialogues!" In an old comedy called *Look about you*, 1600, it is joined with another toper's exclamation very frequent in Shakspeare:

"And *Rivo* will he cry, and *Cassile* too."

So again, in Heywood's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Hey, *Rivo Cassiliano*, man's a man."

STEEVENS.

⁷ Accost, *fir Andrew*, accost.] To *accost*, had a signification in our author's time that the word now seems to have lost. In the second part of *The English Dictionary*, by H. C. 1655; in which the reader "who is desirous of a more refined and elegant speech," is furnished with *hard* words, "*to draw near*," is explained thus: "To *accost*, appropriate, appropinquate." See also Cotgrave's Dict. in v. *accoster*.

MALONE.

⁸ —board *her*,] Dr. Johnson observes in his Dictionary, that one of the senses of to *board* is, to attack, or make the first attempt upon a person;—*aborder quelqu'un*. In the common French Dictionaries, "*aborder une femme*," is translated "to board a woman, to pick her up." To *board*, as it is explained by Dr. Johnson, is evidently derived as Mr. Steevens has observed, from the original naval term. Our author is frequent in this use of the word. "I would, he had *boarded* me," says Beatrice; and Mrs. Page uses the same expression. Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"And *boarded* her in the wanton way of youth."

MALONE.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen:

Sir To. An thou let part so, fir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again; Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, fir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, fir^o.

Sir And. Why, I think so; I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.* But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, fir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, fir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit MARIA.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary; When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down: Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a christian, or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef; and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir

^o *It's dry, fir.*] She may intend to insinuate, that it is not a lover's hand, a moist hand being vulgarly accounted a sign of an amorous constitution. JOHNSON.

The Chief Justice in the second part of *K. Henry IV.* enumerates a *dry hand* among the characteristics of debility and age. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says: "— if an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear." These passages serve to confirm Dr. Johnson's supposition. STEEVENS.

* *I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry.*] I suppose, Sir Andrew means, that he is not such a fool but that he can keep himself out of the water. MALONE.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do, or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but follow'd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest, it will not curl by nature¹.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o'the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit, I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o'the strangest mind i'the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man².

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir

¹ —it will not curl by nature.] The old copy reads—*cool my nature*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

² —and yet I will not compare with an old man.] *Ague-cheek*, though willing enough to arrogate to himself such experience as is commonly the acquisition of age, is yet careful to exempt his person from being compared with its bodily weakness. In short, he would say with Falstaff,—“*I am old in nothing but my understanding*.” STEEVENS.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them; are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture³? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My-very walk should be a jig; I would not

I

fo

³ —*mistress Mall's picture?* The real name of the woman whom I suppose to have been meant by *Sir Toby*, was *Mary Frith*. The appellation by which she was generally known, was *Mall Cut-purse*. She was at once an *hermaphrodite*, a prostitute, a bawd, a bully, a thief, a receiver of stolen goods, &c. &c. On the books of the stationers' Company, August 1610, is entered—"A booke called the Madde Pranks of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her walks in man's apparel, and to what purpose. Written by John Day." Middleton and Decker wrote a comedy, of which she is the heroine. The title of this piece is—*The Roaring Girl, or, Mall Cut-purse; as it hath been lately acted on the Fortune Stage, by the prince his players*, 1611. The frontispiece to it contains a full length of her in man's clothes, smocking tobacco. As this extraordinary personage appears to have partaken of both sexes, the *curtain* which *Sir Toby* mentions, would not have been unnecessarily drawn before such a picture of her as might have been exhibited in an age, of which neither too much delicacy or decency was the characteristick.

STEEVENS.

In our author's time, I believe, curtains were frequently hung before pictures of any value. So, in Webster's *Victoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I yet but draw the *curtain*;—now to your picture."

Mary Frith was born in 1584, and died in 1659.—In a Ms. letter in the British Museum, from John Chamberlain to Mr. Carleton, dated February 11, 1611—12, the following account is given of this woman's doing penance: "This last Sunday *Moll Cut-purse*, a notorious baggage, that used to go in men's apparel, and challenged the field of diverse gallants, was brought to the same place, [St. Paul's Cross,] where she wept bitterly, and seemed very penitent; but it is since doubted she was maudlin drunk, being discovered to have tippel'd of three quarts of sack, before she came to her penance. She had the daintiest preacher or ghostly father that ever I saw in the pulpit, one Radcliffe of Bezaen-nose College in Oxford, a likelier man to have led the revels in some inn of court, than to be where he was. But the best is, he did extreme badly, and so wearied the audience that the best part went away, and the rest tarried rather to hear *Moll Cut-purse* than him." MALONE.

so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace ⁴. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd stock ⁵. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart ⁶.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace:

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's clothes.

Val. If the duke continues these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter

⁴ —a *sink-a-pace*.] i. e. a *cinque-pace*; the name of a dance, that measures whereof are regulated by the number five. The word occurs elsewhere in our author.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

⁵ —*flame colour'd stock*.] The old copy reads—*a dam'd colour'd stock*. *Stockings* were in Shakspeare's time called *stocks*. So, in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601:

“—or would my silk *stock* should lose his gloss else.”

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁶ Taurus? *that's sides and heart*.] Alluding to the medical astrology still preserved in almanacks, which refers the affections of particular parts of the body, to the predominance of particular constellations, JOHNSON.

Enter Duke, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cefario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.—Cefario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her my lord; What then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprize her with discourse of my dear fair:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth, and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.⁷
I know, thy constellation is right apt
For this affair:—Some four, or five, attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best,
When least in company:—Prosper well in this,
And thou shall live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best,

I 2

To

⁷ —a woman's part.] That is, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys.

To woo your lady:—yet, [*aside.*] a barrful strife ⁸ !
 Who-e'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he, that is well hang'd in this world, needs to fear no colours ⁹.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer ¹: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say is your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd, for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away ², is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out ³.

Mar,

⁸ —*a barrful strife!*] i. e. a contest full of impediments.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*fear no colours.*] This expression frequently occurs in the old plays. STEEVENS.

¹ —*lenten answer:*] *A lean*, or as we now call it, a *dry* answer. JOHNSON.

² —*or, to be turn'd away,*] The editor of the second folio omitted the word *to*, in which he has been followed by all the subsequent editors. MALONE.

³ —*and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.*] It is common for unsettled and vagrant serving-men, to grow negligent

Mar. You are resolute then?

Cl. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points,

Mar. That, if one break *, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Cl. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Cl. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapalus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit *.—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away,

Cl. Do you not hear fellows? take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Cl. Two faults, Madonna †, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the butcher mend him: Any thing, that's mended, is but patch'd ‡: virtue, that transgresses, is but

ligent of their business towards summer; and the sense of the passage is: *If I am turned away, the advantages of the approaching summer will bear out, or support all the inconveniences of dismissal; for, I shall find employment in every field, and lodging under every hedge.* STEEVENS.

* —*if one break,*] Points were laces with metal tags, by which the trunk-hose, or breeches, were fastened to the doublet. MALONE.

† —*Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.*] Hall, in his *Chronicle*, speaking of the death of Sir Thomas More, says, "that he knows not whether to call him a foolish wife man, or a wise foolish man." JOHNSON.

‡ —*Madonna,*] Ital. mistress dame. So, *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence, the *Blessed Virgin*. STEEVENS.

§ —*Any thing, that's mended, is but patched;*] Alluding to the patch'd or particoloured garment of the fool.

MALONE.

but patch'd with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patch'd with virtue: If that this simple-syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, What remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good Madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, Madonna; Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, Madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn, that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that he has no more brain than a stone: Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a disemper'd appetite: to be generous, guiltless,

less, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets: There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Cl. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools?⁷

Re enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman, much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman; Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home: what you will, to discontinue it. [*Exit MALVOLIO.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Cl. Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool: whose scull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*!

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir

⁷ Now Mercury, indue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools! May Mercury teach thee to lie, since thou iiest in favour of fools. JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—with learning. MALONE.

⁸ —for here he comes,— Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors have omitted the word *he*.

MALONE.

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have come you so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [Exit.]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat¹ makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [Exit Clown.]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a fore-knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post², and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli.

¹ 'Tis a gentleman here—] Sir Toby was going to describe the gentleman, but is interrupted by the effects of his *pickle-herring*. STEEVENS.

¹ —above heat—] i. e. above the state of being warm in a proper degree. STEEVENS.

² —stand at your door like a sheriff's post,] It was the custom for that officer to have large *posts* set up at his door, as an indication of his office. The original of which was, that the king's proclamations, and other publick acts, might be affixed.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years, is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water³, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewdly; one would think, his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [Exit.]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her; Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty, — I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my
I 5 speech;

affixed thereon by way of publication. So, Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“ _____ put off

“ To the lord Chancellor's tomb, or the *shrikes posts*.”

WARBURTON.

Dr. Letherland was of opinion, that “by this post is meant a post to mount his horse from, a horseblock, which, by the custom of the city, is still placed at the sheriff's door.” STEEVENS.

³ — 'tis with him e'en standing water,] The old copy has — *in*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. In the first folio e'en and *in* are very frequently confounded.

MALONE.

speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible⁴, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd; I pray you, keep it in. I heard, you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue⁵.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio.

⁴ —I am very comptible,] Viola begs she may not be treated with scorn, because she is very submissive, even to lighter marks of reprehension. STEEVENS.

⁵ —skipping a dialogue,] Wild, frolick, mad.

JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

“The skipping king, he ambled up and down,” &c.

STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

“—————take pain

“To allay with some cold drops of modesty,

“Thy skipping spirit.” MALONE.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here ⁶ a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant ⁷, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind ⁸.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? What would you?

Vio. The rudeness, that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? in what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli.

⁶ —*I am to hull here*—] To *hull* means to drive to and fro upon the water, without sails or rudder. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Some mollification for your giant*,] Ladies, in romance, are guarded by giants, who repel all improper or troublesome advances. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, intreats Olivia to pacify her giant.

JOHNSON.

Viola likewise alludes to the diminutive size of *Maria*, who is called on subsequent occasions, *little villain*, *youngest wren of nine*, &c. STEEVENS.

So Falstaff to his page: "Sirrah, you *giant*, &c." *King Henry IV.* P. II. A& I. MALONE.

⁸ *Tell me your mind*,] These words, which in the old copy make part of Viola's last speech, were rightly attributed to Olivia by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

Mind signifies either *business* or *inclination*. Viola taking advantage of the ambiguity of the word, replies as if Olivia had used it in the latter sense. WARBURTON.

As a messenger, she was not to speak her own mind, but that of her employer. MASON.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negociate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent & whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand lay'd on: Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy².

Oli.

² Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: Is't not well done? She says, I was this present, instead of saying I am; because she had once shewn herself, and personages the beholder, who is afterwards to make the relation.

STEEVENS.

I suspect the author intended that Olivia should again cover her face with her veil, before she speaks these words.

MALONE.

¹ 'Tis beauty truly blent,] i. e. blended, mix'd together. *Blent* is the ancient participle of the verb to *blend*.

STEEVENS.

² If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.] Shakspeare has copied himself in his 11th sonnet:

"She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby

"Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die."

Again, in the 3d sonnet:

"Die single, and thine image dies with thee."

STEEVENS.

Again, in his 9th sonnet:

"Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

"The world will wail thee like a makeless wife;

"The world will be thy widow, and still weep

"That thou no form of thee hast left behind."

Again, in the 13th sonnet:

"O that you were yourself! but, love, you are

"No longer yours than you yourself here live:

"Against this coming end you should prepare,

"And your sweet semblance to some other give."

MALONE.

Oli. O, fir, I will not be fo hard-hearted; I will give out diverse fchedules of my beauty: It fhall be invento-ried; and every particle, and utenfil, labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and fo forth. Were you fent hither to 'praise me?³?

Vio. I fee you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair:
My lord and mafter loves you; O, fuch love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adoration's fertile tears⁴,
With groans that thunder love, with fighs of fire⁵.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love
him:

Yet I fuppofe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eftate, of fresh and ftainlefs youth;
In voices well divulg'd⁶, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimenfion, and the fhape of nature,

A gracious

3 —to 'praise me?] i. e. to appraise, or appretiate me. The foregoing words, *schedules*, and *invento-ried*, fhew, I think, that this is the meaning. So again, in *Cymbeline*: "I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the *catalogue* of his endowments had been *tabled* by his fide, and I to perufe him by *items*." MALONE.

⁴ *With adoration's fertile tears,*] *Tears* is here ufed as a difyllable, like *fire*, *hour*, *fwear*, &c. Mr. Pope, to fupply a fuppofed defect in the metre, reads—

With adorations, *with* fertile tears,—
which the fubfequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

⁵ *With groans that thunder love, with fighs of fire.*] This line is worthy of Dryden's *Almanzor*, and, if not faid in mockery of amorous hyperboles, might be regarded as a ridicule on a paffage in Chapman's tranflation of the firft book of HOMER, 1598:

"Jove thunder'd out a figh;"

or, on another in Lodge's *Rofalynde*, 1592:

"The winds of my deepe fighes

"That thunder ftill for noughts, &c." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly!"

MALONE.

⁶ *In voices well divulg'd*] Well fpoken of by the world.

MALONE.

A gracious person : but yet I cannot love him ;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you ?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house ;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,⁷
And sing them loud even in the dead of night ;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills⁸,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia ! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much : What is your parentage ?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord ;
I cannot love him : let him send no more ;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it : Fare you well :
I thank you for your pains : spend this for me.

Vio. I am no see'd post⁹, lady ; keep your purse ;
My master, not myself, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love ;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt ! Farewell, fair-cruelty.

[Exit.
Oli.

⁷ *Write loyal cantons of contemned love,*] The old copy has—*cantons* ; which Mr. Capell, who appears to have been entirely unacquainted with our ancient language, has changed into *canzons*.—There is no need of alteration. *Canton* was used for *canto* in our author's time. So, in *The London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605 : "What-do-you-call-him has it there in his third *canton*." Again, in Heywood's Preface to *Britaynes Troy*, 1609 : "—in the judicial perusal of these few *cantons*," &c. MALONE.

⁸ *Holla your name to the reverberate hills,*] Mr. Upton well observes, that Shakspeare frequently uses the adjective passive, *actively*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *I am no see'd post,*] *Post*, in our author's time, signified a messenger. MALONE.

Oli. What is your parentage ?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well :

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art ;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon :—Not too fast ;—soft !
soft !

Unless the master were the man ¹.—How now ?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague ?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio !—

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man ² : he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not ; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord ³,

Nor hold him up with hopes ; I am not for him :

If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,

I'll give him reasons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what ; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind ⁴.

Fate,

¹ —*soft ! soft !*

[*Unless the master were the man.*] Unless the dignity of the master were added to the merit of the servant, I shall go too far, and disgrace myself. Let me stop in time.

MALONE.

² *The county's man :*] *County* and *count* in old language were synonymous. The old copy has *countes*, which may be right : the Saxon genitive case. MALONE.

³ —*to flatter with his lord,*] This was the phraseology of the time. So, in *King Richard II* :

“ Shall dying men flatter *with* those that live ?”

Many more instances might be added. MALONE.

⁴ *Mine eye, &c.*] I believe the meaning is, I am not mistress of my own actions ; I am afraid that my eyes betray me, and flatter the youth without my consent, with discoveries of love. JOHNSON.

I think the meaning is, I fear that my eyes will seduce my understanding ; that I am indulging a passion for this beautiful youth, which my reason cannot approve. MALONE.

Fate, shew thy force : Ourselves we do not owe ;
 What is decreed, must be ; and be this so !

[Exit.]



ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea-coast.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer ? nor will you not, that I go with you ?

Seb. - By your patience, no : my stars shine darkly over me ; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper your's ; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone : It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir ; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in ; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself^s : You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo ; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline⁶, whom I know, you have heard of : he left

^s - to express myself :] That is, to reveal myself.

⁶ - *Messaline*.] Sir Thomas Hanmer very judiciously offers to read *Metelin*, an island in the Archipelago ; but Shakspeare knew little of geography, and was not at all solicitous about orthographical nicety. The same mistake occurs in the concluding scene of the play :

" Of *Messaline* ; Sebastian was my father."

STEEVENS.

left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour; If the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for, some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair: she is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother⁷, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!—
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [Exit.

⁷—*with such estimable wonder,*] Shakspeare often confounds the active and passive adjectives. *Estimable wonder* is *esteeming wonder*, or *wonder and esteem*. The meaning is, that he could not venture to think so highly as others of his sister. JOHNSON.

So Milton uses *unexpressive notes*, for *unexpressible*, in his hymn on the Nativity. MALONE.

⁸—*I am yet so near the manners of my mother,*] So in another of our author's plays:

“And all my mother came into my eyes.”

MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so⁹.

Vio. She took the ring of me! I'll none of it!

Mal.

⁹ *Receive it so.*] One of the modern editors reads, with some probability, receive it, *sir*. But the present reading is sufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

¹ *She took the ring of me!—I'll none of it.*] This passage has been hitherto thus pointed:—She took the ring of me, I'll none of it; which renders it, as it appears to me, quite unintelligible. The punctuation now adopted was suggested by an ingenious friend, and certainly renders the line less exceptionable: yet I cannot but think there is some corruption in the text. Had our author intended such a mode of speech, he would probably have written—

She took a ring of me!—I'll none of it.

Malvolio's answer seems to intimate that Viola had said she had not given any ring. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read,

She took *no* ring of me;—I'll none of it.

So afterwards: "I left *no* ring with her." Viola expressly denies her having given Olivia any ring. How then can she assert, as she is made to do by the old regulation of the passage, that the lady had received one from her?

Since I wrote the above, it has occurred to me that the latter

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

Vis. I left no ring with her: What means this lady? Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her! She made good view of me; indeed so much, That, sure², methought her eyes had lost her tongue³, For she did speak in starts distractedly. She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger. None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none. I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,) Poor lady, she were better love a dream. Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness, Wherein the pregnant enemy⁴ does much.

How

ter part of the line may have been corrupt, as well as the former: our author might have written—

She took *this* ring of me! *She'll* none of it! So before: "—he left *this* ring;—tell him, I'll none of it." And afterwards: "None of my lord's ring!"—Viola may be supposed to repeat the substance of what Malvolio has said. Our author is seldom studious on such occasions to use the very words he had before employed. MALONE.

² *That, sure,*] *Sure*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added, to complete the metre, by the editor of the second folio. The author of *Remarks, &c. on the text and notes of the last edition of Shakspeare*, very confidently asserts, that the word was added by our author. He speaks as if he had been at Shakspeare's elbow; and this same *addition* must have been made by the old bard sixteen years after his death. But not to dwell upon such trifles, I shall only observe, that whoever shall take the trouble to compare the second folio with the first, will find proofs amounting almost to demonstration that all the additions, alterations, &c. which are found in the second folio, were made without any authority whatsoever. *Sure* in the present instance is not very likely to have been the word omitted in the first copy, being found in the next line but one. MALONE.

³ —*her eyes had lost her tongue,*] We say a man *loses* his company when they go one way and he goes another. So Olivia's tongue lost her eyes; her tongue was talking of the duke, and her eyes gazing on his messenger. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*the pregnant enemy*—Is, I believe, the dexterous fiend, or enemy of mankind. JOHNSON.

Pregnant

How easy is it, for the proper-false
 In women's waxen hearts to set their forms ?
 Alas, our frailty ⁶ is the cause, not we ;
 For, such as we are made of, such we be ⁷.

How

Pregnant is certainly *dexterous*, or *ready*. So, in *Hamlet* :

" How *pregnant* sometimes his replies are !"

STEEVENS.

³ *How easy is it, for the proper-false*

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !] Viola has been condemning those who disguise themselves, because Olivia had fallen in love with a specious appearance. How easy is it, she adds, for those who are at once *proper*, (i. e. fair in their appearance,) and *false*, (i. e. deceitful,) to make an impression on the hearts of women ?—The *proper-false* is certainly a less elegant expression than the *fair deceiver*, but seems to mean the same thing. A *proper man*, was the ancient phrase for a *handsome man* :

" This Ludovico is a *proper man*." *Othello*.

To *set their forms* means, to plant their images, i. e. to make an impression on their easy minds. Mr. Tyrwhitt concurs with me in this interpretation. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is undoubtedly the true one. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" —men have marble, *women waxen minds*,

" And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;

" The weak oppress'd, the *impression of strange kinds*

" Is form'd in them by force, by *fraud*, or skill ;

" Then call them not the authors of their ill—"

Again, in *Measure for Measure* :

" Nay, call us ten times frail,

" For we are *soft* as our complexions are,

" And *credulous* to *false prints*." MALONE.

Viola's reflection, how easy it was for those who are handsome to make an impression on the waxen hearts of women, is a natural sentiment for a girl to utter, who was herself in love.—An expression similar to that of "*proper-false*" occurs afterwards in this very play, when Antonio says,

Virtue is beauty, but the *beauteous-evil*

Are empty trunks o'er-flourish'd by the devil.

MASON.

⁶ *Alas, our frailty*—] The old copy has—*Alas, O frailty*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁷ *For such as we are made of, such we be*.] The old copy reads—*made if*. The very happy emendation now adopted,

was

How will this fadge^s? My master loves her dearly;
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
 And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
 What will become of this? As I am man,
 My state is desperate for my master's love;
 As I am woman, now alas the day!
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
 O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
 It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[Exit.

SCENE III.

A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, fir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*^{*}, thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir

was suggested by Mr. Tyrwhitt. So, in the *Tempest* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's):

“————— we are such stuff

“ As dreams are *made of*.”

Of and *if* are frequently confounded in the old copies. Thus in the folio, 1632, *King John*, p. 6: “ Lord of our presence, Angiers, and *if* you.” (instead of—*of* you.)

Again, *of* is printed instead of *if*. *Merchant of Venice*, 1623:

“ Mine own I would say, but, *of* mine, then yours.”

In *As you like it* we have a line constructed nearly like the present, as now corrected.

“ When such a one as she, such is her neighbour.”

MALONE.

^s *How will this fadge?* To *fadge* is to suit, to fit. So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594: “ All this *fadges* well.”

STEEVENS.

* —*diluculo surgere*,] *saluberrimum est*. This adage our author found in Lilly's Grammar, p. 51. MALONE.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements⁹?

Sir And. 'Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink.—Marian, I say!—a sloop¹ of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool; i'faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we three²?

Sir To. Welcome, afs. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast³.
I had

⁹ *Do not our lives consist of the four elements?*] So, in our author's 43th sonnet:

"My life being made of four, with two alone

"Sinks down to death, &c."

So also, in *King Henry V*: "He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him."

MALONE.

¹ *a sloop*—] A *sloop*, cadus, á rzoppa, Belgis sloop. Ray's Proverbs, p. 111. In Hexam's Low Dutch Dictionary, 1660, a *gallon* is explained by *een kanne van twee sloopen*. A *sloop*, however, seems to have been something more than half a gallon. In a catalogue of the rarities of the Anatomy-Hall at Leyden, printed there, quarto, 1701, is "The bladder of a man containing four *sloop*, (which is something above two English gallons) of water." REED.

² —*the picture of we three?*] I believe Shakspeare had in his thoughts a common sign, in which two wooden heads are exhibited, with this inscription under it: "*We three logger-heads be.*" The spectator or reader is supposed to make the third. The clown means to insinuate, that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew had as good a title to the name of *fool* as himself. MALONE.

³ *By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.*] *Breast*, is *voice*. So, in the Statutes of Stoke College, founded by Archbishop Parker, 1535, *Strypes Parker*, p. 9.—"Which said querilters, after their *breasts* are changed," &c. that is, after their voices are broken. T. WARTON.

Again

I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Picrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman⁴; Had'st it?

Clown. I did im peticos thy gratillity⁵; for Malvolio's nose is no whip-stop: My lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir

Again in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"Boy, sing aloud, make heaven's vault to ring"

"With thy breast's strength." MALONE.

⁴ — for thy leman; the old copy has *lemon*. The emendation, if it may be called so, was made by Mr. Theobald. *Leman* was frequently spelt *lemmon* in our author's time. So, in a *Looking Glass for London and England*, a play by T. Lodge and R. Greene:

"Venus' Lemmon arm'd in all his pomp."

MALONE.

The money was given him for his *leman*, i. e. his mistress. STEEVENS.

⁵ *I did impeticos thy gratillity*;] This, Sir T. Hanmer tells us, is the same with *impocket thy gratuity*. He is undoubtedly right; but we must read: *I did impeticoat thy gratuity*. The fools were kept in long coats, to which the allusion is made. There is yet much in this dialogue which I do not understand. JOHNSON.

Figure 12 in the plate of the *Morris-dancer*; at the end of *King Henry IV.* P. II. sufficiently proves that *petticoats* were not always a part of the dress of *fools* or *jesters*, though they were of ideots, for a reason which I avoid to offer.

He says he did *impeticoat* the gratuity, i. e. he gave it to his *petticoat companion*; for (says he) *Malvolio's nose is no whipstock*, i. e. Malvolio may smell out our connection, but his suspicion will not prove the instrument of our punishment. *My mistress has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses*, i. e. my mistress is handsome, but the houses kept by officers of justice, are no places to make merry and entertain her at. Such may be the meaning of this whimsical speech. A *whipstock* is, I believe, the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the *whip* itself. STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *I did impeticoat* or *impocket* thy gratuity; but the reading of the old copy should not, in my opinion, be here disturbed. The clown uses the same kind of fantastick language elsewhere in this scene. Neither *Picrogromitus*, nor the *Vapians* would object to it. MALONE.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is six-pence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life s?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

S O N G.

Clown. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true-love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent! good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

s —of good life?] I do not suppose that by a song of *good life*, the clown means a song of a moral turn; though sir Andrew answers to it in that signification. *Good life*, I believe, is harmless mirth or jollity. It may be a Gallicism: we call a jolly fellow a *bon vivant*. STEEVENS.

*From the opposition of the words in the Clown's question, I incline to think that *good life* is here used in its usual acceptation. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* these words are used for a virtuous character:

“Defend your reputation, or farewell to your *good life* for ever.” MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come, is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty⁶;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty⁷,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance⁸ indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver⁹? shall we do that?

VOL. VI.

K

Sir

⁶ *In delay there lies no plenty;*] Delay is certainly right. No man will ever be worth much, who *delays* the advantages offered by the present hour, in hopes that the future will offer more. So, in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iii:

"*Delay leads impotent and snail-pack'd beggary.*"

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,*] In some counties *sweet and twenty*, whatever be the meaning, is a phrase of endearment. JOHNSON.

So, in *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"*Sweet and twenty: all sweet and sweet.*"

STEEVENS.

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1632:

"*God ye good night, and twenty, sir.*"

Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"*Good even, and twenty.*" MALONE.

⁸ —*make the welkin dance*—] That is, drink till the sky seems to turn round. JOHNSON.

⁹ —*draw three souls out of one weaver?*] Our author represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. I have shewn the cause of it elsewhere. [See *King Henry II.* Act II. sc. iv.] This expression of the power of music is familiar with our author. *Much ado about Nothing: Now is his soul ravished. Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?*" Why he says, *three souls*, is, because he is speaking of a catch in three parts. And the peripatetic philosophy, then in vogue, very liberally gave every man three souls: the *vegetative* or *plastick*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. To this, too, Jonson alludes, in his *Poetaster*: "*What, will I turn spark upon my friends? or my friends' friends? I scorn it with my three souls.*" WARBURTON:

In.

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By'r lady, fir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clown. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight¹.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clown. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! come, begin. [*They sing a catch*².

Enter

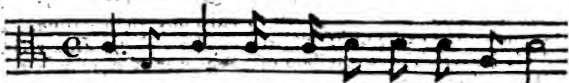
In a popular book of the time, Carew's translation of Huarte's *Trial of Wits*, 1594, there is a curious chapter concerning the *three souls*, "*vegetative, sensitive, and reasonable.*" FARMER.

I doubt whether our author intended any illusion to this division of souls. In the *Tempest* we have—"trebles thee o'er;" i. e. makes thee thrice as great as thou wert before. In the same manner, I believe, he here only means to describe sir Toby's catch as so harmonious, that it would hale the soul out of a weaver (the warmest lover of a song) *thrice over*; or in other words, give him thrice more delight than it would give another man. Dr. Warburton's supposition that there is an allusion to the catch being in *three parts*, appears to me one of his unfounded refinements. MALONE.

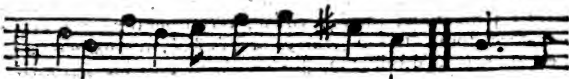
¹ —to call thee knave, knight.] The catch above mentioned to be sung by sir Toby, sir Andrew, and the Clown, from the hints given of it, appears to be so contrived as that each of the singers calls the other knave. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

² *They sing a catch.*] We are informed by Sir John Hawkins that this catch, beginning *Hold thy peace*, together with the musical notes, is preserved in a book, entitled DEUTEROMELIA, printed in 1609. MALONE.

A 3 voc.



Hold thy peace, and I pree thee hold thy peace,
?



3d 2d
thou knave, thou knave: hold thy peace, thou knave.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

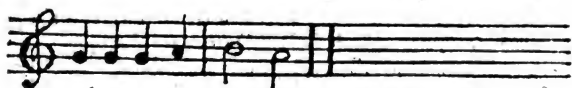
Sir To. My lady's a Cataian³, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsfey⁴, and *Three merry men be we*⁵. Am not I confanguineous? am I not of her blood?

K 2

Tilly-

Peg-a Ramsfey, or *Peggy Ramsfey*, is the name of some old song: the following is the tune to it.

Peggy Ramsfey.



SIR JOHN HAWKIN^c.

³ —*a Cataian*.] Mr. Steevens observes, that it is in vain to seek the precise meaning of this term of reproach. Whatever was the origin of the expression, it probably was used, in process of time, as a vague term of reproach, without any determinate meaning. MALONE.

⁴ —*Peg-a-Ramsfey*.] In Darfey's *Pills to purge Melancholy* is a very obscene old song, entitled *Peg-a-Ramsfey*. See also Ward's *Lives of the Professors of Gresham College*, p. 207.

PERCY.

Nash mentions *Peg of Ramsfey* among several other ballads. It appears from the same author, that it was likewise a dance performed to the musick of a song of that name.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —*Three merry men, &c.*] *Three merry men be we*, is likewise a fragment of some old song, which I find repeated

111

Tilly-valley, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,*
lady! [Singing.

Clown.

in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607, and by B. and Fletcher in the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

“ Three merry men

“ And three merry men

“ And *three merry men be we.*” STEEVENS.

Three merry men be we, may, perhaps, have been taken originally from the song of *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Old Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 89:

“ Then *Robin Hood* took them by the hands,

“ *With a hey, &c.*

“ And danced about the oak-tree:

“ For three merry men, and three merry men,

“ *And three merry men we be.*” TYRWHITT.

But perhaps the following in the *Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595, may have been the original. *Antiche*, one of the characters, says, “ let us rehearse the old proverb,

“ Three merrie men, and three merrie men,

“ And three merrie men be wee;

“ I in the wood, and thou on the ground,

“ And Jack sleepes in the tree.” STEEVENS.

“ *Tilly-valley, lady! There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady,* lady!] The ballad of SUSANNA, from whence this line [*There dwelt, &c.*] is taken, was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of “ The goodly and constant wyfe Sufanna.” There is likewise a play on this subject.

T. WARTON.

Tilly-valley was an interjection of contempt which Sir Thomas More's lady is recorded to have had very often in her mouth. JOHNSON.

Tilly-valley is used as an interjection of contempt in the old play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, and is likewise a character in a comedy, entitled *Lady Alimony*. STEEVENS.

Maria's use of the word *lady* brings the ballad to sir Toby's remembrance. *Lady, lady*, is the *burthen*, and should be printed as such. My very ingenious friend, Dr. Percy, has given a stanza of it in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 204. Just the same may be said, where Mercutio applies it in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. sc. iv. FARMER.

The oldest song that I have seen with this burthen is in the old Morality, entitled *The Trial of Treasure*, quarto, 1567. The following is one of the stanzas:

“ Helene may not compared be,

“ Nor Cressida that was so bright,

“ These cannot stain the shine of thee,

“ Nor yet Minerva of great might;

“ Thou

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,— [Singing.

Mar. For the love o'God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-house of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches' without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up^s!

Mal.

“Thou passest Venus far away,

“Lady, lady;

“Love thee I will, both night and day,

“My dere lady.” MALONE.

⁷ —coziers' catches—] A cozier is a taylor, from *coultre* to sew, part. *coufu*, French: JOHNSON.

Our author has again alluded to their love of vocal harmony in *King Henry IV.* P. I. “Lady. I will not sing. Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn taylor, or be red breast teacher.”

A cozier, it appears from Minshieu, signified a butcher, or mender of old clothes, and also a cobbler.—Here it means the former. MALONE.

⁸ Sneek up!] Of this cant phrase it is not easy to ascertain the meaning. It occurs in many of the old copies. From the manner in which it is used in all of them, it seems to have been synonymous to the modern expression, *Go and hang yourself.* MALONE.

The modern editors seem to have regarded this unintelligible expression as the designation of a hiccup. It is however used in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, as it should seem, on another occasion: “let thy father go sneek up, he shall never come between a pair of sheets with me again while he lives.”

Again, in the same play: “—Give him his money, George, and let him go sneek up.” Again, in *Wily Beguiled*,

“Au-

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing ally'd to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewel, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good sir Toby.

Clown. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

[Singing.

Clown. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clown. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o'time, fir! I ye lie.—Art any more than a steward:

“An if my mistress would be ruled by him, Sophos might go *snick up*.” Again, in *The two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: “—if they be not, let them go *snick up*.” Again, in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631, *Blunt Master Constable*, 1602, &c.

Perhaps in the two former of these instances, the words may be corrupted. In *K. Henry IV. P. I.* Falstaff says, “The prince is a Jack, a *Sneak-cup*,” i. e. one who takes his glass in a sneaking manner. I think we might safely read *sneak-cup*, at least, in sir Toby's reply to Malvolio. I should not however omit to mention that *sneck the door* is a north country expression for *latch the door*. STEEVENS.

[*Farewel, dear heart, &c.*] This entire song, with some variations, is published by Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. STEEVENS.

[*Out o'time, fir!*] The old copy reads—*out o'tune*. The emendation now adopted has been lately proposed by Mr. Mason, who observes that this speech evidently refers to what Malvolio had said before: “Is there no respect of place—nor time in you? *Sir To.* We did keep time, fir, in our catches.” The same correction, I find, had been silently made by Theobald, and was adopted by the three subsequent editors. Sir Toby is here repeating with indignation Malvolio's words.

In

a steward: Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?²

Chron. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i'the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs:³—A sloop of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this unciwil rule⁴; she shall know of it, by this hand. [Exit.

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir

In the Mss. of our author's age, *tune* and *time* are often quite undistinguishable; the second stroke of the *u* seeming to be the first stroke of the *m*, or *vice versa*. Hence in *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. edit. 1623, we have "This *time* goes manly," instead "This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

² Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? It was the custom on holidays or saint's days to make cakes in honour of the day. The Puritans called this, superstition, and in the next page Maria says, that *Malvolio is sometimes a kind of Puritan*. See Quarles's *Account of Rabbi Busy*, Act I. sc. iii. in Ben Jonson's *Burtholomew Fair*. LETHERLAND.

³ —rub your chain with crumbs:] That stewards anciently wore a chain as a mark of superiority over other servants, may be proved from the following passage in the *Martinet-Maid* of B. and Fletcher:

"Dost thou think I shall become the steward's chair? Will not these slender haunches shew well in a chain? Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:—"Yea, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him to scour his gold chain."—The best method of cleaning any gilt plate, is by rubbing it with crumbs. STEVENS.

⁴ —rule;] *Rule* is method of life; so *misrule* is tumult and riot. JOHNSON.

Rule, on this occasion, is something less than common *method of life*. It occasionally means the arrangement or conduct of a festival or merry-making, as well as behaviour in general. So, in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,

"And at each pause they kiss; was never seen such
rule

"In any place but here, at bon fire or at yeule."

There was formerly an officer belonging to the court, called *Lord of Misrule*. In the country, at all periods of festivity, an officer of the same kind was elected. STEVENS.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed, as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword⁵, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us⁶, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass⁷, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all, that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most

⁵ — a nayword,] A *nayword* is what has been since called a *bye-word*, a kind of proverbial reproach. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Possess us,*] That is, *inform us, tell us, make us masters of the matter.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — an affection'd ass,] *Affection'd* means *affected*. In this sense, I believe, it is used in *Hamlet*—"no matter in it that could indite the author of *affection*." i. e. affectation.

most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't it in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an afs^o.

Mar. Afs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physick will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea^o.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir

^o *Sir And.* *And your horse now, &c.*] This conceit, though bad enough, shews too quick an apprehension for *sir Andrew*. It should be given, I believe, to *sir Toby*; as well as the next short speech: *O, 'twill be admirable.* *Sir Andrew* does not usually give his own judgment on any thing, till he has heard that of some other person. TYRWHITT.

An anonymous writer asks, "does the ingenious-critic imagine it probable that Maria would call *sir Toby* an afs?" My learned friend is above taking notice of such slender criticism. Maria in the subsequent speech is not speaking of *sir Andrew* or *sir Toby*, but of *Malvolio*. MALONE.

^o —*Penthesilea*.] i. e. amazon. STEVENS.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut¹.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come knight.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, and Others.

Duke. Give me some musick i—Now, good morrow, friends:—

Now, good Cefario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much;
More than light airs, and recollected² terms,
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times;
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur.

¹ —call me Cut.] i. e. call me a horse. So, Falstaff in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. “—spit in my face, call me horse.” That this was the meaning of this expression is ascertained by a passage in *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634, Act III. sc. iv:

“He'll buy me a white Cut forth for to ride,

“And I'll go seek him through the world that's so wide.”

Again, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600: “But master, pray ye, let me ride upon Cut.” *Curtak*, which occurs in another of our author's plays, (i. e. a horse, whose tail has been docked,) and *Cut*, were probably synonymous. MALONE.

This contemptuous expression occurs in *A Woman's a Witch*, 1612, *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599, and several times in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know nobody*, 1633, P. II. STEVENS.

² —recollected—] Studied. WARBURTON.

I rather think that *recollected* signifies, more nearly to its primitive sense, *recalled*, *repeated*, and alludes to the practice of composers, who often prolong the song by repetitions.

JOHNSON.

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in! he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit CURIO.—*Musick.*]

Come hither, boy; If ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me:
For, such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the feat
Where Love is thron'd³:

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour⁴.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,
i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself⁵; so wears she to him,

So.

³ —to the feat

[Where Love is thron'd.] i. e. to the heart. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“My bosom's lord [i. e. Love] sits lightly on his throne—.”

Again, in *Othello*:

“Yield up O Love, thy crown, and hearted throne—.”

So before, in the first act of this play:

“——when liver, brain and heart,

“These sovereign thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd:

“(Her sweet perfections) with one self-king.”

MALONE:

The meaning is (as Mr. Heath has observed) “It is so consonant to the emotions of the heart, that they echo it back again.”

⁴ —favour.] The word *favour* ambiguously used.

JOHNSON.

⁵ An elder than herself.] Our author did not in this instance follow his own doctrine. His wife was seven years older than him. MALONE.

So sways the level in her husband's heart.
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
 Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
 For women are as roses; whose fair flower,
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
 To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night:—
 Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free⁷ maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do

⁶ —lost and worn,] Though *lost and worn* may mean *lost and worn out*, yet *lost and won* being, I think, better, these two words coming usually and naturally together, and the alteration being very slight, I would so read in this place with Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

The text is undoubtedly right, and *worn* signifies *consumed, worn out*. So Lord Surrey, in one of his Sonnets, describing the spring, says,

“ Winter is *worn*, that was the flowers bale.”

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

“ These few days wonder will be quickly *worn*.”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

“ ————— and but infirmity.

“ Which waits upon *worn* times,—” MALONE.

⁷ —free—] is, perhaps, *vacant, unengaged, easy in mind*.
 JOHNSON.

Perhaps *free* means here—not having yet surrendered their liberty to man;—unmarried. MALONE.

Free however may only mean *cheerful*. So in *Othello*:

“ I slept the next night well: was *free* and merry.”

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“ Be *free* and jovial with thy guests to-night.”

“ Fair and *free*,” Mr. Warton observes, is in the metrical romances a common appellation for a lady. Warton's *MILT.* p.38: Chaucer, the same ingenious writer observes,
 applies.

Do use to chaunt it; it is silly sooth,^o
 And dallies with the innocence of love,
 Like the old age^o.

Clown. / Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[Musick.]

S O N G.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid¹;

Fly

applies this epithet to married women, which is adverse to the explication I have given above.

"Rise up, my wife, my love, my lady free."

MARCH, I. v. 1655. Urr.

"So Jonson makes his beautiful Countess of Bedford to be fair and free, and wise. Epigrams, lxxvi." MALONE.

^o — *silly sooth*,] It is plain, simple truth. JOHNSON:

^o *And dallies with the innocence of love,*

Like the old age.] i. e. sports and plays with a love subject, as they did in old times. EDWARDS.

To dally is to play harmlessly. So, in Act III. "They that *dally* nicely with words." STEVENS.

The old age is the *ages past*, the times of simplicity.

JOHNSON.

¹ *And in sad cypress let me be laid;*] In the books of our author's age the thin transparent lawn called *cyprus*, which was formerly used for scarfs and hatbands at funerals, [See *Supp. to Shakspeare*, Vol. II. p. 533.] was, I believe, consistently spelt *cypress*. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, edit. 1623:

"*Cypresse* black as e'er was crow,—"

where undoubtedly *cyprus* was meant. So again, in the play before us, edit. 1623, (as Mr. Warton has observed)

"————— a *cypresse*, not a bosom,

"Hide my heart."

See also Minshew's *Dist.* in v. "*Cypres* or *Cypress*, a fine curled linen."

It is from the context alone therefore that we can ascertain whether *cyprus* or *cypress* was intended by our old writers. Mr. Warton has suggested in his late edition of Milton's *Poems*, that the meaning here is,— "Let me be laid in a shroud made of *cyprus*, not in a coffin made of *cypress* wood." But in a subsequent line of this song the shroud, we find, is *white*. There was indeed white *cyprus* as well as black; but the epithet *sad* is inconsistent with white, and therefore I suppose the word to have been here meant.

C. ffins

TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR,

*Fly away, fly away*², *breath*;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
*Did share it*³.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
*Sad true-lover*⁴ *ne'er find my grave,*
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, fir; I take pleasure in singing, fir.
Duke.

Coffins being frequently made of *cypress*-wood, (perhaps in consequence of *cyprus* being used at funerals) the epithet *sad* is here employed with strict propriety. "King Richard the Second (says Speed) was so affected by the death of his favourite Robert de Vere, duke of Ireland, that he commanded the *cypress* chest wherein his body lay embalmed, to be opened, that he might see and handle it." The king attended his funeral. MALONE.

² *Fly away, fly away.*—] The old copy reads—*Fie away*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. MALONE.

³ *My part of death no one so true*
Did share it.] Though *death* is a *part* in which every one acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is *so true* as I.

JOHNSON,

⁴ *Sad true lover*—] Mr. Pope rejected the word *sad*, and other modern editors have unnecessarily changed *true lover* to—*true love*. By making *never* one syllable, the metre is preserved. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have observed that *lover* is elsewhere used by our poet as a word of one syllable. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Tie up my *lover's* tongue; bring him silently."
 Again, in *King Henry VIII*.

"Is held no great good *lover* of the archbishop's."
 There is perhaps therefore no need of abbreviating the word *never* in this line. MALONE.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal⁵!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where⁶; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewel.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—Once more, Cefario,
[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*]

Get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;

The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in⁷, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd⁸.

Vio.

⁵ — a very opal!] The *opal* is a gem which varies its appearance as it is viewed in different lights.

“ In the *opal* (says P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxxvii. c. 6.) you shall see the burning fire of the carbuncles or rubie, the glorious purple of the amethyst, the green sea of the emerald, and all glittering together mixed after an incredible manner.” STEEVENS.

⁶ — that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where;] An intent every where, is much the same as an intent no where, [the reading proposed by Dr. Warburton] as it hath no one particular place more in view than another. HEATH.

⁷ — But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, —] The *miracle and queen of gems* is her beauty. Shakspeare does not say [as Dr. Warburton has asserted,] that nature pranks her in a miracle, but in the miracle of gems, that is, in a gem miraculously beautiful. JOHNSON.

To *prank* is to deck out, to adorn. See Lye's *Etymologicon*. HEATH.

⁸ I cannot be, &c.] The folio reads—It cannot be, &c.

STEEVENS.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady, as, perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; Must she not then be answer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides,
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank; my lord: She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud

Feed

The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not sure that it is necessary, though it has been adopted in the late editions. The Duke may mean, My *suit* cannot be so answered. However, Viola's reply strongly supports the emendation. MALONE.

⁹ *That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;*] The Duke has changed his opinion of women very suddenly. It was a few minutes before that he said they had more constancy in love than men. MASON.

Mr. Mason would read—suffers; but there is no need of change. *Suffer* is governed by *women*, implied under the words "*their love*." The love of women, &c. *who suffer*—.

MALONE.

¹⁰ *—like a worm i' the bud,*] So, in the 5th sonnet of Shakspeare:

" Which,

Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought² ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief³. Was not this love, indeed ?

We

" Which, like a *canker* in the fragrant rose,
 " Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name."

STEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" Why should the *worm* intrude the maiden bud ?"

Again, in *King Richard II* :

" But now will *canker* sorrow eat my bud,

" And chafe the native beauty from his cheek."

MALONE.

² *She pin'd in thought* ;] *Thought* formerly signified *melancholy*. So, in *Hamlet* :

" Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of *thought*."

Again, in the *Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

" The cause of this her death was inward care and
thought." MALONE.

³ *She sat like patience on a monument,*

Smiling at grief.] So Chaucer :

" And her besidis wonder discretlie

" Dame *Patience* ysitting there I fonde,

" With face pale upon a hill of sonde."

THEOBALD.

This celebrated image was not improbably first sketched out in the old play of *Pericles* : (I think Shakspeare's hand may be traced in the latter part of it, and there only :)
 " ———— thou [*Marina*] doth look

" Like *Patience*, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling

" Extremity out of act." FARMER.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" So mild, that *Patience* seem'd to scorn his woes."

In the passage in the text, our author perhaps meant to personify GRIEF as well as PATIENCE ; for we can scarcely understand " at grief" to mean " in grief:" as no statuary could, I imagine, form a countenance in which smiles and grief should be at once expressed. Shakspeare might have borrowed his imagery from some ancient monument on which these two figures were represented.

The following lines in *the Winter's Tale* seem to countenance such an idea :

" I doubt not then, but innocence shall make

" False accusation blush, and TYRANNY

" Tremble at PATIENCE."

Again, in *King Richard III*.

" ———— like

We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke:

"———like *dumb statues*, or unbreathing stones,
"Star'd on each other, and look deadly pale."

I have expressed a doubt whether the word *grief* was employed in the singular number, in the sense of *grievance*. I have lately observed that our author has himself used it in that sense in *King Henry IV. P. II.*

"——— an inch of any ground
"To build a *grief* on."

Dr. Percy's interpretation, therefore may be the true one.

In *King Lear*, we again meet with the two personages introduced in the text:

"*Patience* and *Sorrow* strove,
"Who should express her goodliest."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, the same kind of imagery may be traced:

"——— nobly he yokes
"A *smiling* with a *sigh*,
"——— I do note
"That *Grief* and *Patience*, rooted in him both,
"Mingle their spurs together."

I am aware that Homer's *δαρροβὴν γυλασκουα*, and a passage in *Macbeth*,—

"——— My plenteous joys
"Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
"In drops of sorrow—"

may be urged against this interpretation; but it should be remembered, that in these instances it is *joy* which bursts into tears. There is no instance, I believe, either in poetry or real life, of *sorrow* smiling in anguish. In *pain* indeed the case is different: the suffering Indian having been known to smile in the midst of torture.—But, however this may be, the sculptor and the painter are confined to one point of time, and cannot exhibit successive movements in the countenance.

Dr. Percy however thinks, that "*grief* may here mean *grievance*, in which sense it is used in Dr. Powel's *History of Wales*, quarto, p. 356. "Of the wrongs and *griefs* done to the noblemen of Stratolyn" &c. In the original, (printed at the end of Wynne's *History of Wales*, octavo,) it is *grava-mina*, i. e. *grievances*."—The word is likewise often used by our author in the same sense. (So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*
——— the king hath sent to know

The nature of your *griefs*;) but never, I believe, in the singular number.

In

Duke. But dy'd thy sister of 'her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too⁴;—and yet I know not:—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no deny⁵. [Exeunt.]

In support of what has been suggested, the authority of Mr. Rowe may be adduced, for in his life of Shakspeare he has thus exhibited this passage:

“*She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief.*”

In the observations now submitted to the reader I had once some confidence, nor am I yet convinced that the objection founded on the particle *at*, and on the difficulty, if not impossibility, of a sculptor forming such a figure as these words are commonly supposed to describe, is without foundation. I have therefore retained my note; yet I must acknowledge, that the following lines in *K. Richard II.* which have lately occurred to me, render my theory somewhat doubtful, though they do not overturn it.

“His face still combating with *tears and smiles,*
“The badges of his *grief and patience.*”

Here we have the same idea as that in the text; and perhaps Shakspeare never considered whether it could be exhibited in marble. MALONE.

⁴ *I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;*] This was the most artful answer that could be given. The question was of such a nature, that to have declined the appearance of a direct answer, must have raised suspicion. This has the appearance of a direct answer, *that the sister died of her love*; she (who passed for a man) saying, she was all the daughters of her father's house. WARBURTON.

⁵ —deny.] *Denay is denial.* To *denay* is an antiquated verb some times used by Holinshed, and also by Warner in his *Albion's England*, 1602. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-beating here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: Shall we not, sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain:—How' now, my metal of India⁶?

Mar.

⁶ —my metal of India?] My precious girl, my girl of gold.

STEEVENS.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Lads, boys, hearts of gold."
&c.

Again, *ibidem*:

"_____ and as bountiful

"As mines of India."

Again in *King Henry VIII.*

"_____ To day the French

"All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,

"Shone down the English; and to-morrow they

"Made Britain *India*; every man that stood,

"Shew'd like a mine."

So Lily in his *Euphues and his England*, 1580: I saw that *India* bringeth gold, but England bringeth goodness."

So.

Mar. Get ye ail three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i'the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative ideot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*The men hide themselves.*] Lie thou there; [*throws down a letter.*] for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets⁷ under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight; I could so beat the rogue:—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio:—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal.

So, in *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606: "Come, my heart of gold, let's have a dance at the making up of this match."—The person there addressed, as in *Twelfth Night*, is a woman.

MALONE.

The old copy has *mettle*. The two words are very frequently confounded in the early editions of our author's plays. The editor of the second folio arbitrarily changed the word to *nettle*; which all the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

⁷ —*how he jets*—] To *jet* is to strut, to agitate the body by a proud motion. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Is now become the steward of the house,

"And bravely jets it in a silken gown."

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1607:

"To jet in other's plumes so haughtily."

STEEVENS.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the starchy & married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab.

⁸ —*the lady of the starchy*—] Here is an allusion to some old story, which I have not yet discovered. JOHNSON.

Perhaps a letter has been misplaced, and we ought to read —*starchy*; i. e. the room in which linen underwent the once most complicated operation of *starching*. I do not know that such a word exists; and yet it would not be unanalogically formed from the substantive *starch*. In *Harsnett's Declaration*, 1603, we meet with "a yeoman of the *sprucery*;" i. e. wardrobe; and in the *Northumberland Household Book* *nursery* is spelt, *nurcy*. *Starchy*, therefore, for *starchery*, may be admitted. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the place where *paste* was made, is called the *pastry*. The lady who had the care of the linen, may be significantly opposed to the *yeoman*, i. e. an inferior officer of the wardrobe. While the *five different coloured starches* were worn, such a term might have been current. In the year 1564, a Dutch woman professed to teach this art to our fair country-women. "Her usual price (says Stowe) was four or five pounds to teach them how to *starch*, and twenty shillings how to seeth *starch*." The alteration was suggested to me by a typographical error in *The World to's'd at Tennis*, 1620, by Middleton and Rowley; where *starches* is printed for *starches*. I cannot fairly be accused of having dealt much in conjectural emendation, and therefore feel the less reluctance to hazard a guess on this desperate passage. STEEVENS.

The place in which candles were kept, was formerly called the *chandry*; and in B. Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is called *lady of the basket*.—The great objection to this emendation is, that from the *starchy* to the *wardrobe* is not what Shakspeare calls a very "heavy declension." In the old copy the word is printed in Italicks, as the name of a place,—*Starchy*.

The *yeoman of the wardrobe* is not an arbitrary term, but was the proper designation of the wardrobe-keeper, in Shakspeare's time. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598. "*Vesziario*, a wardrobe-keeper, or a *yeoman of a wardrobe*."

The story which our poet had in view is perhaps alluded to by Lily in *Euphuus and his England*, 1580: "—assuring myself there was a certain season when women are to be won; in the which moments they have neither will to deny, nor wit to mistrust. Such a time I have read a young gentleman found to obtain the love of the Dutchess of Milaine: such a time I have heard that a poor *yeoman* chose to get the fairest lady in Mantua." MALONE.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him⁸.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state*,—

Sir To. O for a stone-bow⁹, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed¹, where I have left Olivia sleeping:

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask of my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch², or play with my some rich jewel: Toby approaches; court'fies there to me³:

Sir

⁸ —blows him.] i. e. puffs him up. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“————— on her breast

“There is a vent of blood, and something blown.”

STEEVENS.

* —my state.—] i. e. a sumptuous chair with a canopy over it. See *Macbeth*, Act III. sc. iv. “Our hostess keeps her state.” MALONE.

⁹ —stone-bow.] That is, a cross-bow, a bow which shoots stones. JOHNSON.

¹ —from a day-bed,] i. e. a couch. MALONE.

² —wind up my watch.—] In our author's time watches were very uncommon. When Guy Faux was taken, it was urged as a circumstance of suspicion that a watch was found upon him. JOHNSON.

Again, in the *Alchemist*, 1610:

“And I had lent my watch last night to one.

“That dines to-day at the sheriff's.” STEEVENS.

Pocket-watches were brought from Germany into England about the year 1580. MALONE.

³ —court'fies there to me,] In a note on *King Henry IV.* P. I. I have observed that the term to court'fie was applied to both sexes. So again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“The homely villain court'fies to her low—.”

MALONE.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars⁴, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech;*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight;

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew, 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's⁶. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir

⁴ *Though our silence be drawn from us with cars,*] In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, one of the Clowns says, "I have a mistress, but who that is, a team of horses shall not pluck from me." So, in this play: "Oxen and wainropes will not bring them together." JOHNSON.

It may be worth remarking, perhaps, that the leading ideas of *Malvolio*, in his *humour of state*, bear a strong resemblance to those of *Alnaschar* in the *Arabian Nights Entertainments*. Some of the expressions too are very similar.

TYRWHITT.

⁵ *What employment have we here?*] A phrase of that time, equivalent to our common speech of—*What's to do here.*

WARBURTON.

⁶ —*her great P's.*] In the direction of the letter which *Malvolio* reads, there is neither a C, nor a P, to be found.

STEEVENS.

This

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. [*reads.*] *To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:* her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft;* and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*reads.*] *Jove knows, I love:*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers alter'd!

No man must know: if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock?!

VOL. VI.

L

Mal.

This was perhaps an oversight in Shakspeare; or rather, for the sake of the allusion hinted at in the following note, he chose not to attend to the words of the direction. It is remarkable that in the repetition of passages in Letters, which have been produced in a former part of a play, he very often makes his characters deviate from the words before used, though they have the paper itself in their hands, and though they appear to recite, not the substance, but the very words. So, in *A. P.'s well that ends well*, Act V. Helen says,

—here's your letter; This it says;

"When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child;"—

yet in Act III. sc. ii. she reads this very letter aloud; and there the words are different, and in plain prose: "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, &c." Had she spoken in either case from memory, the deviation might easily be accounted for; but in both these places, she reads the words from Bertram's letter. MALONE.

I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters.

BLACKSTONE.

*—*By your leave, wax.*—Soft;] It was the custom in our poet's time to seal letters with soft wax, which retained its softness for a good while. The wax used at present would have been hardened long before Malvolio picked up this letter. See *Your Five Gallants*, a comedy, by Middleton: "Fetch a pennyworth of soft wax to seal letters." So Falstaff in *King Henry IV.* P. II. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him." MALONE.

?—*brock!*] i. e. badger. STEEVENS.

Marry,

Mal. *I may command, where I adore :
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore ;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him !

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl^s checks at it !

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me ; I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity⁹. There is no obstruction in this ;—And the end ;—What should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ;—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay ! make up that :—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter¹ will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal.

Marry, hang thee, thou *vain, conceited coxcomb*, thou over-weaning rogue !

Brock, which properly signifies a badger, was used in this sense in Shakspere's time. So, in *The merrie conceited Jest* of George Peele, 4to. 1657 : "*This self-conceited brock had George invited,*" &c. MALONE.

^s —*stannyl*—] The name of a kind of hawk is very judiciously put here for a *stallion*, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.

JOHNSON.

Here is one of at least a hundred instances of the transcriber of these plays being deceived by his ear. The eye never could have confounded *stannyl* and *stallion*. MALONE.

To *check*, says Latham in his book of Falconry, is "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds, coming in view of the hawke, she forsaketh her natural flight, to fly at them." The *stannyl* is the common stone-hawk which inhabits old buildings and rocks ; in the North called *stanchil*. I have this information from Mr. Lamb's notes on the ancient metrical history of the battle of Floddon. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*formal capacity*.] i. e. any one in his senses, any one whose *capacity* is not dis-arranged, or out of *form*.

STEEVENS.

¹ Sowter—] *Sowter* is here, I suppose, the name of a hound.

Mal. *M*,—Malvolio ; — *M*,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M*,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope ³.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had an eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. *M, O, A, I* ;—This simulation is not as the former :—and yet, to crush this, a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, resolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great ⁴, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and*
L 2 appear

hound. *Sowterly*, however, is often employed as a term of abuse. A *Sowter* was a cobbler. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, This fellow will, notwithstanding, catch at and be duped by our device, though the cheat is so gross that any one else would find it out. Our author, as usual, forgets to make his simile answer on both sides ; for it is not to be wondered at that a hound should cry or give his tongue, if the scent be as rank as a fox. MALONE.

³ *And O shall end, I hope.*] By *O* is here meant what we now call a *hempen collar*. JOHNSON.

I believe he means only, *it shall end in fighting*, in disappointment. So, somewhere else :

“ How can you fall into so deep an *Oh* ? ”

Again, in *Hymen's Triumph* by Daniel, 1623 :

“ Like to an *O*, the character of woe.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *are born great,*] The old copy reads—*are become great*. STEEVENS.

This necessary emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. It is justified by a subsequent passage in which the clown recites from memory the words of this letter. MALONE.

appear fresh. Be opposite⁵ with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: She thus advises thee, that fights for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings⁶; and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd⁷: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewel. She, that would alter services with thee,

The fortunate-unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politick authors, I will baffle sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice⁸ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites

⁵ Be opposite—] That is, be *adverse*, *hostile*. An *opposite* in the language of our author's age meant an *adversary*. See a note in *K. Richard III.* Act V. sc. iv. To be opposite *with* was the phraseology of the time. So, in Sir T. Overbury's *Character of a Precisian*, 1616: "He will be sure to be in opposition *with* the papist" &c. MALONE.

⁶ —yellow stockings;] Before the civil wars, yellow stockings were much worn. PERCY.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. II. 1615: "What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not yellow, change them."—The yeoman attending the earl of Arundel, lord Windsor, and Mr. Fulke Greville, who assisted at an entertainment performed before Q. Elizabeth, on the Monday and Tuesday in Whitsun-week 1581, were dressed in yellow worsted stockings. The book from which I gather this information, was published by Henry Goldwell, gent. in the same year. STEEVENS.

See also B. Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, Act II. sc. ii.

MALONE.

⁷ —cross-garter'd:] It appears, that the ancient puritans affected this fashion. Thus *Barton Holyday*, speaking of the ill success of his *TRINOTAMIA*, says:

"Had there appear'd some sharp cross-garter'd man,
"Whom their loud laugh might nick-name puritan,
"Cas'd up in factions breeches, and small ruffe,
"That hates the surplice, and defies the cuffe," &c.

In a former scene Malvolio was said to be an affecter of puritanism. STEEVENS.

⁸ —I will be point-de-vice] i. e. with the utmost possible exactness. This phrase is of French extraction;—a *point-de-vicez*. STEEVENS.

excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pry thee.*—Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy⁹.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device;

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o'my neck?

Sir And. Or o'mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip¹, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir

⁹ —a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.] Alluding, as Dr. Farmer observes, to Sir Robert Sherley, who was just returned in the character of *Embassador from the Sophy*. He boasted of the great rewards he had received, and lived in London with the utmost splendour. STEEVENS.

See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. where, since the first edition of that piece, I had made the same remark.

MALONE.

¹ —at-tray-trip,] The following passage might incline one to believe that *tray-trip* was the name of some game at tables, or draughts. "There is great danger of being taken sleepers at *tray-trip*, if the king sweep suddenly." Cecil's Correspondence,

Sir And. P'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ² with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests³; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unfuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [Exit.

Correspondence, Lett. x. p. 136. B. Jonson joins *tray-trip* with *mum-chance*, *Alchemist*, Act V. sc. iv. TYRWHITT.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from *Machiavel's Dogge*, a Satire, quarto, 1617:

"But leaving cards, let's go to dice a while,

"To passage, *treitripe*, hazard, or *mum-chance*."

REED.

² —*aqua-vitæ*—] is the old name of *strong waters*.

JOHNSON.

³ —*cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests*;) Sir Thomas Overbury, in his character of a *footman* without *gards* on his coat, represents him as "more upright than any *cross-garter'd gentleman-usher*." FARMER.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The same.**Enter VIOLA, and Clown with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy musick: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar⁵, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove⁶ to a good wit; How quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

Vio.

⁴ —*by thy tabor?* *Clown.* *No, sir, I live by the church.*] The *Clown*, I suppose, wilfully mistakes his meaning, and answers, as if he had been asked whether he lived by the *sign of the tabor*, the ancient designation of a musick shop.

STEEVENS.

It was likewise the sign of an eating-house kept by Tarleton, the celebrated clown or fool of the theatre before our author's time; who is exhibited in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, quarto, 1611, with a *tabor*. Perhaps in imitation of him the subsequent stage-clowns usually appeared with one.

MALONE.

⁵ —*the king lies by a beggar,*] *Lies* here as in many other places in old books, signifies—*dwells, sojourns*. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act. III. sc. ii. MALONE.

⁶ —*a cheveril glove*—] i. e. a glove made of *kid* leather: *chevreau*, Fr. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: “—a wit of *cheveril*—.” Again, in a proverb in Ray's collection: “He hath a conscience like a *cheverel's* skin.” STEEVENS.

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they, that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would therefore, my sifter had had no name, fir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clown. Why, fir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sifter wanton: But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, fir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, fir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, fir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, fir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No, indeed, fir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, fir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, fir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, fir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think, I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee; I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is the lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, fir? ?

Vio.

? —have bred, fir?} I believe our author wrote—have breed, fir. The clown is not speaking of what a pair *might* have done, had they been kept together, but what they *may* do hereafter in his possession; and therefore covertly solicits another

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clown. I would play lord Pandarus⁸ of Phrygia, fir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, fir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, fir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar⁹. My lady is within, fir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn. [Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard¹, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice,

L 57

As

another piece from Viola, on the suggestion that *one* was useless to him, without another to *breed out of*. Viola's answer corresponds with this train of argument: she does not say — "if they *had been* kept together" &c. but, "being kept together," i. e. Yes, they *will* breed, if you keep them together.

Our poet has the same image in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets,
"But gold, that's put to use, more gold begets."

MALONE.

⁸ — Pandarus —] See our author's play of *Troilus and Cressida*. JOHNSON.

⁹ — Cressida was a beggar.]

"——— great penurye

"Thou suffer shalt, and as a beggar dye."

Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*.

Cressida is the person spoken of. MALONE.

Again, *ibid.*

"Thus shalt thou go *begging* from hous to hous,

"With cuppe and clappir, like a Lazarous."

THEOBALD.

¹ — *the haggard*,] the hawk called the *haggard*, if not well trained and watched, will fly after every bird without distinction. STEEVENS.

The meaning may be, that he must catch every opportunity, as the wild hawk strikes every bird. But perhaps it might be read more properly: Not *like the haggard*—. He must choose persons and times, and observe tempers, he must fly

As full of labour as a wife man's art :
 For folly, that he wifely shews, is fit ;
 But wise men's folly, fall'n²; quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur³.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir:

fly at proper game, like the trained hawk, and not fly at large like the unreclaimed haggard, to seize all that comes in his way. JOHNSON.

² But wise men's folly, fall'n,] The sense is: *But wise men's folly, when it is once fallen into extravagance, overpowers their discretion.* HEATH.

I explain it thus: The folly which he shews with proper adaptation to persons and times, *is fit*, has its propriety, and therefore produces no censure; but the folly of wise men when it *falls* or *happens*, taints their wit, destroys the reputation of their judgment. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*taint*; whence Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, with great probability, that "Shakespeare possibly wrote—*But wise men, folly-fallen, &c.* i. e. wise men fallen into folly. Mr. Pope introduced *taints*, which all the subsequent editors have adopted. MALONE.

³ Sir And. Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.] Mr. Theobald thinks it absurd that Sir Andrew, who did not know the meaning of *pourquoi* in the first act, should here speak and understand French; and therefore has given three of Sir Andrew's speeches to Sir Toby, and *vice versa*, in which he has been copied by the subsequent editors; as it seems to me, without necessity. The words,—“Save you, gentleman,—” which he has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also.

With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance of that language in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew “could speak three or four languages word for word without book.” MALONE.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list⁴ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir⁵, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! *Rain odours!* well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear⁶.

Sir And. *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed:*—I'll get 'em all three all ready⁷.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and MARIA.*

Give

⁴ —the list—] is the bound, limit, farthest point.

⁵ Taste your legs, sir,] Perhaps this expression was employed to ridicule the fantastick use of a verb, which is many times as quaintly introduced in the old pieces, as in this play, or in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

“A climbing tower that did not taste the wind.”

Again, in Chapman's version of the 21st *Odyssey*:

“————— he now began.

“To taste the bow, the sharp shaft took, tugg'd hard.”

STEEVENS.

⁶ —most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.] *Pregnant* means ready, as in *Measure for Measure*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Vouchsafed for *vouchsafing*. MALONE:

⁷ —all ready.] The old copy reads—*already*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. The editor of the third folio reformed the passage by reading only —*ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew. MALONE.

Give me your hand, fir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name, fair princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, fir ! 'Twas never merry world,

ſince lowly feigning was call'd compliment :

You are ſervant to the count Orfino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours ;

Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him : for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me !

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts.

On his behalf ;—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you ;

I bade you never ſpeak again of him :

But, would you undertake another ſuit,

I had rather hear you to ſolicit that,

Than muſick from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, 'beſeech you^s : I did ſend,

After the laſt enchantment you did here^s,

A ring:

^s —'beſeech you :] This ellipſis occurs ſo frequently in our author's plays, that I do not ſuſpect any omiſſion here. The editor of the third folio reads—I beſeech you ; which ſupplies the ſyllable wanting, but hurts the metre.

MALONE.

^s —you did here,] The old Copy has —*heare*. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. The two words are very frequently confounded in the old editions of our author's plays, and the other books of that age. See the laſt line of *King Richard III.* quarto, 1613 :

“ That ſhe may long live *heare*, God ſay amen.”

Again, in *The Tempeſt*, folio, 1623, p. 3, l. 10 :

“ *Heare*, ceate more queſtions.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, 1623, p. 139 :

“ Let us complain to them what fools were *heare*.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623, p. 239 :

“ That hugs his kickſey-wickſey *heare* at home.”

Again, in Peck's *Deſiderata Curioſe*, Vol. I. p. 205 :

“ —to my utmoſt knowledge, *heare* is ſimple truth and verity.”

I could add twenty other inſtances, were they neceſſary. Throughout the firſt edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*,

1594.

A ring in chafe of you; so did I abuse
 Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
 Under your hard construction must I sit,
 To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
 Which you knew none of yours: What might you
 think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
 And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your re-
 ceiving¹

Enough is shewn; a cyprus², not a bosom,
 Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak³.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice⁴; for 'tis a vulgar proof*,
 That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:
 O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
 If one should be a prey, how much the better
 To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,

Your

1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*.

Let me add, that Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent (if even such an expression as—"After the last enchantment, you did *heare*," were admissible); she had *seen* and *talked* with the bearer of it. MALONE.

¹ *To one of your receiving*] i. e. to one of your *ready apprehension*. She considers him as an arch page.

WARBURTON.

² —*a cyprus*,] is a transparent stuff. JOHNSON.

³ *Hides my heart: So let me hear you speak*.] The word *hear* is used in this line, like *tear*, *dear*, *swear*, &c. as a disyllable. The editor of the second folio, to supply what he imagined to be a defect in the metre, reads—*Hides my poor heart*; and all the subsequent editors have adopted his interpolation.

MALONE.

⁴ —*a grice*;] is a *step*, sometimes written *greefe* from *de-gres*, Fr.

So, in *Othello*:

"Which, as a *grise* or *step*, may help these lovers."

JOHNSON.

* —*'tis a vulgar proof*,] That is, it is a *common proof*. The experience of every day shews that, &c. MALONE.

Your wife is like to reap a proper man :
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe ⁵ :

Grace, and good disposition attend your ladyship !
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me ?

Oli. Stay :

I. pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right ; I am not what I am.

Oli. I-would, you were as I would have you be !

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,

I wish it might ; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful

In the contempt and anger of his lip !

A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon

Than love that would seem hid : love's night is noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,

I love thee so, that, maugre ⁶ all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.

Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause :

But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter :

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,

I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,

And that no woman has ⁷ ; nor never none

Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

And so adieu, good madam ; never more

Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again : for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

⁵ *Then westward-hoe:*] This is the name of a comedy by T. Decker, 1607. He was assisted in it by Webster, and it was acted with great success by *the children of Pauls*, on whom Shakspeare has bestowed such notice in *Hamlet*, that we may be sure they were rivals to the company patronized by himself. STEEVENS.

⁶ —*maugre*—] i. e. in spite of. STEEVENS.

⁷ *And that no woman has ;*] And that *heart* and *bosom* I have never yielded to any woman. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in Olivia's House.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK,
and FABIAN.*

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed upon me; I-saw't i'the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while^a, old boy; tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an afs o'me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a failor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your fight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver: You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now fail'd into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour, or policy.

Sir

^a *Did she see thee the while,*] *Thee* is wanting in the old copy. It was supplied by Mr. ROWE. MALONE.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist⁹, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then; build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it: and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's condemnation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand¹; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice², it shall not be amiss; and as

⁹ —as lief be a Brownist,] The *Brownists* were so called from Mr. Robert Browne, a noted separatist in queen Elizabeth's reign. See Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. III. p. 15, 10, &c. In his life of Whitgift, p. 323, he informs us, that *Browne*, in the year 1589, "went off from the separation and came into the communion of the church."

GREY.

The *Brownists* seem, in the time of our author, to have been the constant objects of popular satire. STEEVENS.

¹ —in a martial hand;] *Martial hand*, seems to be a careless scrawl, such as shewed the writer to neglect ceremony. *Curst*, is petulant, crabbed. A curst cur, is a dog that with little provocation snarls and bites. JOHNSON.

² —taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice,] These words seem to be directly levelled at the attorney-general Coke, who, in the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, [1603,] attacked him with all the following indecent expressions:—"All that he did was by thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor!" (Here, by the way, are the poet's three thou's.) "You are an odious man."—"Is he base? I return it into thy throat; on his behalf."—"O damnable atheist!"—"Thou art a monster; thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart."—"Thou hast a Spanish heart, and thyself art a spider of hell."—Go to, I will lay thee on thy back for the confident'st traitor that ever came at a bar, &c. Is not here all the licence of tongue, which the poet satyrically prescribes to sir Andrew's ink? THEOBALD.

The repentment of our author, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, might likewise have been excited by the contemptuous manner

manner

as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo**: Go.

[Exit *Sir ANDREW.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite³, the youth, bears in his visage no great preface of cruelty.

Enter *MARIA.*

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes †

Mar.

manner in which Lord Coke has spoken of players, and the severity he was always willing to exert against them. Thus in his *Speech and Charge at Norwich, with a discoverie of the abuses and corruption of officers*, Nath. Butter, quarto, 1607: "Because I must hast unto an end, I will request that you will carefully put in execution the statute against *vagrants*; since the making whereof I have found fewer theeves, and the gaole less pestered than before.—The abuse of *stage-players*, wherewith I find the country much troubled, may be easily reformed; they having no commission to play in any place without leave: and therefore if by your willingnesse they be not entertained, you may soone be rid of them."

STEEVENS.

* —at the *cubiculo*:] I believe, we should read—at *thy cubiculo*. MALONE.

³ *And his opposite*,] *Opposite* in our author's time was used as a substantive, and synonymous to *adversary*.

MALONE.

† *Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes*.] The women's

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very renegado; for there is no christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school i'the church.—I have dogg'd him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

men's parts were then acted by boys, sometimes so low in stature, that there was occasion to obviate the impropriety by such kind of oblique apologies. **WARBURTON.**

The *wren* generally lays nine or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatch'd of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood. So, in a *Dialogue of the Phoenix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that many young ones brings."

The old copy however reads—wren of mine. **STEEVENS.**

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N. Breton, 1606:

"The titmouse, and the multiplying *wren*."

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. **MALONE.**

—*I know my lady will strike him;*] We may suppose, that in an age when ladies struck their servants, the box on the ear which queen Elizabeth is said to have given to the earl of Essex, was not regarded as a transgression against the rules of common behaviour. **STEEVENS.**

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*A Street.**Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you ;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you ; my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth ;
And not all love to see you, (though so much,
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts ; which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable : My willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks : Oft good turns⁶
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay :
But, were my worth⁷, as is my conscience, firm,
You shall find better dealing. What's to do ?

Shall

⁶ *And thanks, and ever thanks : Oft good turns—*] The second *thanks*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, to supply the metre.—He added at the same time the word *and* [*and oft, &c.*] unnecessarily. *Turns* was, I have no doubt, used as a disyllable. MALONE.

⁷ *But were my worth,*] *Worth* in this place means *wealth or fortune*. So, in *the Winter's Tale* :

“ ———— and he boasts himself

“ To have a *worthy* feeding.”

Again, in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* :

“ Such as the satyrift paints truly forth,

“ That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*.”

MASON.

Shall we go see the relicks of this town * ?

Ant. To-morrow, sir ; best, first, go see your lodging :

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to-night ;

I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame,

That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me ;

I do not without danger walk these streets :

Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the count his gallies ? ;

I did some service ; of such note, indeed,

That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature ;

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,

Might well have given us bloody argument.

It might have since been answer'd in repaying

What we took from them ; which, for traffick's sake,

Most of our city did : only myself stood out :

For which, if I be laps'd in this place,

I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse :

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,

Is best to lodge : I will bespeak our diet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,

With viewing of the town ; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse ?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase ; and your store,

I think, is not for idle markets, sir,

Seb.

* —the relicks of this town?] I suppose he means the relicks of saints, or the remains of ancient fabricks.

STEEVENS.

The words are explained by what follows :

“ ———let us satisfy our eyes

“ With the memorials, and the things of fame,

“ That do renown this city.” MALONE.

9 —the count his gallies,] I suspect our author wrote—— county's gallies, i. e. the gallies of the county, or count ; and that the transcriber's ear deceived him. However, as the present reading is conformable to the mistaken grammatical usage of the time, I have not disturbed the text.

MALONE.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

Seb. I do remember.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him : he says, he'll come¹ ;
How shall I feast him ? what bestow of him ?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio ?—he is sad, and civil *,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes ;—
Where is Malvolio ?

Mar. He's coming, madam ;
But in very strange manner. He is sure, possesst, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come,
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he.

Enter MALVOLIO.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. [*smiles fantastically.*]

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal.

¹ *He says, he'll come ;*] i. e. I suppose now, or admit now,
he says he'll come. *WARBURTON.*

* —*he is sad and civil,*] i. e. solemn and grave. So, in
Romeo and Juliet :

“ ———— Come, civil night,

“ Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,” &c.

MALONE.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kifs thy hand so oft²?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.*

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. *Some are born great,—*

Oli. Ha?

Mal. *Some atchieve greatness,—*

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. *And some have greatness thrust upon them.*

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. *Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings;—*

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. *And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.*

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. *Go to: thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

Oli. Am I made?

Mal.

² —*kifs thy hand so oft?*] This fantastical custom is taken notice of by Barnaby Riche, in *Faults and nothing but Faults*, quarto, circa 1606, p. 6: “—and these *flowers of courtesie*, as they are full of affectation, so are they no less formal in their speeches, full of fustian phrases, many times deliveting such sentences, as do betray and lay open their master's ignorance: and they are so frequent with *the kifs on the hand*, that word shall not pass their mouthes, till they have clapt their fingers over their lippes.” REED.

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why this is very midsummer madness³.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is return'd; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Serv.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*]

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she;—*be opposite*⁴ with a kinsman, *surly with servants*,—*let thy tongue tang*⁵ with arguments of state,—*put thyself into the trick of singularity*;—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her⁶, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow⁷! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between

³ —*midsummer madness.*] Hot weather often turns the brain, which is, I suppose, alluded to here. JOHNSON.

⁴ *'Tis midsummer moon with you*, is a proverb in Ray's collection, signifying, you are mad. STEEVENS.

—*be opposite*—] See p. 244, n. 5. MALONE.

⁵ —*let thy tongue tang*, &c.] Here the old copy reads—*langer*; but it should be—*tang*, as I have corrected it from the letter which Malvolio reads in a former scene. STEEVENS.

The second folio reads—*tang*. TYRWHITT.

⁶ —*I have limed her.*] I have entangled or caught her, as a bird is caught with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*Fellow!*] This word, which originally signified *companion*, was not yet totally degraded to its present meaning; and Malvolio takes it in the favourable sense. JOHNSON.

between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him,

Fab. Here he is, here he is: How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio; how is't with you? What man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace, this is not the way: Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me*. What man!
'tis

* *Ay, Biddy, come with me.] Come, Bid, come, are words of endearment used by children to chickens and other domestic*

'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit⁹ with Satan :
Hang him, foul collier¹ !

Mar. Get him to say his prayers ; good fir Toby,
get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx ?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godli-
ness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all ! you are idle shallow
things : I am not of your element ; you shall know
more hereafter. [Exit.

Sir To. Is't possible ?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could
condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of
the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now ; lest the device take
air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and
bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is
mad ; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his
penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath,
prompt us to have mercy on him : at which time, we
will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a
finder of madmen². But see, but see.

VOL. VI.

M

Enter

messick fowl. An anonymous writer, with little probability,
supposes the words in the text to be a quotation from some old
song. MALONE.

⁹—cherry-pit—] *Cherry-pit* is pitthng cherry-stones into
a little hole. STEEVENS.

¹ *Hang him, foul collier* !] *Collier* was, in our author's time,
a term of the highest reproach. STEEVENS.

The devil is called *Collier* for his blackness ; *Like will to
like, says the Devil to the Collier*. JOHNSON.

²—finder of madmen.] If there be any doubt whether a
culprit is become *non compos mentis*, after indictment, convic-
tion, or judgment, the matter is tried by a jury ; and if he
be found either an idiot or *lunatick*, the lenity of the English
law will not permit him, in the first case, to be tried, in the
second, to receive judgment, or in the third, to be executed.
In other cases also inquests are held for the *finding of mad-
men*. MALONE.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning³.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so fawcy?

Sir And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow:*

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.*

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. *Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my fight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. *I will way lay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—*

Fab. Good.

Sir To. *Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

Fab. Still you keep o'the windy side of the law: Good.

Sir To. *Fare thee well; And God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine⁴; but my hope is better,*

³ *More matter for a May morning.*] It was usual on the first of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comick kind, as well as the *morris-dance*, of which a plate is given at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Toller's observations on it. STEVENS.

⁴ — *He may have mercy upon mine;* [We may read: *He may have mercy upon thine, but my hope is better.* Yet the passage may well enough stand without alteration.

It were much to be wished that Shakspeare in this and some other passages, had not ventured so near profaneness.

JOHNSON.
He may have mercy upon my soul, in case I should be killed by you; but my hope is that I shall survive the combat, and that you will fall; so look to yourself, for on yours he can have no mercy. Such, I suppose, is the knight's meaning. MALONE.

better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw! and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible^s: for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth, he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it,) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [Exeunt Sir T. FAB. and MAR.]

Ol. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out^s:

M 2

There's

^s —*swear horrible*:] Adjectives are often used by our author and his contemporaries adverbially. MALONE.

^s —*too unchary out*:] The old copy reads—*on't*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

There's something in me, that reproves my fault ;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,
Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture ;
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you :
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny ;
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give ?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you ?

-Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow : Fare thee well ;
A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't : of
what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know
not ; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as
the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end : dismount
thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is
quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir ; I am sure, no man hath any
quarrel to me ; my remembrance is very free and clear
from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you : there-
fore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to
your guard ; for your opposite hath in him what youth,
strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he ?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier,
and

—wear this jewel for me,] *Jewel* does not properly sig-
nify a single gem, but any precious ornament or superfluity.

JOHNSON:

So, in Markham's *Arcadia*, 1607 : " She gave him a very
fine jewel, wherein was set a most rich diamond." See also
Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 121.

STEEVENS.

and on carpet consideration⁸; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction

⁸ *He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd rapier, and on carpet consideration;*] That is, he is no soldier by profession, not a knight banneret, dubb'd in the field of battle, but, *on carpet consideration*, at a festivity, or some peaceable occasion, when knights receive their dignity kneeling not on the ground, as in war, but on a *carpet*. This is, I believe, the original of the contemptuous term a *carpet knight*, who was naturally held in scorn by the men of war. JOHNSON.

In Francis Markham's *Booke of Honour*, fol. 1625, p. 71. we have the following account of Carpet Knights. "Next unto these [i. e. those whom he distinguishes by the name of *Danhill* or *Track Knights*] in degree, but not in quality, (for these are truly for the most part vertuous and worthie,) is that rank of knights which are called *Carpet Knights*, being men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace, by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword, having by some special service done to the commonwealth—deserved this great title and dignitie." He then enumerates the several orders of men on whom this honour was usually conferred; and adds—"those of the vulgar or common sort are called *Carpet Knights*, because (for the most part) they receive their honour from the king's hand in the court, and upon *carpets*,—*which howsoever a carius error may wrest to an ill sense*, yet questionless there is no shadow of disgrace belonging to it, for it is an honour as perfect as any honour whatever, and the services and merits for which it is received as worthy and well deserving both of the king and country, as that which hath wounds and scarres for his witness." REED.

Greene uses the term—*Carpet-knights*, in contempt of those of whom he is speaking; and in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, it is employed for the same purpose. In *Barret's Alvearie*, 1580:—"those which do not exercise themselves with some honest affaires, but serve abominable and filthy idleness, are as we use to call them, *Carpet-Knightes*." B. ante O. STEEVENS.

—*with unhatch'd rapier.*] The modern editors read—*unhack'd*. It appears from Cotgrave's Dictionary in v. *hacher*, [to hack, hew, &c.] that to *hatch* the hilt of a sword, was a technical term.—Perhaps we ought to read—*with an hatch'd rapier*, i. e. with a rapier, the hilt of which was richly engraved and ornamented. Our author, however, might have used *unhatch'd* in the sense of *unhack'd*; and therefore I have made no change. MALONE.

satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher: hob, nob⁹, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must¹, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil, as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. *[Exit Sir TOBY.]*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one, that had rather go with sir priest, than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter

9 —*hob, nob,*] This adverb is corrupted from *hap ne hap*; as *would ne would, will ne will*; that is, *let it happen or not*; and signifies at random, at the mercy of chance. See Johnson's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

So, in Holinshed's *Hist. of Ireland*: "The citizens in their rage—shot *hatbe or nabbe, at ran. om.*" MALONE.

¹ —*meddle you must,*] So afterwards, Sir Andrew says, "Pox on't, I'll not *meddle* with him." The vulgar yet say "I'll neither *meddle* nor make with it." MALONE.

Re-enter Sir TOBY, with Sir ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago². I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in³, with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you⁴ as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on: They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capiler.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: Stand here, make a good shew on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls: Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

[*Afide.*]

Re-enter

² — I have not seen such a virago.] *Virago* cannot be properly used here, unless we suppose Sir Toby to mean, I never saw one that had so much the look of woman with the prowess of man. JOHNSON.

Why may not the meaning be more simple, "I have never seen the most furious woman so obstreperous and violent as he is?" MALONE.

The old copy reads—*virago*. A *virago* always means a female warrior, or, in low language, a scold, or turbulent woman. If Shakspeare (who knew Viola to be a woman, though Sir Toby did not) has made no blunder, Dr. Johnson has supplied the only obvious meaning of the word. *Virago* may however be a ludicrous term of Shakspeare's coinage.

STEEVENS.

³ — the stuck—] The *stuck* is a corrupted abbreviation of the *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "—thy *stock*, thy reverse, thy montant." MALONE.

⁴ — he pays you—] i. e. he hits you. MALONE.

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse [to Fab.] to take up the quarrel ; I have persuaded him, the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him ^s ; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir ; he will fight with you for his oath sake : Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of : therefore draw for the supportance of his vow ; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me ! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. [*Aside.*]

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy ; the gentleman will for his honour's sake, have one bout with you : he cannot by the duello ⁶ avoid it : but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on ; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath ! [*draws.*]

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*draws.*]

Ant. Put up your sword ;—If this young gentleman have done offence, I take the fault on me ; If you offend him, I for him defy you. — [*drawing.*]

Sir To. You, sir ? why, what are you ?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker ⁷, I am for you. [*draws.*]

Enter

⁵ *He is as horribly conceited of him ;*] That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him. MALONE.

⁶ —*by the duello*—] i. e. by the laws of the *duello*, which, in Shakspeare's time, were settled with the utmost nicety.

STEEVENS.

⁷ *Nay, if you be an undertaker,*] But why was an undertaker so offensive a character ? I believe this is a touch upon the times, which may help to determine the date of this play.

At

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good fir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [to Antonio.]

Vio. Pray, fir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, fir;—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1. *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2. *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, fir.

1. *Off.* No, fir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

2. *Off.* Come, fir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, fir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,

M 5

And,

At the meeting of the parliament in 1614, there appears to have been a very general persuasion, or jealousy at least, that the king had been induced to call a parliament at that time, by certain persons, who had undertaken, through their influence in the house of commons, to carry things according to his majesty's wishes. These persons were immediately stigmatized with the invidious name of *undertakers*; and the idea was so unpopular, that the king thought it necessary, in two set speeches, to deny positively (how truly, is another question,) that there had been any such *undertaking*. *Parl. Hist.* Vol. V. p. 277, and 286. Sir Francis Bacon also (then attorney-general) made an artful, apologetical speech in the house of commons upon the same subject; *when the house* (according to the title of the speech) *was in great heat, and much troubled about the undertakers*. Bacon's Works, Vol. II. p. 235, quarto edit. TYRWHITT.

And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
 Out of my lean and low ability
 I'll lend you something: my having* is not much;
 I'll make division of my present with you:
 Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me, now?
 Is't possible, that my deserts to you
 Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
 Lest that it make me so unfound a man,
 As to upbraid you with those kindnesse
 That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
 Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
 I hate ingratitude more in a man,
 Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
 Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
 Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

2. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see
 here,
 I snatch'd half out of the jaws of death;
 Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—
 And to his image, which, methought, did promise
 Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1. Off. What's that to us? The time goes by; away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—
 Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
 In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
 None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
 Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
 Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil⁶.

1. Off.

* —my having—] MALONE.

⁶ —o'erflourish'd by the devil.] In the time of Shakspeare, trunks, which are now deposited in lumber-rooms, or other obscure places, were part of the furniture of apartments in which company was received. I have seen more than one of these, as old as the time of our poet. They were richly ornamented on the tops and sides with scroll work, emblematical devices, &c. and were elevated on feet. Shakspeare has the same expression in *Measure for Measure*:

" ————— your title to him

" Doth flourish the deceit ———." STEEVENS.

Again,

1. *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANTONIO.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.

Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian;
we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such, and so,

In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament.

For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward
than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in leaving his
friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his
cowardship, ask Fabian:

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in
it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw thy
sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*]

Fab. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*]

Again, in his 60th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth."

*—*so do not I.*] This, I believe, means, I do not yet be-
lieve myself, when, from this accident, I gather hope of my
brother's life. JOHNSON.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Olivia's House.

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe, that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow; Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i'faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither.—Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else; Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney!—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; Shall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek², depart from me; There's

¹ *I am afraid this great lubber the world &c.]* That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world. JOHNSON.

² —*foolish Greek,*] *Greek*, was as much as to say bawd or pander. He understood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-house was called Corinth, and the frequenters of it Corinthians, which words occur frequently in Shakspeare, especially in *Timon of Athens*, and *K. Henry IV.*

WAREURTON.

Can our author have alluded to St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Chap. i. v. 23: "—to the *Greeks foolishness.*"

STEEVENS.

There's money for thee ; if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand :—
These wise men, that give fools money, get themselves
a good report after fourteen years' purchase³.

Enter Sir ANDREW, Sir TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, fir, have I met you again? there's
for you. [*striking* Sebastian.

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there :
Are all the people mad? [*striking* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, fir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the
house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight : I would
not be in some of your coats for two pence.

Sir To. Come on, fir ; hold. [*Exit* Clown.
holding Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to
work with him ; I'll have an action of battery against
him, if there be any law in Illyria : though I struck him
first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, fir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young foldier, put up your iron : you are well flesh'd ;
come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

[*draws.*

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*draws.*

Enter

³ —get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.] This seems to carry a piece of satire upon monopolies, the crying grievance of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen years ; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was suspected that money gained favourable reports from thence. *WARBURTON.*

This passage may be considered as a further corroboration of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, that *Twelfth-Night* was written in 1614. The grievance of monopolies, though long complained of, had, it should seem, risen to a greater height at that time than ever, for next to the undertakers, it was the
great

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cefario:

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*]

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent⁴

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up⁵, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee⁶.

Seb.

great subject of parliamentary debate, during the short session of that year. Mr. Heath however thinks the meaning is, "—purchase a good report [or character] at a very extravagant price." MALONE.

⁴ In this uncivil and unjust extent] *Extent* is, in law, a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king. It is therefore taken here for *violence* in general.

JOHNSON.

⁵ This ruffian hath botch'd up.] A coarse expression for *made up*, as a bad taylor is called a *botcher*, and to botch is to make clumsily. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson is certainly right. A similar expression occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——— if you'll patch a quarrel

"As matter whole you've not to make it with."

Again, in *King Henry V*:

"Do botch and bungle up damnation."

STEEVENS.

⁶ He started one poor heart of mine in thee.] I know not whether here be not an ambiguity intended between *heart* and *hart*. The sense however is easy enough. *He that offends thee, attacks one of my hearts*; or, as the ancients expressed it, *half my heart*. JOHNSON.

The equivocal suggested by Dr. Johnson was, I have no doubt, intended. *Heart* in our author's time was frequently written

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:—
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would, thou'dst be
rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe, thou art sir Topas^a the cu-
rate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[*Exit MARIA.*]

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble
myself^b in't; and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to be-
come the function well^c; nor lean enough to be
thought

written *hart*; and Shakspeare delights in playing on these
words. MALONE.

^a *What relish is in this?*] How does this taste? What
judgment am I to make of it? JOHNSON.

^b —sir Topas the curate;] The name of *sir Topas* is
taken from Chaucer. STEEVENS.

^c —*I will dissemble myself—*] i. e. disguise myself.

MALONE.

^d *I am not tall enough to become the function well;*] This
cannot be right. The word wanted should be part of the
description of *a careful man*. I should have no objection to
read—*pale*. TYRWHITT.

*Tall enough, perhaps means not of sufficient height to over-
look a pulpit.* STEEVENS.

thought a good student: but to be said, an honest man, and a good house-keeper, goes as fairly, as to say, a careful man², and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove blefs thee, master parson.

Clown. *Bonus dies*, fir Toby: for as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is*⁴: so I, being master parson, am master parson; for what is that, but that; and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, fir Topas.

Clown. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeitis well; a good knave.

Mal. [*in an inner chamber.*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatick.

Mal. Sir Topas, fir Topas, good fir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good fir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones,

² —a careful man,] I believe means a man who has such a regard for his character as to intitle him to ordination.

STEEVENS.

³ The competitors—] That is, the confederates or associates. The word *competitor* is used in the same sense in *King Richard III.* and in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* MASON.

⁴ —very wittily said—*That, that is, is:*] This is a very humorous banter of the rules established in the schools, that all reasonings are *ex præcognitis & præconcessis*, which lay the foundation of every science in these maxims, *whatsoever is, is; and it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be;* with much trifling of the like kind. WARBURTON.

ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy ;
Say'st thou, that house^s is dark ?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay windows^s transparent as
harricadoes, and the clear stones⁷ towards the south-
north are as lustrous as ebony ; and yet complainest
thou of obstruction ?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas ; I say to you, this
house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest : I say, there is no
darkness, but ignorance ; in which thou art more puz-
zled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though
ignorance were as dark as hell ; and I say, there was
never man thus abused : I am no more mad than you
are ; make the trial of it in any constant question⁸.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, con-
cerning wild-fowl ?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

Clown. What think'st thou of his opinion ?

Mal.

⁵ —that house—] That mansion, in which you are now
confined. The clown gives this pompous appellation to the
small room in which Malvolio, we may suppose, was con-
fined, to exasperate him. The word *it* in the clown's next
speech plainly means Malvolio's chamber, and confirms this
interpretation. MALONE.

⁶ —it hath bay-windows—] A bay-window is the same
as a bow window ; a window in a recess, or bay. See *A.*
Wood's Life, published by T. Hearne, 1730, p. 548 and 553.

STEEVENS.

See Minshew's *DICT.* in v. "A bay-window, — because
it is builded in manner of a baie or rode for shippes, that is,
round. L. *Cava fenestre*. G. Une fenestre fortant hors de
la maison." MALONE.

⁷ —the clear stones—] The old copy has—*flores*. The
emendation was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁸ —constant question.] A settled, a determinate, a regular
question. JOHNSON.

Rather, in any regular conversation, for so generally Shak-
peare uses the word *question*. MALONE.

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock⁹, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters¹.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would, we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot*. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY and MARIA.*

Clown.

⁹ —to kill a woodcock,] The clown mentions a woodcock particularly, because that bird was supposed to have very little brains, and therefore was a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits. MALONE.

¹ *Nay, I am for all waters.*] I can turn my hand to any thing; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters. Montaigne, speaking of Aristotle, says, that "he hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." Florio's translation, 1603. In Florio's *Second Fruits*, 1591, I find an expression more nearly resembling that of the text: "I am a knight for all saddles." The equivoque suggested in the following note may, however, have been also in our author's thoughts.

MALONE.

The word *water*, as used by jewellers, denotes the colour and lustre of diamonds and pearls, and from thence is applied, though with less propriety, to other precious stones. I think that Shakspeare in this place alludes to this sense of the word *water*. The clown is complimented by Sir Toby for personating Sir Topas so exquisitely, to which he replies that he can put on all colours, alluding to the word *Topas*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the curate.

MASON.

* —to the upshot] The word *to* was inserted by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

Clown. Hey Robin, jolly Robin²,
Tell me how thy lady does.

[*singing.*

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clown. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say ;—

Clown. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clown. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, fir, how fell you besides your five wits³?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here property'd me⁴; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what to say; the minister is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clown.

² *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,*] This song should certainly begin;

“Hey jolly Robin, tell to me

“How does thy lady do?—

“My lady is unkind, perdy.—

“Alas, why is she so?” FARMER.

³ —*your five wits?*] The *Wits*, Dr. Johnson some where observes, were reckoned *five* in analogy to the five senses. From Stephen Hawes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edit. 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were—“common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory.” *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power. MALONE.

⁴ —*property'd me;*] They have taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself. JOHNSON.

Clown. Maintain no words with him 5, good fellow.—
Who, I, sir? not, I, sir. God b'w' you, good sir Topas.
—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I
am shent for speaking to you 6.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some
paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man
in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am: Good fool, some ink, pa-
per, and light, and convey what I will set down to my
lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing
of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are
you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit 7?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown.

5 *Maintain no words with him,*] Here the clown in the dark
acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a
dialogue between himself and Sir Topas.—*I will sir, I will,*
is spoken after a pause, as if, in the mean time, Sir Topas
had whispered. JOHNSON.

6 —*I am shent &c.*] i. e. rebuked. MALONE.

7 —*tell me true, are you not mad—or do you but counter-
feit?*] If he was not mad, what did he counterfeit by de-
claring that he was not mad? The fool, who meant to in-
sult him, I think, asks, *are you mad, or do you but counter-
feit?* That is, *you look like a madman, you talk like a mad-
man: Is your madness real, or have you any secret design in
it?* This, to a man in poor Malvolio's state, was a severe
taunt. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson, in my apprehension, misinterprets the words,
“—do you but counterfeit?” They surely mean, “do you
but counterfeit *madness*,” or in other words, “assume the
appearance of a madman, though not one.”—Our author
ought, I think, to have written, either, “—are you *mad*
indeed, or do you but counterfeit?” or else, “—are you
not *not* mad indeed, and do you but counterfeit?” But I do
not suspect any corruption; for the last I have no doubt
was what he *meant*, though he has not expressed his mean-
ing accurately. He is often careless in such minute matters.
Mr. Mason supposes that, “—do you but counterfeit,”
means “—do you only pretend to be in your senses?” This
interpretation removes the difficulty; but, considering the
words that immediately precede, is very harsh, and appears
to me inadmissible. MALONE.

Clown. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a mad man, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree; I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clown. I am gone, sir, [singing.

And anon, sir;

I'll be with you again,

In a trice,

Like to the old vice⁸,

Your need to sustain;

Who with dagger of lath;

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad!

Adieu, Goodman Devil! [Exit.

SCENE

⁸ Like to the old vice,] *Vice* was the fool of the old moralities. Some traces of this character are still preserved in puppet-shows, and by country mummers. JOHNSON.

This character was always acted in a *mask*; it probably had its name from the old French word *vis*, for which they now use *visage*, though they still retain it in *vis-a-vis*, which is, literally, *face to face*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Adieu, Goodman, Devil.*] This last line has neither rhyme nor meaning. I cannot but suspect that the fool translates Malvolio's name, and says:

Adieu, Goodman, mean-evil. JOHNSON.

We have here another old catch; apparently, I think, not of Shakspeare. I am therefore willing to receive the common reading of the last line: *Adieu Goodman Drivel*:

The name of *Malvolio* seems to have been form'd by an accidental transposition in the word, *Malvolob*.

I know not whether a part of the preceding line should not be thrown into a question, "pare thy nails, dad?"

In *K. Henry V.* we again meet with "this roaring devil i'th' old play; every one may *pare his nails* with a wooden dagger." FARMER.

In the old translation of the *Mænecmi*, 1595, Menæchmus says to Pencilus: "Away filthie mad drivett, away! I will talk no longer with thee." STEEVENS.

The

S C E N E III.

Olivia's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air ; that is the glorious sun ;
 This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't :
 And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
 Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then ?
 I could not find him at the Elephant :
 Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit ,

That

The last two lines of this song have, I think, been misunderstood. They are not addressed in the *first* instance to Malvolio, but are quoted by the clown, as the words, *ah, ah!* are, as the usual address in the old Moralities to the Devil. I do not therefore suspect any corruption in the words "goodman Devil." We have in *the Merry Wives of Windsor* :—"No man means evil but the devil;" and in *Much ado about Nothing*, "God's a good man."

The compound, *good-man*, is again used adjectively, and as a word of contempt, in *King Lear* : "Part (says Edmund to Kent and the Steward). "With you, (replies Kent) *good-man boy*, if you please."

The reason why the Vice exhorts the Devil to pare his nails, is, because the Devil was supposed from choice to keep his nails always unpared, and therefore to pare them was an affront. So, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1615 :

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade ;
 "Who shall let me ? *the divel's nails are unparde.*"

MALONE.

¹ *Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,* i. e. I found it justified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will easily carry this meaning, I am doubtful. The expression seems obscure ; and though I have not disturbed the text, I very much suspect that the poet wrote :

"——— *and there I found this credent.*

He uses the same term again in the very same sense in the *Winter's Tale* :

"——— *Then 'tis very credent,*
 " *Thou may'st cojoin with something, &c.*

THEOBALD.
Perhaps

That he did range the town to seek me out.
 His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse ²,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust ³, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; yet, if 'twere so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take, and give back, affairs, and their dispatch,
 With such a smooth, discreer, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does : there's something in't,
 That is deceivable ⁴. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA, and a Priest:

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine : If you mean well,
 Now go with me, and with this holy man,
 Into the chantry by : there, before him,
 And underneath that consecrated roof,
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith ;
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
 May live at peace : he shall conceal it,
 Whiles ⁵ you are willing it shall come to note ;

What

Perhaps *credit* is here used for *credited*. So in the first scene of this play, *heat* for *heated*, and in *Hamlet*, *hoist* for *hoisted*. MALONE.

² —all instance, all discourse,] *Discourse*, for reason.
 WARBURTON.

Instance is *example*. JOHNSON.

³ *To any other trust*,] To any other belief, or, confidence, to any other fixed opinion. JOHNSON.

⁴ —deceivable.] Our author licentiously uses this word for *deceptious*. MALONE.

⁵ *Whiles*—] *is until*. This word is still so used in the northern counties. It is, I think, used in the sense in the preface to the *Accidence*. JOHNSON.

It is used in this sense in *Tarleton's News out of Purgatorie*. See the novel at the end of *the Merry Wives of Windsor*.

MALONE.

What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth⁶, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens
so shine⁷,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

A C T V.

Before Olivia's House.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompence, de-
fire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; How dost thou, my good
fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the
worse for my friends.

Duke.

⁶—truth,] *Truth is fidelity.* JOHNSON.

⁷—heavens so shine, &c.] Alluding perhaps to a supersti-
tious supposition; the memory of which is still preserved in
a proverbial saying: "Happy is the bride upon whom the sun
shines, and blessed the corpse upon which the rain falls."

STEEVENS.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly, I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives^s, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer; there's another.

Clown. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all; the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells⁹ of St. Bennet¹, sir, may put you in mind, One, two, three.

VOL. VI.

N

Duke.

^s —conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives,] One cannot but wonder, that this passage should have perplexed the commentators. In Marlowe's *Lust Dominion*, the Queen says to the Moor:

— "Come, let's kisse.

Moor. "Away, away.

Queen. "No, no, sayes I; and twice away, sayes stay."

Sir Philip Sidney has enlarged upon this thought in the sixty-third stanza of his *Astrophel and Stella*. FARMER.

⁹ —or, the bells—] That is, if the other arguments I have used are not sufficient, the bells of St. Bennet, &c.

MALONE.

¹ —bells of St. Bennet,] When in this play he mentioned the *bed of Ware*, he recollected that the scene was in Illyria, and added, *in England*; but his sense of the same impropriety could not restrain him from the bells of St. Bennet.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare's

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.]

Enter ANTONIO, and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable; With which such scathful² grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cry'd fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

I. Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio, That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from Candy? And this is he, that did the Tyger board, When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:

Here

Shakspeare's improprieties and anachronisms are surely venial in comparison with those of contemporary writers. Lodge, in his *True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla*, 1594, has mentioned the razors of Palermo, and St. Paul's steeple, and has introduced a Frenchman, named Don Pedro, who, in consideration of receiving forty crowns, undertakes to poison Marius. Stanyhurst, the translator of four books of Virgil, in 1582, compares Chorcæbus to a bedlamite; says, that old Priam girded on his sword *Morglay*; and makes Dido tell Æneas, that she should have been contented had she been brought to bed even of a cockney.

*Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fui sset
Ante fugam soboles—*

“—yf yeet soom progenye from me

“Had crawl'd, by the father'd, yf a cockney dandiprat hophumb.” STEEVENS.

² —scathful—] i. e. mischievous, destructive.

STEEVENS.

Here in the streets, desperate of shame, and state³,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me;
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base⁴ and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; deny'd me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)
Both day and night did we keep company.

N 2

Enter

³ —*desperate of shame and state,*] Unattentive to his character or his condition, like a desperate man. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*on base*—] *Base*, is here a substantive, *basis*. I give the explication of so simple a term, lest any one should suppose, as I once did, that we ought to read—and on base ground enough. MALONE.

Enter OLIVIA, and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven walks on earth.

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness :
Three months this youth hath tended upon me ;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam ?

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fullsome to mine ears,
As howling after musick.

Duke. Still so cruel ?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness ? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfullest offerings hath breath'd out⁵,
That e'er devotion tender'd ? What shall I do ?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love⁷ ; a savage jealousy,

That

⁵ —as fat and fullsome—] *Fat* means *dull* ; so we say a *fat-headed* fellow ; *fat* likewise means *gross*, and is sometimes used for *obscene*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —hath breath'd out,] Old Copy—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ *Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death, Kill what I love* ;] Our author was indebted for this allusion to Heliodorus's *Æthiopicks*. This *Egyptian thief* was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell desperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a stronger body of robbers

That sometimes favours nobly? But hear me this :
 Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
 And that I partly know the instrument,
 That screws me from my true place in your favour,
 Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still ;
 But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
 And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
 Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
 Where he sits crowned in his master's spight.—
 Come, boy, with me ; my thoughts are ripe in mischief :

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
 To spight a raven's heart within a dove. [going.]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
 To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [following.]

Oli. Where goes Cefario ?

Vio. After him I love ;

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
 More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife :
 If I do feign, you witneffes above,
 Punish my life, for tainting of my love !

Oli. Ah me, detested ! how am I beguil'd !

Vio. Who does beguile you ? who does do you wrong ?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself ? Is it so long ?—
 Call forth the holy father. [Exit an Attendant.]

Duke. Come, away, [to Viola.]

Oli. Whither, my lord ?—Cefario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband ?

Oli.

robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in such fears for his mistress, that he had her shut into a cave with his treasure. It was customary with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own safety, first to make away with those whom they held dear, and desired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealousy, and anger, went to his cave ; and calling aloud in the Egyptian tongue, so soon as he heard himself answer'd towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the person by the direction of her voice, he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (supposing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his sword into her breast. THEOBALD;

Oli. Ay, husband; Can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, firrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety¹:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant, and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,²
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?³

Or

¹ —strangle *thy* propriety:] Suppress or disown thy property. MALONE.

² *A contract of eternal bond of love,*] I once suspected we should read—*A contract and eternal, &c.* but I now believe the text is right. The meaning is only, *A contract, promising love and eternal union.* So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“The sealing day between my love and me,

“For everlasting bond of fellowship.”

In *Troilus and Cressida* we have “a bond of air,”—for words that *bind* or *tie* the attention of the hearer to the speaker.

MALONE.

³ —case?] *Case* is a word used contemptuously for *skin*. We yet talk of a *fox case*, meaning the stuffed skin of a fox.

JOHNSON.

So, in Cary's *Present State of England, 1626*: “Queen Elizabeth asked a knight named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies?—He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home; the *cases* are far better than the *bodies*.” MALONE.

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broke.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send one presently to sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound, I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cefario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cefario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think, you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes sir Toby halting, you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. O he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i'the morning.

Sir

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin²: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli.

² Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin:] The old copy has—*pavyn*; either, as Mr. Steevens has observed, "from the *u* being accidentally reversed at the press," or from the compositor's eye deceiving him; for between *n* and *u* in the Mss. of Shakspeare's age, there is not the smallest difference. The same mistake has happened often in these plays.

With respect to the terms here used, there appears to me no difficulty. The author probably did not intend that Sir Toby should on this occasion utter any thing very profound, or that his enunciation should be very distinct and accurate. Hence we have *passy-measures* for *passing-measures*, or *passa-measure*, a corruption, as Sir John Hawkins supposes, of *passamezzo*, which Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, explains thus: "A *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque pace." The *Measures*, as may be collected from Beatrice's description, were solemn, slow dances, "full of state and ancientry." The *pavin*, as appears from Florio, who spells the word as Shakspeare does, was in Italian *Pavana*. It likewise, says Sir John Hawkins, was "a grave majestic dance from *Pavo*, a peacock. The method of dancing it was anciently by gentlemen dressed with a cap and sword, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in their gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance resembled that of a peacock's tail.—This dance is supposed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given with the characters for the steps in the *Orchesographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every pavan has its galliard a lighter kind of air made out of the former."

From what has been stated, I think, it is manifest that Sir Toby means only by this quaint expression, that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*. It is one of Shakspeare's unrivalled excellencies, that his characters are always consistent. Even in drunkenness they preserve the traits which distinguished them when sober. Sir Toby in the first act of this play, shewed himself well acquainted with the various kinds of the dance.

The editor of the second folio, who, when he does not understand any passage, generally cuts the knot, instead of untying it, arbitrarily reads—"after a passy-measures pavyn I hate a drunken rogue." In the same manner, in the preceding speech, not thinking "an hour ago" good English, he reads—"O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour ago."

There

*2. a passing measure pavyn (old copy). pavyn-pavyn
 signifies pavyn in old writings & pass measures is
 a dance - It may therefore mean "he is
 going to his home drunk unreasonably for
 purpose."*

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

Sir To. Will your help?—An afs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave; a thin-faced knave, a gull³!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, Sir TOBY, and Sir ANDREW.*]

Enter SEBASTIAN:

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety: You throw a strange regard upon me, and By that I do perceive it hath offended you; Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons; A natural perspective, that is, and is not⁴!

N 5:

Seb.

There is scarcely a page of that copy in which similar interpositions may not be found. MALONE.

It is in character that Sir Toby should express a strong dislike of *serious dances*, such as the *passa-mezzo* and the *pavan* are described to be. TYRWHITT.

³ —*An afs-head and a coxcomb, &c.*] I believe, Sir Toby means to apply all these epithets either to the surgeon or Sebastian; and have pointed the passage accordingly. It has been hitherto printed, "Will you help an afs-head," &c. but why should Sir Toby thus unmercifully abuse himself?

MALONE.

⁴ *A natural perspective; &c.*] A *perspective* seems to be taken for shows exhibited through a glass with such lights as make the pictures appear really protuberant. The Duke therefore says, that nature has here exhibited such a show, where shadows seem realities; where that which is *not* appears like that which is. JOHNSON.

I apprehend this may be explained by a quotation from a duodecimo book called *Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76 and 27: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd:—
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*to Viola.*]
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watry tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio.

shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass."—"A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces,—but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture of the chancellor himself." Thus that, which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing. This seems also to explain a passage in *King Henry V.* Act V. sc. ii: "Yes, my lord, you see them *perspectively*, the cities turn'd into a maid." FOLLET.

I believe that Shakspeare meant nothing more by this natural perspective, than a reflexion from a glass or mirror.

MASON.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
 But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
 Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
 Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
 That I am Viola: which to confirm,
 I'll bring you to a captain in this town
 Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
 I was preserv'd, to serve this noble count:
 All the occurrence* of my fortune since
 Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, [to Oli.] you have been
 mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.
 You would have been contracted to a maid;
 Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
 You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.—
 If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
 I shall have share in this most happy wreck:
 Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [to Viola,
 Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings, will I over-swear;
 And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
 As doth that orb'd continent the fire
 That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
 And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
 Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
 Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,
 A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither:
 And yet, alas, now I remember me,
 They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter Clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy^s of mine own:

From

* —occurrence—] I believe our author wrote—*occurrences*.

MALCONE.

^s *A most extracting frenzy*—] i. e. a frenzy that drew me
 away from every thing but its own object. WARBURTON.

I formerly supposed that Shakspeare wrote—*distracting*;
 but

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the staves end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you, I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much, when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.—*By the Lord, madam,—*

Oli. How now, art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*⁶.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read i'thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits⁷, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princefs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

[to Fabian.

Fab. [reads.] *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses, as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induc'd me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of; and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clown.

but have since met with a passage in the *Historie of Hamblet*; bl. l. 1606. Sig. C. 2. that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "—to try if men of great account be *extra* out of their wits." MALONE.

⁶—*you must allow vox.*] The clown, we may presume, had begun to read the letter in a very loud tone, and probably with extravagant gesticulation. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, *If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantick tone.* MALONE.

⁷—*but to read his right wits,*] To represent his present state of mind, is to read a madman's letter, as I now do, like a madman. JOHNSON.

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This favours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,^s
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; [*to Viola.*] and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,^s
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same:

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong;
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal.

^s *One day shall crown the alliance on't, so please you,*] Mr. Heath would read, I think without necessity,—*an't* so please you. MALONE.

This is well conjectured; but *on't* may relate to the double character of sister and wife. JOHNSON.

^s *So much against the mettle of your sex,*] So much against the weak frame and constitution of woman. *Mettle* is used by our author in many other places for *spirit*; and as *spirit* may be either high or low, mettle seems here to signify natural *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*. Shakspeare has taken the same licence in *All's well that ends well*:

“ 'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her—”

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *King Richard III*:

“ The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life—”

that is, the remission of the *forfeit*. MALONE.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter—
 You must not now deny it is your hand,
 Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase;
 Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:
 You can say none of this: Well, grant it then,
 And tell me, in the modesty of honour,
 Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;
 Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,
 To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
 Upon sir Toby, and the lighter¹ people:
 And, acting this in an obedient hope,
 Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd;
 Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
 And made the most notorious geck², and gull,
 That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
 Though, I confess, much like the character:
 But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.
 And now I do bethink me, it was she
 First told me, thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling³,
 And in such forms which here were presuppos'd⁴
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
 Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
 And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
 Taint the condition of this present hour,
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby,
 Set this device against Malvolio here,

Upon

¹ —*lighter*—] People of less dignity or importance.

JOHNSON.

² —*geck*,] A fool. JOHNSON.

So, in the vision at the conclusion of *Cymbeline*:

“ And to become the *geck* and scorn

“ Of th' other's villainy.” STEEVENS.

³ —*then cam'st in smiling*,] i. e. then, *that thou cam'st in smiling*. MALONE.

⁴ —*here were presuppos'd*] *Presuppos'd* seems to mean previously pointed out for thy imitation; or such as it was supposed thou would'st assume after thou had'st read the letter. The *supposition* was *previous to the act*. STEEVENS.

Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him ⁵: Maria writ
 The letter, at sir Toby's great importance ⁶;
 In recompence whereof, he hath marry'd her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd,
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool ⁷! how have they baffled thee ⁸?

Clown. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, fir, in this interlude; one fir Topas, fir; but that's all one:—*By the Lord, fool, I am not mad*;—But do you remember? *Madam* ⁹, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? *an you smile not, he's gagg'd*: And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[*Exit:*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—
 He hath not told us of the captain yet;
 When that is known, and golden time convents ¹,
 A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls: Mean time, sweet sister,

We

⁵ Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him:] Surely we should rather read:—*conceiv'd in him.* TYRWHITT.

⁶ —at sir Toby's great importance;] Importance is importunacy, importunement. STEEVENS.

⁷ Alas, poor fool! This in our author's time was a term of tenderness and pity. MALONE.

⁸ —how have they baffled thee?] See Vol. VII.

STEEVENS.

⁹ —but do you remember? Madam,] As the clown is speaking to Malvolvo, and not to Olivia, I think this passage should be regulated thus: *but do you remember?*—Madam, why laugh you, &c. TYRWHITT.

In all former copies—But do you remember, madam, *Why* &c. I have followed the regulation recommended by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

¹ —convents,] Perhaps we should read—*consents.* To *convent*, however, is to *assemble*; and therefore, the count may mean, when the happy hour calls us again together.

STEEVENS.

We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But, when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

S O N G.

Clown. *When that I was and a little tiny boy,²
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy,
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

But

² *When that I was and a little tiny boy,*] Here again we have an old song, scarcely worth correction. 'Gainst *knarves* and *thieves* must evidently be, 'gainst *knave* and *thief*.—When I was a boy, my folly and mischievous actions were little regarded, but when I came to manhood, men shut their gates against me, as a *knave* and a *thief*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer rightly reduces the subsequent words, *beds* and *heads*; to the singular number: and a little alteration is still wanting at the beginning of some of the stanzas.

Mr. Steevens observes in a note at the end of *Much ado about Nothing*, that the play had formerly passed under the name of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. It seems to have been the *court-fashion* to alter the titles. A very ingenious lady, with whom I have the honour to be acquainted, Mrs. Askew of Queen's Square, has a fine copy of the second folio edition of Shakspeare, which formerly belonged to King Charles I; and was a present from him to his Master of the Revels, Sir Thomas Herbert. Sir Thomas has altered five titles in the list of the plays, to "*Benedick* and *Betrice*,—*Pyramus* and *Thisby*,—*Rosalinde*,—*Mr. Paroles*, and *Malvolio*."

It is lamentable to see how far party and prejudice will carry the wisest men, even against their own practice and opinions. Milton in his *Εικωνολάσις* censures king Charles for reading "one, whom," says he, "we well knew was the closet companion of his solitudes, *William Shakspeare*."

FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have observed, that the alterations of the titles are in his majesty's own hand-writing, materially differing from Sir Thomas Herbert's, of which the same volume affords more than one specimen. I learn from another manuscript note in it, that *John Lowine* acted *King Henry VIII.* and *Joseph Taylor* the part of *Hamlet*. The book is now in my possession.

To the concluding remark of Dr. Farmer, may be added the following passage from *An Appeal to all rational Men concerning*

*But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done.
And we'll strive to please you every day.* [Exit.

cerning King Charles's Trial, by John Cooke, 1649: "Had he but studied scripture half so much as *Ben Jonson* or *Shakspeare*, he might have learnt that when Amaziah was settled in the kingdom, he suddenly did justice upon those servants which killed his father Joash, &c." With this quotation I was furnished by Mr. Malone.

A quarto volume of plays attributed to Shakspeare, with the cypher of King Charles II. on the back of it, is preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection. STEEVENS.

This play is in the graver part elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comick; he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life. JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE.

Persons Represented.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia:*

Mamillius, *his son.*

Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes, } *Sicilian Lords.*

Dion,

Another Sicilian Lord.

Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

Polixenes, *King of Bohemia:*

Florizel, *his son.*

Archidamus, *a Bohemian Lord.*

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

Autolycus, *a Rogue.*

Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*

Perdita, *Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*

Paulina, *Wife to Antigonus,*

Emilia, *a Lady,* } *attending the Queen.*

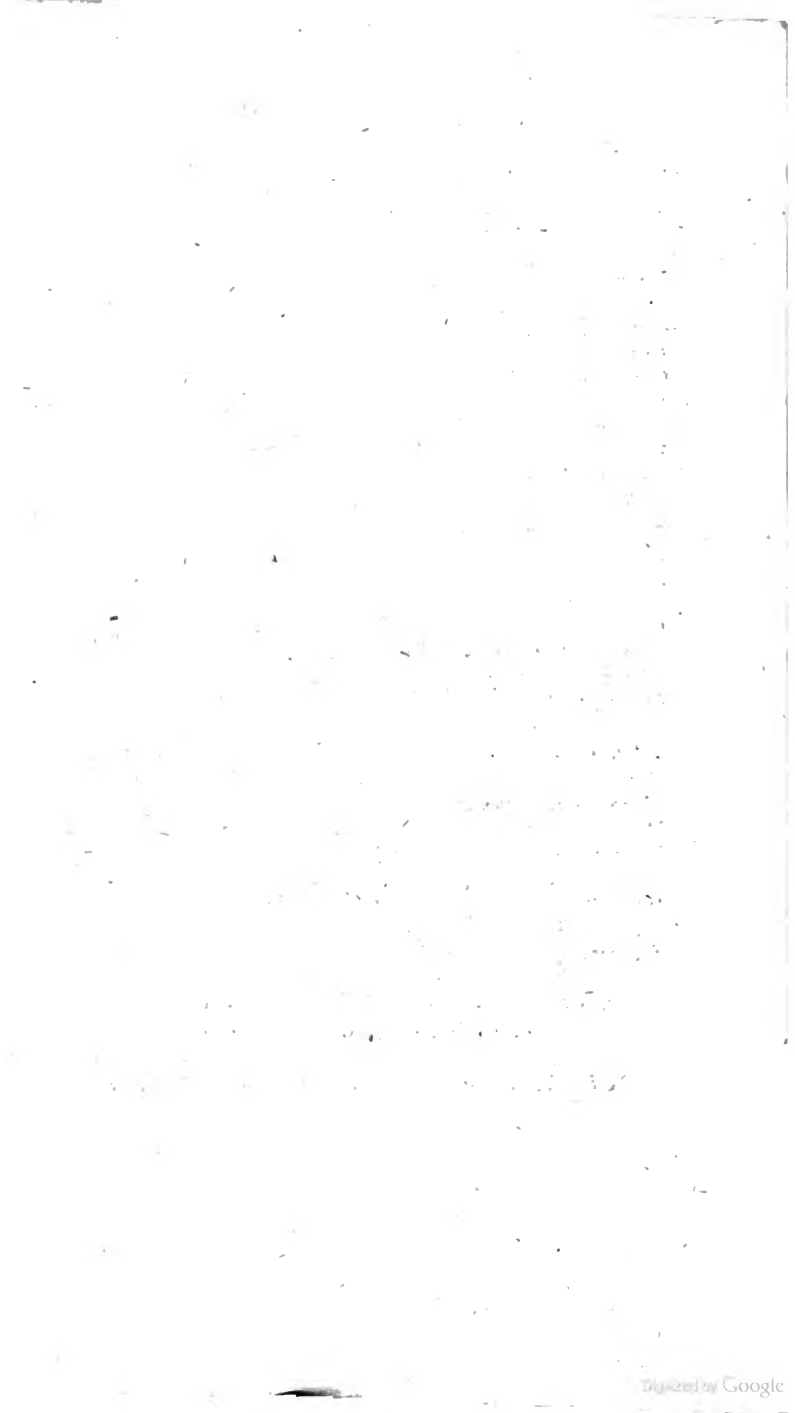
Two other Ladies, }

Mopsa, } *Shepherdesses.*

Dorcas, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, *sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.*



WINTER'S TALE¹.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO, and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot,

¹ This play, throughout, is written in the very spirit of its author: and in telling this homely and simple, though agreeable country tale,

“Our sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
“Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”

This was necessary to observe in mere justice to the play; as the meanness of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had misled some of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards sentiment and character, is scarce inferior to any in the whole collection.

WARBURTON.

At Stationer's Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered “A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime.*”

STEEVENS.

The story of this play is taken from the *Pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene.

JOHNSON.

In

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

VOL. VI.

O

Arch.

which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboducke*, he adds: "But if it be so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in all the rest, where you shall have Asia of the one side, and Affricke of the other, and so manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverfes she is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is sneered at by B. Jonson, in the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a servant-monster in the fair, who can help it, nor a nest of antiques? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *TALES*, *Tempests*, and such like drolleries." By the *nest of antiques*, the twelve satyrs who are introduced at the sheep shearing festival, are alluded to.—In his conversation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another stroke at his beloved friend: "He [Jonson] said, that Shakspeare wanted art, and sometimes sence, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonson, *the Winter's Tale* was not printed. These words therefore are a sufficient answer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle supposition that *Bohemia* was an error of the press for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I.

MALONE.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the historick plays of Shakspeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have discovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to queen Elizabeth) as an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. The address of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The subject was too delicate to be exhibited on the stage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured so home an allusion on any other ground than compliment. The unreasonable jealousy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in consequence, form a true portrait

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us,
we will be justified in our loves²: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch.

portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boisterous passions. Not only the general plan of the story is most applicable, but several passages are to be marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial says:

“ ———— for honour,

“ 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,

“ And only that I stand for.”

This seems to be taken from the very letter of Anna Boleyn to the king before her execution, where she pleads for the infant princess his daughter. Mamillius, the young prince, an unnecessary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the allusion, as queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a still-born son. But the most striking passage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, describing the new-born princess, and her likeness to her father, says, “*She has the very trick of his frown.*” There is another sentence indeed so applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I should suspect the poet inserted it after her death. Paulina, speaking of the child, tells the king:

“ ———— 'Tis yours;

“ And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

“ So like you, 'tis the worse.”

The *Winter's Tale* was therefore in reality a second part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himself much needless concern that Shakspeare should consider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was apt to believe that *Dorastus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play, but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules these geographical mistakes, when he makes the princess Micomicona land at Offuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia “delighted in navigation, and had never a sea-port in his dominions;” and my lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay “upon the sea.”—There is a similar mistake in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan. FARMER.

² *Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, &c.* Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the consciousness of our good-will shall justify us. JOHNSON.

We

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorney'd³, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds⁴. The heavens continue their loves!

O 2

Arch.

We meet with nearly the same sentiment in *Macbeth*:

“ ————— Being unprepar'd,
“ Our will became the servant to defect,
“ Which else should free have wrought.”

MALONE.

³ —royally attorney'd,] Nobly supplied by substitution of embassies, &c. JOHNSON.

⁴ —shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.] Shakespeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinshed, while writing the incantation of the weird sisters in *Macbeth*. There is also an allusion to a print of one of the Henries holding a sword adorned with crowns. In this passage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship. HENLEY.

Vast is the ancient term for *waste* uncultivated land. Over a *vast*, therefore means at a great and vacant distance from each other. *Vast*, however, may be used for the *sea*, as in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*:

“ Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges.”

STEEVENS.

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physicks the subject^s, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star have been
The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cypher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our absence: That may blow

No

^s —*physicks the subject,*] Affords a cordial to the state; has the power of assuaging the sense of misery. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

“The labour we delight in, *physicks* pain.”

STEEVENS.

No sneaping winds ⁶ at home, to make us say,
This is put forth too truly ⁷! Besides, I have stay'd
 To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
 Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that
 I'll no gain-faying.

Pol. Prefs me not, 'beseech you, so;
 There is no tongue that moves, none, none i'the world,
 So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
 Were there necessity in your request, although
 'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs
 Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
 Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay,
 To you a charge, and trouble: to save both,
 Farewel, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-ty'd, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace,
 until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir,
 Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure,
 All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction
 The by-gone day proclaim'd ⁸; say this to him,
 He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
 But let him say so then, and let him go;
 But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
 We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

O 3.

Yet

⁶ —That may blow

No sneaping winds—] May there blow. JOHNSON.

In an old translation of the famous *Akoran of the Franciscans*: "St. Francis observing the holiness of friar Juniper, said to the priors, *That I had a wood of such Junipers!*"

FARMER.

⁷ *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me say, *I had too good reason for my fears* concerning what might happen in my absence from home. MALONE.

⁸ —*this satisfaction, &c.*] We had satisfactory accounts yesterday of the state of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

Yet of your royal presence [*to Polix*] I'll adventure
 The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
 You take my lord, I'll give him my commission,
 To let him there a month¹, behind the gess¹
 Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good-deed², Leontes,
 I love thee not a jar o'the clock³ behind
 What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will.

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I,
 Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
 Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
 You shall not go; a lady's verily is
 As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force

¹ —I'll give him my commission,

To let him there a month,] "I'll give him my licence of absence, so as to obstruct or retard his departure for a month, &c." To let *him*, however, may be used as many other reflective verbs are by Shakspeare, for to let or hinder *himself*: then the meaning will be, "I'll give him my permission to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors read, I think, without necessity,—I'll give *you* my commission, &c. MALONE.

² —*behind the gess*] *Gests*, or rather *gifts*, from the Fr. *giste*, (which signifies both a bed, and a lodging-place,) were the names of the houses or towns where the king or prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a scroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furnished with a copy. MALONE.

³ —*good-deed*,] signifies *indeed*, *in very deed*, as Shakspeare in another place expresses it. *Good-deed* is used in the same sense by the earl of Surry, Sir John Hayward, and Gascoigne. STEEVENS.

³ —*a jar o'the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a single repetition of the noise made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ricking* of it. STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not suppose that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the seconds. See Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

So, in the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1610:—"the owle shrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clocke striking twelve." MALONE.

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say
you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily,
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:
To be your prisoner, should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit,
Than you to punish:

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings⁴ then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o'the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'the
sun,

And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours⁶:

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

O 4:

Pol.

⁴ —*lordings*—] This diminutive of *lord* is often used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd*] *Doctrine* is here used as a trisyllable. So *children, tickling*, and many others. The editor of the second folio inserted the word *no*, to supply a supposed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the subsequent editions.

MALONE.

⁶ —*the imposition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from the offence of our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to heaven.

WARBURTON.

With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal⁸;—
 My last good deed was, to entreat his stay;
 What was my first? it has an elder sister,
 Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
 But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
 Nay, let me have't: I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
 Three crabbed months had four'd themselves to death,
 Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
 And clap thyself my love⁹; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed¹.—
 Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
 The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;

O 5.

The

⁸—*But to the goal*;] means, I think, but to come to an end or conclusion of this matter. MALONE.

⁹ *And clap thyself my love*;] She open'd her hand, to clap the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phrase—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

“—Speak, widow, is't a match?”

“Shall we clap it up?”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“—and so clap hands, and a bargain.” STEEVENS.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakspeare-often alludes. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract

“Was fast belock'd in thine.”

Again, in *King John*:

“*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *close your hands.*

“*Auf.* And your lips too, for I am well assur'd,

“That I did so, when I was first assur'd.”

So also, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a Com. by Middleton, 1657:

“There these young lovers shall clap hands together.”

I should not have given so many instances of this custom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—“And clepe thyself my love,” has many favourers. The old copy has—*A clap, &c.* The correction was made by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

¹ *It is Grace, indeed!*] Referring to what she had just said—“O, would her name were *Grace!*” MALONE.

The other, for some while a friend. [*giving her hand to Pol'*
Leo. Too hot, too hot: [*Afide.*

To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
 I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
 But not for joy,—not joy—This entertainment
 May a free face put on; derive a liberty
 From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom²,
 And well become the agent: It may, I grant:
 But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
 As now they are; and making practis'd smiles,
 As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 'twere
 The mort o'the deer³; O, that is entertainment
 My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
 Art thou my boy?

Man. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. P'fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock⁴. What, hast smutch'd thy
 nose?

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
 We must be neat⁵; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
 And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
 Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling⁶

[*observing Polixenes and Hermione.*

— Upon

² —*from bounty, fertile bosom.*] I suppose that a letter dropped out at the press, and would read—*from bounty's fertile bosom.* MALONE.

³ *The mort o'the deer.*] A lesson upon the horn at the death of the deer. THEOBALD.

⁴ *Why, that's my bawcock.*] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq*. It is still said in vulgar language that such a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game*. The word has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, and is one of the titles by which Pistol speaks of *King Henry the Fifth*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *We must be neat;*—] Leontes, seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, *we must be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he says, *not neat, but cleanly*. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*Still virginalling*] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals*. JOHNSON.

A *virginal*, as I am inform'd, is a very small kind of spinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the lessons in it have proved so difficult, as to baffle our most expert players on the harpsichord. STEEVENS.

A *virginal* was strung like a spinnet, and shaped like a *pianoforte*. MALONE.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that
I have,

To be full like me⁸—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will fay any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dy'd blacks⁹, as wind, as waters; false

As:

⁷ *Thou want'st a rough path, and the shoots that I have,*] Not having met with the substantive *pass* in any English author, I once suspected that Shakspeare wrote—a rough *pass*. A hedge, when it is become too thin, is strengthened by cutting some of the long branches, and interweaving them with the *shoots* that remain. This process is at this day in some places called *plashing*, and the branches so interwoven (which stand out, and consequently make the hedge rougher than it was before,) are termed *plashes*. So, in *K. Henry V*:

“—her hedges even-pleach'd,—

“Like prisoners wildy over-grown with hair, .

“Put forth disorder'd twigs.”

But I have lately learned that *pass* in Scotland signifies a *head*. The old reading therefore may stand. Many words that are now used only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole island of Great Britain, or at least to the northern part of England. In Turkey *basch*, and perhaps *pasch* also, has the same signification. Hence *Bashaw*, or, as it is sometimes written *Pacha*: The meaning therefore of the present passage, I suppose, is this. *You tell me* (says Leontes to his son) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the horned bull: thou wantest the rough head and the horns of that animal, completely to resemble your father.*

Sir T. Hanmer says, *Paz*, in Spanish is a *kiss*. If he could have shewn that *paz* or *pass*, was an English noun, and that it signified (not a *kiss*, but) a *face* or *head*, his observation might have thrown some light on the passage before us; which it certainly does not at present. MALONE.

⁸ *To be full like me.*] *Full* is here as in other places, used by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me.

MALONE.

⁹ *As o'er-dy'd blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer understands, *black* died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradesmen to dye their faded or damaged stuffs, black. *O'er-dy'd blacks* may mean those which have received a dye over their former colour.

There

As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
 No bourn¹ 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
 To say, this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
 Look on me with your welkin-eye²: Sweet villain!
 Most dear'st! my collop³!—Can thy dam?—may't be?
 Affection! thy intention stabs the center⁴:

Thou

There is a passage in *The old Law of Massinger*, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

"Blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
 "There is no credit given to't, it has lost
 "All reputation by false sons and widows:
 "I would not hear of blacks."

It seems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 16c8:

"——— in so many blacks
 "I'll have the church hung round."

Black, however, will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it. "*Lanarum nigra nullum colorem tibunt.*" Plin. *Nat. Hist.* lib. viii. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—as false as blacks dyed over with another colour, which they may assume for a time, but the *falsehood* will soon be discovered by the original black appearing.

Mr. Steevens at the end of his note suggested that this might be the meaning, and the following passage in a book which our author had certainly read inclines me to believe that it is the true interpretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was blacke, and therefore it coul' take no other colour." *Lily's Eupheus and his England*, 2to. 1580. MALONE.

¹ No bourn—] *Bourn* is boundary. STEEVENS.

² —welkin-eye:] Blue eye; an eye of the same colour with the *welkin*, or sky. JOHNSON.

³ —my collop!] So, in the *First Part of K. Henry VI*:

"God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh."

STEEVENS.

⁴ Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:] *Affection*, I believe, signifies *imagination*. Thus, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"——— affections,

"Masters of passion, sway it," &c.

i. e. *imagination*s govern our *passions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expresses it, "when the mind with great earnestness, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, considers it on every side, and will not be called off by the ordinary solicitation of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind seems to be what affects Leontès so deeply, or in Shakspeare's language,—*stabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

I think

as appearing to the surprised

unfaithful love of Hermione. as if he said
 Can thy brother betray it he. O love thy influence
 & supreme; & no circumstances &c. can prevent
 execution of thy dictates.

Thou dost make possible, things not so held⁵,
 Communicat'ft with dreams;—(How can this be?)—
 With what's unreal thou coactive art,
 And fellow'ft nothing: Then, 'tis very credent⁶,
 Thou may'ft co-join with something; and thou dost;
 (And that beyond commiffion; and I find it,)
 And that to the infection of my brains,
 And hard'ning of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you mov'd, my lord⁸?

Leon. No, in good earnest.—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
 Its tendernefs; and make itself a paftime

To

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately, "the disposition of the mind when strongly *affected* or possessed by a particular idea." And in a kindred sense at least to this, it is used in the passage quoted from the *Merchant of Venice*, where the original reading is not *affections* but *affection*.—*Intention* is again used in the same sense as here, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "She did so course o'er my exteriors, with such a greedy *intention*," &c. MALONE.

⁵ *Thou dost make possible, things not so held,*] i. e. thou dost make those things possible, which are conceived to be impossible. JOHNSON.

To express the speaker's meaning, it is necessary to make a short pause after the word *possible*. I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in strictness it is improper.

MALONE.

⁶ —*credent,*] i. e. credible. So, in *Measure for Measure*, Act V. sc. v:

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *What cheer? how is't with you best brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes on the suggestion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the same emendation. MALONE.

⁸ *Are you mov'd, my lord?*] We have again the same expression on the same occasion in *Othello*:

Iago. "I see my Lord you are *mov'd*."

Othel. "No, not much *mov'd*, not much." MALONE.

To harder bosoms! [*aside.*]—Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Left it should bite its master⁹, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash¹, this gentleman:—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money²?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon.

⁹—*my dagger muzzled,*
[*Left it should bite its master, &c.*] So, in another place:
"I have a sword will bite upon my necessity." And, in *King
Lear*:

"I have seen the day with my good biting Faulchion

"I would have made them skip." HENLEY.

¹ *This squash.*] MALONE.

² *Will you take eggs for money?*] This seems to be a proverbial expression, used when a man sees himself wronged and makes no resistance. Its original, or precise meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's nest; he therefore that has eggs laid in his nest, is said to be *cucullatus, cuckow'd, or cuckold.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial saying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you design to affront? Mamillius's answer plainly proves it. *Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakspeare's phrase in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight*, 1633:—"I shall have eggs for my money; I must hang myself." STEEVENS.

Leontes seems only to ask his son, if he will fly from an enemy. In the following passage the phrase is evidently to be taken in that sense: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and the cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge, but after the first head *they will take eggs for their money.*" Relations of the most famous Kingdoms and common wealths thorowout the world, quarto, 1650, p. 154.

REED.

This phrase seems to me to have meant originally,—Are you such a poltron as to suffer another to use you as he pleases, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of so small a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly consistent with the passage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* seems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame snake*.

The

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole³—
My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, fir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, shew in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's
Apparent⁴ to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be

The following passage in Campion's History of Ireland, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this passage; and shews that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you suffer yourself to be cajoled or imposed upon?*—
“What my cousin Desmond hath compassed, as I know not, so I bespew his naked heart for holding out so long.—But go to, suppose hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Ossory, who, notwithstanding his high promises, having also the king's power, is glad to take eggs for his money; and to bring him in at leisure.”

These words make part of the defence of the earl of Kildare, in answer to a charge brought against him by Cardinal Wolsey, that he had not been sufficiently active in endeavouring to take the earl of Desmond, then in rebellion. In this passage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, *to be trifled with, or to be imposed upon.*

“For money” means, *in the place of money.* “Will you give me money, and take eggs instead of it?” MALONE.

³—*happy man be his dole!*] May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant.

JOHNSON.

Be you beneath the sky :—I am angling now, [*aside.*
 Though you perceive me not how I give line.

Go to, go to! [*observing Polix. and Her.*

How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!

And arms her with the boldness of a wife

To her allowing husband! Gone already;

Inch-thick, knee deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one⁶.

[*Exeunt POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I

Play too; but so disgrac'd a part, whose issue

Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour

Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have
 been,

Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;

And many a man there is, even at this present,

Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,

That little thinks she hath been stuc'd in his absence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,

Whiles other men have gates: and those gates open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair,

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind

Would hang themselves. Physick for't there is none;

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike

Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,

From east, west, north, and south: Be it concluded,

No barricado for a belly; know it;

It will let in and out the enemy,

With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us

Have the disease, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mast. I am like you, they say⁸.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—

What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon

⁵ To her allowing husband!] *Allowing* in old language is approving. MALONE.

⁶ —a fork'd one.] That is, a horn'd one; a cuckold.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

“Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,

“When we do quicken.” MALONE.

⁸ —they say.] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Leon. Go play, Marnilius; thou'rt an honest man.—

[Exit MARNILIUS.]

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold,
When you cast out, it still came home¹.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material¹.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already²; whispering, rounding³,
Sicilia is a—so forth⁴: 'Tis far gone,

When

¹ —*it still came home.*] This is a sea-faring expression, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* STEEVENS.

¹ ————made

His business more material.] i. e. the more you requested him to stay, the more urgent he represented that business to be which summoned him away. STEEVENS.

² *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but casual observers, people accidentally present.

THIRLBY.

³ —*whispering, rounding.*] *To round in the ear,* is to whisper, or to tell secretly. The expression is very copiously explained by M. Casaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.*

JOHNSON.

The word appears to have been sometimes written *rown*. See Speed's *Hist. of Great Britaine*, 1614, p. 906.

MALONE.

⁴ *Sicilia is a—so forth.*] In regulating this line I have adopted a hint suggested by Mr. Mason. I have more than once observed that almost every abrupt sentence in these plays is corrupted. These words without the break now introduced are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whispering to each other, “Sicilia is a *cuckhold*, a tame *cuckhold*,” to which (says he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;” for such, I suppose, the meaning of the words—*so forth*. He avoids naming the word *cuckhold* from a horror of the very sound. I suspect, however, that our author wrote—*Sicilia is—and so forth*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*: I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and *so following*.”

In the *Taming of the Shrew*, a line is printed in the old copy with the same inaccuracy which we find here:

“And, when he says he *is*, say that he dreams.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“I saw

When I shall gust it last 5.—How came't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be pertinent;
But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is foaking 6, will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes 7,
Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon.

"I saw him enter such a house of sale,

" (*Videlicet*, a brothel) or so forth."

Again, more appositely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"—with a dish of carraways, AND so forth."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*: "Is not birth, beauty,
good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, AND so forth, the
spice and salt that season a man?" MALONE.

5 —gust it—] i. e. taste it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus sciet ultimus." *JUV. Sat. 10.*

MALONE.

6 —is foaking,] Thy conceit is of an *absorbent* nature, will
draw in more, &c. seems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

7 —lower messes,] I believe, *lower messes* is only used as
an expression to signify the lowest degrees about the court.
See *Anstis. Ord. Gart.* i. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry
began the borde in presence: the earl of Arundel washed
with him, and sat both at the *first messe*." At every great
man's table the visitants were anciently, as at present, placed
according to their consequence or dignity, but with addi-
tional marks of inferiority, viz. of sitting below the great
saltfeller placed in the center of the table, and of having
coarser provisions set before them.—Inferiority of understand-
ing is on this occasion comprehended in the idea of inferiority
of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *messes* in the great families of our
ancient nobility, see the *Household Book* of the 5th earl of
Northumberland, octavo, 1770. PERCY.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward;
Which hoxes honesty behind^s, restraining
From course requir'd: Or else thou must be counted
A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent: or else a fool;
That see'st a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance^s, 'twas a fear

Which

^s —hoxes *honesty behind*,] To *hox* is to hamstring. So, in Knolles's *Hist. of the Turks*: "—alighted, and with his sword *hoxed* his horse." K. James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to punish "*hochares*, or slayers of horse, oxen," &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or hamstring. MALONE.

^s *Whereof the execution did cry out Against the non-performance*,] This is one of the expressions by which Shakspeare too frequently clouds his meaning.

JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—"the *now* performance," which gives

Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
 Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
 Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
 Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
 By its own visage: If I then deny it,
 'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
 (But that's past doubt: you have; or your eye-glass
 Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
 (For, to a vision so apparent, rumour,
 Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think ')

My

gives us this very reasonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, such circumstances discovered themselves, as made it prudent to suspend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I have preserved this note, because I think it a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt, that Shakspeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himself in the same manner; but it is clear that he should have written, either—"against the performance," or "for the non-performance." In the *Merchant of Venice* our author has entangled himself in the same manner: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;" where either *impediment* should be *cause*, or to let him lack, should be, to prevent his obtaining. Again, in *King Lear*:

"————— I have hope
 " You less know how to value her desert,
 " Than she to scant her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"————— I ne'er heard yet,
 " That any of these bolder vices wanted
 " Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
 " Than to perform it first."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

" Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!"

MALONE.

1 ———— (for cogitation
 Resides not in that man, that does not think)] Mr. Theobald in a Letter subjoined to one edition of the *Double Falshood* has quoted this passage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himself can be his parallel."
 "Who does not see at once (says he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the same light this passage should seem to have appeared to all the subsequent editors, who read, with the editor of the second folio, "—that does

My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then say,
My wife's a hobby-horse²; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say it, and justify it,

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true³.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses⁴?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web⁵, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world; and all that's in't, is nothing;
The

does not think it." But the old reading, I am persuaded, is right. This is not an abstract proposition. The whole context must be taken together. Have you not thought (says Leontes) my wife is slippery (for cogitation resides not in the man that does not think *my wife is slippery*)?² The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the necessity of a parenthesis, are evidently to be connected in construction with it: and consequently the seeming absurdity attributed by Theobald to the passage, arises only from misapprehension. In this play, from whatever cause it has arisen, there are more involved and parenthetical sentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.*

MALONE.

² —a *hobby-horse*;] Old Copy—*holy-horse*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ ————— were sin
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your suspicion is as great a sin as would be that, (if committed,) for which you suspect her. WARB.

⁴ —meeting noses? Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noses*; that is, *measuring noses*. JOHNSON.

⁵ —the pin and web,] Disorders in the eye. See *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. iv. STEVENS.

Which should undo more doing 7: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I, from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'ft see
Plainly, as heaven fees earth, and earth fees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ft be-spice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink 8;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work
Maliciously, like poison 9: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee 1,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot 2!

Doff

7 —more doing:] The latter word is used here in a wanton sense. MALONE.

8 —a lasting wink:] So, in the *Tempest*:

“To the perpetual *wink* for aye might put

“This ancient morsel.” STEEVENS.

9 —————with no rash potion,—

Maliciously, like poison:] Rash is hasty, as in another place, rash gunpowder. Maliciously is malignantly, with effects openly hurtful. JOHNSON.

1 —————But I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,

So sovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee.—] The commentators have differed much in explaining this passage, and some have wished to transfer the words—“I have lov'd thee,” from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words “being honourable” should be placed in a parenthesis, and the full-point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of these words, ought to be omitted. The sense will then be: *Having ever had the highest respect for you, and thought you so estimable, and honourable a character, so worthy of the love of my mistress, I cannot believe that she has played you false, has dishonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the king instances of his love, and is interrupted. I see no sufficient reason for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee*, from Camillo to Leontes. In the original copy there is a comma at the end of Camillo's speech, to denote an abrupt speech. MALONE.

2 *Make that thy question, and go rot!*] This refers to what Camillo has just said, relative to the queen's chastity:

————— I cannot

Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
 To appoint myself in this vexation ?
 Sully the purity and whiteness of
 My sheets, which to preserve, is sleep ; which being
 Spotted, is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps ?
 Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
 Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine ;
 Without ripe moving to't ? Would I do this ?
 Could man so blench ?

Cam. I must believe you, sir ;
 I do ; and will fetch off Bohemia for't :
 Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
 Will take again your queen, as yours at first ;
 Even for your son's sake ; and, thereby, for sealing
 The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
 Known and ally'd to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
 Even so as I mine own course have set down :
 I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
 Go then ; and with a countenance as clear
 As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
 And with your queen : I am his cup-bearer ;
 If from me he have wholesome beverage,
 Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all :
 Do't, and thou hast the one half of my heart ;
 Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon.

————— I cannot

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress—
 Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's
 disloyalty, which is so clear a point,) a subject of debate or
 discussion, and go rot ! Dost thou think, I am such a fool as
 to torment myself, and to bring disgrace on me and my chil-
 dren, without sufficient grounds ? MALONE.

Question in our author very often signifies *conversation*.

STEEVENS.

3 *Could man so blench ?*] To *blench* is to start off, to shrink.
 So, in *Hamlet* :

“—if he but *blench*,
 “I know my course.”

Leontes means—could any man so start or fly off from pro-
 priety of behaviour ? STEEVENS.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[*Exit LEONTES.*]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a master; one,
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands, that had struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't⁴: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itself forswear't. I must
Forfake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance,
As he had lost some province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me⁵; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

VOL. VI.

P

Cam.

⁴ *If I could find example, &c.*] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time.

BLACKSTONE.

⁵ ————when he

Wasting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me.] This is a stroke of nature worthy of Shakspeare. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred. MASON.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine chang'd too: for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better,
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle?—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is

⁶ *Do you know, and dare not*

Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confess to me that you know?* TYRWHITT.

⁷ *In whose success we are gentle, I know not whether success here does not mean succession.* JOHNSON.

Gentle in the text is evidently opposed to *simple*; alluding to the distinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Infatiate Countess*, 1631:

“And make thee *gentle*, being born a beggar.”

In whose *success* we are *gentle*, may mean in consequence of whose *success* in life, &c. STEEVENS.

I think Dr. Johnson's explanation of *success* the true one.

MALONE.

Is creeping toward me ; how far off, how near ;
Which way to be prevented, if to be ;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you ;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable : Therefore, mark my counsel ;
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it ; or both yourself and me
Cry, *loft*, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you⁸.

Pol. By whom, Camillo ?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what ?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't⁹,—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly ; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the best !
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A favour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive ; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard, or read !

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences², you may as well

P 2

Forbid

⁸ *I am appointed Him to murder you.*] i. e. I am the person appointed to murder you. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I.

“ *Him* that thou magnify'st with all these titles,
“ Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet.”

MALONE.

⁹ *To vice you to't,*] i. e. to draw, persuade you.

WARBURTON.

The *vice* is an instrument well known ; its operation is to hold things together. So the bailiff speaking of Falstaff : “ *If he come but within my vice,*” &c. STEEVENS.

¹ —his, that did betray *the best* !] Perhaps *Judas*. The word *best* is spelt with a capital letter thus, *Best*, in the first folio. HENDERSON:

² *Swear his thought over*

By each particular star in heav:n, &c.] Swear his thought over

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
 As or, by oath, remove, or counsel, shake,
 The fabrick of his folly: whose foundation
 Is pil'd upon his faith³, and will continue
 The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
 Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
 If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
 That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
 Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
 Your followers I will whisper to the business;
 And will, by twos, and threes, at several posterns
 Clear them o'the city: For myself, I'll put
 My fortunes to your service, which are here
 By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
 For, by the honour of my parents, I
 Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
 I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
 Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
 His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thine hand;
 Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
 Still neighbour mine⁴: My ships are ready, and
 My people did expect my hence departure
 Two days ago.—This jealousy
 Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,

Must

over may perhaps mean, *over swear his present persuasion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by swearing oaths numerous as the stars. JOHNSON.

Swear his thought over may mean, Though you should endeavour to *swear away his jealousy*,—though you should strive, by your oaths, to change his present thoughts.—The vulgar still use a similar expression: "To *swear* a person *down*." MALONE.

³ ———— *whose foundation*

Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of settled belief. STEEVENS.

⁴ ———— *and thy places shall*

Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—And thy *paces* shall, &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path.—The old reading however may mean,—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee.

MALONE.

Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
 Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
 He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
 Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
 In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-shades me:
 Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
 The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
 Of his ill-ta'en suspicion^s! Come, Camillo;
 I will respect thee as a father, if
 Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
 The keys of all the posterns: Please your highness
 To take the urgent hour: come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
 'Tis past enduring.

1. Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
 Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1. Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kifs me hard; and speak to me as if

P 3

I were

^s *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] *Comfort* is, I apprehend, here
 used as a verb. *Good expedition* befriend me, by removing
 me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen,
 by removing the object of her husband's jealousy;—the queen,
 who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the
 object of his suspicion!—We meet with a similar phraseology
 in *Twelfth Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know
 of the knight, what my offence to him is; it is *something of*
my negligence, nothing of my purpose." Dr. Warburton reads—
 the gracious queen's; i. e. "be expedition my friend, and
 comfort the queen's friend;" and Dr. Johnson thinks his
 emendation just. MALONE.

I were a laby still.—I love you better.

2. *Lady.* And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2. *Lady.* Who taught you this⁶?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1. *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2. *Lady.* Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince,
One of these days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1. *Lady.* She is spread of late

Into a goodly bulk; Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell us a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall it be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter?⁷
I have one of sprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good sir:

Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprights; you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it softly;
You crickets shall not hear it.

Her.

⁶ *Who taught you this?*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ *A sad tale's best for winter:*] Hence, I suppose, the title of the play. TYRWHITT.

This supposition may be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

“Yet not the lays of birds, &c.

“Could make me any *summer's story* tell.”

STEEVENS.

Her. Come on then,
And give'r me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Others:

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1. *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never saw I men scour so on their way: I ey'd them even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure⁸? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge⁹!—How accurs'd,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd¹, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts²: I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—that false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him—
He hath discover'd my design, and I

P 4

Remain

⁸ *In my just censure?*] *Censure*, in the time of our author, was generally used, (as in this instance,) for judgment, opinion. So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verses prefixed to Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*, 1576:

“Wherefore, to write my *censure* of this book—”

MALONE.

⁹ *Alack, for lesser knowledge!*—] That is, *O that my knowledge were less.* JOHNSON.

¹ *A spider steep'd,*] This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, a pamphlet published in 1632: “—like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth.” MALONE.

That spiders were esteemed venomous appears by the evidence of a person who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair. “The countesse wished me to get the *strongest poison* that I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *seven—great spiders*, and cantharides.” HERDERSON.

² —*violent hefts:*] *Hests* are heavings, what is heaved up.

STEEVENSON.

Remain a pinch'd thing³; yea, a very trick.
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1. *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, *she is a goodly lady*, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity, *she's not honest, honourable*:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use;—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will fear

Virtue

3 *He hath discover'd my design, and I*

Remain a pinch'd thing;] The sense, I think, is, He hath now discovered my design, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they please. HEATH.

This sense is possible, but many other meanings might serve as well. JOHNSON.

The sense proposed by the author of the *Revisal* may be supported by the following passage in the *City Match*, by Jasper Maine, 1039:

“—*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid

“Like fishes, fowls, or faces.” STEEVENS.

The subsequent words—“a very *trick* for them to play at will,” appear strongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation.

MALONE.

Virtue itself⁴:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say she's honest: But be it known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake⁵.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Left barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should I like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said, with whom:
More, she's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her⁶; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal⁷, that she's

P 5,

A bed-

⁴ —for calumny will fear.

Virtue itself:] That is, will stigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ ————— my maiden's name

“ Sear'd otherwise.” HENLEY.

⁵ —you, my lord;

Do but mistake.] Otway had this passage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Castalio:

“ —Should the bravest man

“ That e'er wore conquering sword, but dare to whisper

“ What thou proclaim'it, he were the worst of liars:

“ My friend may be mistaken.” STEEVENS.

⁶ *A federary with her*;] *A federary* is a confederate, an accomplice. STEEVENS.

We should certainly read—a *feodary* with her. There is no such word as *federary*. MALONE.

⁷ *But with her most vile principal*.] One that knows what she should be ashamed of, even if the knowledge of it rested only in her own breast and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here used for *only*, renders this passage somewhat obscure. It has the same signification again in this scene:

“ He

My women may be with me; for, you see,
 My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools*;
 There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
 Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears,
 As I come out; this action¹, I now go on,
 Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
 I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
 I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

1. *Lord.* 'Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir; lest your justice
 Prove violence: in the which three great ones suffer,
 Yourself, your queen, your son.

1. *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
 I dare my lifelay down, and will do't, sir,
 Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
 I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
 In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
 She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
 I lodge my wife; I'll go in couples with her²;

Then:

*—*good fools*;] This in our author's time was a term of
 tenderness and pity. MALONE.

¹—*this action*;] The word *action* is here taken in the law-
 yer's sense, for *indictment*, *charge*, or *accusation*.

JOHNSON.

We cannot say that a person *goes on* an indictment, charge,
 or accusation. I believe, Hermione only means, "What I
 am now about to do." MASON. See the latter part of n. 8.
 p. 350. MALONE.

² *If it prove*

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where

I lodge my wife, &c.] If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll
 never truit my wife out of my sight; I'll always go in *couples*
 with her; and, in that respect, my house shall resemble a
 stable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is the
 place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I suppose,
 as well as our author, has occasionally seen dogs tied up in
 couples under the manger of a stable. A *dog-couple* is a term
 at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King*
John:

"To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
 "To crouch in litter of your stable planks."

1a

Then, when I feel, and see her, no farther trust her³;
 For every inch of woman in the world,
 Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
 If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1. *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:

You are abus'd, and by some putter-on*,
 That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
 I would land-damn him⁴: Be she honour-flaw'd,—
 I have

In the Teutonick language, *hund-stall*, or *dog-stable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *stable*, however may mean *station*, *stabilis statio*, and two distinct propositions may be intended. I'll keep my station in the same place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. MALONE.

³ Then, *when I feel, and see her*, &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly spelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. MALONE.

* —*some putter-on*,] Some instigator, See *Othello*, Act II. sc. last. MALONE.

⁴ *That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain, I would land-damn him*:] I am persuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the transcriber was deceived by similitude of sounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be ascertained; but the sentiment was probably similar to that in *Othello*:

“O heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold,” &c.
 I believe, we should read—land *dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

“His ears are stopp'd with *dust*; he's *dead*.”

Again, *ibid*:

“And stop't his gap of breath with fulsome *dust*.”

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

“The corps clapt fast in clotted *claye*,

“That here engrav'd doth lie—.”

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*:

“Speak to the knave?

“I'll ha' my *mouth* first *stopp'd with earth*.”

MALONE.

Land damn is probably one of those words which caprice brought into fashion, and which, after a short time, reason and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him; *condemn* him to quit the *land*. JOHNSON.

I have three daughters ; the eldest is eleven ;
 The second, and the third, nine, and some five ⁵ ;
 If this prove true, they'll pay for't : by mine honour,
 I'll geld them all ; fourteen they shall not see,
 To bring false generations : they are co-heirs ;
 And I had rather glib myself ⁶, than they
 Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease ; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold
 As is a dead man's nose : but I do see't, and feel't ;
 As you feel, doing thus, and see withal
 The instruments that feel ⁷.

Ant.

⁵ *The second and the third, nine, and some five ;*] This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third.*" But it is sufficiently clear, *referendo singula singulis.* *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is some five years old.* The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear* :

" For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,
 " Lag of a brother."

The editor of the second folio reads—*sons* five ; startled probably by the difficulty that arises from the subsequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author answer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, shews it may be done, Shakspeare undoubtedly wrote *some* ; for were we, with the ignorant editor above-mentioned, to read—*sons* five, then the second and third daughter would both be of the same age ; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reasonable to suppose. Besides ; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but sons never. MALONE.

⁶ *And I had rather glib myself ;*] For *glib*, I think, we should read—*lib*, which in the northern language is the same as geld. GREY.

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they say, to *glib* a boar, to *glib* a horse. STEEVENS.

⁷ —but I do see't, and feel't ;

As you feel, doing thus, and see withal

The instruments tha' feel.] I see and feel my disgrace, as you, *Antigonus*, now feel me, on my doing thus to you, and as you now see the instruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus* :

" ————— all the body's members

" Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it :—

" That

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1. Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth⁸, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,

That

"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.

"———where, the other *instruments*

"Did see, hear, devise, instruct, walk, *feel*, &c."

Leontes must here be supposed to lay hold of either the beard
or arm, or some other part, of Antigonus. See a subsequent
note in the last scene of this act. MALONE.

⁸ ———*which,—if you—*

Relish a truth,] Thus the old copy. Our author is fre-
quently inaccurate in the construction of his sentences, and the
conclusion of them do not always correspond with the begin-
ning. So before, in this play:

"———*who,—if I*

"Had servants true about me,—

"———they would do that," &c.

The late editions read—*as truth*; which is certainly more-
grammatical; but a wish to reduce our author's phraseology
to the modern standard, has been the source of much error
in the regulations of his text. MALONE.

That lack'd fight only, nought for approbation⁹,
 But only seeing, all other circumstances
 Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceeding:
 Yet, for a greater confirmation,
 (For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
 Most piteous to be wild,) I have dispatch'd in post,
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
 Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
 Of stuff'd sufficiency¹: Now, from the oracle
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
 Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1. *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfy'd, and need no more
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
 Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
 Whose ignorant credulity will not
 Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
 From our free person she should be confin'd;
 Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
 Be left her to perform². Come, follow us;
 We are to speak in publick: for this business
 Will raise us all.

Ant. [*aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
 If the good truth were known.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter PAULINA, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him:

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady?

No

⁹ —nought for approbation,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. JOHNSON.

¹ —stuff'd sufficiency;] That is, of abilities more than enough. JOHNSON.

² Lest that the treachery of the two, &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot again't his life and crown*, and that *Hermione is federary with Polixenes and Camillo*.

JOHNSON.

No court in Europe is too good for thee ;
 What dost thou then in prison ? — Now, good fir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not ?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
 And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
 Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam ; to the contrary
 I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
 To lock up honesty and honour from
 The access of gentle visitors ! — Is it lawful,
 Pray you, to see her women ? any of them ?
 Emilia ?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
 Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
 Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attend.*]

Keep. And, madam, I must be present
 At your conference.

Paul. Well, be it so, pr'ythee.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
 As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares your gracious lady ?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
 May hold together : On her frights, and griefs,
 (Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
 She is, something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy ?

Emil. A daughter ; and a goodly babe,
 Lusty, and like to live : the queen receives
 Much comfort in't : says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn : —

There

These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the king³! beshrew
them!

He must be told on't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister;
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more:—Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest: We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o'the child;
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand: Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be deny'd.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have: If wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,

Having:

³ *These dangerous unsafe lunes o'the the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, observed this word adopted in our tongue, to signify *frenzy, lunacy*. But it is a mode of expression with the French.—*Il y a de la lune*: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune, folie. Les femmes ont des lunes dans la tete. Richelet.*"

THEOBALD.

The old copy has—*i'the king*. This slight correction was made by Mr. Steevens: MALONE.

Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, fir:

The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchis'd: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other Attendants.

Leon. Nor night, nor day, no rest: It is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being;—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress;—for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain⁴, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1. Atten. My lord?

[*advancing.*]

Leon. How does the boy?

1. Atten. He took good rest to-night; 'tis hop'd,
His sickness is discharg'd.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,

And

⁴ ———— out of the blank

And level of my brain,] Beyond the aim of any attempt
that I can make against him. *Blank* and *level* are terms of
archery. JOHNSON.

And down-right languish'd.—Leave me solely^s : go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Attend.*.]—Fye, fye! no thought
of him ;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty ;
And in his parties, his alliance⁶.—Let him be,
Until a time may serve : for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me ; make their pastime at my sorrow,
They should not laugh, if I could reach them ; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1. *Lord.* You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul ;
More free, than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1. *Attend.* Madam, he hath not slept to-night ; com-
manded
None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good fir ;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking : I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true ;
Honest, as either ; to purge him of that humour,
That

^s —*Leave me solely.*] That is, leave me alone.

MASON.

⁶ *The very thought of my revenges that way,
Recoil upon me : in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.*—] So, in *Dorastus and
Fawnia* : “ Pandosto, although he felt that *revenge* was a
spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth Steele, yet he
saw Egisthus was not only of great puillance and prowesse to
withstand him, but also had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd
him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of
Russia's daughter.” Our author, it is observable, whether
from forgetfulness or design, has made this lady the wife (not
of Egisthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes.

MALONE.

That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise there, ho?

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, can't not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dares
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,⁵
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen! I say, good
queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you⁶.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul.

⁵ —in comforting your evils,] To comfort, in old language is to aid and encourage. It is still so used in legal proceedings. Evils here mean wicked courses. MALONE.

⁶ And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.] The worst means only the lowest. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you" may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So a better man, the best man in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. MALONE.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me : on mine own accord, I'll off ;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter ;
Here 'tis ; commends it to your blessing.

[Laying down the child.

Leon. Out !

A mankind witch ⁷ ! Hence with her, out o'door :
A most intelligencing bawd !

Paul. Not so :

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so intitling me : and no less honest
Than you are mad ; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors !

Will you not push her out ? Give her the bastard :—
Thou dotard, [to Ant.] thou art woman-tyr'd ⁸, un-
roofed.

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard ;
Take't up, I say ; give't to thy crone ⁹.

Paul.

⁷ *A mankind witch!*] A *mankind* woman, is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage. Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women ; therefore Sir Hugh, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, “ *that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*” JOHNSON.

So, in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

“ Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may't strike her.”

Again, in A. Fraunce's *Ivievechurch*: he is speaking of the golden age:

“ Stoorly lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankind*.” STEEVENS.

Mankind may signify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, mischief or wickedness, and *kind*, nature. TOLLET.

⁸ —*thou art woman-tyr'd* ;] *Woman-tyr'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman. The phrase is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakspeare. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ ———— the vultur tires

“ Upon the eagle's heart.”

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old story book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

⁹ —*thy crone*.] i. e. the old worn-out woman. A *croan* is an old toothless sheep: thence an old woman. STEEVENS.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness,
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere past all
doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul: Nor I; nor any,
But one that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not
(For, as the cause now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was found.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou

Tak'st up the princess, by that forced baseness] Leontes
had ordered Antigonus to *take up the bastard*; Paulina forbids
him to touch the princess under that appellation. *Forced* is
false, uttered with violence to truth. JOHNSON.

A *base* son was a common term in our author's time. So,
in *K. Lear*:

“——— Why brand they us

“ With *base*? with *baseness*? bastardy? MALONE.

“ —his babe's,] The female infant then on the stage.

MALONE.

The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles²;
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
 And, thou, good goddess nature, which hast made it
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
 No yellow in't³; lest she suspect, as he does,
 Her children not her husband's!⁴

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel⁵, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
 That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,
 That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
 Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
 Can do no more.

Leon.

² —his smiles;] These two redundant words might be rejected, especially as the child has already been represented as the inheritor of its father's *dimples and frowns*. STEEVENS.

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of using words of two syllables, as monosyllables. So *eldest, highest, lover, either, &c.* *Dimples* is, I believe, employed so here; and *of his*, when contracted, or founded quickly, make but one syllable likewise. In this view there is no redundancy. MALONE.

³ *No yellow in't* ;] *Yellow* is the colour of jealousy.

JOHNSON.

So, Nym says in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, "I will possess him with *yellowness*." STEEVENS.

⁴ ———— *lest she suspect, as he does,*

Her children not her husband's!] In the ardour of composition Shakspeare seems here to have forgotten the difference of sexes. No suspicion that the babe in question might entertain of her future husband's *fidelity*, could affect the legitimacy of her offspring. Unless she were *herself* a "bed-swarver," (which is not supposed), she could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealousy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the present instance, a pang that it can never give. MALONE.

⁵ *And, lozel,*] A *lozel* is a worthless fellow. STEEVENS.

"A *lozel* is one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off, his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewd and careless of credit and honesty." *Verstigan's Restitution*, 1634. p. 335.

REED.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not she, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) something favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?—
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you,
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone. [Exit.]

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1. Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1. Lord. 'Beseech your highness give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech,
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows :—
 Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
 And call me father? Better burn it now,
 Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live :
 It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

[to Antigonus.

You, that have been so tenderly officious
 With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
 To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
 So sure as this beard's grey⁶,—what will you adventure
 To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
 That my ability may undergo,
 And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
 I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
 To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword⁷,
 Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it (see'st thou?) for the fail
 Of any point in't shall not only be
 Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
 Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
 As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
 This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
 To some remote and desert place, quite out
 Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
 Without more mercy, to its own protection,
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
 On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
 That thou commend it strangely to some place⁸,

VOL. VI.

Q

Where

⁶ *So sure as this beard's grey,*] The king must mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on a former occasion, it was intended, he should lay hold of. Leon-tes has himself told us that twenty three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of course his age at the opening of this play must be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. MALONE.

⁷ *Swear by this sword,*] It was anciently the custom to swear by the cross on the handle of a sword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. sc. v. STEEVENS.

⁸ —commend it strangely to some place,] Commit it to some place, as a stranger, without more provision.

JOHNSON.

So

Where chance may nurse, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit, with the child.*]

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

1. *Attend.* Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

1. *Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publickly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*]

So, in *Macbeth*:

“ I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
“ And so I do commend you to their backs.”

MALONE.

9 —and blessing,] i. e. the favour of heaven. MALONE.

1 —condemn'd to loss,] i. e. to exposure, similar to that of a child whom its parents have lost. I once thought that *loss* was here licentiously used for *destruction*; but that this was not the primary sense here intended, appears from a subsequent passage, Act III. sc. iii:

“ ——— Poor wretch,

“ That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd

“ To loss, and what may follow!” MALONE.

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

The same. A Street in some town.

Enter CLEOMENES, and DION.*

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle²; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me³, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deaf'ning voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpriz'd my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't⁴.

Q 2

Cleo.

* —*Cleomenes and Dion.*] These two names, and those of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. MALONE.

² *Fertile the isle;*] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an island, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakspeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an island of the Cyclades. WARBURTON.

In the *Hist. of Dorastus and Faunia*, the queen desires the king to send "six of his noblemen whom he best trusted, to the isle of Delphos," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *For most it caught me,*] It may relate to the whole spectacle. JOHNSON.

⁴ *The time is worth the use on't.*] If the event prove fortunate to the queen, *the time which we have spent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath cost us.* In other words, the happy issue of our journey will compensate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the same expression in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time we live, is worth the money we pay for it.*" MALONE.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up.)
Shall the contents discover, something rare.
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Court of Justice.

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This session (to our great grief, we pronounce)
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party try'd,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice; which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation⁵.—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded; PAULINA and Ladies
attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of
Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in
committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and
conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign
lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence⁶ whereof being
by

⁵ Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—] Mr. Roderick observes, that the word *even* is not to be understood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, signifying *equal* or *indifferent*.

STEEVENS.

⁶ —pretence—] Is, in this place, taken for a *scheme laid*, a *design formed*: to *pretend* means to *design*, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself; it shall scarce boot me
To say, *Not guilty*: mine integrity,
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus,—if powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do),
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience⁹.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least⁹ will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which* is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd.
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore

Q 3

Who

⁷—*mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounte*d* *wickedness*, my assertion of it will pass for a *lie*. *Falschood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V:

"He says, thou told'st him that his wife was *false*."

Again:

"—Thou art rash as fire

"To say that she was *false*." MALONE.

⁸ ——— *If powers divine*

Behold our human actions, (as they do),

I doubt not then but innocence shall make

False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience.] Our author has here closely followed the novel of *Dorastus and Faunia*, 1583: "If the *divine powers* be privie to *human actions*, (as no doubt they are,) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush*, and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit." MALONE.

⁹ Who least—] Old Copy—*Whom* least. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

* —*which*—] That is, which unhappiness. MALONE.

Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it¹
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare²: for honour,
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine³,
 And only that I stand for. I appeal
 To your own conscience⁴, sir, before Polixenes
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
 How merited to be so; since he came,
 With what encounter so uncurrent I
 Have strain'd, to appear thus⁵: if one jot beyond

The

¹ — *For life, I prize it, &c.*] Life is to me now only grief, and as such only is considered by me; I would therefore willingly dismiss it. JOHNSON.

² *I would spare:] To spare any thing is to let it go, to quit the possession of it.* JOHNSON.

³ *'Tis a derivative from me to mine,]* This sentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Ecclesiasticus* chap. iii. verse 11, cannot be too often impressed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and a mother in dishonour, is a reproach unto her children."

STEEVENS.

⁴ ——— *I appeal*

To your own conscience, &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Fautia*: "How I have led my life before Egisthus' coming, I appeal, Pando, to the Gods, and to thy conscience." MALONE.

⁵ ——— *since he came,*

With what encounter so uncurrent I

Have strain'd to appear thus:] The sense seems to be this:—*What sudden slip have I made, that I should catch a wrench in my character?*

— a noble nature

"May catch a wrench." *Timon*:

An *uncurrent encounter* seems to mean an irregular, unjustifiable congress. The sense would then be:—In what base reciprocation of love have I caught this strain? *Uncurrent* is what will not pass, and is, at present, only apply'd to money."

Mrs. Ford talks of—*some strain in her character.*

STEEVENS.

The precise meaning of the word *encounter* in this passage may be gathered from our author's use of it elsewhere:

"Who hath—

"Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

"A thousand times in secret." *Much ado about Nothing*.

Hero and Borachio are the persons spoken of. Again, in *Measure for Measure*: "We shall advise this wronged maid to

The bound of honour ; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining ; harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin,
Cry, Fye upon my grave !

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gain-say what they did,
Than to perform it first *.

Q 4

Her.

to stand up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence."

Again in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— found no opposition
" But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
" Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to pass or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the present passage, with his accustomed licence, uses the word *uncurrent* as synonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *strain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have swerved or deflected from the strict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Nor aught to good, but *strain'd* from that fair use,
" Revolts—"

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

" Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
" wide."

A *bed-swerver* has already occurred in this play.

" To appear *thus*," is, to appear in such an assembly as this; to be put on my trial.

Mr. Mason has justly observed that this sentence is not interrogative, and that therefore there is no need of the transposition proposed by Dr. Johnson.—" Have I *strain'd*," &c. The construction is, " I appeal to your own conscience, with what *encounter* so *uncurrent* I have *strain'd*," &c. MALONE.

* *I ne'er heard yet,*

That any of these bolder vices wanted

Less impudence to gain-say what they did,

Than to perform it first.]

It is apparent that according to the proper, at least according to the present, use of words, *less* should be *more*, or *wanted* should be *had*. But Shakspeare is very uncertain in his use of negatives. It may be necessary once to observe, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but strengthen the negation. This mode of speech was in time changed, but as the change was made in opposition

Her. That's true enough ;
Though 'tis a saying, fir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd⁶ ;
With such a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me ; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded :
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend ; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes ; though it be dish'd
For me to try how : all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honest man ;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon,

opposition to long custom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confusion.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's observation on this passage is so manifestly right, and our author's inaccuracy of construction in many passages of these plays, so well known to those who have studied his works, that the foregoing note requires no support. Yet an anonymous *Remarker* contests a proposition which I make no doubt to every other reader will appear self-evident, and seems to think here, and in many other places, that by merely repeating Shakspeare's words, he has explained them. If *had* is admissible in this instance, in the place of *wanted*, (as it certainly is,) *wanted*, which is the reverse or contrary of *had*, cannot be correct. See p. 332, n. 9. MALONE.

⁶ ——— For Polixenes

(*With whom I am accus'd,*) I do confess,
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd, &c.] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia* : " What hath passed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale. That I lov'd Egesthus, I cannot denie ; that I honour'd him, I shame not to confess.— But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egesthus is honest, and hope myself to be found without spot. For
Franiou,

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams⁷,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth⁸:
Which to deny, concerns more than avails⁹: for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No farther owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek:

Q 5

To

Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuse him nor excuse him.
I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which
I have here rehearsed, I refer my selfe to the divine oracle."

MALONE.

⁷ *My life stands in the level of your dreams,] To be in the level is, by a metaphor from archery, to be within the reach.*

JOHNSON.

⁸ —*As you were past all shame, (Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth:] Those of your fact, may mean,—those who have done as you do.*

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson would read *pack*, and Dr. Farmer *set*; but that *fact* is the true reading, is proved decisively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former passage ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of these bolder vices" &c.]: "And as for her [said Pandosto] it was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the *fact*, since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

So also in the Continuation of *Hardyng's Chronicle*, 1543.
"Whereupon he sent unto the quene, then beeyng in the sainctuary, diverse and sondry messengers, that should excuse and pourge him of *his fact* afore dooen towards her." Signat. M m. 6. b. MALONE.

⁹ *Which to deny, concerns more than avails:] It is your business to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be useless; will prove nothing.* MALONE.

To me can life be no commodity :
 The crown and comfort of my life ¹, your favour,
 I do give lost ; for I do feel it gone,
 But know not how it went : My second joy,
 And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
 I am barr'd, like one infectious : My third comfort,
 Starr'd most unluckily ², is from my breast
 The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
 Haled out to murder : Myself on every post
 Proclaim'd a strumpet ; With immodest hatred,
 The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
 To women of all fashion ;—Lastly, hurried
 Here to this place, i'the open air, before
 I have got strength of limit ³. Now, my liege,
 Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
 That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
 But yet hear this ; mistake me not ;—No ! life,
 I prize it not-a straw :—but for mine honour,
 (Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd

Upon

¹ *The crown and comfort of my life,—*] *The supreme blessing of my life.* S., in *Cymbeline* :

“ O that husband !

“ My supreme crown of grief.” MALONE.

² *Starr'd most unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauspicious planet. STEEVENS.

³ *I have got strength of limit.*] I know not well how *strength of limit* can mean *strength to pass the limits* of: the child-bed chamber, which yet it must mean in this place, unless we read in a more easy phrase, *strength of limb.* And now, &c.

JOHNSON.

Limit was anciently used for *limb.* STEEVENS.

In *Cymbeline* we meet with the word in a sense that may countenance Dr. Johnson's first explanation :

“ A prison for a debtor, that not dares

“ To stride a *limit.*”

I believe the meaning is, before I have got strength enough to move *even in a prescribed and limited space.* In *Measure for Measure* *limit* is used for a prescribed and limited time :
 “ —between the time of the contract and *limit* of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea.”

The third folio reads—*strength of limbs* ; but the emendation derives no authority from thence. MALONE.

Strength of limit is, the limited degree of strength, which is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing. MASON.

Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,
 But what your jealousies awake; I tell you,
 'Tis rigour, and not law ⁴.—Your honours all,
 I do refer me to the oracle;
 Apollo be my judge.

1. *Lord.* This your request
 Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
 And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
 O, that he were alive, and here beholding
 His daughter's trial! that he did but see
 The flatness of my misery ⁵; yet with eyes
 Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
 Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
 This seal'd-up oracle by the hand deliver'd
 Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal,
 Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [*reads.*] *Hermoine is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
 Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent
 babe*

⁴ ———— *I tell you,*

'Tis rigour, and not law.] This also is from the novel:
 "Bellaria, no whit dismay'd with this rough reply, told her
 husband Pandosto, that he spake upon choller, and not con-
 science; for her virtuous life had been such as no spot of sus-
 picion could ever stayne. And if she had borne a friendly
 countenance to Egisthus, it was in respect he was his friend,
 and not for any lulling affection: therefore if she were con-
 demned without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law."

MALONE.

⁵ *The flatness of my misery;*] That is, how low, how flat I
 am laid by my calamity. JOHNSON.

So Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. ii:

"——— Thus repuls'd, our final hope

"Is flat despair." MALONE.

take truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not found⁶.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so as it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Ser. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Ser. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed⁷, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Ser. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [Her. faints.] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:

Her heart is but o'er-charg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt PAULINA and ladies, with HERMIONE.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;

New-woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:

For, being transported by my jealousies.

To

⁶ *Hermione is chaste, &c.*] This is almost literally from Lodge's novel:

“ *The Oracle.*

Suspicion is no prooffe; jealousie is an unequal judge; Bel-laria is chaste; Egisthus blameless; Tranion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king shall dye without an heire, if that which is lost be not found.”

MALONE.

⁷ *Of the queen's speed.*] Of the event of the queen's trial: so we still say, he sped well or ill. JOHNSON.

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
 Camillo for the minister, to poison
 My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
 But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
 My swift command⁸; though I with death, and with
 Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
 Not doing it, and being done; he, most humane,
 And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
 Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
 Which you knew great; and to the hazard
 Of all incertainties himself commended⁹,
 No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
 Thorough my rust! and how his piety
 Does my deeds make the blacker¹!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
 O, cut my lace; lest my heart cracking it,
 Break too!

1. Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling?
 In

⁸ *But that the good mind of Camillo tardy'd
 My swift command;*] Here likewise our author has closely
 followed Greene: "—promising not only to shew himself a
 loyal and a loving husband; but also to reconcile himself to
 Egisthus and Tranion; revealing then before them all the
 cause of their secret flight, and how treacherously he thought
 to have practis'd his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-
 bearer had not prevented his purpose." MALONE.

⁹ ————*and to the hazard*
Of all incertainties himself commended,] In the original
 copy some word probably, of two syllables, was inadvertently
 omitted in the first of these lines. I believe the word omitted
 was either *doubtful* or *fearful*. The editor of the second folio
 endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—the *certain* hazard;
 the most improper word that could have been chosen. How
 little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled
 to, has been shewn in the preface to the present edition. *Com-
 mitted* is *committed*. See p. 361, n. 8. MALONE.

¹ *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retraction
 of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes
 than he was suspected of, is agreeable to our daily experience
 of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of
 minds oppressed with guilt. JOHNSON.

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny,
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad! for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful²: nor was't much,
 Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,³
 To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't⁴:
 Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart,
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
 When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
 The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance
 for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.

1. Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor
 oath,

Prevail

² *That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful:*] This, by a mode of speech
 anciently much used, means only, *It shew'd thee first a fool,
 then inconstant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnably is here used adverbially. MALONE.

³ *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour,*] How
 should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with
 this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attend-
 ing on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten the cir-
 cumstance. MALONE.

⁴ ————*though a devil*

Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil
 would have shed tears of pity o'er the damn'd, ere he would
 have committed such an action. STEEVENS.

Prevail not, go and see : if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In form perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on :

Thou can'st not speak too much ; I have deserv'd
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.

1. *Lord.* Say no more ;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 Pthe boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't s ;
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
 I do repent : Alas, I have shew'd too much
 The rashness of a woman : he is touch'd
 To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past
 help,
 Should be past grief : Do not receive affliction
 At my petition, I beseech you ; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman ;
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children ;
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,
 Who is lost too : take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth ; which I receive much better
 Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen, and son :
 One grave shall be for both ; upon them shall

The

^s *I am sorry for't ;*] This is another instance of the sudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.

The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long,
 I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
 To these sorrows.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Bohemia. *A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with a Child; and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then⁶, our ship hath touch'd
 upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
 Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away;
 I'll follow instantly,

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o'the business.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. Come, poor babe—
 I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits of the dead
 May

⁶ *Thou art perfect then,*] *Perfect* is often used by Shakspere for *certain, well assured, or well informed.* JOHNSON.
 It is so used by almost all our ancient writers.

May walk again : if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming : in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin where I lay : thrice bow'd before me ;
 And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts : the fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her : *Good Antigonus,
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
 There weep, and leave it crying ; and, for the babe
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
 I pr'ythee, call't : for this ungentle business,
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shall see
 Thy wife Paulina more :—*and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself ; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys :
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe,
 Hermione hath suffer'd death ; and that
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
 Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
 Either for life, or death, upon the earth
 Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well !

[laying down the child.

There lie ; and there thy character ⁷ : there these ;

[laying down a bundle.

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
 And still rest thine.—The storm begins :—Poor wretch,
 That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow !—Weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I,

To

⁷ —*thy character* :] i. e. the writing afterwards discovered with Perdita. “ —the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they knew to be his *character*. STEEVENS.

To be by oath enjoined to this.—Farewel!
 The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough⁸: I never saw
 The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour⁹?—
 Well may I get aboard!—This is the chace;
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would; there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would sleep out the rest: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any but these boild brains of nineteen and two and twenty, hunt this weather? They have fear'd away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the wolf will sooner find, than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy¹. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*taking up the child.*] Mercy on's, a barne! a very pretty barne²! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure some scape: though I am
 not

⁸ ———— *thou art like to have*

A lullaby too rough:] So, in *Dorastus and Faunia*: “Shall thy tender mouth, instead of sweet kisses, be nipped with bitter stormes? Shalt thou have the *whiffling winds* for thy *lullaby*; and the salt seafoame, instead of sweet milke?”

MALONE.

⁹ — *A savage clamour?*] This *clamour* was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then seeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal pursued*. JOHNSON.

¹ — *if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, brouzing of ivy.*] This also is from the novel: “[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or *eagles* had undone him, (for he was so poore as a sheep: was halfe his substance,) wand'ered downe towards the *sea cliffes*, to see if perchance the *sheepe* was *brouzing* on the *sea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed.”

MALONE.

² — *a barne! a very pretty barne!*] i. e. child. It is a North Country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; seeming to answer to the Latin *nati*. STEEVENS.

not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some flair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he holla'd but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clown. I have seen two such fights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clown. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;* and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hoghead. And then for the land service,—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cry'd to me for help, and said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship:—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clown. Now, now; I have not wink'd since I saw these fights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep.

* —now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast.] So, in *Pericles*: "But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not." MALONE.

Shep. 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man³.

Clown. I would you had been by the ship side, to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying. I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth⁴ for a squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me, I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling⁵:—open't: What's within, boy?

Clown. You're a made old man⁶; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way⁷. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clown.

³ *Shep.* 'Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man.] I suppose the shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himself; or perhaps Shakspeare, who was conscious that he himself designed Antigonus for an *old man*, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the shepherd who had never seen him. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding speech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's second conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. MALONE.

⁴ —a bearing-cloth—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is usually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. PERCY.

⁵ —*some changeling*:] i. e. some child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had stolen.

STEEVENS.

⁶ *You're a made old man*;] The old copy reads—*mad*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

This emendation is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man desired his wife to be quiet: if she would hold peace, they were *made* for ever."

FARMER.

⁷ —*the next way*.] i. e. the nearest way. MALONE.

Clown. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but when they are hungry⁸: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern by that which is let of him, what he is, fetch me to the fight of him.

Clown. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error⁹,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years¹, and leave the growth untry'd

Of

⁸ *They are never curst, but when they are hungry:*] Curst, signifies *mischievous*. Thus the adage: *Curst* cows have short horns. HENLEY.

⁹ —*that make, and unfold error,*] *Departed time* renders many facts obscure, and in that sense is the cause of error. *Time to come* brings discoveries with it. STEEVENS.

These very comments on Shakspeare prove, that time can both make and unfold error. MASON.

¹ ————— *that I slide*

O'er sixteen years,] This trespass, in respect of dramatick

Of that wide gap²; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour

To

tick unity, will appear venial to those who have read the once famous *Lilly's Endymion*, or (as he himself calls it in the prologue) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the space of forty years. Endymion lying down to sleep at the end of the second, and waking in the first scene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconscionable length. Lilly has likewise been guilty of much greater absurdity than ever Shakspeare committed; for he supposes that Endymion's hair, features, and person, were changed by age during his sleep, while all the other personages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetstone, in the epistle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Measure for Measure* is formed,) had pointed out many of these absurdities and offences against the laws of the drama. It must be owned therefore that Shakspeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were. "For at this daye, the Italian is so lascivious in his comedies, that honest hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he presents on everye common stage, what preachers should pronounce in pulpits. The Englishman in this quallitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order. He first grounds his worke on impossibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monsters, and bringeth goddes from heaven; and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will serve to shew that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but like Achilles, denied that laws were designed to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and secure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEVENS.

In *The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Griffel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griffel is in the first act married, and soon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a son and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth act is produced on the scene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

² —and leave the growth untry'd

Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is somewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progression of the time which filled up the *gap* of the story between Perdita's birth

To plant and o'erwhelm custom : Let me pass
 The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
 Or what is now received : I witness to
 The times that brought them in ; so shall I do
 To the freshest things now reigning ; and make stale
 The glistering of this present, as my tale
 Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
 I turn my glass ; and give my scene such growing,
 As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
 The effects of his fond jealousies ; so grieving,
 That he shuts up himself ; imagine me,
 Gentle spectators, that I now may be
 In fair Bohemia ; and remember well,
 I mention'd a son o' the king's, which Florizel
 I now name to you ; and with speed so pace
 To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
 Equal with wond'ring : What of her ensues,
 I list not prophecy ; but let Time's news
 Be known, when 'tis brought forth : — a shepherd's
 daughter,
 And what to her adheres, which follows after,

Is

birth and her sixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried, is to leave the passages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined.* *Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have chosen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growing* is confirmed by a subsequent passage :

“ I turn my glass ; and give my scene such *growing*,

“ As you had slept between.”

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* :

“ Whom our fast-growing scene must find

“ At Tharsus.”

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph*, is likewise supported by the same play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, says,

“ —learn of me, who stand i'the *gaps* to teach you

“ The stages of our story.” MALONE.

3 —*since it is in my power, &c.*] The reasoning of *Time* is not very clear ; he seems to mean, that he who has broke so many laws may now break another ; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her sixteenth year ; and he intreats that he may pass as of old, before any order or succession of objects, ancient or modern, distinguished his periods. JOHNSON.

Is the argument of time ⁴: Of this allow ⁵,
 If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
 If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
 He wishes earnestly, you never may.

[Exit.]

S C E N E. I.

The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ⁶, since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to leave my bones there. Besides the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which if I have not enough consider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my

⁴ *Is the argument of time:] Argument is the same with subject. JOHNSON.*

⁵ *—Of this allow,] To allow in our author's time signified to approve. MALONE.*

⁶ *It is fifteen years,] We should read—sixteen. Time has just said:*

*— that I slide
 O'er sixteen years —.*

Again, in Act V. sc. iii: "Which lets go by some *sixteen* years."

Again, *ibid.* "Which *sixteen* winters cannot blow away."

STEEVENS.

my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships ⁷. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, missingly, noted ⁸, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have consider'd so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service, which look upon his removedness: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle ⁹ that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt
 VOL. VI. R accompany

⁷ —to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.] That is, I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I shall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I shall heap friendships, as I confer favours on thee I shall increase the friendship between us. JOHNSON.

Friendship is, I believe here used, with sufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices*. MALONE.

⁸ but I have, missingly, noted,] I have observed him at intervals; not constantly or regularly, but occasionally.

STEEVENS.

⁹ But, I fear the angle—] *Angle* in this place means a *fishing-rod*, which he represents as drawing his son, like a fish, away. So, in *King Henry IV. P. I.*

“——he

accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question¹ with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Pr'ythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter AUTOLYCUS², singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale³.*

The

“—— he did win

“The hearts of all that he did *angle* for.”

Again, in *All's Well that end's Well*:

“She knew her distance, and did *angle* for me.”

STEEVENS.

Angle anciently signified a fishing-rod. So in Lily's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle, and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market.” MALONE.

¹ —*some question*—] i. e. some talk. MALONE.

² —Autolycus—] *Autolycus* was the son of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

“*Non fuit Autolyçi tam piceata manus.*” Martial.

STEEVENS.

* *Why then comes in the sweet of the year;*] Autolycus, I think, calls the *spring the sweet of the year*, because in that season maidens put out their sheets to bleach on the hedges; and “his traffick (as he afterwards tells us) is in sheets.” The song at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost* may throw some little light on the passage before us; there, it is observable, SPRING mentions as descriptive of that season, that then “—maidens bleach their summer smocks.” MALONE.

³ *For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.*] The meaning

*The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—
With, hey! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—
Doth set my pugging tooth + on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.*

*The lark, that tirra-lirra chaunts,⁵—
With, hey! with, hey!⁶ the thrush and the jay:—
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,⁷
While we lie tumbling in the hay.*

R 2

I have

ing is, the red, the *spring* blood now reigns o'er the parts lately under the *dominion* of winter. The *English pale*, the *Irish pale*, were frequent expressions in Shakspeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were chosen for the sake of the *antithesis*. FARMER.

⁴ —pugging tooth—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read,—progging *tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now understood. But Dr. Thirlby observes, that it is the cant of gypsies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is used by Green in one of his pieces. And a *puggard* was a cant name for some particular kind of thief. So, in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

“Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers.”

See to *prigge* in *Minsheu*. STEEVENS.

⁵ *The lark that tirra lirra chaunts,*] So in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

“Let Philomela sing, let Progne chide,

“Let *Tyry-tyry-keerers* upward flie—.”

In the margin the author explains *Tyry-keerers* by its synonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

La gentille allouette avec son tire lire

Tire lire a lire et tire lirant tire, &c.

Du Burtas.

Ecce suum tirile tirile, suum tirile tractat.

Linnæi Fauna Suecica.

T. H. W.

⁶ *With, hey! with, hey!*] The two latter words, which are not in the old copy, were introduced, for the sake of the metre, by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁷ —*my aunts,*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *barnd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick*

I have serv'd prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile⁸; but now I am out of service:

*But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go most right.*

*If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.*

My traffick is sheets⁹; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles¹: With die, and drab,

Trick to catch the old one, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being used in that sense: "It was better bestow'd upon his uncle than one of his aunts, I need not say *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* stands for in the last translation"

STEEVENS.

⁸ —wore three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. STEEVENS.

⁹ *My traffick is sheets*;] i. e. I am a vender of sheet ballads, and other publications that are sold unbound. From the word *sheets* the poet takes occasion to quibble.

"Our fingers are lime-twigs, and barbers we be,
"To catch *sheets* from hedges most pleasant to see."

Three Ladies of London, 1584.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has mistaken the meaning of this passage. Autolycus does not yet appear in the character of a ballad-singer, which he assumed afterwards occasionally, in order to have an opportunity of exercising his real profession, that of thievery and picking of pockets. He means here merely to say that his practice was to steal sheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the smaller pieces for the kites to build with. He says in the preceding song,

"The white sheet bleaching on the hedge
"Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;"
and afterwards, that "his revenue was thievery."

MASON.

¹ *My father named me, Autolycus*, &c.] This whole speech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's

drab, I purchas'd this caparison ²; and my revenue is the silly cheat ³: Gallows, and knock, are too powerful on the high-way ⁴: beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clown. Let me see:—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling ⁵: fifteen hundred shorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe hold, the cock's mine. [*Aside.*]

R 3

Clown.

poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from several places of his works. It is from his *discourse on judicial astrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the same manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the son of Mercury by the ancients, namely, because he was born under that planet. And as the infant was supposed by the astrologers to communicate of the nature of the star which predominated, so Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was translated long before the time of Shakspeare. I have seen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

² *With die, and drab, I purchas'd this caparison;*] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myself to this shabby dress.

PERCY.

³ —*my revenue is the silly cheat:*] The *silly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coney-catching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned among the rest, in his treatise on that ancient and honourable science. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*Gallows and knock, &c.*] The resistance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the punishment which he suffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the silly cheat and petty theft.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling:*] Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tol* is used as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they say, "twenty sheep ought to *tol* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning therefore of the clown's words; is, "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tol*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool;

every

Clown. I cannot do't without counters.*—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nose-gays for the shearers: three-man song-men all⁶, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases⁷: but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to horn-pipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden-pies⁸; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs*, *seven*; a *race*, or *two*, of *ginger*;—but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes*, and *as many raisins o'the sun*.

Aut. O, that ever I was born! [*groveling on the ground*].

Clown. I'the name of me⁹,—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clown.

every tod yields a pound and some odd shillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furnished our poet with accurate knowledge on this subject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a sheep at the time of shearing. About thirty shillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is singular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there should be so little variation between the price of wool in Shakspeare's time and the present.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool sold for nine shillings and six pence. MALONE.

A tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

* *I cannot do't without counters.*] This was the usual mode by which the illiterate formerly reckoned. MALONE.

⁶ —*three-man song-men all*,] i. e. singers of catches in three parts. *A six-man song* occurs in the *Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Rel. of Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. PERCY.

Florio renders *Berlengozzo*, by "a drunken song, a three-mens song." Italian Dict. 1598. MALONE.

⁷ —*means and bases*: A mean in musick is the tenor.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —*warden-pies*;] *Wardens* are a species of large pears. The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. STEEVENS.

⁹ *I'the name of me*,—] This is a vulgar invocation, which I have often heard used. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek:—"Before me, she's a good wench." STEEVENS.

Clown. Alack, poor foul; thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, fir, the loathfomeness of them offends me, more than the stripes I have receiv'd; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clown. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, fir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clown. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet fir, a foot-man.

Clown. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horse-man's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O! good fir, tenderly, oh!

Clown. Alas, poor foul.

Aut. O, good fir, softly, good fir: I fear, fir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clown. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear fir; [*picks his pocket.*] good fir, softly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clown. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet fir; no, I beseech you, fir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart¹.

Clown. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow, fir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames²: I knew him once a servant of the prince;

R 4.

¹ that kills my heart.] MALONE.

² —with trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame*, French.

WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatise on *Buckstone bathes*, he says: "The ladies, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven-holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent.

prince ; I cannot tell, good fir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clown. His vices, you would fay ; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court : they cherifh it, to make it ftay there ; and yet it will no more but abide*.

Aut. Vices I would fay, fir. I know this man well : he hath been fince an ape-bearer ; then a procefs-server, a bailiff ; then he compafs'd a motion of the prodigal fon³, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies ; and, having flown over many knavifh professions, he fettled only in rogue : fome call him Antolycus.

Clown. Out upon him ! Prig, for my life, prig⁴ : he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-bairings.

Aut. Very true, fir ; he, fir, he ; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clown. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia ; if you had but look'd big, and fpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muft confefs to you, fir, I am no fighter ; I am falfe of heart that way ; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clown. How do you know ?

Aut. Sweet fir, much better than I was ; I can ftand,
and

wyolent or fofter, after their own difcretion: the paflyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Englifh title of this game was *pigeon-holes* ; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, refemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houfe*.

STEEVENS.
* —abide.] To *abide*, here, muft fignify, to *fojourn*, to live for a time without a fettled habitation. JOHNSON.

To *abide* is again ufed in *Macbeth*, in the fenfe of *tarrying for a while* :

" I'll call upon you ftraight ; *abide* within."

MALONE.
3 —motion of the *prodigal fon*,] i. e. the *puppet-show*, then called *motions* : a term frequently occurring in our author.

WARBURTON.
4 —Prig, for my life, prig:] To *prig* is to *filch*.

MALONE.
In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket ; and therefore in the *Beggars Bush*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knavifh beggar. WHALLEY.

and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and part softly towards my kinsman's.

Clown. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clown. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing:

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd; and my name put in the book of virtue⁵!

*Jog on, jog on, † the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a⁶:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires* in a mile-a.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
R 5 Is,

5 —let me be unroll'd; and my name put in the book of virtue!] Begging gypsies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had something of the shew of an incorporated body. From this noble society he wishes he may be unrolled, if he does not so and so. **WARBURTON.**

† These lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in pills compounded of witty ballads, jovial songs, and merry catches*, 1661, 4to. p. 69.

REED.
6 *And merrily hent the stile-a :*] To hent the stile, is to take hold of it. **STEEVENS.**

*—tires—] is used here as a disyllable. **MALONE.**

Is, as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me⁷ ;
O, pardon, that I name them : your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land⁸, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing ; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up⁹ : But that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it¹ with a custom, I should blush
'To see you so attired ; sworn, I think,
'To shew myself a glass².

Flo.

⁷ — *your extremes,*] That is, your *excesses*, the *extravagance* of your praises. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes* Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praises*, but the extravagance of his conduct in obscuring himself, in "a swain's wearing," while he "pranked her up most goddess-like." The following words, *O, pardon, that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. MASON.

⁸ — *The gracious mark o' the land,*] The *object* of all men's notice and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"He was the *mark* and glass, copy and book,

"That fashion'd others." MALONE.

⁹ — *prank'd up* :] To *prank* is to dress with ostentation.

STEEVENS.

¹ *Digest it*—] The word *it* was inserted by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² — *sworn, I think,*

To shew myself a glass.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a shepherd, you had sworn to put me out of countenance ; for in this, as in a glass, you shew me how much below yourself you must descend before you can get upon a level with me. WARBURTON.

I think she means only to say, that the prince, by the *ruf-sick* habit that he wears, seems as if he had sworn to shew her a glass, in which she might behold how she *ought* to be attired, instead of being "most goddess-like prank'd up." The passage quoted above, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, a forester having given the princess a true representation of herself, she addresses him,—"Here, good my glass."

Again, in *Julius Caesar* :

"——— I, your *glass*,

"Will modestly discover to yourself,

"That of yourself," &c.

Again,

Flo. I blefs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acrofs:
Thy father's ground³.

Per. Now Jove afford you caufe!
To me, the difference forges dread⁴; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up⁵? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
'The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

Hambling

Again, more appositely in *Hamlet*:

“ ——— he was indeed the *glafs*,

“ Wherein the noble youth did *dress* themselves.”

Florizel is here Perdita's *glafs*. Sir T. Hanmer reads *swoon*, instead of *sworn*. There is in my opinion no need of change; and the words “to *shew* myself” appear to me inconsistent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the similitude of the words *sworn* and *swoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *swoon* in the old copies of these plays is always written *sound* or *swound*. MALONE.

³ *When my good falcon made her flight acrofs*

Thy father's ground.] This circumstance is likewise taken from the novel: “—And as they returned, it fortuned that Dorastus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed store of game,) incountered by the way these two maides.”

MALONE.

⁴ *To me, the difference forges dread;*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *the Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

“ The course of true love never did run smooth,

“ But either it was *different* in blood—.” MASON.

⁵ —his work, so noble,

Vilely bound up?] It is impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakspeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor. JOHNSON.

Humbling their deities to love⁶, have taken
 The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
 Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
 A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
 Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
 As I seem now: Their transformations
 Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
 Nor in a way so chaste: * since my desires
 Run not before mine honour; nor my lusts:
 Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, sir?

Your

This allusion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
 To beautify him only lacks a cover."

Again:

"That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
 That in gold clasps locks in the golden story."

STEEVENS.

* ——— *The gods themselves,*

Humbling their deities to love;] This is taken almost literally from the novel: "The gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One something inferior to these in birth, but far superior to them in beauty; born to be a shepherdess, but worthy to be a goddess." Again: "And yet, Dorastus, shame not thy shepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have sometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo, a shepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love."

MALONE.

* *Nor in a way so chaste:*] It must be remembered that the transformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and consequently were not "in a way so chaste" as that of Florizel, whose object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

O but, sir,] The editor of the second folio reads—O but, dear sir, to complete the metre. But the addition is unnecessary; *burn* in the preceding hemistich being used as a disyllable. Perdita in a former part of this scene addresses Florizel in the same respectful manner as here: "Sir, my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now stated, proposed to take the word *your* from the subsequent line; but no change is necessary. MALONE.

Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
 Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o'the king:
 One of these two must be necessities,
 Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose,
 Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
 With these forc'd thoughts^a, I pry'thee, darken not
 The mirth o'the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
 Or not my father's: for I cannot be
 Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
 I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
 Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle;
 Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing
 That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
 Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
 Of celebration of that nuptial, which
 We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
 Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO, disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and Others.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
 Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
 And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
 This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook;
 Both dame and servant: welcom'd all; serv'd all:
 Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
 At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
 On his shoulder, and his: her face o'fire
 With labour; and the thing, she took to quench it,
 She would to each one sip: You are retir'd,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These

^a With these forc'd thoughts;] That is, thoughts far
 fetched, and not arising from the present objects.

These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes; and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o'the feast⁹: Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flock shall prosper:

Per. Sir, welcome!

[*to Pol.*

It is my father's will, I should take on me
 The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir!

[*to Cam.*

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
 For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
 Seeming, and favour, all the winter long:
 Grace, and remembrance, be to you both¹.
 And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,

(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
 With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—

Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o'the season
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
 Which some call, nature's bastards: of that kind
 Our rustick garden's barren; and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,

Do you neglect them?

Per.

⁹ *That which you are, mistress o'the feast:]* From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was also bidden as *mistress of the feast*."

MALONE.

¹ *Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,]* Rue was called *herb of grace*. Rosemary was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unless because it was carried at funerals.

JOHNSON.

Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and is prescribed for that purpose in the books of ancient physick. STEEVENS.

Ophelia distributes the same plants, and accompanies them with the same documents: "There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.—There's *rue* for you; we may call it herb of *grace*."—The qualities of retaining *seeming* and *favour*, appear

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature².

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler cyon to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers³,
And

pear to be the reason why these plants were considered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. HENLEY.

² *There is an art, &c.*] This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of some of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but being utterly impracticable is not worth exemplification. STEEVENS.

³ —*in gilly-flowers,*] There is some further conceit relative to *gilly-flowers* than has yet been discovered. In a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following passage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his mistress as they are going into a garden, and after she has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: "You have fair roses, have you not?" "Yes, sir, (says she) but no *gilly flowers*." Meaning perhaps that we should not be treated like a *gill flirt*, i. e. a wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *firt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I suppose *gill flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gillflower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a wanton woman.

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the same variability in this species of flowers:

"——the fond carnation loves to shoot

"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, some sorts of *gillflowers* are called *small honesties*, *cuckoo gillflowers*, &c. And in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gascoigne and his Poses*, is the following remark on this species of flower:

"Some

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put.

The dibble⁴ in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, 'twere well; and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun;
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend;

I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!⁵ I daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes⁶,

Or

"Some think that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous smell.*"

See Gascoigne's Works, 1578 STEEVENS.

The following line in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1578, may add some support to the first part of Mr. Steevens's note:

"Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* esteemeth for his joy." MALONE.

⁴ —*dibble*—] An instrument used by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in *Minshew*. STEEVENS.

⁵ —*O Proserpina*,

*For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!*—] So, *Ovid*:

"—*ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora*,

"*Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis.*" STEEVENS.

⁶ —*violets dim*,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that
our

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength,* a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips⁷, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,

But

our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes*. Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful*.

JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes*. The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as those of Pallas.

— *Βοωνίς πορτοία Ηρη. Homer.* STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613:

“ ——— That eye was Juno's,

“ Those lips were hers that won the golden ball,

“ That virgin blush Diana's.”

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

“ Upon her eye-lids many graces fate,

“ Under the shadow of her even brows.”

Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

“ When on each eye-lid sweetly do appear

“ An hundred graces, as in shade they sit.”

MALONE.

* ——— pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength,] So Milton, in his *Lycidas*, 4to. 1638:

“ And the rathe primrose, that unwedded dies.”

The reason why the primrose is said to die unmarried, is, according to Mr. Warton, “because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, who was supposed to be in love with some sort of flowers.” Warton's *MILT.* p. 25.

MALONE.

7 —bold oxlips,] The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible stalk like the *cowslip*, but erects itself boldly in the face of the sun. Wallis, in his *Hist. of Northumberland*, says, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. STEEVENS.

But quick, and in mine arms⁸. Come, take your flowers :

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitfun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o'the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing⁹,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large : but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,

Do

⁸ — not to be buried,

But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

"*Isab.* Heigh ho, you'll bury me, I see.

"*Rob.* In the swan's down, and tomb thee in my arms."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre* ; 1609 :

" ——— O come, be buried

" A second time *within these arms.*" MALONE.

⁹ — *Each your doing, &c.]* That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. JOHNSON.

¹ — *but that your youth,*

And the true blood which peeps fairly through it,] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander* :

" Through whose white skin, softer than foundest sleep,

" With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peep."

The part of this poem that was written by Marlowe, was published, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a Collection of verses entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the first two Sestiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. MALONE.

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear², as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out³: Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clown. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Map. Now, in good time!

Clown. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners⁴.—
Come, strike up. [*Musick.*

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts him-
self⁵

To

² *I think, you have*

As little skill to fear,—] You as little know how to fear
that I am false, as, &c. MALONE.

He tells her something,

That makes her blood look out:] That makes her blush.

THEOBALD.

The old copy has *on't*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

⁴ *—we stand, &c.]* That is, we are now on our behaviour.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *—and he boasts himself]* The old copy reads—*and boasts*
himself; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation
was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*'a*
boasts himself. MALONE.

To have a worthy feeding⁶: but I have it
 Upon his own report, and I believe it;
 He looks like sooth⁷: He says, he loves my daughter;
 I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
 As 'twere; my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
 I think, there is not half a kifs to choofe,
 Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I repost it,
 That should be silent: if your Doricles
 Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
 Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at the
 door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
 pipe; no, the bag-pipe could not move you: he sings
 several tunes, faster than you'll tell money; he utters
 them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew
 to his tunes.

Clown. He could never come better: he shall come
 in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful
 matter, merrily set down⁸, or a very pleasant thing in-
 deed, and sung lamentably.

Ser. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all
 sizes;

⁶ —a worthy feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *pasture*,
 and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of pasturage not inconsider-
 able, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is just. So, in Drayton's *Moon-
 calf*:

"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
 "To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd."

STEEVENS.

Worthy, signifies *valuabl', substantial*. So Antonio says in
Twelfth Night:

"But were my *worth* as is my conscience firm,
 "You should find better dealing." MALONE.

⁷ *He looks like sooth*:] *Sooth* is truth. Obsolete.

STEEVENS.

⁸ —doleful *matter merrily set down*,—] This seems to be
 another stroke aimed at the title page of Preston's *Cambyses*.
 "A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleasant *wirth*, &c."

STEEVENS.

sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without baudry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of *dildos*¹, and *fadings*²: *jump her and thump her*; and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, *Whoop do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, flights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*³.

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clown. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares⁴?

Ser.

¹ —no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. MALONE.

¹ —of dildos,—] “With a hie *dildo dill*” is the burthen of the *Batchelor's Feast*, an ancient ballad, and is likewise called the tune of it. STEVENS.

See also *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

“A story strange I will you tell,

“But not so strange as true,

“Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,

“And so did her husband too:

“With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*

“With a *dildo, dildo, dee.*”

MALONE.

² —*fadings*:] An Irish dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in *The Irish Masque at Court*, Vol. V. p. 421, 2:

“——and daunsh a *fading* at te wedding.”

TYRWHITT.

Again, in *The Knight of the burning Pestle*, 1613: “I will have him dance *fading*. *Fading* is a fine jig, I'll assure you, gentlemen.”

It is likewise the burthen of a clown's song in *Sportive Wit*, p. 58; of which the following is the first stanza:

“The courtier scorns us country clowns,

“We country clowns do scorn the court,

“We can be as merry upon the downs,

“As you at midnight with all your sport;”

With a *fading*, with a *fading*.” MALONE.

³ —*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*.] This was the name of an old song. In the famous history of *Fryar Bacon* we have a ballad to the tune of “*Oh! do me no harme good man*.”

FARMER.

⁴ —*unbraided wares*?] I believe by *unbraided wares*, the *Clown* means, has he any thing beside *laces*, which are *braided*,

Ser. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow ; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handles, though they come to him by the gros ; inkles, caddisses⁶, cambricks, lawns: why, he sings them over, as they were gods or goddesses : you would think, a smock were a she-angel ; he so chants to the sleeve-hand⁷, and the work about the square on't.

Clown.

ed, and are the principal commodity sold by ballad-singing pedlars. Yes, replies the servant, *he has ribbons, &c.* which are things *not braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's question, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly sold by such vagrants ; any thing worthy to be presented to his mistress : or, as probably, by enquiring for something which pedlars usually have not, to escape laying out his money at all. The following passage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to suppose that there is here some allusion which I cannot explain : "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London measure." STEEVENS.

The clown is perhaps inquiring not for something better than common, but for smooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twisted into braid ? Mr. Mason is likewise of this opinion. Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all answer to this description. MALONE.

⁵ —points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle*,] The *points* that afford Autolycus a subject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguillettes*, Fr. MALONE.

⁶ *Caddisses*,] *Caddis* is, I believe, a narrow worsted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow slight serge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape also. MALONE.

⁷ —*sleeve-hand*,—] In Cotgrave's Dict. "*Poignet de la chemise*" is Englished "the wrist-band, or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, king James's "shirt was broded with thred of gold ;" and in p. 341, the word *sleeve-hand* occurs, and seems to signify the cuffs of a surcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a smock. I conceive, that the *work about the square on't*, signifies the work or embroidery about the bosom part of a shirt, which might then have been of a square form, or might have a square tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illustrious persons. So, in Fairfax's translation of *Tasso*, b. xii. st. 64 :

" Between

Clown. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words in his tunes.

Clown. You have of these pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, sifter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, neck-lace amber,*
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel⁹,

What

"Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives

"Her curious square, emboss'd with swelling gold."

TOLLET.

The following passage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewise tend to the support of the ancient reading—*sleeve-hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he says:

"Their smockes are all bewrought about their necke and hande." STEEVENS.

The word *sleeve-hand* is likewise used by P. Holland, in his Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparel he was noted for singularity, as who used to goe in his senatour's purple studded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *sleeve-hand*." MALONE.

* —*necklace-amber*,] Mr. Warton justly observes, (*Milton's POEMS*, octavo, p. 238,) that there should be only a comma after *amber*. "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and says that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, some *necklace-amber*, an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber*, fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *the Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV. sc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets*, beads, &c. MALONE.

⁹ —*poking-sticks of steel*,] These *poking-sticks* were heated in the fire, and made use of to adjust the plaits of ruffs. So, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602: "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your hands."

*What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.*

Clown. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou should'st take no money of me: but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more; which will shame you to give him again.

Clown. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole¹, to whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are whispering: Clamour your tongues², and not a word more.

Mop.

hands." Stowe informs us, that "about the sixteenth yeere of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of Steele *poking-sticks*, and untill that time all lawndresses used setting sticks made of wood or bone." STEEVENS.

¹ —kiln-hole,] The mouth of the oven. The word is spelt in the old copy *kill-hole*, and I should have supposed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *the Merry Wives of Windsor* desires Falstaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the same false spelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

² Clamour your tongues,] The phrase is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to cease them, the repetition of the strokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. WARBURTON.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols) in some villages is used in this sense, signifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I suspect that Dr. Warburton's assertion is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnson says, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow,
and

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace³, and a pair of sweet gloves⁴.

Clown. Have I not told thee, how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

VOL. VI.

S

Clown.

and hinders the sound." If this be so, it affords an easy interpretation of the passage before us.

To *clamour* is used by Bacon as a verb active, but in a sense that will not suit this passage:—"let them not come in multitudes or in a tribunitious manner, for that is, to *clamour* councils, not to inform them." *Essays*, 4to 1625.

MALONE,

³ —you promised me a tawdry lace.] *Tawdry lace* is thus described in *Skinner*, by his friend Dr. Henshawe: "*Tawdrerie lace*, astrigmenta, timbrizæ, seu fasciolæ, emtæ, Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut recte monet Doc. Thomas Henshawe." Etymol. in voce. We find it in Spenser's *Pastorals*, April:

"And gird in your waist,

"For more fineness, with a *tawdrerie lace*."

T. WARTON,

It may be worth while to observe that these *tawdry laces* were not the strings with which the ladies fasten their stays, but were worn about their heads, and their waists. So, in *The Four Ps*, 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,

"*Laces round and flat for women's heads.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolion*, song the second:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make

"Them *tawdreries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is observed that *tawdreries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches. STEEVENS.

⁴ —and a pair of sweet gloves.] Perfumed gloves are frequently mentioned by Shakspeare, and were very fashionable in the age of Elizabeth and long afterwards. Thus Autolykus, in the song just preceding this passage, offers to sale

"*Gloves as sweet as damask roses.*"

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the English could not "make any costly wash or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queen [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, sweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roses, of cullered silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that shee was pictured with those gloves upon her hands: and for many yeers after it was called *the erie of Oxfordes perfume.*" *Stowe's Annals* by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2. T. WARTON.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, fir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-lives; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very doleful tune, How a usurer's wife was brought to bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adder's heads, and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fish⁷, that appear'd upon

⁵ *I love a ballad in print, a'-life:]* Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—or a life. The text, however, is right; only it should be printed thus:—a'life: So, it is in B. Jonson:

“—————thou lov'st a'-life

“ Their perfum'd judgment.”

This is the abbreviation, I suppose, of—at life; as a'work is, of at work. TYRWHITT.

The restoration is certainly proper. So, in the *Ise of Gulls*, 1606: “Now in good deed I love them, a'-life too.” A-life is the reading of the only ancient copy of *the Winters Tale*, fol. 1623. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Why should I carry lies abroad?] Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's Translation of Ovid, 1587, in the same page in which he read the story of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:*

“ These things did ancient men report of credite very good,

“ For why, there was no cause that they should lie.

As I there stood, &c. MALONE.

⁷ *A ballad, Of a fish,—]* Perhaps in latter times prose has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meanest departments; for all dying speeches, confessions; narratives of murders, executions, &c. seem anciently to have been written in verse. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry

upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh* with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

S. 2

Aut.

a merry or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occasionally bestowed on these compositions) was immediately entered on the books of the company of Stationers. Thus, in a subsequent scene of this play: "Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad makers* cannot be able to express it." STEEVENS.

—Of a fish that appeared upon the coast,—it was thought she was a woman.] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A strange reporte of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman, from her waist upward, seene in the sea." To this it is highly probable that Shakspere alludes.

In Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, which contains a register of all the shews of London from 1623 to 1642, I find "a licence to Francis Sherret, to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th of Marche, 1635." In that age as at present not only beafts and fishes, but human creatures, were exhibited, and the defects of nature turned to profit; for in a subsequent year the following extraordinary entry occurs, which ascertains a fact that has been doubted:

"A licence for six months granted to Lazarus, an Italian, to shew his brother Baptista, that grows out of his navell, and carryes him at his syde. In confirmation of his Majesty's warrant, granted unto him to make publique shewe. Dated the 4. Novemb. 1637." MALONE.

* —for she would not exchange flesh—] For has here the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*: "Haply, for I am black." MALONE.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

S O N G.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
 Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.
M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
 Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clown. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad⁹ talk, and we'll not trouble them: come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both;—Pedler, let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Afide.*

*Will you buy any tape,
 Or lace for your cape,
 My dainty duck, my dear-a?
 Any silk, any thread,
 Any toys for your head,
 Of the new'st, and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
 Come to the pedler;
 Money's a medler,
 That doth utter all men's ware-a'.*

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, and MORSA.]

Enter

⁹ —*sad*—] For *serious*. JOHNSON.

¹ *That doth utter all men's ware-a.*] To utter. To bring out, or produce. JOHNSON.

To utter is a legal phrase often made use of in law proceedings and acts of parliament, and signifies, to vend by retail. From many instances I shall select the first which occurs. Stat. 21. Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the provisions therein contained shall not prejudice certain letters patent or commission granted to a corporation "concerning the licensing of the keeping

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair²; they call themselves, saltiers³: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but bowling⁴;) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: Pray, let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, sir,
S 3. hath

keeping of any tavern or taverns; or selling, uttering, or retailing of wines to be drunk or spent in the mansion-house of the party so selling or uttering the same." REED.

See Minshew's DICT. 1617: "An utterance, or sale."

MALONE.

² —all men of hair;] *Mén of hair*, are hairy men, or satyrs. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great festival celebrated in France, the king and some of the nobles personated satyrs dressed in close habits, tufted or shagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and set fire to his satyr's garb, the flame ran instantly over the loose tufts, and spread itself to the dress of those that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly scorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguish them. The king had set himself in the lap of the dutchess of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and saved him. JOHNSON.

³ —they call themselves saltiers:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dress was perhaps made of goat's skin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spanish writer, Lopè de Rueda, "all the furniture and utensils of the actors consisted of four shepherds' jerkins, made of the skins of sheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four pastoral crooks;—little more or less." Probably a similar shepherd's jerkin was used in our author's theatre. MALONE.

⁴ —bowling,)] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of smooth motion without great exertion of agility.

JOHNSON.

The allusion is not to a smooth dance, but to the smoothness of a bowling green. MASON.

hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire's.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Servant, with twelve rusticks habited like Satyrs.
They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter⁶. Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. [*Afide.*—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your last
Interpretation should abuse; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty: you were straited.
For a reply; at least, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know,
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,⁷
Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow⁸,
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How

⁵ —by the squire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Esquierre*, Fr.

⁶ *O, father, &c.*] This is an answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance. MALONE.

⁷ —who, it should seem,] Old Copy—whom. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁸ —or the fann'd snow,] So, in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*:

“That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow,

“Fann'd by the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

“When thou hold'st up thy hand.” STEEVENS.

How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak.

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;—
And, friends unknown; you shall bear witness to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnessess.

Shep. Come; your hand;—
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, a while, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak? hear?
 Know man from man? dispute his own estate?⁹
 Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
 But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir?

He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial: Reason, my son,
 Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else
 But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
 In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
 But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
 Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
 My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to grieve
 At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:
 Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir, [*discovering him-
 self.*]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
 To be acknowledg'd: Thou a scepter's heir,
 That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
 I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
 Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
 Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force¹, must know
 The royal fool thou cop'st with;—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol.

⁹ —*dispute his own estate?*] Does not this allude to the next heir suing for the estate in cases of imbecility, lunacy, &c. CHAMIER.

These words, I believe, only mean,—Can he maintain his right to his own property? MALONE.

¹ —*who, of force,*] Old Copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars, and made

More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,—
 If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,
 That thou no more shalt never see this knack, (as never
 I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
 Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
 Far than² Deucalion off: Mark thou my words;
 Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
 From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
 Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
 Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
 These rural latches to his entrance open,
 Or hoop his body³ more with thy embraces,
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
 As thou art tender to it.

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid⁴: for once, or twice,
 I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
 The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
 Looks on alikes—Wilt please you, sir, be gone?

[to Florizel:
 I told

S 5

² Far than—] I think for *far than* we should read *far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even so far off as Deucalion, the common ancestor of all. JOHNSON.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Glossaries* to Robt. of Gloucester and Robt. of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was softened into *ferre*.

“But er I bere thee moche *ferre*.” *H. of Fa. B.* 2. v. 92.

“Thus was I appointed, I can say no *ferre*.” *Knights Tale*, 2062. TYRWHITT.

³ Or hoop his body—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *I was not much afraid*, &c. The character is here finely sustained. To have made her quite astonished at the king's discovery of himself, had not become her birth; and to have given her presence of mind to have made this reply to the king, had not become her education. WARBURTON.

⁵ *I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,*
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,

Hides

I told you, what would come of this : 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care : this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father ?
Speak, ere thou die'st.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
[to Florizel.]

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet ; yea,
To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
To lie close by his honest bones : but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O cursed wretch !

[to Perdita.]
That knew't this was the prince, and would't adventure
To

*Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.*] So, in *NOSCE TE IPSUM*, a poem by Sir
John Davies, 1599 :

"Thou, like the sunne, dost, with indifferent ray,
"Into the palace and the cottage shine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597 :

"The sunne on rich and poor alike doth shine."

I am now convinced that my suspicion was ill founded, and
that there is no omission in the text. It is supported by a
passage in *K. Henry VIII.*

"———No; my lord,

"You know no more than others, but you blame

"Things that are known alike."

i. e. that are known alike by all.

To *look upon*, without any substantive annexed, is a mode
of expression, which, though now unusual, appears to have
been legitimate in Shakespeare's time. So, in *Troilus and
Cressida* :

"He is my prize ; I will not look upon."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Why stand we here—

"And look upon, as if the tragedy

"Were play'd in jest by counterfeited actors."

MALONE.

Looks on alike is sense ; but I suspect that a word was omitted
at the press, and that the poet wrote, either—*Looks on both*
alike, or, *Looks on all alike*. MALONE.

6 *Where no priest shovels in dust.*] This part of the priest's
office might be remembered in Shakespeare's time : it was not
left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
 If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd.
 To die when I desire.

[Exit:

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
 I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
 But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
 More straining on; for plucking back; not following
 My leath unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
 You know your father's temper⁷: at this time
 He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
 You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
 Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it—
 I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
 How often said, my dignity would last
 But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
 The violation of my faith; And then
 Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
 And mar the seeds within⁸!—Lift up thy looks:—
 From my succession wipe me, father! I
 Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy⁹: if my reason
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
 If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
 Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not

⁷ *You know your father's temper:]* The old copy reads—
 my father's. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

⁸ *And mar the seeds within!]* So, in *Macbeth*:

“And nature's *germins* tumble all together.”

STEEVENS.

⁹ —*and by my fancy:]* It must be remembered that *fancy*
 in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.

JOHNSON.

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
 Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
 The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
 To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
 As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
 When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
 To see him any more,) cast your good counsels
 Upon his passion; Let myself, and fortune,
 Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
 And so deliver,—I am put to sea
 With her, whom here ¹ I cannot hold on shore;
 And, most opportune to our need ², I have
 A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
 For this design. What course I mean to hold,
 Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
 Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
 I would your spirit were easier for advice,
 Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.— [takes her aside.
 I'll hear you by and by. - [to Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
 Resolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
 His going I could frame to serve my turn;
 Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
 Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
 And that unhappy king, my master, whom
 I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
 I am so fraught with curious business, that
 I leave out ceremony. [going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
 You have heard of my poor services, i'the love
 That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
 Have you deserv'd: it is my father's musick,
 To speak your deeds; not little of his care
 To have them recompenc'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,

IF

¹ —whom here—] Old Copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *And, most opportune to our need,*] The old copy has—*her need*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. MALONE.

If you may please to think I love the king ;
 And, through him, what is nearest to him, which is
 Your gracious self ; embrace but my direction,
 (If your more ponderous and settled project
 May suffer alteration,) on mine honour,
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving
 As shall become your highness ; where you may
 Enjoy your mistress ; (from the whom, I see,
 There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
 As heavens forefend ! your ruin :) marry her ;
 And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,)
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
 And bring him up to liking³.

Flo. How, Camillo,
 May this, almost a miracle, be done ?
 That I may call thee something more than man,
 And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
 A place, whereto you'll go ?

Flo. Not any yet :
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
 To what we wildly do⁴ ; so we profess

Ourselfes

³ *And (with my best endeavours, in your absence,) Your discontenting father strive to qualify, And bring him to liking.]* And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to soften your incensed father, and reconcile him to the match ; to effect which, my best services shall not be wanting during your absence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or necessity, reads.—I'll strive to qualify ; —which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

Discontenting is in our author's language the same as *discontented*. MALONE.

⁴ *But as the unthought-on accident is guilty To what we wildly do ;]* Guilty to, though it sounds harsh to our ears, was the phraseology of the time, or at least of Shakspeare : and this is one of those passages that should caution us not to disturb his text merely because the language appears different from that now in use. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II, p. 171, n. 5 :

“ But lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
 “ I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.”

MALONE.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected discovery made by Polixenes. MASON.

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance ⁵, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me :

This follows,—if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight ;—Make for Sicilia ;
And there present yourself, and your fair princess,
(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes ;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth : asks thee, the son ⁶ ; forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person : kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess : o'er and o'er divides him
'Twi'xt his unkindness and his kindness ; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him ?

Cam. Sent by the king your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down :
The which shall point you forth, at every sitting ⁷,
What you must say ; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you :
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores ; most certain,
To miseries enough : no hope to help you ;

But,

⁵ *Ourselves to be the slaves of chance,*] As *chance* has driven me to these extremities, so I commit myself to *chance* to be conducted through them. JOHNSON.

⁶ —*asks thee, the son,*] The old copy reads—*thee there son*. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

⁷ —*at every sitting,*] Every sitting means at every audience you shall have of the king and council : the council-days being, in our author's time, called in common speech, *the sittings*. WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, says : " My lord president hopes to be at the next *sitting* in York." FARMER.

But, as you shake off one, to take another :
 Nothing so certain, as your anchors ; who
 Do their best-office, if they can but stay you
 Where you'll be loth to be : Besides, you know,
 Prosperity's the very bond of love ;
 Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
 Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true :

I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
 But not take in the mind *.

Cam. Yea, say you so ?

There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
 Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
 She is as forward of her breeding, as
 She is i'the rear of birth †.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
 She lacks instructions ; for she seems a mistress
 To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this ;
 I'll blush you thanks †.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
 But, O, the thorns we stand upon !—Camillo,—
 Preserver of my father, now of me ;
 The medicin of our house !—how shall we do ?
 We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son ;
 Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
 Fear none of this : I think, you know, my fortunes
 Do all lie there : it shall be so my care
 To have you royally appointed, as if

The

* *But not take in the mind.*] 'To take in' anciently meant to conquer, to get the better of. So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra* :

" He could so quickly cut the Ionian seas,

" And take in Toryne." STREEVENS.

† *i'the rear of birth*] Old copy—*i'th'rear our birth*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Harmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I suspect that they were introduced by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. MALONE.

† *Your pardon sir, for this ;*

I'll blush you thanks.] Perhaps this passage should be rather pointed thus :

Your pardon, sir ; for this

I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.

The scene you play, were mine. For instance, fir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word.

[*They talk aside.*]

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander², brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been hallow'd³, and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse was best in picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I remember'd. My clown, (who wants but something to be a reasonable man,) grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his petticoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinch'd a placket⁴, it was senseless; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my fir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses: and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*CAMILLO, FLORIZEL and PERDITA, come forward.*]

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?— [seeing Autolycus.]

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing

² —pomander,] A pomander was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. GREY.

³ —as if my trinkets had been hallowed,] This alludes to beads often sold by the Romanists, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of some relick. JOHNSON.

⁴ —a placket,] See *King Lear*, Act. III, sc. iv.

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.
[*Aside.*]

Cam. How now, good fellow? Why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold thee, there's some boot^s.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir:—I know ye well enough.
[*Aside.*]

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flea'd already.*

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of it.—
[*Aside.*]

Flo. Dispatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.— [Flor. and Autol. ex-
Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy *change garments.*
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweet-heart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
{For I do fear eyes over you⁶,) to ship-board

Get

^s —boot.] That is, *something over and above*, or as we now say, *something to boot*. JOHNSON.

* *He is half-flea'd already.*] I suppose Camillo means to say no more, than that Florizel is half stripped already.

He may however at the same time intend to insinuate that his friend is either half covered with vermin already, or half excoriated by their bite. In *Coriolanus* the verb is used in its original sense, and was anciently written to *flea*, though *flay* seems more proper.

“ ————Who's yonder,

“ That does appear as he were *flea'd*?”

MALONE.

⁶ —over you,)] *You*, which seems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

Get undescry'd.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat:—
Come, lady, come.—Farewel, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. *[They converse apart.]*

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia; for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO]

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To have an
open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell
out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that
the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this
been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this ex-
change? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and
we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is
about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father,
with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were a piece of
honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do't:
I hold

1 If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king
withal, I would not do't: &c.] The reasoning of Autolycus
is obscure, because something is suppressed. The prince,
says he, is about a bad action, he is stealing away from his
father: If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint
the king, I would not do it, because that would be incon-
sistent with my profession of a knave; but I know that the be-
traying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with
respect to the prince, and therefore I might, consistently with
my character, reveal that matter to the king, though a piece

of

I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here's more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clown. See, see; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king she's a changeling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clown. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clown. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and, so, your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word; yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clown. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce^a.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

[*Aside.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this farthel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut.

of honesty to him: however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's scheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am still constant to my profession.—Sir T. Hanmer and all the subsequent editors read—If I thought it were *not* a piece of honesty, &c. I *would* do it: but words seldom stray from their places in so extraordinary a manner at the press: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

^a —and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read—by I know *not* how much an ounce. Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the same emendation. MALONE.

Aut. I know not, what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clown. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement⁹.—How now, rusticks? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having*, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clown. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie¹.

Clown. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner†.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court, in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the measure of the court?§ receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness, court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, and toze² from thee thy business, I am therefore

⁹ —pedler's excrement.] Is pedler's beard.

JOHNSON.
So, in *the Comedy of Errors*: "Why is time such a nig-gard of his hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?"

STEEVENS.

* —of what having,] i. e. fortune, estate. MALONE.

¹ —therefore they do not give us the lie:] The meaning is, they are paid for lying, therefore they do not give us the lye, they sell it us. JOHNSON.

† —with the manner.] In the fact. MALONE.

§ —hath not my gait in it the measure of the court?] i. e. the stately tread of courtiers. See *Much ado about Nothing*, Vol. II. p. 225.—"the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and ancientry." MALONE.

² —insinuate and toze—] The old copy reads—at toaze. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable.

Fore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, fir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clown. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant³; say, you have none.

Shep. None, fir; I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How blest'd are we, that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are; Therefore I will not disdain.

Clown. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsome.

Clown. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth⁴.

Aut.

To *insinuate*, I believe, means here to cajole, to talk with condescension and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ With death she humbly doth *insinuate*, &c.

The word *touze* is used in the same sense in *Measure for Measure*:

“ — We'll *touze* you joint by joint,

“ But we will know this purpose.”

To *touze*, says Minshieu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. MALONE.

To *teuze*, or *toze*, is to disentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraseology which he supposes to be intelligible to the clown, who would not have understood the word *insinuate*, without such a comment on it. STEEVENS.

³ *Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant*;] As he was a suitor from the country, the clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *a great man—by the picking on's teeth.*] It seems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of some pretension to greatness or elegance. So, the Bastard, in *King John*, speaking of the traveller, says:

“ He and his *pick-tooth* at my worship's mess.”

JOHNSON.

“ If you find not a *courtier* here, (says Sir Thomas Overbury) you shall in Paules, with a *pick-tooth* in his hat, a cape cloak, and a long stocking.” *Characters*, 1616.

MALONE.

Aut. The farthel there? what's i'the farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this farthel, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: For, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clown. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clown. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua vitæ, or some other hot infusion: then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims^s, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown

^s —the hottest day prognostication proclaims,] That is, the hottest day foretold in the almanack. JOHNSON.

Almanacks were in Shakspere's time published under this title. "An Almanack and Prognostication made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's Typograph. Antiqu. 14, 1029. MALONE.

blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king: being something gently considered⁶, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clown. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember, stoned, and flay'd alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this business?

Clown. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clown. Comfort, good comfort: We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter, nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is perform'd; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the seaside; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clown. We are bless'd in this man, as I may say, even bless'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd, and Clown.]

Aut.

⁶ —being something gently considered,] means, *I having a gentleman-like consideration given me, i. e. a bribe, will bring you, &c.* So, in the *Iste of Gulls*, 1606: "Thou shalt be well considered, there's twenty crowns in earnest."

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion; gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to't: To him will I present them; there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAUZINA, and Others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd A faint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion, that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord? If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or,

7 True, too true, my Lord.] The first of these words, in the old copy, makes part of Leontes' speech. The present regulation (which is certainly right) was made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Or, from the all that are, took something good^s,
To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!

She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strik'ft me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady;
You might have spoken a thousand things, that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little,
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy,
'Than to rejoice, the former queen is well⁹?
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,—
'To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;

VOL. VI.

T

For

^s Or, from the all that are, took something good,] This is a favourite thought; it was bestowed on Miranda and Rosalind before. JOHNSON.

⁹ —the former queen is well?] i. e. at rest; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

“*Meff.* First, madam, he is well?”

“*Cleo.* Why there's more gold; but firrah, mark;

“We use to say, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,

“The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour

“Down thy ill-uttering throat.”

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be dead, says:

“Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.”

MALONE.

For has not the divine Apollo said,
 Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
 'That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
 Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall,
 Is all as monstrous to our human reason,
 As my Antigonus to break his grave,
 And come again to me; who, on my life,
 Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel,
 My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
 Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue; [*to Leon.*
 The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
 Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
 Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,—

Who hast the memory of Hermione,
 I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
 Had squar'd me to thy counsel! then, even now,
 I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
 Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
 More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
 No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
 And better us'd, would make her fainted spirit
 Again possess her corps; and, on this stage,
 (Where we offenders now appear,) foul'd-vex'd,
 Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul.

¹ (*Where we offenders now appear,*) *foul-vex'd,*
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And be-*
gin, why to me? The transposition now adopted was proposed
 by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads

—— and on this stage

(Where we *offend her* now) appear *foul-vex'd,* &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear,
 &c. “—that is, if we should now at last so far offend *her.*”
 Mr. Mason thinks that the second line should be printed
 thus:

And begin, why? to me.

“that is, begin to call me to account.” There is so much
 harsh and involved construction in this play, that I am not
 sure but the old copy, perplexed as the sentence may appear,
 is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

Again

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause².

Leon. She had; and would incense * me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else, dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his
oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,

T 2

Affront

Again possess her corps, (and on this stage
Where we offenders now appear soul-vex'd.)

And begin, *why to me?*

Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy*, Leontes insinuates would be the purport of Hermione's speech. There is, I think, something awkward in the phrase—Where we offenders now appear. By removing the parenthesis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear*, to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *soul-vex'd* to Leontes and the rest who mourned the loss of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated.

MALONE.

² *Had she such power,*

She had just cause.] The old copy reads—She had just such cause. But there is nothing to which the word *such* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inserted by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the observation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the SECOND APPENDIX to my SUPP. to SHAKSP. 1783, I have observed that the editor of the third folio made the same correction.

MALONE.

* —*incense*—] is generally used by Shakspeare in the sense of *instigate*. MALONE.

Affront his eye³.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done⁴.

Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such,
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,

We shall not marry, till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That

shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires
Access to your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now⁵. Sir, you yourself

Have

³ Affront *his eye*.] To *affront*, is *to meet*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Paul. I have done*.] These three words in the old copy make part of the preceding speech. The present regulation, which is clearly right, was suggested by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

⁵ —*so must thy grave*

Give way to what's seen now.] *Thy grave* here means—
thy

Have said, and writ so⁶, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme⁷,) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:

The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make profelytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman:
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;

Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis strange,
[*Exeunt CLEOMENES, Lords, and Gentleman.*
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince

(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; cease; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent
for the contents. EDWARDS.

⁶ ———*Sir, you yourself*

Have said, and writ so,] The reader must observe, that
so relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that,
she had not been—equall'd. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Is colder than that theme:*] i. e. than the lifeless body of
Hermione, the *theme* or *subject* of your writing.

MALONE.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and Attendants.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince ;
 For she did print your royal father off,
 Conceiving you : Were I but twenty-one,
 Your father's image is so hit in you,
 His very air, that I should call you brother,
 As I did him ; and speak of something, wildly
 By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome !
 And your fair princess, goddess !—O, alas !
 I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
 Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
 You, gracious couple, do ! and then I lost
 (All mine own folly) the society,
 Amity too, of your brave father ! whom,—
 Though bearing misery, I desire my life,
 Once more to look on him *.

Flo. By his command.

Have I here touch'd Sicilia ; and from him
 Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend †,
 Can send his brother : and, but infirmity
 (Which waits upon worn times) hath something seiz'd
 His wish'd ability, he had himself
 The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
 Measur'd, to look upon you ; whom he loves
 (He bade me say so) more than all the scepters,
 And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,

(Good gentleman !) the wrongs I have done thee, stir
 Afresh

* ————— whom,—

Though bearing misery, I desire my life,

Once more to look on him.] For this incorrectness our author must answer. There are many others of the same kind to be found in his writings. Mr. Theobald with more accuracy, but without necessity, omitted the word *him*, and to supply the metre, reads in the next line—“*Sir*, by his command,” &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

† —*that a king at friend*,] Thus the old copy ; but having met with no example of such phraseology, I suspect our author wrote—*and friend*. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. MALONE.

Afresh within me, and these thy offices,
 So rarely kind, are as interpreters
 Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
 As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
 Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage
 (At least, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
 To greet a man, not worth her pains; much less
 The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
 She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
 That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
 daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her¹: thence
 (A prosperous south-wind friendly) we have cross'd,
 To execute the charge my father gave me,
 For visiting your highness: My best train
 I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
 Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
 Not only my success in Libya, sir,
 But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
 Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods²
 Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
 Do climate here! You have a holy father,
 A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
 So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
 For which the heavens, taking angry note,
 Have left me issue-less; and your father's bless'd
 (As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
 Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
 Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
 Such goodly things as you?

¹ —*parting with her*:] i. e. at parting with her.

MALONE.

² —*The blessed gods*—] Unless both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as dissyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—*The ever-blessed gods*—; but whether there was any omission, is very doubtful, for the reason already assigned. MALONE.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble fir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great fir,
Bohemia greets you from himself, by me :
Desires you to attach his son ; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia ? speak.

Lord. Here in your city ; I now came from him :
I speak amazedly ; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me ;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay't so, to his charge ;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who ? Camillo ?

Lord. Camillo, fir ; I spake with him ; who now
Has these poor men in question³. Never saw I
Wretches so quake : they kneel, they kiss the earth ;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak :
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father !—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are marry'd ?

Flo. We are not, fir, nor are we like to be ;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first :—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king ?

Flo.

³ —in question. i. e. in talk ; under examination.

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's speed
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty⁴,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chafe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now⁵: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen dy'd, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition [*to Flo.*
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ *Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,*] *Worth* signifies any kind of *worthiness*, and among others that of high descent. The king means that he is sorry the prince's choice is not in other respects as worthy of him as in beauty.

JOHNSON.

Our author often uses *worth* for *wealth*; which may also, together with high birth, be here in contemplation.

MALONE.

⁵ *Remember since you ow'd no more to time, &c.*] Recollect the period when you were of my age. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The same. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1. Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought, I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

1. Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business;— But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd, as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroy'd: A notable passion of wonder appear'd in them: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the importance⁶ were joy, or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more:
The news, Rogero?

2. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward, he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news, which is call'd true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: Has the king found his heir?

3. Gent.

⁶ —the importance—] here signifies import. MALONE.

3. *Gent.* Most true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione's;—her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shews above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2. *Gent.* No.

3. *Gent.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another: so, and in such manner, that, it seem'd, sorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his fond daughter; as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her⁸: now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit⁹ of many kings' reigns, I never heard

7 —the affection of nobleness—] *Affection* here perhaps means *disposition* or *quality*. The word seems to be used nearly in the same sense in the following title: "The first set of Italian Madrigalls englished, not to the sense of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate." &c. By Thomas Watson, quarto. 1590. *Affection* is used in *Hamlet* for *affection*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *K. Henry IV.* *affection* is used for *propensity*:

" — — — in speech, in gait,

" In diet, in *affections* of delight,

" In military exercises, humours of blood,

" He was the mark and glass," &c. MALONE.

8 —with clipping her:] i. e. embracing her. So, *Sidney*:

" He, who before shun'd her, to shun such harms,

" Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."

STEEVENS.

9 —the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-bitten conduit—

heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it †.

2. *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3. *Gent.* Like an old tale still; which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1. *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3. *Gent.* Wreck'd, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband; another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1. *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3. *Gent.*

conduit—] Conduits representing a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather beaten*, still exists at Hodsdon in Herts. Shakspeare refers again to the same sort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?”

“Evermore showering? HENLEY.

Weather-bitten was in the third folio changed to *weather-beaten*; but there does not seem to be any necessity for the change. MALONE.

Hamlet says: “The air bites shrewdly;” and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—“when it bites and blows.” *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *corroded* by the weather. STEEVENS.

† —*I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it.*] We have the same sentiment in *the Tempest*:

“For thou wilt find, she will *outstrip* all praise,

“And make it *halt* behind her.”

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

“————— a face

“That *overgoes* my blunt invention quite,

“Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.”

MALONE.

3. *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there²; changed colour; some swooned, all forrow'd: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1. *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3. *Gent.* No: The princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano³; who, had he himself.

² —most marble there,] I think, *marble* here means, *hard-hearted, unfeeling*. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“—Hearts of most hard temper

“Melt, and lament for him.” MALONE.

Mr. Steevens conceives that it means “most petrified with wonder.” MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“—now from head to foot

“I am *marble* constant.” STEEVENS.

³ —that rare Italian master, Julio Romano;] This excellent artist was born in the year 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praise must be owned, yet it was a strange absurdity, sure to thrust it into a tale, the action of which is supposed within the period of heathenism, and whilst the oracles of Apollo were consulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachronism. THEOBALD.

By *eternity* Shakspeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; so we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may subsist without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. JOHNSON.

I wish we could understand this passage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the statue carved by another. Ben Jonson makes Doctor Rut in the *Magnetic Lady*, Act V. sc. viii. say:

“—all city statues must be painted,

“Else they be worth nought i' their subtil judgments.”

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the fashion of colouring even regal statues for the stronger expression

self eternity, and could put breath into his work; would beguile nature of her custom⁴, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

2. *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house⁵. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1. *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access⁶? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be

pression of affection, which he takes leave to call an English barbarism. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unless the supposed statue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddiness upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily seem to bear blood*, as the poet expresses it afterwards.

TOLLET.

Our author expressly says, in a subsequent passage, that it was painted; and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

"The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;

"You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own

"With *only* painting." MALONE.

Sir H. Wotton could not possibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the *Mss.* accounts which accompany several valuable drawings of the discoveries made at *Pompeii*, and presented by him to our Antiquary Society, viz. that it was usual to colour statues among the ancients. In the chapel of Isis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddess had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has since informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the ancients, observes from Pausanias and Herodotus, that sometimes the statues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. STEEVENS.

⁴ *—of her custom,*] That is, *of her trade*,—would draw her customers from her. JOHNSON.

⁵ *—that removed house.*] *Removed* is *remote*; *retired*.

MALONE.

⁶ *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access?*] It was, I suppose, only to spare his own labour that the poet put this whole scene into narrative, for though part of the transaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be shewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the stage, and after the examination of the old shepherd, the young lady might have been recognised in sight of the spectators. JOHNSON.

be born : our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [Exeunt Gentlemen.]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea sick; and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd, and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen-born.

Clown. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie: do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman-born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clown. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clown. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me, brother; and then the two kings call'd my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd my father, father; and so we wept: and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clown. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so prosperous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master:

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clown.

Clown. Thou wilt amend thy life ?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clown. Give me thy hand : I will swear to the prince, thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clown. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman ? Let boors and franklins say it⁷, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son ?

Clown. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it, in the behalf of his friend :—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk ; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands⁸, and that thou wilt be drunk ; but I'll swear it : and I would, thou would'st be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, fir, to my power.

Clown. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow : If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark ! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us : we'll be thy good masters*.

[*Exeunt.*]

7 —franklins say it,] Franklin is a *frecholder*, or *yeoman*, a man above a *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. JOHNSON.

8 —tall fellow of thy hands,] Tall, in that time, was the word used for *stout*. JOHNSON.

A man of his hands had anciently two significations. It either meant an *adroit fellow*, who handled his weapon well, or a *fellow skilful in thievery*. STEEVENS.

I think in old books it generally means a *strong stout fellow*.

MALONE.

* *Come follow us ; we'll be thy good masters.*] The clown conceits himself already a man of consequence at court. It was the fashion for an inferior or sutor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good master* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this style.

Thus Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, when in prison, in a letter to Cromwell, to relieve his want of clothing : " Furthermore I beseeche you to be *gale master* unto one in my necessities, for I have neither thirt nor sute, nor yet other clothes, that are necessary for me to wear. WHALLEY.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, fovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart⁹: But here it is: prepare

To

⁹ — *therefore I keep it*

Lonely, apart:] The old copy reads—*lovely*, either by the compositor mistaking the Ms. or the inversion of the letter *n* at the press. The emendation was made by Sir T. Hamner. In the Mss. of our author's time *u* and *n* are undistinguishable. The same error is found in many other places in the first folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

“ Advantaging their *love* with interest

“ Often times double.”

Here we have *love* instead of *love*, the old spelling of *lean*. Again, in *All's well that ends well.* MALONE.

Lonely, in the old angular writing, cannot be distinguished from *lovely*. To say, that *I keep it alone, separate from the rest*, is a pleonasm which scarcely any nicety declines.

JOHNSON.

To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death : behold ; and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

I like your silence, it the more shews off

Your wonder : But yet speak ;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near ?

Leon. Her natural posture !—

Chide me, dear stone ; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione : or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding ; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled ; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much,

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence ;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd her !
I am ashamed : Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it ?—O, royal piece,
There's magick in thy majesty ; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance ; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee !

Per. And give me leave ;

And do not say, 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O, patience ;

The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on ;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry : scarce any joy
Did ever so long live ; no sorrow,

But

* O patience ;] That is, *Stay a while, be not so eager.*

But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine*),
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—²
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art⁴.

Paul.

* —(for the stone is mine,) So afterwards Paulina says,
“—be stone no more.” So also Leontes: “Chide me, dear
stone.” MALONE.

² *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—*] The
sentence completed is:—*but that, methinks, already I converse
with the dead.* But there his passion made him break off.

WARBURTON.

³ *The fixure of her eye has motion in't,*] So, in our au-
thor's 88th Sonnet:

“—Your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand,*
“Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.”

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a
statue always is,] yet it seems to have motion in it: that trem-
ulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living
person, how much soever one endeavour to fix it.

EDWARDS.

The word *fixure*, which Shakspeare has used both in the
Merry Wives of Windsor, and *Troilus and Cressida*, is likewise
employed by Drayton in the first canto of the *Barons' Wars*:
“Whose glorious *fixure* in so clear a sky.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *As we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is used by our author
here, as in some other places, for “*as if*.” Thus, in *Cymbe-
line*:

“He

Paul. I'll draw the curtain ;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together ;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let's alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you : but
I could afflict you further.

Leon. Do, Paulina ;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still methinks,
There is an air comes from her : What fine chizel
Could ever yet cut breath ? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear :
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet ;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it ; stain your own
With oily painting : Shall I draw the curtain ?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel ; or resolve you
For more amazement : If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed ; descend,
And take you by the hand : but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on : what to speak,
I am content to hear ; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith : Then, all stand still ;
Or, those, that think it is unlawful business

I am

“ He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
“ And she alone were cold.”

Again, in *Macbeth* :

“ As they had seen me with these hangman's hands
“ Lur'ning their fear.” MALONE.

⁵ Or, *those,*] The old copy reads—*On*: those, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed;

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Mufick; awake her: strike.— [*Mufick.*

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more: approach;

Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;

I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;

Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him

Dear life redeems you.—You perceive, she stirs:

[*Hermione comes from the pedestal.*

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,

You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,

Until you see her die again; for then

You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:

When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in age,

Is she become the sutor.

Leon. O, she's warm!

[*Embracing her.*

If this be magick, let it be an art

Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has liv'd,

Or, how stol'n from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,

And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good lady;

Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.*

Her. You gods, look down,

And from your sacred vials pour your graces⁶

Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how
found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear, that I,—

Knowing

⁶ *And from your sacred vials pour your graces—*] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the angels, go your ways, and pour out the vials of the wrath of God upon the earth." Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE.

Knowing by Paulina, that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserv'd
Myself, too see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that ;
Left they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all⁷; your exultation
Partake to every one⁸ : I, an old turtle⁹,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough ; and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina ;
Thou should'st a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife : this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found mine ;
But how, is to be question'd : for I saw her,
As I thought, dead ; and have, in vain, said many
A prayer upon her grave : I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind,) to find thee
An honourable husband :—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand : whose worth, and honesty,
Is richly noted ; and here justify'd
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What ?—Look upon my brother : both your pardons,
That

⁷ *You precious winners all ;*] You who by this discovery have gained what you desired, may join in festivity, in which I, who have lost what never can be recovered, can have no part. JOHNSON.

⁸ ————— *your exultation*
Partake to every one :] Partake here means *participate*. It is used in the same sense in the old play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. MALONE.

⁹ ————— *I, an old turtle,*
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.] So, Orpheus, in the exclamation which Johannes Secundus has written for him, speaking of his grief for the loss of Eurydice, says :

“ Sic gemit arenti viduatus ab arbore turtur.”

So, in Lodge's *Rosolynde*, 1592 :

“ A turtle sat upon a *leaveless* tree,

“ Mourning her absent *peere*,

“ With sad and sorry *cheere* :

“ And whilst her plumes she rents,

“ And for her love *laments*,” &c. MALONE.

That e'er I put between your holy looks
 My ill suspicion.—This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,
 Is troth-plight to your daughter ¹.—Good Paulina,
 Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
 Each one demand, and answer to his part
 Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
 We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away ². [Exeunt.

¹ —This your son-in-law,
 And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing,
 Is troth-plight to your daughter.] Whom heavens directing
 is here in the absolute case, and has the same signification as
 if the poet had written—"him heavens directing." So, in
The Tempest:

"Some food we had, and some fresh water, that

"A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,

"Out of his charity, (*who being then appointed*

"Master of the design,) did give us."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Or as the snail (*whose tender horns being hurt*)

"Shrinks backwards to his shelly cave with pain."

Here we should now write—"his tender horns," &c.
 See also a passage in *King John*, Act II. sc. ii. "*Who hav-*
ing no external thing to lose," &c. and another in *Coriolanus*,
 which are constructed in a similar manner. In the note on the
 latter passage this phraseology is proved not to be peculiar to
 Shakspeare. MALONE.

² This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with
 all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Auto-
 lycus is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented.
 JOHNSON.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

